

Ex Convict 72

Chapter 72

He even had a sense of disgust when the woman got closer to him. It wasn't so bad that he would've shoved her away or made a scene. But he distinctly did not like her nearness.

Indeed, holding another woman in his arms was very different. from the feeling of holding "her."

When he arrived in front of the rental apartment, he squatted down and took out the spare key under the mat in front of the door. He knew that she always liked to put the spare key there, saying that it was in case she forgot to take her key when she left for work.

He'd have to break her of that habit. It was dangerous.

Whilst he slept in the apartment, it was not a concern, but when she was alone...

still on,

He pushed open the door. The lights in the room were and her slender figure was sitting next to the table. Half of her upper body was lying on the table, and her head was tilted to the side as she slept.

He looked at her sleeping face under the light. Her skin was smooth and her expression serene. She looked so peaceful that his heart seemed to slow the moment he saw her.

He raised his hand and gently fiddled with the strands of hair

lying over her cheeks, brushing them back and letting his fingers just barely touch her skin.

Her skin was so soft.

There were women who were more beautiful. Hell, the women at

the club he'd just left were actresses and daughters of the most wealthy families in the city. They were perfect. But not a single one of them struck him as Grace did.

It seemed that he would not get tired of looking at her even if it was for the rest of his life. And that was one hell of a sobering. thought.

A moment later, he bent down and carefully lifted her from the chair.

Even though he deliberately tried to be as gentle as possible, she still woke up.

"Jay..." She opened her eyes in a daze. Her hazy almond eyes crinkled as she smiled at him.

"Yes, I'm back," he said, "I'll take you to bed and you can keep sleeping."

As he spoke, he held her in his arms and walked toward the bed.

Her head rested in his arms, half-asleep and half-awake, and she snuggled closer. "You smell... nice... it's perfume, right...? Where have you been?"

“Something happened today, so I went to the bar. I probably got the smell from there.” He laid her down on the bed. “Go to sleep. I’ll go wash the smell off.”

Her eyelids began to close again.

He appreciated that about her too. No recriminations. Not argument.

She trusted him.

After covering her with a blanket, he took out a clean set of clothes and went to the bathroom.

He showered, washed his hair and considered the woman asleep in the other room. He had no doubt that she’d fallen asleep at that table waiting up for him.

He’d probably made her worry.

When he dried off and dressed he opened the door to the main room. The light from behind him bathed Grace so he could see the curve of her face and the delicate shape of her lips.

He stayed there for a few minutes, watching her sleep.

Then he walked out into the room and bent down slightly, the tip of his nose getting closer to her, and he breathed in her scent.

“Grace, tell me, when should I let you know of my identity? Or should I let you keep relying on me until you can’t leave me anymore?”

But she did turn toward the sound of his voice, instinctively seeking him, even in her sleep.