

Ex Convict 66

Chapter 66

Grace was stunned. She had not been expecting the place where she met Jay to be the place where her father had passed away.

"I'm so sorry," she said.

"He only had himself to blame for dying." He shrugged. "Sister, there is no need for you to apologize," Jason said in a low voice.

She suspected the story was not so simple as Jay depicted it. 'He only had himself to blame?' that sounded ominous. Grace was surprised. She hadn't been expecting him to describe his father's death that way.

"Jay, I'm not sure what you mean by blaming him, perhaps it was some accident-"

"Was it? I don't think so. He fell in love with someone he shouldn't have fallen in love with, then when she discovered that he was useless, he was cast aside. It didn't matter even if he kneeled down and begged. No," Jason's eyes darkened into an abyss. "No, that's not entirely true. The more he groveled and begged, the more she despised him." He shook his head as if clearing the thoughts. "In the end, he died in despair and had frozen to death in the snow."

Jason's expression was as indifferent as if he was just talking about something as ordinary as the weather-not a man succumbing to hypothermia and dying in it. Even his voice was as calm as usual. But... this was his father!

Grace felt as if he had returned to the first time she had seen him. He'd been distant then too. And... detached.

"Jay," she called out to him.

He looked up, and her face was reflected in his dark pupils. "Tell me," he goaded her. "Did he not bring it upon himself?"

She felt her throat dry up as she tried to respond. After a long while, she finally murmured, "Is that woman your mother?"

He was silent. There was no expression on his face, but there was a flash of pain in his eyes.

And so she knew the answer.

She didn't know how to comfort him, feeling that at this moment any words she could provide would be useless. There were some wounds in the world that only people who had actually experienced them could understand the pain.

She stood up and hugged him as he stayed atop the chair.

His head was leaning against her chest, his nose was inhaling her breath, and her warmth was being transmitted onto his cheeks.

All of a sudden, the sound of her heartbeat came into his ears through her clothes.

This made him feel like... staying in this position forever....

“Mom, don’t go...”

The thin and short figure was kneeling down on the ground, hoping that the woman, who had already packed up her luggage, would not leave.

But it was useless. The woman still insisted on leaving and did not even look back at him.

Seeing that his mother was about to leave, the boy wanted to reach out and grab her.

But in the next moment, his tiny hand was swung away, and he felt a heart-wrenching pain in his chest...

It was so painful... so painful!

No one could save him from such pain, and no one could stop his pain!

It was so painful that he felt like he was going to suffocate, as if he was going to die...

“Jay! Jay!”

A voice was calling out to him!

Who was it? Who was calling out to him?

“Jay, don’t worry. It won’t hurt anymore. I’m here, I’m here.

Don’t worry, Jay...” The gentle voice was filled with anxiety and

worry.

Under this sound, the feelings of suffocation and pain within him faded away like a falling tide. He struggled to open his eyes and looked at the delicate woman in front of him...