

## Ex Convict 270

### Chapter 270

Grace remained silent and was extremely quiet as if she was lost in a world of her own. It was only when the doctor was about to pull the photo album out of her hands that she seemed to suddenly come to her senses. She clutched it tightly, with both hands while screaming, "No!"

"He's not taking it. He just wants to see the injuries on your hands," Jason said softly. "Sis, give it to me so that the doctor can take a good look at the injuries on your hands, okay?"

Hearing the word 'sis', she finally turned her eyes to him. "Jay..."

she murmured.

"It's me," he replied. "Tell me, what the hell happened?"

Her lips trembled, and the tears in her eyes gushed out once again. "Burned... The photo album with all of Mom's photos..."

All burned."

She choked on her words. Each fluttering of her curled eyelashes seemed to bring more tears.

Jason was shocked. This half-burnt album... Was this a photo album of her and her mother?

After spending so much time together, he knew how important her mother was to her.

The doctor was finally able to inspect Grace's hands, and upon seeing them, he immediately began treating the wounds, before dressing them.

The back of her hand was still bruised from last time, and with her new wounds now, both of her hands had to be covered

with gauze.

All the while, Grace remained silent as if she felt no pain. However, the more she was like this, the more people felt sorry

for her.

Jason pulled out a handkerchief that he carried everywhere with him. He wiped the tears from Grace's face. "Stop crying..."

Her tears made him miserable and helpless. Even if he ruled Emerald City, no amount of money or power could bring back that prized photo album of hers.

All he could do right now was wipe away her tears...

“There are some burns, but fortunately, they’re not serious. You just can’t get your hands wet, and you need to change the dressing once a day,” the doctor said.

“There won’t be any effects after this?” Jason asked.

“They’re only superficial wounds. There is no nerve or muscle damage, but I’m afraid there will be some scarring,” the doctor said.

Jason’s brows could not help but furrow.

After her hands were bandaged, Grace insisted on holding the half-burnt photo album in her arms again. It was as if she was holding her treasure.

Jason tightened his thin lips and picked up Grace once again. Then, he strode out of the emergency room and headed back

to his car.

“Don’t worry about the scarring. Wait till your hands get better, and I’ll get an expert to remove the scars for you,” he

said.

She slowly raised her head, and her eyes fell on his face.

There were still tears on her lashes, but her eyes seemed to be

gradually restoring clarity. After a long time, she said, “Sorry, I lost my composure earlier.”

When she had been overwhelmed by her emotions earlier, she

saw him as Jason and cried to him...

Was it because it had been too painful to bear? Was that why she got confused?

“There’s nothing to be sorry for. You can always feel free to

lose your composure in front of me,” he said.