

Ex Convict 274

Chapter 274

The photo album contained her most precious memories.

Jason frowned unknowingly. "Are you giving up your life for a photo album? You were lucky yesterday. You only have some bruises on your fingers. What if you really burned yourself?"

"This album means a lot to me!" Grace said.

"Can it be more important than your hands? Are you going to lose your hands just to protect a photo album?" His voice deepened.

"It's very important. Even if both my hands will get burned, I'll still want to keep it with me." Grace took a deep breath. To her, it was al

remembrance and obsession in her heart.

It was the best family affection she had ever felt and the happiest she ever been.

Her answer turned him pale, and he felt a rush of anger in his chest after seeing that she did not value herself. He cared more

about her body than she did.

He cared enough not to see her hurt even the slightest.

"Where's my photo album?" she still asked him the question eagerly.

Jason exhaled, stood up, walked to a cabinet not far away, and handed her the photo album that was partially burned.

Grace heaved a long sigh of relief and opened the photo album cautiously. Looking at the photos in the photo album, her eyes went red again.

Some of the photos were completely burned, some were burned down to the edges, and others were partially burned. Only about a quarter of the photos were still intact.

It seemed to her that each turn of the page required more perseverance to endure the pain.

It never occurred to her that she could not even protect a photo album.

Closing the photo album, she muttered, "Thank you."

"What?" He looked at her.

"Thank you for taking me to the hospital last night to have my wounds treated. I got... a little out of control last night," she said, a little embarrassed.

Scenes from the previous night were flashing through her mind.

She would not have rushed into his arms to cry if she had been in a normal state of mind, but yesterday, she hugged him and cried

as if she were holding a piece of driftwood.

"Then from now on, only I can see you when you lose control like that," he bent down and whispered to her.

This sentence was not a question but a direct conclusion.

Grace gasped. Jason looked down and glanced once more at her fingers that were covered in gauze. "If there is any trouble in the future, you can tell me. Don't rush there yourself. Besides, now that your hand is like this, I've helped you apply for a leave of absence at the Sanitation Service Center, so you can rest at home

for a few more days."

Home? She was stunned for a moment. She then felt a trace of bitterness in her heart. She had no home, or rather, there was no

home for her in the city.

"I'm always asking for leave. The leader probably finds it troublesome and will fire me when the time comes," Grace said. She had already taken a long vacation before Chinese New Year.

Road sweepers like them had their responsibilities like every turnip to its hole. If she did not go to work, it meant that the other colleagues had to do her work for her.