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Chapter 36 It's Me 2

After being called, Elsie finally came out. She smiled and said, "Don't make fun of her. At least she is my sister."

Those people burst into laughter.

Emily suppressed the mockery in her eyes, pretending to be wronged and scared as she approached her. She called Elsie in a cowardly voice, "Elsie."

Elsie led her to the cafeteria and got a tray for her, "Help yourself and pick whatever you want to eat."

Emily took a bite of the cream puff and smiled at Elsie with narrowed eyes, "Elsie, it's delicious."

Elsie wiped her mouth and said, "Take your time. There's more here. Are you thirsty? Let me get you some water."

"Alright, thank you, Elsie."

Last time, she had already suffered a loss. If Emily was still retarded, then she would still be tricked by Elsie this time. But now, she's different!

Not long after, Elsie poured a glass of water and handed it to her. "Come, have some water."

Emily raised her head and took a sip of water. But she didn't swallow it. Elsie was watching her every move. So, she took another piece of bread. Just as she was about to stuff it into her mouth, she staggered and fell onto Elsie. When she fell, she tilted her head and spat the water in her mouth on the bread. She also poured the water into another plate.

"Elsie, are you alright?" Emily covered her head and pretended that she couldn't straight. "I'm a little dizzy," she said.

Elsie did not doubt her. She only thought that the medicine had already worked. She immediately grabbed Emily's hand and said, "I'll find you a room to rest."

Emily nodded and asked, "Where's Eliot?"

Elsie helped her to the second floor and whispered, "He will come soon."

Emily mocked Elsie in her heart. Eliot was surrounded by those people and couldn't get out at all. Was it also because of Elsie?

She was led to the innermost room on the second floor by Elsie. There was a sign hanging on the door, saying "Do not disturb".

There was no light in the room. Elsie helped her to the bed and comforted her, "Emily, get some sleep here. Later, I will take you home."

Emily said softly, "Alright."

There was a weird fragrance in the air. Emily held her breath, but she still inhaled a little.

Elsie smiled and tucked her in the quilt. Then, she turned around and prepared to leave. Just when she turned back, a vase smashed into the back of her neck. Before she could turn around, she completely fainted.

Emily caught Elsie and pulled her onto the bed while holding back her breath. She stripped her naked, then changed into her yellow evening gown and went out with his face covered.

She couldn't go too far. If her accomplice was at the door, she would definitely be found out. She was too short. Emily walked a few steps and casually pushed open a door. She leaned against the door and gasped for breath.

The smell made her a little sick. Her head was heavy, her breath hot, her limbs limp, and she slid down to sit on the floor.

It was when she raised her head that she saw there was a man in the room. There was a light in front of her. The hazy light only faintly showed a figure sitting there. She could not see the outline clearly, and could only see a faint red light in the darkness.

"Who is it?" She was like a little hedgehog which immediately held up her thorns all over her body. Her entire body tensed up.

That man's voice was deep and magnetic, sounded pretty familiar, "It's me."

Emily was at a loss for a moment. Then she tilted her head and asked, "Mr. Vincent?"

The man did not respond. Emily heard his footsteps getting closer. Suddenly, she felt some pain coming from her chin. He grabbed her chin, forcing her to raise her head. Then she saw Vincent's aloof face.

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Chapter 37 Sweet

Emily was so close to him. She felt she had never seen him so clearly. His eyebrows were pitch-black. He was frowning and his eyes were bending upwards. Now he slightly narrowed his eyes, which somehow made Emily think she was in danger. She smelt cigarette, which together with his cold face gave her a distant feeling.

Vincent's fingers were cold. When he touched her hot skin, he was a little surprised. He lowered his head slightly and saw Emily's red cheeks.

She was drugged again?

He used some strength to raise Emily's face. Her skin was smooth. Her beautiful eyes were wide-open. And when she saw him, relaxation and joy flashed across her eyes.

This expression once again delighted Vincent. He threw away the cigarette and spat out some smoke.

The smell of nicotine somewhat wakened Emily. She grabbed the cold hand on her chin and asked Vincent, "Can I have a cigarette?"

Vincent raised his eyebrows. After a while, he took out a cigarette case and handed one to Emily's mouth.

"Open your mouth."

Emily opened her mouth like he said and kept the cigarette in her mouth. For a moment, Vincent saw the tip of her pink tongue.

Vincent fixed his gaze on Emily for a while. His eyes met her innocent ones. Then, he took out a lighter made of jade and lit up the cigarette in her mouth. After that, he said to Emily in a hoarse voice, "Don't bite it. Suck it."

The people hidden were astonished.

Guard A: Mr. Vincent was the head of the Scavos. He was a legend in City Y! He was ruthless and decisive! What happened to him?

Guard B: He condescended himself to light a cigarette for a retard! And his words sounded so ambiguous.

Guard C: I thought Mr. Vincent didn't like women!

Guard D: Oh. Men...

Jaquan: Vincent must have said those vague words on purpose!

Ferne: Did Vincent forget that I was still here?

Armando: I guessed he also forgot me.

Randy: And me.

This was the first time Emily smoked, and she was in a sorry state. She choked. Her tears streamed down her cheeks. Fortunately, much of the exhausting feeling had disappeared. She gradually regained her strength. The nicotine indeed worked.

After finishing one cigarette, she tried to stand up. But she accidentally staggered into Vincent's arms.

She was petite. Being in Vincent's arms made her look even smaller. She looked at Vincent blankly. She just shed tears, so her big eyes were still watery. Her eyelids were pink. Vincent saw her cherry lips moving up and down, and occasionally, he would see her pink tongue. He heard her ask, "What is that?"

She reached out and rubbed her belly, "The thing that's poking me?"

Everyone became excited!

Everyone in the shadows couldn't help but turn on the lights. Some focused on watching them. Some began to take photos. One even turned on his phone to record this scene while commenting.

"Mr. Vincent has been distant to women for 26 years. 26 years! Finally, after so many years, this old virgin is here today, in front of this beautiful young lady..."

Emily was shocked. She just found out that there were so many people in this room.

Vincent glanced around. After that, all the people silently put away their phones and shut their mouths.

Jaquan coughed and changed the words he was about to say. "We heard nothing and saw nothing. Ignore us. Keep going."

Emily immediately left Vincent's embrace. She stared at the people in front of her with caution. She still felt a little dizzy. She looked at the people in front of her and felt her senses blunt. She was even not sure if she had seen them before.

Vincent pulled her aside and covered her eyes with his big palm. He turned around and glanced indifferently at those bystanders. Under his gaze, everyone immediately escaped inside in silence.

There was a sudden clamor outside the door, men's and women's. Someone shouted at the top of his voice. Then came the sound of footsteps from all sides, and a cacophony of human voices filled the entire corridor.

Vincent withdrew his hand and saw Emily's calm eyes. She had an upturned nose on her face. Her pink lips were tightly pursed. She looked up at Vincent and said softly, "I did that."

Vincent stretched out his hand and touched her forehead. The heat had dissipated quite a bit. He turned around and handed her a glass of wine from the table. "Can you drink?"

Emily took it to prove that she could. She raised her head and drank it all.

The cool wine instantly calmed her down. Only now did she feel much better. She wanted to have another glass.

Vincent reached out his thumb to wipe off the wine on her lips and said in a low voice, "Aren't you afraid of me?"

Emily smiled, her watery eyes shining with starry light. "You're a good guy, just like my brother."

Emily wanted to get another glass of wine. But Vincent pulled her into his strong arms. She raised her head and saw Vincent's deep eyes.

Vincent raised her chin and took a gentle bite of her lips. His voice was deep, "Will your brother do this to you?"

Emily looked at him blankly. Then she covered her mouth and shook her head.

Emily's body started to burn again. She touched her hot face and felt her heart beat violently. That smell still got her?

She bit her lips in annoyance, then turned around to pour another glass of wine and drank it up.

She had been here for too long. Eliot must be worried about her. She put down the glass and walked to the door. Before opening the door, she turned around and said to Vincent, "Thank you for the wine."

Vincent stood there with his body tilted sideways. He gave Emily no response. His shirt buttoned high, making him look dignified and cold. His eyebrows were sharp. Looking into his eyes, Emily didn't know what he was thinking about.

Emily didn't understand him while she also knew that he was not joking. But she had other things to deal with now.

Emily shut the door.

The guards in the shadows were just about to comfort Vincent who had been rejected once more. But then they saw Vincent reach out his thumb to wipe his lips and say in a faint voice, "It's sweet."

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Chapter 38 Leave Him Some Dignity

When Emily came out, she saw the corridor was filled with people. Through the crowd, she saw Eliot standing at the entrance of the innermost lounge. He extended his long arm to prevent people from entering. He solemnly urged the guests, "Please leave! There's nothing to watch!"

She also saw her stepmother Beverly. Beverly stood there, wiping her tears, and saying, "What would happen to my Emily? Oh, how could such a thing happen...?"

Some guests were also pointing fingers and saying,

"I heard that's the youngest daughter of the Britts. How could she do this? Her sister just got engaged with Marquise yesterday and now she did this! It's such a disgrace..."

"Did you see it clearly? Is it that retard of the Britts?"

"I didn't see her in person. The guy standing in the front said this. He said that two people were naked in the room. There was a white dress on the floor. That retard is the only Britt wearing a white skirt. Who else could it be?"

"Besides, her stepmother is crying. Whether she was in the room is self-evident."

"That's right."

"But it's really strange. Things always happen when the retard attends a banquet. Last time, she disappeared in the Scavo's. All the people were forced to look for her. At her sister's birthday party, she also made a scene. And this time..."

"You're right. That's strange. Perhaps the Britts fell on evil days..."

"Eliot, I'm here!" In the crowd's discussions, Emily's clear voice sounded.

She came into people's sight in a gorgeous yellow dress. Everyone was immediately shocked, "What? The little retard of the Britts?"

"Holy shit! Then why is her stepmother crying there?"

"How would I know?"

Eliot heard Emily's voice and saw Emily in the crowd. He cried out in surprise, "Emily?"

When he heard that something happened here, his first thought is that something had happened to Emily. When he got there, he saw the white dress Emily wore before leaving. When he was about to go into the lounge, people came on. Although he wished he could kill the bastard inside. He looked at the bigger picture and planned to stabilize the situation before settling the score with that bastard who hurt Emily.

Unexpectedly, Emily stood in front of him safe and sound.

Emily finally managed to walk in front of him and asked blankly, "Eliot, what's wrong? What happened?"

"Why are you here?" Beverly realized something was wrong. She stopped crying and glared at Emily in shock.

Emily touched her forehead and said, "I felt dizzy. Elsie took me to a room to have a rest just now."

"Why are you wearing Elsie's dress?" Beverly glared at the dress in fear, "Where's your dress?"

Emily lowered her head and looked at her dress. She tilted her head and said, "I don't know. I woke up like this."

Eliot immediately knew what happened. He stared at Beverly and questioned her, "Where's Elsie?"

Beverly waved her hand in panic, "I don't know. I don't know."

"You do!" Eliot grabbed her wrist and said, "Let's go in and see if Elsie is inside."

Beverly's face turned pale, "How is that possible?"

Eliot leaned over and whispered in her ear, "Mom, you ruined your daughter and the reputation of the Britts."

Beverly opened the door in a panic and rushed in. Soon, cries came from inside.

The guests outside looked at Emily and whispered,

"That retard is outside. Then who is inside?"

Surrounded by the other Buckleys, Ian came over. The guests made way for him, and the corridor was suddenly less noisy. The guests still followed behind the Buckleys to eavesdrop. They expected to hear some juicy news.

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"What's going on?" Ian asked with an unhappy expression, "Where's that bastard?"

Most of the guests were here. It was supposed to be a grand birthday banquet. But now it became the laughingstock of the entire City Y. Even Ian's hand holding the crutch trembled. He wished he could catch the people inside and kill them.

The butler whispered, "He is inside."

"Get him out!" Ian knocked on the ground with his crutch. The sound trembled everyone's heart.

Marquise's mother, Yolanda whispered, "Dad, people are watching. Leave some dignity to Marquise. He's still young..."

"Dignity? Doesn't he know this is my birthday party?" Ian was so angry that his chest was heaving. He smashed the door with his crutch, "What a bastard!"

"Calm down!" The Buckleys beside him tried to calm him down, "Anger is bad for your health!"

Ian shouted, "Hurry up and get him out of the lounge!"

The butler hesitantly looked at Marquise's parents, "This..."

"Hurry up!" Marquise's father Jacob could do nothing. He had no choice but to ask the butler with a gloomy face, "Do what he said!"

"Yes!"

A few bodyguards went in and not long after, they dragged Marquise out. Marquise only wore trousers. The door of the lounge was wide open, and Beverly was comforting Elsie, who couldn't stop crying.

Ian slapped Marquise. "Bastard! Look at what you've done! Can't you wait until you get married? You brought shame to the whole family!"

"Grandpa, I don't know it is her." Marquise covered his face. Although he lowered his head and behaved that he knew his mistakes, his eyes were filled with indignation and resentment.

Ian wanted to slam him again, "Bastard!"

Yolanda stopped him, "We already had an engagement with the Britts. Young people can't help themselves. We all know that. It's not his fault..."

When he heard this, Ian was even angrier. Before he could say anything, he saw Marquise angrily point at Elise inside and said, "If I knew it was her, I wouldn't touch her! Why didn't you ask how did she get on my bed? She seduced me!"

Ian pointed at him, his entire body trembling with anger, "Lock this bastard up!"

Marquise wanted to say more, but Yolanda grabbed his arm and stopped him.

"Don't give him anything to eat!" Ian said fiercely. His anger hadn't dissipated yet.

"Yes! Mr. Ian, calm down! Take care of yourself."

The butler supported him and said, "Mr. Jacob will take care of the following matters. Let's go back to the hall."

Only then did Ian walk away.

Jacob stood at the door and said embarrassedly to Beverly, "Well, let me close the door first. Shall we talk later?"

Elsie was screaming like mad.

Eliot immediately closed the door. But people still could vaguely hear Elsie shouting Emily's name in a hoarse voice, as well as that "I'm going to kill you."

Emily looked up at Eliot blankly and asked, "Eliot, is Elsie inside? Why is she coming out?"

Only then did the guests figured out what happened.

"The one inside is Miss Elsie?"

"My god! Beverly is indeed just Emily's stepmother. She spread rumors without knowing who was inside."

"Maybe she was behind all this..."

"That's right. It's highly possible. Do you remember what that retard said in the Scavo's last time?"

"Right! They are too vicious. How could they do such mean things to a retard?"

Eliot brought Emily out of the Buckley's and got in the car. Then he asked Emily, "Where have you been?"

Beverly had asked her this question before. Eliot must have heard that. But now he asked her again.

It showed that he was suspecting her.

Emily suddenly felt a little sad. If Eliot discovered the truth...

She didn't dare to imagine the consequences.

She lowered her head and tried to make a confused expression. "Elsie sent me to a room. I was sleeping."

"Sleep?"

Emily touched her forehead and said, "After drinking the water, I feel so dizzy. I'm still a little dizzy now."

Eliot touched her forehead. It was indeed hot. He frowned and thought for a while, "You drank water? Did Elsie give it to you?"

"Yes, Elsie gave the water to me." Emily asked with an innocent expression, "Eliot, aren't we going to wait for Elsie to go home together?"

Eliot looked out of the window and said, "She is in a trap of her own devising. There's no need to wait. Let's go back."

"What trap?" Emily pretended she didn't understand.

Eliot patiently explained, "It means if you do something bad, you have to bear the consequences. Do you understand?"

"No."

"Then let me give you another example..."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 40

At the Buckley's.

The guests gathered in twos and threes to gossip. Followed by a group of guards in black, Vincent came out of the lounge. He was wearing a black suit. The way he walked indicated that he was powerful. From afar, he looked like the head of a gang.

Jacob served a glass of red wine to apologize. "Mr. Vincent, something unexpected happened just now. I hope it didn't ruin you and your friends' night. Let me propose a toast to you. I am sorry for not being a good host. Please forgive me for that."

Everyone in City Y wanted to curry favor with the Scavos. The Buckleys became rich because of pure luck and they were actually nothing in the business world. They had no power and no status. They only had the money. However, their only advantage was coming to an end because Marquise was squandering their family fortune.

The Buckleys wanted to seize this opportunity to cozy up the Scavos and other powerful people in the city. Although the Britts were not their targets, Elsie was sensible and her eldest brother, Eliot, was quite capable and promising. If Marquise married Elsie, the Buckleys would get strong support.

However, they didn't expect such a thing would happen tonight. Even if Marquise married Elsie, people would exaggerate what shameful things they had done tonight and laughed at them for that.

When Jacob drank the wine, his brows were still furrowed. This banquet was ruined! However, he still had to maintain his smile until all the guests left.

Vincent wore no expression and he said indifferently in a low voice, "Thanks for tonight. It's getting late. I got to go."

"Take care, Mr. Vincent." Jacob sent Vincent to the door. Then he added, "Mr. Vincent, we will be responsible for what happened. We won't let the Britts suffer any losses."

Last time, at the banquet of the Scavo's, Vincent sent Emily home in front of everyone. The news had spread throughout City Y. Although many people did not believe it, the Buckleys believed that where there was smoke, there was a fire.

Last time, after Marquise made such a scene at Elsie's birthday party, Ian ordered Jacob and Marquise to bring gifts to apologize the next day. Because Vincent saw what happened that day.

Jacob's words were only meant to test Vincent's attitude towards the Britts. However, he didn't believe that Vincent's good attitude was because he had taken a fancy to Emily.

Although he didn't know why, he was sure that it was impossible for Vincent to like Emily, for that was just too ridiculous!

Vincent paused slightly, then he turned around and said in a low voice, "Save these words to Maury."

Jacob immediately nodded and said yes.

However, he was confused. What did Mr. Vincent mean? Vincent didn't give him the answer he wanted.

Vincent left. Jaquan and the others also followed his footsteps. "Vincent, wait for us!"

However, they were still late. Vincent's driver was like James Bond. He arrived and opened the car door as soon as Vincent walked to the door. Then he drove away as soon as Vincent got into the car. He was even more accurate than a robot butler. People behind were envious. And single ladies in City Y were discussing how handsome Vincent's leaving was.

Jaquan stared at the leaving car and asked, "What do you think Vincent mean? Is he serious?"

"I think he is." Ferne rubbed his chin and thought for a moment, "I remember that is his first kiss."

Armando covered his mouth and exclaimed, "Heavens! Vincent is such an innocent man!"

"He is not innocent at all! Did you forget what he did in the lounge just now?" Jaquan said.

"That's right." Ferne nodded.

Randy, the dandy who was fanning himself suddenly said, "Have you ever seen Vincent treat other girls like this before?"

Everyone fell silent.

That was right!

"Including Arabella, did you see any woman get close to Vincent?" Randy slowly put away his fan and went downstairs to get in the car.

Jaquan frowned, "Why did you mention her? Tomorrow, I'll find out what Vincent was thinking about."

"Forget it. Arabella will be back tomorrow." Hearing this, Randy turned around and said, "Someone is going to be a simp again."

Jaquan glared at him with an unhappy expression, "Scram."

Randy shrugged his shoulders and sat in the back seat of the car. He waved his hand coquettishly at everyone. Then his modified car started, and the music of a video game also sounded.

Afterward, the car started moving. The tires emitted colorful and dazzling lights. It was so conspicuous that the guests noticed the commotion and looked towards the car. Jaquan and others quickly covered their faces in shame, afraid that people would think they were also in a pubescent crisis like Randy.

...

Emily had a sound sleep. But it was noisy downstairs all night. Elsie cried all night in the next room. Eliot sent Harold to guard the door and locked Emily's balcony door.

Emily was not afraid that Elsie would come to her room and take revenge through the balcony door. She hid a knife under the bed, so there's nothing to be afraid of.

However, she had a weird dream.

In her dream, Vincent was kissing her.

After she woke up, she was still a little confused. She didn't know whether that was just a dream or not.

She was not a retard. She knew what kissing was.

However, she could not believe that Vincent would kiss her.

It was Mr. Vincent! A legendary figure in City Y! Even a retard like her also heard of his legends! To her, Vincent was like a god!

That day, this god suddenly kissed her.

This was strange. She didn't dare to think too much. She didn't have any time to overthink, either. She just fled the place as soon as possible.

"Will your brother do this to you?"

Vincent's deep voice echoed in her ears once again.

Perhaps Vincent was just trying to show her that he was different from Eliot.

That was right. This was why Vincent kissed her.

Emily thought it through and immediately fell asleep.

The engagement between Elsie and Marquise could never be broken. No one could change that. Elsie and Marquise could have been a good couple in others' eyes. But after what happened that day, everything changed.

"The Britts are worried that their daughter will not be able to get married, so they sent her to Marquise's bed." "The Britt Group is in danger. They have no choice but to sacrifice their daughter to get help from the Buckleys..." "The stepmother held evil intentions towards her stepdaughter, but got her own daughter hurt instead." News like this was all over the entire city. As soon as people type "Britt" or "Buckley" in the search box, such news would instantly pop up.

Elsie stopped going to school and stayed quiet at home for a few days. Perhaps because everything couldn't be changed, she lay in bed in despair every day. It was said that Susan had to feed her to keep her survive.

At the same time, Beverly also fell ill. That night, after she came back with Elsie, she had a big quarrel with Maury. That night, she slept in the guest room and didn't eat anything. The next day, she had a fever because of coldness and hunger.

Elsie and Beverly were sick at the same time, which provided a lot of convenience for Emily. However, the person behind Elsie still didn't make a move, which made Emily a little anxious.

But finally, Emily made progress on her investment plan Sydnee called in the afternoon of the third day.

As soon as the phone got through, Sydnee panted and asked, "Are you available now?"

