

Sir Ares Good Night Chapter 225

When he reached out to pull on the canvas, Grace suddenly turned over, lying on the drawing board with his whole body, holding the canvas tightly with both hands.

He must not be allowed to see this portrait.

“What ugly thing was painted?” Jacob squatted before her, asking suspiciously.

Grace looked up at him with a guilty conscience. “My painting skills are awkward, so don’t stain the eyes of Lord Zhan.”

However, Jacob suddenly stretched out his hand to hug her, Grace paled with fright, and tightly guarded the drawing board in her arms.

The tighter she guards, the more curious he is about the content of this painting.

“Let go.” He couldn’t help laughing when he saw her holding the drawing board for life and death.

He suddenly turned her over, making her face up to the sky.

He slowly leaned down mischievously, and when his lips were about to touch her, his tension overflowed on his body.

At this time, his hand suddenly pulled out the drawing board in her arms, he put her on the ground and tore off the white cloth in a thunderous manner.

On the drawing board, on the white drawing paper, a man without a face is depicted. Wearing a white compassionate shirt, flowing black hair, slender fingers, with a four-leaf clover ring.

Although he didn't outline his facial features, he could tell at a glance that he was when he was young.

The portrait of him is lifelike.

The skill of the painter is perfect.

What surprised Jacob was that this painting was clearly the work of Irene.

Jacob looked at Grace, she was looking at him nervously.

His heart surged, and all his doubts disappeared.

It turns out she is really Irene!

It's his clang!

No doubt!

"The painting is good." He suppressed the ecstasy in his heart and praised.

Grace secretly breathed a sigh of relief, but fortunately he didn't recognize it.

"Thank you." Grace took the drawing board and swiftly covered her portrait.

Jacob asked, "Why didn't she paint his face? Isn't he so shameful?"

The young Jacob is the eternal scorching sun in Grace's heart.

Grace couldn't hear anyone say that Jacob was half bad, and immediately went back, "It's not that he is shameless. It's that he is so beautiful, and I can't draw a tenth of his."

Jacob's smile condensed in his eyes.

From a young age, she chased after him, yelling "Brother Jie" loudly, and she never concealed her liking for him.

Love is domineering, heartless.

Instead, he was a little older, because he knew shame. Every time after being flushed by her, she can only leave with pretense.

He will be shy if she doesn't understand him, and she feels lost every time, "Brother Jie, why are you ignoring people?"

Fool!

He always called her that in his heart.

"Grace, do you really want to move out?"

Knowing that she was his beloved Irene, he lost her without reason.

Grace said bitterly, "The old lady is right, you are going to get married again sooner or later. I live here to occupy the magpie's nest, it is not appropriate."

Grace packed her luggage and pulled out the lever of the suitcase.

However, Jacob's hand was pressed on her hand suddenly, Grace wanted to pull it out, but he tried too hard, and his big hand shackled her small hand tightly.

"After you moved out, what should I do if the child misses you?" His enchanting pupils were shining brightly.

Grace said without hesitation, "If you don't mind, Lord Zhan can always bring Jas over."