

## Ex Convict 54

### Chapter 54

Chase recalled the first time he'd encountered Grace.

Back then, he had just gotten off work and had noticed her squatting by the roadside. She had been continuously comforting a young girl who was bawling. She had sung and jumped, making all sorts of funny poses as if she did not care at all about the strange glances coming from the surrounding crowd.

Ultimately, she had succeeded and the little girl had stopped crying.

Then, she bought a bun for the little girl to eat on the spot. She called the police and waited there, intending to see if the little girl's

family would come looking for her.

In the end, the police and the little girl's family did arrive.

The child had wandered off and gotten really lost, walking the city alone for hours. The parents were a trainwreck, crying and offering Grace their life savings for protecting and finding their daughter.

Grace had only laughed and refused to accept a penny from them.

When the parents had left with the little girl in their arms, she had stood studying the backs of the family with a content smile.

At that time, Chase felt as if his heart had been stolen straight out of his chest. It wasn't just Grace's beauty. But her kindness. Her gentility. The quiet way she made the world a little bit better.

He did not know if it was love at first sight but he knew that it was the first time in his life that he had ever had such feelings for a woman.

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“Even if you don't mind, what about your parents?” Grace asked, drawing him back to the present.

“Would they also not mind you marrying a woman who's been in prison?” Grace asked.

Chase's body froze and his stomach dropped.

“Marriage is not only an affair between two people. It's also a matter between two families. You don't know how my family is like either,” Grace said. “Please, don't seek to do something that will bring shame upon you or your family, Chase.” She laughed but it was without humor. “Besides, I don't think you really want to get involved with my family.” She walked past him to the sink to wash her hands. She kept her back to him. “I don't have the feelings for you that you seek. Please... don't waste your time on me.”

Chase stood aside in a daze as if he had been slapped by her

words just now.

Just as Grace finished washing her hands and wanted to leave, Chase suddenly said, "What if I can persuade my parents..."

She halted her footsteps and glanced at him. "That's impossible. If I really liked you, I would still be willing to stay by your side even if your parents disagreed and I would be with you till your parents gave us their blessing. However, I only see you as a friend and feel no love toward you."

Her words could be considered ruthless.

Surely, it felt like she cut him with each word she said.

Chase's stomach sank lower.

When Grace got off work and walked to the entrance of the Sanitation Service Center, she was surprised to see a familiar figure standing not far away, as if he had intentionally been waiting for her.

"Jay," she called out in surprise and ran toward him. "Why are you here?"

"I got off work early today, so I came to pick you up," he replied, reaching for her hand.

He threaded their fingers together.

Just then, Chase walked out of the Sanitation Service Center. When he saw Grace and Jason, he nodded his head awkwardly and walked toward the parking lot.

"Did you reject him properly?" Jason asked nonchalantly.

"Yes, I've made it clear I do not want him and that there is no

future for us," Grace said. "Those words might have been hurtful

to Chase, but a temporary pain is better than a longer one."

She glanced away. "But I don't think he will suffer long or waste too much time on me. He can find a better woman," she said. "I admit that I'm not a great beauty. Furthermore, my current job is... not one that most would aspire to. And I have a criminal record. I really don't know why he's so determined to be with me."

"He's the one who isn't worthy of you. Sister, you can find a better man," Jason replied.

Grace smiled, making light of his words.