

Ex Convict 81

Chapter 81

"You need to eat more, Sister."

Grace made a strangled sound.

"I'm serious," Jason said.

She was too light in his arms. And while most men would've probably found that satisfying, for him, it just reinforced her

frailty.

How easily she could be hurt or taken from him.

That fall... it could've killed her.

The night he met her... those men could have killed her.

That asshole at his country club could have drowned her.

The electric bike could've run her down.

And... he shuddered... just how many times did she face death while in prison?!?

Her face pressed against him and she nestled closer as if seeking his warmth.

"I can't remember the last time someone carried me. In my memory, when I was a child, Mom was the only one who ever did this for me." Her voice was wistful. "My memories of those times are too vague."

He made a soothing sound.

"Jay, you're so nice," she murmured.

She could all but feel him smiling. When she glanced up, his mouth remained in a straight line, but his eyes glowed mischievously. "Are you going to say that I'm a nice person again, sister?" he asked.

"Yes. I want to say that you're a good brother. I'm very lucky to have a brother like you," she replied.

"Brother..." He shook his head.

Jason carried Grace to the entrance of the hospital and Lina's car appeared not long after.

After the two of them had gotten into the car, Lina launched into a tirade.

"Don't you dare even interrupt me, Grace, because this shit has gone on long enough!"

With barely taking a second to draw a breath, Lina relayed the events that had transpired that day.

Although Jason had already heard the rough account of the incident from Terrence, his expression darkened dramatically at hearing Lina's telling of it.

"That Zoe went too far! Not only did she have the malicious intention of having the store attendant kick us out, but she also intentionally tripped Grace! Can you believe that!?! Grace could've been seriously injured. She could've died. This wasn't just a minor fall. That bitch tripped her down an escalator!!!"

"Let it go," Grace said tiredly.

"Are you insane? Grace, what part of 'you-could-have-died' did you not hear!?"

Lina slammed on the brakes at an intersection and Jason threw out his arm to halt Grace's forward momentum.

His hand caught her shoulder and he gently guided her back against the seat. Seeing as how Lina was driving aggressively, no doubt a reflection of her mood, Jason slung his arm around Grace's shoulder to cushion her back and better hold her against the seat.

"It's all because Zoe is a Stevens..." Lina seethed.

"What does that mean?" Jason asked carefully.

"Surely, you've heard of the Stevens Family. They own a good portion of this city. Real estate, businesses, commerce. It's like they have their greedy hands in everything. And Zoe... she's the worst! Acting like she's so entitled and as if everyone else is dirt beneath her feet." Lina slapped the steering wheel. "If it weren't for Grace's good luck, she might have been seriously injured!"

"I'm fine, Lina," Grace said.

"Your foot is broken! You have bruises all over." She eyed Jason in the rearview mirror. "Is she crazy?"

Lina turned back to the road ahead. Lina gnashed her teeth with hatred. "Zoe relies on the Stevens Family which allows her to act so brazenly!"

"The Stevens Family..." Jason mumbled softly with a hint of mockery in his tone. "So what if she's from the Stevens Family?"

"Oh, Jay, you really shouldn't look down on the Stevens Group." Her voice was tired. "Look, I can complain about them, and they are a bunch of elitist assholes, but that doesn't change the fact that they're one of the ruling families in this city."

"Ruling family?" Jason scoffed.

“Money buys a lot of things,” Grace said quietly.

“Exactly,” Lina agreed. “And given their reach and influence, if this were to go to court, who do you think would win?” She shook her head and hit the brakes hard at a yellow light. If not for her injured passenger, she probably would’ve floored it through.

“You weren’t there... before,” Grace said softly. “When the accident happened, it brought in the Reed Family. The Atkinson Family.” Her dark eyes drifted to his. “I was an attorney, Jay, and I swear I was not under the influence. It made no difference.”

“So you think the court case was...altered by these families?” he asked carefully.

Grace glanced away and stared out the window. “It doesn’t matter now. What’s done is done. I can’t get back my life. And

neither can Jennifer Atkinson.”

“Grace, that doesn’t give Zoe the right to harm you,” Lina argued.

“Taking her to court...what difference would it make? Even with the mall surveillance video, what would happen? She’d pay a small fine?” Grace shrugged. “It isn’t worth the effort.”

“Then let’s not go to court,” Jason said.

“Then wouldn’t Grace be at a disadvantage?” Lina’s voice was outraged. “No, they have to compensate her for all the medical fees and her lost income. Even though these fees won’t mean much to them, we still can’t be on the losing end,” Lina explained.

Jason’s hand unconsciously tightened on Grace’s shoulder. “Your suffering will not be in vain, sister. Whoever hurts you will have to pay for it,” Jason replied coldly.

In an instant, rage bloomed within his eyes.

Grace gasped. There was fear in her eyes as she stared at him, almost as if she was seeing him clearly for the first time.

She had the abrupt sensation that the Jay sitting before her was a stranger.

A dangerous stranger.

And yet, in the next moment, the rage in his eyes disappeared

and they returned to their usual calmness.

His lips opened and closed. “What’s wrong?”

“Noth-nothing.” She shook her head and told herself that she was imagining things. When they arrived at Grace’s

apartment, Jason carried her once again.

She cherished the way he held her, but part of her wondered what sort of violence those same hands were capable of.