

## Ex Convict 276

### Chapter 276

She looked so tiny in the photo. Her chubby cheeks and thick black hair looked so cute.

Jason never knew he would look at a child and be mesmerized, but at the moment, he felt genuine love while looking at the little person in the photo. He even thought that if this little person appeared in the present in front of him right now, he might be tempted to hug and kiss her.

Was it because this was her as a child? Was that why he found her cute? He had never gotten this feeling when he looked at

other kids.

Jason took out one photo after another.

The photos, which began with photos of Grace and her mother, then turned into her alone.

In the photos, she looked older than the photos of her with her mother. She looked about five to six years old here.

There were not many of these photos, at least not as many as there were of her with her mother.

"When my mother was alive, she liked to take photos with me, but after she died, I took fewer photos," Grace said wistfully while

looking at the photos.

Only occasionally did she take a few, and most of them were photos of herself. She could not fit in with her father's new family.

Suddenly, Jason's eyes narrowed sharply. His eyes were fixed on one of the photos, and he paused in his attempt to retrieve it from the burnt album.

"What's the matter?" Grace asked, confused.

"This photo of you..." His voice paused. "How old were you?"

Grace looked over and saw the little girl in the photo, dressed in a floral dress and standing in front of a fence with lush mountains in the background.

Looking at the photo, Grace had a warm look in her eyes. "It's a photo of me when I was eight or nine years old. I loved this floral dress, but it was expensive. It was more than 100 dollars at the time. Only when the family is better off that they'll buy a dress like this for their children. I didn't dare to tell my grandmother back then, but she saw that I liked the dress, so she saved some money and bought it for me."

She would never forget her grandmother's affection for her.

The older she got, the more she understood that the floral dress had not been obtained easily. Her grandmother was probably under a lot of pressure when she bought her this dress. Her

grandfather, First Uncle, Second Uncle, and Third Aunt... They all probably blamed her grandmother for spending the money.

After all, it cost more than 100 dollars. For them at that time, a person's income was only about 800 dollars a month. Her grandmother had earned her income by doing a variety of hand-finishing work.

"What was the name of the place where you lived?" Jason asked out loud. There was a subtle difference in his voice.

"It was called Lu Village. Haven't all the villages merged and changed into a town now? It's now called Shang Lu Town." Grace was a little surprised to hear him ask this. He had been to Shang Lu Town looking for her.

Jason's eyes darkened. "Was the dress something you didn't see much in your town?"

"I was the only one wearing it in the village. At that time, my cousin was angry for a long time. She kept saying that Grandma was biased and tried to take the dress away from me," Grace said, thinking of cousin Stella Lindsay's angry look back then.

"What happened next? Did she take the dress?" He asked.

"Then I tore it when I went out to play, and I couldn't wear it anymore. I got sick after that outing," she said.