

## Mr Conrad 1286

Chapter 1286-After Vincent left, Grace sat alone in a chair, looking out the window in boredom.

Just when she was drowsy from waiting, Vincent finally came back.

Grace barely managed to pull herself together and whispered, "What took you so long to get there?"

Vincent squatted in front of her and looked at the injury on her foot: "You have a small clinic in this shitty place, and the doctor inside is an old man with a bad ear, and it took half a day of knocking before the door opened."

With that, he muttered, "And I don't know what you had to come back for."

After cleaning the wound on her foot first, Vincent took the spray and said, "Bear with it, it will hurt a little."

Grace nodded obediently.

The next second, the pain of drilling came, Grace raised her arm and bit on her arm.

Vincent looked up at her and frowned, "Does it hurt that much?"

Grace's eyes were red and she choked back a sob and nodded.

Vincent put down the potion, "Well, what would you like to eat, I'll go make it for you."

Grace slowly lowered her arm, "I'm all right."

Vincent got up and walked to the kitchen.

He looked at the native kitchen and had one head and two heads.

Vincent found the rice, cleaned it haphazardly, and then went to build a fire, but half a day, but can not be lit.

Grace limped over, "I'd better do it."

Vincent coughed, "Can you do it?"

"I cook every day, it's OK."

Grace sat down on a small bench, picked up matches and flammable twigs, easily lit them, and then placed them in the stove hole.

Vincent looked at her skilled appearance and looked around, "Can you get used to this place?"

Grace fanned the fire with a small fan, "I've lived here since I was a kid, I'm used to it."

With that, Grace turned her head to look at him, "It's okay if you're not used to it, you wouldn't be living here anyway."

Vincent withdrew his eyes, "Do you know how to use a stove?"

"My sister taught me that I can do it."

“Then I’ll change it for you?”

“Don’t.” Grace shook her head, coughing twice as she choked on her cigarette, “I’m used to using this.”

Vincent smiled at that, “What a little fool.”

Grace grunted and ignored him.

The meal ended up being made by Grace.

Vincent himself has never cooked before, and with the way the fire is still burning here, he is even more clueless.

An hour later, he looked at the small wooden table with a dish and a soup: “It’s quite a decent job.”

Grace scooped up the rice: “I can cook a lot of dishes, all taught to me by my brother.”

Vincent said, “Justin cooks here every day, too?”

“Of course, brother’s cooking is delicious.”

Vincent hummed and laughed, feeling incredulous and a little more admiration at the same time.

Grace handed him the chopsticks, “Here, eat up.”

Vincent gave her a look, “Are you still going to the beach tomorrow.”

“Go on, I’m going to see my brother.”

“Are you going to see Justin, or are you going on a date.”

Grace buried her head in her food: “I don’t know what you’re talking about, I’m hungry.”

Vincent coughed and ate his meal in silence as well.

Surprisingly, the taste was not bad at all.

He had thought it would be mushy. It seems Justin has put a lot of thought into teaching this little fool.

Grace was halfway through her meal when she saw that Vincent kept looking at her and couldn’t help but touch her face, “Do I have something dirty on my face.”

Vincent withdrew his eyes, “No.”

Grace looked at him and asked, “When are you going back?”