

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 16 - 20

Vincent had typical slanted eyes, which were gorgeous. Besides, he had prominent brow bones and thick eyelashes, and his eyes became darker and sharper with his brows knitted. People would feel pressured under his gaze.

He looked icy and distant, radiating a frightening aura. However, Emily wasn't afraid of him, because he was a good guy and had saved her twice.

"What...?" She touched her itchy neck.

Vincent looked down at her and said in a low voice, "You smell good."

Emily lowered her head and sniffed, "It's the smell of shampoo. If you like it, I can give you one."

This was the first time someone had given Vincent a shampoo as a gift.

He raised his eyebrows slightly, "Alright."

Eliot's worried voice suddenly came from outside the door, "Emily, are you alright?"

Then the light was turned on and the room lit up. Emily hastily stood up and walked back to the room. "Eliot, I'm here...."

She was looking for an excuse to explain why Vincent was in her room.

Eliot strode over and asked, "Where is Vincent?"

"What?"

'Isn't he right behind me?'

Emily swung around and found that Vincent was already gone.

She dashed to the balcony and looked down, discovering that Vincent was standing upright in the crowd. He was extremely handsome in the black suit. But in the meantime, he also looked even colder in his stiff-collared black shirt.

He was indifferent to the people around him, completely different from the guy that pinched Emily's cheek.

Someone in the crowd asked, "Mr. Vincent, why are you upstairs? When did you get there?"

"Why was Mr. Vincent there?" another wondered.

Vincent adjusted his cuff links and said calmly, "To see the moon."

Everyone was confused.

They looked up but saw nothing.

After a moment of silence, someone abruptly clapped his hands and exclaimed, "Mr. Vincent, you're really classy!"

The others also flattered, "That's right! Mr. Vincent indeed has impeccable taste!"

Emily gradually lost her patience and wanted to say something. However, she suddenly thought of Eliot and turned around, only to see that he was staring at her suspiciously. Thus, she had no choice but to play the fool and explain, "I heard some noises, so I came out to have a look. Is there something going on?"

Eliot touched her head and said, "No, everything is fine. Do you want some cake?"

Of course, Emily wanted it.

But she didn't want to go out.

Eliot noticed her hesitation and said, "I'll ask the servants to bring it in."

"Thank you, Eliot."

Downstairs, Vincent was surrounded and complimented by the crowd. Elsie squeezed in and said in a charming voice, "Thank you for coming to my birthday party, Mr. Vincent. And thank you for your gift. I like it a lot."

This succinct remark fired people's imagination. 'Did Mr. Vincent go to the wrong room? Was he actually looking for Miss Elsie?'

Vincent frowned slightly, and then his assistant Rex stepped forward to explain, "Sorry, Miss Elsie. Perhaps your servants heard it wrong. That gift is not for you but for Matthew. It's his favorite tea."

The crowd couldn't help but laugh.

Elsie's face turned pale and green. She managed to hold her temper and forced a smile, "Oh, I see. Then I'd like to say thank you on behalf of my grandfather."

Rex replied politely, "You're welcome."

Seeing that Elsie made a fool of herself, Beverly didn't dare to act rashly and only smiled, "Guys, let's get in. It's time to cut the cake. Elsie, come on."

Then Vincent walked in, surrounded by a group of people.

Elsie suppressed her jealousy and anger, managing a weak smile and shouting to the second floor, "Emily, what are you doing? I'm going to cut the cake. Don't you like cakes the best? Come down! I'm waiting for you!"

On the second floor, Emily heard it clearly and opened the closet with a sneer. 'Don't blame me. You ask for it.'

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There was a hullabaloo after the guests entered the hall.

"The retard is going downstairs?"

"Lower your voice...."

"Miss Emily is not a retard. Actually, she is just suffering from ... intelligence impairment. She has the intelligence of a seven-year-old. She is not stupid. In fact, she is quite polite...."

"I heard that she even needed servants to help her get dressed. That's not stupid?"

The guests were still discussing the "stupid" things that Emily had done.

Vincent stared at the red wine in his hand with a straight face, lost in thought.

Rex whispered, "Mr. Vincent?"

Vincent waved, and then Rex nodded, quietly getting back to his original position.

Hearing the malicious laughter, Elsie proudly adjusted her crown and stepped into the middle of the hall under the gaze of all the guests. There was a four-tiered cake about the height of a person. On the top was Elsie's cartoon model with a crown on its head, which was dressed in the same clothes as Elsie. The model looked exactly like an elegant princess.

Maury stood on the stage and said, "Thank you very much for coming. Today is the twentieth birthday party of my daughter Elsie. As the kids grew up, we're getting older. As her father, I hope that she can live a happy and easy life. Since many young people come today, I'll just stop there and leave time for you to enjoy yourselves. Now, welcome my daughter to cut her birthday cake...."

As the lights in the hall dimmed and the birthday song sounded, all the guests clapped their hands and sang along loudly.

All of a sudden, a noise of shouting came from the crowd untimely.

"Holy shit! Who hit me?"

"Damn it! I also got hit!"

"Who the hell did this?"

"You stepped on me! Go way!"

"Oh no! Don't squeeze! Don't push me!"

"It hurts! Who stepped on me?"

As the birthday song ended, the lights in the hall lit up. All the guests were quarreling with each other, which put Elsie in an awkward position. When she blew the candles just now, she was already affected by the loud arguments.

She looked over and found all the people in the hall were wrangling with each other. She smiled and said, "I'm going to cut the cake. Girls, hurry to line up!"

However, the crowd was still arguing, some of which even wanted to start a fight.

Elsie stood there in embarrassment and gritted her teeth. She put the knife on top of the cake but didn't cut it, because no one was looking at her!

'Damn it! What the hell are they squabbling about?'

Rex couldn't help but take a glance at Vincent.

Vincent was still sitting in his chair, leisurely shaking the wine in his glass. However, Rex knew that Vincent was more cheerful than before.

Clearly, Vincent did this. The guests' trashing Miss Emily must have gotten on his nerve.

With a bang, the hall fell silent. Everyone simultaneously looked towards the place where the noise came from. Then they saw a girl in a long white dress standing at the staircase on the second floor in panic. Under her feet were pieces of paper and a bunch of bills, as well as some documents.

All the gentlemen were astonished. Although Emily was a retard, there was no denying that she was stunning. She was wearing a white dress with her dark hair hanging loose about her shoulders, looking like an angel from heaven. She had thick eyelashes and a pair of pure and innocent eyes, which seemed to possess the power of reflecting men's evil thoughts. When people met her, they would involuntarily fall in love with her.

Elsie couldn't hold back her anger and howled when she saw the things on the ground, "Emily!"

Emily actually took out Elsie's piggy bank and broke it!

Emily trembled in fear with her head in her hands as she squatted on the stairs and shouted, "Elsie, I was wrong. Don't hit me. I'm so sorry. Please don't hit me."

Elsie was irritated when she heard this, "Get up! When did I hit you? I..."

Beverly rushed over and held Elsie's arm, "The guests are watching you. Wipe the anger off your face. Hurry to pull her up!"

Though angry, Elsie still forced a smile, "Emily, don't be afraid. Let me pull you up."

Eliot walked over and attempted to get Emily up. However, his pupils contracted when he caught a glimpse of a document on the ground. Then he walked to pick the document up.

Elsie was too nervous to notice that as she was being stared at by all the people in the hall. She was on pins and needles, reaching out to make nice, "Emily, get up! Hurry!"

Emily was so scared that she didn't dare to look up at Elsie.

Elsie was boiling with rage because she knew that the people here would definitely gossip about this. Maybe the top story tomorrow would be that she abused Emily!

Her birthday party was ruined by the retard!

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Maury, who was busy appeasing the quarreling guests, heard the noise coming from the stairs and rushed over. He was confused at the sight of the papers and banknotes on the ground. However, he didn't dig into it but went upstairs and gently patted Emily on the shoulder, "Emily, why did you come downstairs?"

"Today is Elsie's birthday. I got a gift for her. But it fell into the piggy bank, and I couldn't take it out..." Emily lowered her head and secretly used the eye drops in her sleeves. Then she looked up at Maury with her teary eyes, "Dad, I was wrong. Can you tell Emily not to be angry?"

Vincent's eyebrows twitched visibly when he saw her actions.

His guards: The future Mrs. Scavo could probably be a good actress.

Rex: She wasn't Mrs. Scavo! How would Mr. Vincent take a fancy to an underage retard?

Afterward, Rex gallantly poured another glass of red wine for Vincent.

However, Vincent put down the glass and changed his posture, with his pitch-black eyes fixed at Emily on the stairs.

Rex was surprised.

'Isn't Mr. Vincent aloof?'

Maury comforted Emily, "It's not your fault. Your sister won't blame you. Get up! I'll take you to eat the cakes."

Emily pitifully asked with tearful eyes, "Really?"

Maury looked at her eyes and felt bad for her, "Of course!"

He gave Elsie a tweak, who then almost shed tears from the pain. Elsie bit the bullet and put on a strained smile, saying to Emily, "It's true. I don't blame you. Hurry to eat the cakes."

Emily smiled through tears and stood up, "Alright."

Maury took her to the birthday cake and gave her a large piece of cake with a fork.

Eliot came over with a serious look and whispered something into Maury's ear. Then Maury's expression changed. He patted Emily on the shoulder and said, "Emily, you stay here and enjoy your cakes. I have something to talk to your brother."

Emily said with a sweet smile, "OK. Don't work too hard. I'm waiting for you here."

Eliot rubbed her head and went up to the study on the third floor with Maury.

While the servants were cleaning up the mess, Elsie suddenly recollected that the documents in her piggy bank seemed to be missing. She went downstairs and happened to meet Maury. She smiled at him, but he ignored her and went upstairs with a scowl.

Eliot, who was behind Maury, also ignored Elsie. Elsie was riled up. 'Why? Why are they so good to that retard while being indifferent to me?'

As soon as she turned around, she saw Emily was enjoying the cake with delight as if it was a delicacy!

After Maury left, all the guests stared at Emily without restraint, as if watching her eat the cake was as strange as watching a monkey drink wine.

After the butler removed the wine stains on his suit, he came back and found that the guests were gathering together and chatting in twos and threes. He then saw Elsie's angry face and wondered what had happened. He restrained his curiosity and stepped onto the stage, asking the band to get ready for the dance.

The first dance was a waltz.

As the lights faded, all men bowed gently and invited their dates to dance.

Elsie took the opportunity to pull Emily towards the bathroom. The latter was eating a cake and struggled, "Elsie, you're hurting me..."

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"Shut up!" Elsie turned around and snarled at Emily.

Emily didn't expect Elsie to stop and the cake in her hand fell on Elsie, whose hair and dress then covered in cream.

Elsie gritted her teeth and shouted, "Emily!"

"Oh, no! My cake..." Emily sadly stared at the cake that had fallen to the ground. When she looked up, she saw Elsie's face was dark with rage. Then Emily presented a pathetic sight as if she was about to cry in the next second.

"Don't cry!" Elsie pointed at her.

Emily sniffled and fought back her tears.

As they arrived at the lounge next to the bathroom, Elsie pushed Emily in and closed the door. Elsie took a napkin to wipe the cream off her chest and shouted in a huff, "Look at what you did! I have to dance with others later! How can I go out in such a mess?"

Emily looked at her pitifully while sneering at Elsie in her heart.

In the previous life, there were indeed many rich gentlemen who liked Elsie. Although Elsie wasn't gorgeous, she was a young lady from the Britt family. Therefore, many men were chasing after her to get benefits from the Britts.

Back then, Emily was first mocked by Elsie's friends at the birthday party and then was tricked into a cabinet. Emily stayed there for three hours, so she didn't know whom Elsie danced with at that time.

However, no matter who the man was, Emily would never allow Elsie to dance with him again.

Elsie tried to clean her dress, only to find that the cream couldn't be wiped off. She screamed and rang the bell on the wall to call the servant over. Afterward, she took off her dress and stood there with only her underwear.

She turned around and stared at Emily with a fierce look, "Tell me, why was Mr. Vincent in your room?"

Emily looked up at her blankly, her big eyes blinking as if she didn't understand what Elsie was talking about.

Elsie explained patiently despite her anger, "I mean the man on your balcony."

Emily was still at a loss.

"Didn't he drive you home last time? You remember him, right? His assistant even gave you a cake! Do you remember this?" Elsie was irritated and couldn't help but raise her voice.

Hearing the cake, Emily finally nodded as if she remembered something, "Yes, I remember. It was a mango cake."

"I don't want to know what kind of cake you ate. What I want to know is...." Elsie moved closer and looked straight at Emily, "What did you say to that man? Why did he go to your balcony?"

Emily shook her head, "I don't know."

Elsie was about to go crazy and grabbed Emily by her shoulders, "Then have you spoken to him? Do you remember what you were talking about? What did you say? Hurry up and tell me!"

Emily looked frightened and said in fear, "I promised to ... give him ... a bottle of shampoo."

Elsie was thunderstruck and froze, "What? What did you say?"

Emily cowered and whispered with her shoulders trembling, "Smells ... like ... milk... Smells good..."

Elsie interrupted her impatiently, "What are you talking about? I'm asking... Forget it! No matter how you got him to see you, just do it again to bring him to the lounge."

As soon as she finished speaking, there came a knock on the door.

Elsie opened the door and handed her dress to the servant outside, "Susan, I'll give you ten minutes to fix it!"

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"What?" Susan looked at the dress and found a large smudge of cream. She frowned and hesitated, "Ten minutes is probably not enough...."

Elsie interrupted sternly, "I don't care what you do! Just hurry to clean it and bring me a new dress!"

Susan thought for a while and nodded, "Alright, I'll try my best."

The former servant was called Lola, who had been fired by Maury. Susan was in her fifties, a little older than Lola. Though Susan looked old, she was kind-hearted and diligent. Most importantly, she was good at taking care of people. After knowing Emily's condition, she would cook nice dishes for Emily every day and would tell stories to Emily before Emily went to bed.

Besides, Susan was genial and smiled quite a lot, so she got along well with other servants soon after she came to work in the Britt's.

Just as Susan was about to leave, she looked up and saw Emily standing nearby with her head down. Meanwhile, Emily raised her head and gave Susan a diffident smile.

Emily looked extremely pathetic.

Susan thought that Emily had been bullied by Elsie, so she stretched out her hand and said, "Miss Emily, let's go get some food, shall we? There is a lot of delicious food outside!"

"Hurry to clean my dress!" Elsie roared and was enraged at the sight of Emily's pitiful face. "Scram. You're done here."

Then Emily quickly grabbed Susan's hand and ran out.

Susan led Emily to the hall and let go of her, whispering, "Miss Emily, you should avoid Miss Elsie. Don't offend her when you're alone at home. Do you understand?"

Emily pretended to be puzzled and said, "But she is nice to me."

Susan sighed, "Fine, just forget it. You can go get yourself some food now. I have a job to do."

“OK.” Emily beamed and waved at Susan.

However, Emily’s smile faded after she turned around. In this family, she didn’t dare to believe anyone but Eliot.

The guests in the hall were all dancing. Emily casually looked around and saw Marquise. In the past life, he remarried that same year when his ex-wife passed away. This had been on the news, and Emily had seen his wedding photos.

Who would have thought that he was actually a bastard though he looked gentle and handsome? Emily felt pity for the woman who was dancing with him now.

Just as Emily turned around, she saw Marquise’s date. It was actually Sydnee Dickerson. In Emily’s previous life, Sydnee had lent a helping hand and frequently sent things to Emily after the Britt Group went bankrupt.

Sydnee was Elsie’s college classmate, but Elsie didn’t like her. She invited Sydnee to the party just to show off how fancy her birthday party was.

Sydnee came from a literary family. Her parents were honest and upright, and she and her siblings were decent and well-bred.

After the Britt family went broke, Eliot sent Emily to the countryside, where she met Sydnee. But at that time, Sydnee was very depressed because of the failure of her marriage, and her voice became rough, totally different from the sweet and soft voice that Emily had just heard on the second floor.

Emily found herself ridiculous because she didn’t realize that Sydnee’s husband was Marquise even though Sydnee had told Emily about her failed marriage.

Emily swore that she would never sit back and watch Marquise get close to Sydnee in this life!

The song ended.

The next was a cheerful song, and then the guests continued to dance.

Sydnee seemed to be tired and waved at Marquise, walking to the dessert area for some drink.

Marquise followed her closely.

Emily wore a faint smile with coldness in her eyes. 'Marquise, you're dead for sure.'

Vincent, who had been watching Emily from a distance, suddenly smiled.

'She looks quite cute when she is angry.'

Standing the closest to Vincent, Rex noticed Vincent's smile and immediately looked over.

Rex was astounded.

'Wow! Mr. Vincent really loses his heart to that little retard!'