

Mr Conrad 1287

Chapter 1287-Vincent said, "Why, don't you want me to go?"

Grace lowered her head and poked at the rice, "I'm not."

Vincent laughed, "All right, hurry up and eat. Don't worry about it, I won't disturb your date."

He's always talking about dating and Grace doesn't want to talk to him anymore.

When she finished eating, Grace stood up and was about to wash the dishes when Vincent took it from her: "You sit down, I'll do it."

Grace said "Oh" and went back to her stool.

Vincent washed the dishes and got a good part of his clothes wet.

He asked Grace, "Do you have a change of clothes here that you can change into?"

Grace pointed to the room next to her, "Brother has it there."

Vincent: "..."

Forget it.

It's not Justin who lives here, either, but a man with no memory.

Vincent walked in and casually found a shirt to change into.

Despite the fact that no one lives here anymore, every corner of the room is still cleaned and tidied.

At that moment, Grace poked a head in, "You can stay in your brother's room if you want to stay tonight."

Vincent looked over at her, "Who said I was staying."

Grace bristled and went to her room.

After surveying the place, Vincent walked to the door of Grace's room and reached out and knocked: "That quilt is too thin, is there a thicker one."

After a while, Grace opened the door a crack: "I thought you said you didn't live here."

"I didn't want to stay, but you were hurt and I had to take care of you."

Grace turned around and held a thick quilt for him, "Here."

At night, Vincent lay in bed with his hands behind his head, staring at the ceiling, completely sleepless.

He had expected her to have a lot of trouble here, but to his surprise, she was actually living a good life.

In some ways, even better than him.

At least he can't even cook a full meal, while she can make a dish and a soup.

I really underestimated her before.

Unconsciously, Vincent thought of the boy who stayed with Grace at the beach every day.

If Grace married him, the two of them would live in this peaceful little fishing village and should be happy for the rest of their lives.

Thinking about it, Vincent felt a little annoyed.

He rolled over and sat up, walked out of the room, sat on a stone bench in the courtyard and looked up at the sky.

The sky was very transparent, without a single star.

After a while, Grace's voice came from behind him, "Can't you sleep."

Vincent turned his head, "Why are you up?"

Grace sat next to him, "I couldn't sleep either."

Vincent asked her, "Why can't you sleep?"

Grace shook her head and plopped down on the table, "I don't know."

"You said before that the boy likes you, so do you like him."

"Not like that."

"So who do you like?"

Grace looked over at him, "I like Grandpa, I like my brother, and I like my pretty sister, and ..."

Vincent said, "Stop, stop, stop, stop, who asked you this."

He paused before saying again, "What I'm asking is, who do you like and want to like with him?"

Grace seems to have some trouble understanding the kind of like he said: "I like the person, I want to spend every day with him ah."

Vincent: "..."

For a while he felt that it was impossible to communicate with him.

Vincent thought about it again before asking, "I see that boy is also quite good to you, why do not you like him?"

Grace said, "I was supposed to like him, but Grandma Swift said he was going to live with me, and I didn't like him as much."