

## Sir Ares Good Night Chapter 224

“Grace, would you like to remarry Jacob?” The old lady said straight to the point.

Grace’s pupils stared round in surprise, scratching her ears in disbelief. She thought she had hallucinations in her ears, did she make a mistake?

The position of Mrs. War that she had always dreamed of came to her head without warning?

If it were before, she would have jumped up in surprise.

But now, she was not happy at all.

Because of her marriage to Jacob, the time seven years ago was a complete failure.

In that marriage, she was humble, painful, and struggling.

But all her fierce love was finally defeated by his indifference.

In that marriage, she was a luxury even to be sick. Because after she fell ill, his indifference and estrangement made her heartache to the point of no more.

“Not willing.” Grace muttered in a low voice.

He thought she would readily agree, but he didn’t expect her to reject him?

Isn't it her dream to marry him?

Jacob turned blue with anger...

The old lady looked at the frustrated Jacob, and was puzzled. His grandson's condition was to choose one, but Grace would dislike him. This is really unexpected!

"Jacob, do you know what to do?" The old lady stood up and told Jacob with a sullen face, "You are still young and the road is long. Don't ruin your future for a woman."

He sternly said to Grace, "If you don't want to remarry with Jacob, you should keep a certain distance from him."

After speaking, the old lady walked away.

The tight protection in the villa was quickly evacuated and the peace of the past was restored.

Grace returned to the second floor and packed her luggage.

The old lady was right, she was nameless and unsuitable to live here. One day in the future, there will be a mistress in the villa.

Jacob followed, his long body leaning against the door, his hands in his trouser pockets. He looked careless, but his heart was surging, saying, "Grace, why don't you want to remarry?"

Grace stared at him blankly, why not? Because he doesn't love her at all.

All marriages that do not aim at love will eventually inevitably go their separate ways.

“Master Zhan, although I’m stupid, I won’t be planted twice in the same pit.” Grace looked at him with extremely bright eyes, like stars in the dark night.

She was busy packing up her luggage, and didn’t notice Jacob’s frustrated face.

He suddenly strode forward and pushed her against the drawing board. “Even for children, don’t you want to remarry?”

Grace said, “I love my children. But I will never wrong myself for them. My life should not be lived for others, because that is the biggest mistake.”

As if seven years ago, she surrendered herself to him happily, but was bruised by him.

Her determination made him feel irritable for no reason. He suddenly let go of her, Grace’s weight was unstable, and the whole person fell on the drawing board behind him.

The easel fell to the ground, and the white cloth covering the drawing board opened a corner.

Grace fell to the ground, her first reaction was not to check her frayed arm, but to cover the canvas in a panic.

Because on the drawing board, she painted her young portrait.

Jacob’s eyes were originally locked on her arm, but after seeing her concealing the drawing board hastily, his eyes moved to the drawing board in amazement.