

Ex Convict 277

Chapter 277

"Sick? You were sick?" There was a sudden tension in his voice.

"Only a fever which lasted a few days. It made me a little drowsy, but I was alive and kicking when I recovered. Unfortunately, the dress was gone," she said with some regret. However, later, her grandmother secretly told her that she would buy her a beautiful dress if she was ranked first in her class in the final exam.

However, when she finally got first place, she had to leave her grandmother to go back to her father.

Before she left, her grandmother slipped a new dress into her luggage.

Just as she was thinking, a huge hand suddenly came up and touched her forehead. Grace was stunned and looked up at Jason. "I... I don't have a fever now."

"I know," he whispered. "I'll buy you any dress you want in the future."

His words gave her a sudden shudder. "It's not like I'm a kid who keeps thinking about dresses." She bit her lip a little and quickly

lowered her eyes.

The longer she looked at him, the more it seemed to make her heartbeat spin out of control.

"Is that so?" Jason withdrew his hand and pulled out all the remaining photos in the album. Then, he picked up the photo of her in a floral dress. "Sis, can you give me this photo?"

She was stunned to see that despite his inquiring tone, his hand had already put the photograph away.

"What do you want the photo for?" she said blankly.

"I find it cute, so I want to keep it," he said.

When the two of them lived together, he did not seem to like the children in the neighborhood. Why did he have a 'special liking' for a photo of her when she was little?

Grace pressed her lip slightly and said, "That's the only photo I have of this floral dress." It also carried a rare nostalgia for her.

That was because the floral dress had been given to her by her

grandmother!

“Great.” A smile flickered at the corners of his mouth. “The photo carries more meaning now.”

.” She was speechless. What was he talking about? “Why don’t I get you another photo?” she said, settling for second best.

“No, I only want this photo of you,” he said, leaning forward to

touch her face. “I never change what I like. It’s the same with photos. It’s the same with people too.”

Her face was reflected in his dark pupils, and that elegant voice seemed to surround her ears...

Grace was unable to get the photo back from Jason and had to admit defeat.

However, she still wondered why he wanted that particular photo of her. Was it that cute that he wanted to keep it?