

Ex Convict 269

Chapter 269

She would have been overjoyed if Grace got burnt until she was completely disfigured. At least Brian would not go after a woman who was disfigured.

What a pity that it did not happen!

Grace did not know how she got downstairs. She felt as if she was exerting all her strength with every step.

Her hands that were holding the photo album kept shaking because she was so perturbed.

She did not even dare to go through the photo album to see the extent of the damage.

These were all her memories-memories with her mother!

When she stumbled to the entrance of the neighborhood, a figure quickly approached her.

"What's the matter with you?" The slightly anxious voice rang over her head with an unconcealed worry.

She felt as if she was enshrouded in a shadow. A pair of arms. quickly moved to support her tottering body.

Who was it? Who was holding her up?

Grace slowly raised her head, and the first thing that came into her eyes was those extremely beautiful eyes. They were like charming peach blossoms, so beautiful that they could even ignite fear. Those dark pupils were like obsidians, so black and bright, but they seemed so deep that people could not see through them.

"What's the matter with you?" He frowned, looking at the traces of tears on her face. He felt as if his heart had been pulled by something.

She stared at him. Suddenly, she smiled sadly. "Jay..." she murmured the name. How long had she not called him by that name?

It had only been a few months, but it seemed like a long, long time.

However, now she seemed to have only Jason in her eyes- the Jason who was mutually dependent on her, the Jason she could rely on, the Jason who could keep her warm.

His expression suddenly froze. He then softly said, "I'm here."

"Jason, I... I'm tired..." she murmured, too tired to walk on. She did not even have the strength to cry anymore.

He bent down, picked her up abruptly, and went over to the car not far away.

She stayed quietly in his arms, not struggling. She looked just like a quiet doll.

He carried her to the car and looked down at the half-charred photo album she was holding in her arms.

Suddenly, his eyes narrowed as he stared at her hands. He told the driver to go to the hospital.

“What’s wrong? What the hell happened?” Jason asked.

However, Grace did not answer. She only clutched the photo album in her arms as hard as she could.

He felt an inexplicable pain in his chest. If he had known that her trip home would turn out like this, he would have gone

back with her no matter what.

A faint light flickered in his eyes at this thought.

At the hospital’s entrance, Jason got out of the car with Grace in his arms. He hurried over to the emergency room.