

Ex Convict 272

Chapter 272

Lina Sweeney was shocked. She did not expect to hear a man's voice from the other end of the call. Besides, it sounded like... "Are you... Jason?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes," he answered and hung up.

Lina Sweeney stared at the phone in her hand. If Grace was asleep and it was Jason who answered her phone... Did that mean that Jason was now with her best friend?

Plus, if Grace was not living in her rented house, where was she now? Lina Sweeney looked away from her phone to the closed door of the rented house. Could it be that... Grace was now living with Jason?

Was life truly so magical?

Meanwhile, Jason put away Grace's phone. He gingerly lifted the person asleep in his arms and got out of the car.

He took off his coat and covered her body in case she caught at cold.

As he made his way inside, the servants could not hide their surprise at the sight in front of them. Although they suspected that Miss Cummins was a special guest to be able to move into

Reed Residence, they had never seen Young Master Reed treat a woman with such care and tenderness.

It was almost as if he was holding a rare treasure. Not even the slightest sound was allowed along the way as he did not want to wake her up.

Uncle Kwan, the housekeeper, had watched the little young master grow up. He had a complicated twinkle in his eyes when he saw him treat a woman so gently.

When the young master took the little young master's mother to Reed Residence, he was also gentle and careful, but in the end, he lost his life.

Sometimes, it would be a tragedy when one showered another with too much affection.

What about the little young master? Would he put all his feelings on Miss Cummins like the young master? After all, the little young master had never done this to a woman before, not even to Miss Atkinson.

Uncle Kwan feared that the little young master would love this woman too much, causing another tragedy in the future.

Jason went back to Grace's bedroom with Grace in his arms. Pushing the door open, he carefully placed her on the bed and helped her take off her shoes and coat.

There were dry tears on her face. Even when she was asleep, both of her pretty eyebrows were frowning as if they were still absorbed

in sorrow.

Even though she had fallen asleep, she still held the half-burnt photo album tightly in her embrace. It took him a while before he finally managed to take the photo album out of her arms. Her two

hands wrapped in gauze stung his eyes.

"It's just a photo album. Why are you being such a fool?" he muttered.

Even if this photo album was her mother's photo album, there was no need to fight so hard for one photo album. If the fire had burned her, she would be suffering far more than she was now.

He gently took her hand and kissed her fingertips which were tightly wrapped in gauze. "It must have hurt when you burnt yourself. I want to bear the pain for you..."

For the first time, he wanted to bear the pain for someone.

Jason tucked Grace under the covers and watched her sleeping face with a giddy feeling...

Grace only felt as if she was in a long, long dream. She was a young kid again with her mother by her side. She dreamed of her old memories that she barely even remembered.

Gradually, however, the dream started turning into a nightmare. Her mother had a miscarriage, and her brother who had already taken shape in her mother's belly was cold and could not move.