

Ex Convict 59

Chapter 59

Grace frowned. Was Sean asking about... Jay? Regardless of why or how he'd seen her, she didn't owe this man an answer. She didn't owe him anything.

"Mr. Stevens, why are you meddling with other people's business? Do I have to report to you whenever I am with my little brother?"

"Little brother? Since when do you have a little brother?" Sean asked. He only knew that she had a younger sister.

Grace didn't intend to reveal too much. But she knew Sean. He was like a lion with its prey. He wouldn't relent.

"I took him in as my younger brother, can't I do that?" she asked.

Sean stared at Grace as if he wanted to check whether she was lying from her expression.

At this moment, Claire, who was sweeping the floor on the other side of the road, saw the commotion and ran over. "Mr. Stevens, please calm down. Don't use violence."

Claire recognized that Sean was the person who had

accompanied Lily when she had apologized at the Sanitation Service Center. According to the workers there, Sean was Grace's ex-boyfriend.

"Mister Stevens, if you don't let go, aren't you afraid that someone will take a photo of you? If that happens, you will have to explain yourself to Miss Atkinson," Grace said.

Sean's face changed. In the end, he let go of her hand and left.

Claire looked at Grace worriedly and said, "Why did that person come to find you?"

"Who knows what he was going to do? I'm alright!" Grace said.

She didn't think that the reason Sean had asked which man she was with was that he still had feelings for her.

However, it was indeed very abnormal. God knows what Sean was thinking!

Goodness, couldn't she be left alone!?

She realized she might need to leave this city-the country— entirely if she wanted any rest.

“By the way,” Claire said, she glanced away as though not wanting to look Grace in the eyes for what she had to say next, “... you should go to the director and ask for mercy when you take a break at noon. I heard that Farah Steele has been collecting signatures to make the director fire you.” Claire winced as she relayed the bad news she had heard.

Grace frowned.

It seemed that Farah was sparing no efforts to punish her, but... “If

the director really wants to dismiss me, asking him will be useless.

If things don't work out in the end, then I will find another job.”

What other choice did she have?

Maybe it would be better, anyway. Then Chase would have peace and she could do something else.

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But she felt helpless when she said that. After all, she had been working so hard at this job, and it would not be easy for her to find

another.

Claire also sighed. Between the two of them, they knew if Farrah made a big deal of things, there would be no helping Grace. Farrah was in management. Grace was only an hourly employee and one that could be hired or fired without any consequence.

It was easy to know what the director would choose.

After they finished their work, they met Farah at the Sanitation Service Center.

Farah looked at Grace with a smug face. “I think you'd better get ready to leave soon. We don't want to work with a criminal.”

Grace looked calm, not showing the fear that Farah wanted to see.

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Farah was unhappy with Grace's lack of reaction and said, “Act tough all you want. The director will call you into the office later!” She snorted coldly. It had not been easy for her to collect the signatures in the office. When she gave the signatures to the director, it seemed that he would probably fire Grace.

However, a moment later, a staff member from human resources

called, "Farrah, the director wants you to see him in his office."

"He's asking for me?" Farah was a little surprised. She'd been very explicit in her presentation, even going so far as to dig up the trial information on the internet and the salacious news articles that pointed to Grace driving while under the influence.

Farah went to the director's office.

Claire's face reflected her worry. "Okay, when you meet the director later, tell him about your difficult position. Maybe the

director will sympathize with you and won't fire you."

"We'll see," Grace replied.

Some of her colleagues looked at her with sympathy, others with disgust... there were all kinds of gazes.

However, no one had expected that when Farah came out of the director's office, she would be looking like she had lost her soul and all of her previous satisfaction.

"Farrah, why did the director ask for you?" The colleagues

gathered around Farah Steele and asked.

Farah wanted to cry, but she had no tears at this moment. She felt like she was in a dream. How was this possible? She had been fired. Why her?

Wasn't Grace supposed to be the one getting fired?

However, what the director had said after calling her into the office was still ringing in her ears.