

## Mr Conrad 1284

Chapter 1284-Grandma Swift took Grace's hand: "Here's the thing, you remember that Timothy at the end of the village, right, you guys used to play together when you were little, he's ..."

Grace's big eyes looked at her with a bewildered look.

Grandma Swift "ouch": "Grace, Grandma Swift means that he likes you and wants to live with you in the future, and he will take good care of you."

Grace cocked her head and asked, "If you like someone, do you have to live with her?"

"Of course not, and only if you like him too." Grandma Swift said, "Grace, look, do you want to meet him?"

Grace shook her head, "Don't meet, Grace doesn't know him."

Grandma Swift also knows that the matter cannot be rushed and will have to wait until the right opportunity arises later.

She got up and said, "Grace, Grandma Swift will go back first, the sea is very windy recently, be careful when you go to the beach, don't fall down."

"I got it, thanks Grandma Swift."

At night, Grace lay in bed, thinking about what Grandma Swift had said.

She also likes her brother and grandfather, but she can't live with them anymore ...

The next morning, Grace went to the beach only to see a strange man.

The man looked at her a little embarrassed, handed her the flowers in his hand: "I see you pick flowers every day to come here, this is for you."

Grace was a little defensive and didn't reach out to pick it up.

The man introduced himself again: "Do you remember me, I used to go to your neighborhood to play when I was a kid, my name is Timothy."

Grace shook her head.

The man laughed, "It's okay, so consider us reacquainted now."

In the days that followed, he would wait there every time Grace went to the beach.

Gradually, Grace became less wary and defensive of him.

Sitting on the beach, Grace asked him, "Do you like me?"

Timothy froze and became embarrassed, "How did you ... know that?"

Grace said, "It was Grandma Swift who said that."

"Ah ... yes." Timothy didn't deny it, hanging his head, "I do like you, but even if you don't like me, it's okay, I ..."

Grace turned her head to look at him, "Why do you like me?"

Timothy sheepishly rubbed the back of his head: "I just think you're cute and simple, and it's comfortable to stay with you and not have to think about messy things."

Grace withdrew her eyes, the branch in her hand poking and the ground: "I don't hate you, but I don't want to live with you either."

"It's okay if you don't have ..., I can wait."

Grace got up and patted the dust on her body, "It's getting dark, I'm going back first."

Timothy followed suit and stood up, "I'll walk you."

"No, I want to go back on my own."

Timothy could only give up: "All right then, take care on your way."

Grace waved to him, "Bye."

Already gradually into the winter, the sky is dark very quickly, not a moment later, you can barely see the road in front of you.

Grace was walking fast and didn't notice a rock under her feet, and fell hard to the ground after tripping over it.

She slowly climbed up and sat on the floor with tears wrapped around her eyes, but did not cry out.

Her brother had told her to be strong.

Grace tried several times to get up, but failed.

Just then, a figure stood in front of her and slowly squatted down, "Hey, why didn't he send you?"