

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 46 - 50

Chapter 46 A Swindler

After Emily went upstairs, Eliot walked to the door and asked casually, "Where did Miss Emily go today?"

She had gone to the Worldwide Restaurant.

But Harold lied to him deliberately, "KFC."

"Something happened?"

Vincent had hugged her.

Harold lowered his head. He, who always had a dull face, looked even more poker-faced, "No."

"Did she eat ice cream?" Eliot asked.

A plate of assorted ice cream appeared in Harold's mind once again.

He nodded and said, "Yes, she did."

Eliot waved to him, which meant that there were no more questions.

When finishing his work at night, Eliot went to Emily's room and sat on her bedside, chattering about his recent troubles. Emily pretended to be doozy and nodded from time to time. But in fact, she kept attentive to filter out useful information.

"Recently the whole country is boycotting Japanese goods. The streets are in chaos. Don't go out alone. Remember to take Harold with you. There have been many swindlers lately, but they may not take you as the target. Anyway, remember to not talk to strangers. Also, if the strangers deceive you to invest and to gain more profits, you can't believe them.... "

Emily's eyes opened all of a sudden. It came to her that in her previous life, her stepmother had been cheated of a lot of money, which led to the deficit of the Britt Group. At that time, Eliot was busy filling the deficit, so he rarely had time to come back

and see her. Then Eliot was injured and hospitalized, the company lost its backbone. Many employees were incited to change jobs and they took their resources away. Finally, the entire Britt Group went bankrupt...

It seemed that an invisible chain was pulling the Britt Group into bankruptcy.

"Are you scared?" Eliot touched her forehead and said, "It's fine. I'm with you. Don't be afraid. It's time to sleep."

Emily nodded and closed her eyes again. But she said to herself, "It's okay, Eliot. With me, you will be fine, and nothing will happen to the Britt Group."

The next morning, Emily found Harold and handed him a fruit candy. To outsiders, they were discussing whether this fruit candy was delicious or not because Miss Emily had a silly smile on her face.

However, no one would know that Miss Emily with such a silly smile was actually saying, "Harold, keep an eye on Beverly for me."

Harold accepted the candy quietly, which meant he knew what to do.

Emily kept smiling sweetly, "Pay attention to whether she has such a person by her side."

"What kind of person?" Harold asked.

Emily tilted her head and looked innocent and cute, but in fact, she was saying, "A swindler. A very smart swindler."

"..."

Harold said to himself, 'I'm facing one.'

....

Three days later, Elsie finally went back to school. Beverly also followed Maury to the company. There was no one home. After Emily called Sydnee, she took a taxi to the Lotus Tea Manor.

After the incident with Kamron last time, she was worried that she would run into him again. So she chose to take the taxi and even dressed in sportswear with a sports hat. She looked even younger.

There were not many tea trees planted in the tea plantation. On the contrary, there were many fruits and vegetables planted here. Tea trees were only planted in a small patch.

Seeing Sydnee come over, the servants in the Tea Manor happily followed her behind. After all, they had witnessed that Sydnee grew up here from childhood. In a blink of an eye, she became a young girl, so the servants all sighed with mixed feelings.

“Who planted the tea tree?” Emily asked.

Sydnee turned around and saw an old man trembling as he walked out. He bowed and said, “Miss Emily, it was me.”

Emily picked a piece of tea leaf and looked at it carefully. She was not familiar with the tea industry. She only remembered that the price of tea had risen quickly in her previous life. She vaguely remembered that the name of the tea was some ... Red or what.

She turned around and asked, “Is there any tea called ‘hong’ or something?”

The old man raised his aged face and frowned as he pondered, “Haidihong? Xinyanghong?”

Emily kept shaking her head as the old man said few tea names. Then Sydnee whispered, “Dahongpao?”

Emily suddenly raised her head and said, “Yes, that’s it. We’ll plant this.”

She was afraid her tone would give her away. If someone noticed something was wrong, it would be a hassle. So she added, “Turn the soil before planting. And also grow some Pu’er, Tieguanyin, and Longjing tea over there.”

The old man looked at Sydnee, who was looking over and saying, “Howard, just do as she says.”

Howard nodded. Just as he was about to leave, he heard the girl who looked young and pretty say, “Hire a few more tea farmers. The Tea Manor will experience a busy time sooner. Howard is old and should be paid what he deserves. All he has to do is keeping an eye on the tea plantation.”

It turned out that these words were not addressed to him, but to Sydnee.

Howard was puzzled. This girl looked a few younger than Miss Sydnee, but why did she appear to be more experienced?

Sydnee nodded, "Alright. What do you think of the other places?"

Emily squinted and looked around. "Build a shed over there. The warehouse also needs to be rebuilt. And keep it dry. Find someone to send the nutrient soil over. After turning the soil, replace it with the nutrient soil. The season is suitable for sowing seeds. We could grow four lines of Dahongpao here, and over there, they may plant anything else as they like."

The Manor itself had produced many varieties of tea, all of which could survive here. Emily can ignore this concern, and only put forward her request. Every time she said something, Sydnee behind her take her cell phone to write it down.

The servants behind them were dumbfounded.

Jaquan, who had quietly followed her over, was somewhat surprised, wondering what this "retarded Miss Emily" was up to.

The other day, Arabella had asked him to follow Emily and report all her actions to Arabella every day.

As long as it wasn't life-threatening, Jaquan was willing to help. He had been curious before, but now, his curiosity had been washed away. He knew that no matter what Arabella asked him to do, her ultimate goal was for Vincent.

He already knew it, but he was still jealous.

It seemed as if it was going to rain. Drops of rain fell on his head. Jaquan looked up and saw the four guards on the tree.

"..."

"..."

After a moment of silence, Jaquan slowly stood up and asked, "Is Vincent here?"

The guards licked their popsicles and nodded.

Jaquan thought for a moment, then he took out his phone and sent a message to Arabella, "Vincent is also here."

There was no reply.

Jaquan did it on purpose. After putting away his phone, he slowly walked back along the path. After he walked out of the Tea Manor, a little boy rashly bumped into him on the path.

He helped the child up and patted his pants, "Be careful."

The little boy stood up and thanked him. Jaquan was impressed by his smile. He kind of felt that the child looked familiar. But very quickly, the child rushed to the Tea Manor after thanking him. It seemed that he lived here.

"Mom! It's going to rain!" The little boy shouted, "Let me help you with the clothes!"

This child seemed to be about three or four years old, yet he actually knew to help his mother collect clothes. He seemed to be educated well and was very thoughtful.

Jaquan didn't hear the mother's voice because he looked away. He saw Arabella's car parked at the entrance of the Tea Manor. She was looking down at her phone with an expression that could not have been more sullen.

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Chapter 47 Here

"It's going to rain. Miss Emily, come in. I'll give Mr. Maury a call." Harold took out his phone and made a phone call while walking.

Emily nodded and walked away.

Sydnee asked, "Are you staying in the East Side tonight?"

Emily raised her head to look at the sky, "Well, if it rains, I will stay tonight. If not, we will hurry back overnight."

"Alright, then I'll go tidy up. We'll start tomorrow." Sydnee had a tremendous spirit. She was still wearing a long green dress, but her temperament was obviously different. Without the aloofness and coldness that used to come along with her, she seemed to be more energetic now.

"What's the matter?" Noticing that Emily had been staring at her, Sydnee couldn't help but raise her eyebrows and ask, "Is there something on my face?"

"One word." Emily wrote in her palm with fingers, "Beautiful."

Sydnee was speechless.

She was puzzled.

Harold, who had just hung up, was also dumbfounded.

Emily smiled and walked into the East Side. Harold went to the kitchen to order dishes. Because the dark clouds pressed down, the room was pitch black. This was an old-fashioned building without wall lights, so she needed to light red candles.

When she walked to the table and touched the match, she felt everything seemed to be familiar.

She paused, took a few steps into the darkness and kicked something under her feet. She staggered into a man's embrace and even dropped her hat.

There was a faint nicotine smell on his body. He might have just drunk some wine, and she could smell the bouquet from him. It was somewhat intoxicating.

"Why are you here?" She propped up her arms and got up. She seemed to have pressed down on something. She heard him let out a low "hiss". The sound seemed to be in her ears. She could even feel his boiling hot breathing. Unexpectedly, her ears became hot all of a sudden.

She took two steps back, rubbed her ears, and rubbed the goose bumps on her arms.

After that day, this was the first time she and he were "alone".

Emily wanted to light the candle, but she was worried that Harold would see two figures show cast on the door. She could only endure the indistinct darkness and whispered, "Because of last time?"

Perhaps he said that because he wanted to get rid of that girl.

Emily was very considerate, "Don't worry. I didn't take it wrong. You've helped me many times, so I am supposed to help you too."

As soon as she finished speaking, she was held up by her waist. Shocked, she was grabbed the shirt on his chest tightly, "Mr. Vincent?"

Vincent pressed her against the wall, rubbed her lips with his thumb, and said in a low voice, "Is it gone?"

"What?" In the darkness, Emily was somewhat confused and even a little nervous. She was worried that Vincent would kiss her again, and her heart started to beat wildly again.

She had never experienced such a feeling in her previous life. Her entire back was covered in sweat, and she felt so hot that the heat made her breathing hot.

She couldn't see his face clearly, but she could feel his burning gaze on her face. He was tall. Obviously, he was bending over and looking down at her.

Emily tilted her head. She felt that no matter how hard she tried, she could not dodge his breathing with the bouquet.

She finally couldn't help but raise her head and ask, "What's gone?"

Ever since the last kiss in the private room, her attitude towards him had changed drastically. Now her heartbeat was too abnormal, and she had this hot and strange feeling.

A cool finger gently stroked her chin.

Emily was shocked by the cold. Then, she felt his breathing pressed on her with the fragrance of wine. She suddenly widened her eyes. This time, it was obviously different from last time.

She felt that a nimble little fish went into her mouth, wantonly invading in and leaving behind its own imprint tyrannically.

Emily's mind exploded.

She pushed Vincent away abruptly and wiped the saliva on her lips carelessly. Her heart beat violently, and she heard the man's low and deep voice above her head, "I don't think my demonstration last time is good enough."

Emily, "..."

Guard A in the shadows: Someone light the candle! Damn it! I can't see anything!"

Guard B in the shadows, God! Will Mr. Vincent have a forgettable night? I am so excited and nervous!

Guard C in the shadows: I don't think so.

Guard B in the shadows: Why?

Guard D in the shadows: Because it will be a restricted scene.

Guard A:...

Guard B:...

Harold's voice came from outside the door, "Miss Emily, someone wants to see you."

Emily coughed, "Okay, I'm coming." Suddenly, she remembered that she didn't know anyone here except Sydnee. So she asked, "Who?"

"She said her last name was Peck. She's the one we met last time at the Worldwide Restaurant," Harold said.

Was she Vincent's sweetheart?

Emily looked at Vincent opposite her in the darkness and whispered, "Vincent, I'm just a retard."

The implication was "please don't entertain me anymore. Look, your sweetheart has come to find you. Please go to meet her."

A warm palm rest on her head. Emily was like a cat whose fur had been smoothed, motionless, and she felt as if her heart had been caressed. She suddenly calmed down.

Vincent rubbed her head and said in a hoarse, magnetic voice, "With me here, no one dares to mess with you, my little retard."

"..."

Emily pondered for a moment. Vincent had power and wealth. If the Britt Group inevitably went bankrupt sooner or later, could it be avoided if she counted on him?

She thought for a moment and carefully asked, "Then what do you want from me?"

Vincent looked at her quietly in the darkness. This girl had been taught by Eliot about the equivalent exchange in the business world. If he said that he didn't want anything, she wouldn't dare to accept it.

"Here," he said, touching her lips with his thumb, his voice low. "Only I can touch here from now on."

"..."

Emily gritted her teeth and agreed helplessly, "Okay."

Arabella, having waiting outside for a long time, was probably anxious. She directly pushed the door open and went in. Harold had no guts to stop her. However, she did not expect that she would see this scene.

There was a flash of lightning in the sky, and the room was instant as bright as day.

Vincent was tall and strong, holding Miss Emily in his embrace, so Harold could only see her white sneakers. Hearing the movement behind him, Vincent turned around coldly, revealing half of his handsome face. His arrogant look revealed an infiltrating chill.

Arabella had known that Vincent was here, but she didn't know that he was in this retard's room. She stared at them with her eyes wide open. The lightning disappeared and thunder rolled over.

Harold stood there, hesitating whether to light the candle or not.

It was Emily who broke the silence. She came out from under Vincent's long arm and found a match to light it. She picked up the red candle and walked to the door. Then she looked at Arabella and asked, "Arabella, are you looking for me?"

Arabella stared at her red lips and smelt the aura that clearly came from Vincent. Her eyes immediately turn red as she pointed at Emily, asking, "What were you guys doing just now?"

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Chapter 48 It Was a Dream

Emily didn't answer, because Vincent walked to the door quickly and said in a cold tone, "Jaquan, send her back."

Arabella stared at him, tears flowing down unknowingly. There was another bolt of lightning outside, and the heavy rain instantly fell. It hit the trees in the courtyard, and they could feel the coldness coming through the rain.

Jaquan somehow showed up, put his coat on Arabella, and walked out with her in his arms.

Arabella cried as she turned around in the rain and shouted, "Vincent, have you ever liked me? Have you? All these years, have you ever fallen in love with me even once?"

She stood there as if she would never leave before she heard the answer.

Jaquan felt upset and he looked elsewhere.

Vincent was decisive and his voice sounded extremely indifferent. "No."

Emily didn't feel much from their conversation. She knew little about love and she had only watched Korean soap operas. So she couldn't be in others' shoes to feel their pain. Because she hadn't experienced it before, she looked blank and was at a loss.

However, Arabella staggered and fell into the rain. Jaquan held her in his arms, and then they walked out in the rain.

Vincent turned around and the guards in the shadows caught up with him one by one.

At the very moment, Harold stood there, feeling uneasy and awkward. "I'll go to the kitchen and see if the dishes are ready."

"You care about her, but why don't you like her?" After they left, Emily turned around and asked Vincent.

Under the candlelight, she could see Vincent's silhouette with sharp features. His eyelashes were dense and long, and he was frowning. He had a distinctly outlined face. "That's not the same."

Emily asked, "What's not the same?"

Vincent glanced at her and said indifferently, "I just take her as my sister."

Emily clearly remembered his brother-sister theory, so she covered her mouth and stopped asking.

Harold came back with dinner. Sydnee came to visit Emily from next door after her meal. Upon entering, she caught a glimpse of Vincent sitting in the room. She sprained her foot and almost fell. Fortunately, Harold supported her.

She stared at Vincent in astonishment, then she looked at Emily, who was eating, whispering, "I, I will come tomorrow."

Emily was eating vegetables and said vaguely, "Wait. I'm almost done."

Sydnee looked at Vincent beside her and realized that he didn't say anything, so she found a chair to have a seat.

The atmosphere in the room was a little strange.

Emily and Vincent belonged to different worlds, but they got along exceptionally well and shared the same dining table, which made people wonder what had happened...

"What's the matter?" Emily had already finished her meal, and Vincent also put down his chopsticks. The guards came up and removed all the things from the table. Harold lit another red candle.

The whole room lit up a little.

Vincent glanced at Emily, reached out to wipe the rice grains off her lips, and he walked out.

Emily wiped her mouth with a napkin again. She turned around, only to see Sydnee staring blankly. She couldn't help but stretch out her hand and waved to Sydnee.

Sydnee suddenly grabbed her wrist and said, "You...."

Emily looked up at her, puzzled.

Sydnee took a deep breath and whispered, "Are you and Mr. Vincent seeing each other?"

Emily found this question hard to answer, because she had only agreed to Vincent's one condition, and he did not say that they were in a relationship.

Emily shook her head.

Sydnee hesitated and said, "Actually, I'm quite curious. Because Vincent hasn't treated a girl so well in all these years, hugging and wiping her mouth... I have a feeling. It seems that...."

She didn't know what to say, because she was facing Emily, who was a few years younger than her. She could see the innocence in Emily's big eyes.

Emily pondered for a moment and asked, "Do you think he has an ulterior motive for coming close to me?"

Sydnee was speechless.

She said to herself, 'I am saying he probably likes you.'

"Don't worry. He's a good guy. He won't hurt me." Emily whispered, "He saved me several times."

Sydnee was surprised and also somewhat absent-minded. In this way, it could explain Vincent's strange actions. However ... did Vincent really like Emily or was he interested in a little retard who just pretended to be so?

Seeing Sydnee sink in reflection as she frowned, Emily took a few steps forward and approached her. She blurted out, "Do you like him too?"

Sydnee was shocked by her words. She placed her hand upon her heart and took a step back, explaining gently, "No! I... I'm just curious and a little surprised. I can't believe it somehow."

Vincent Scavo, the legendary figure in City Y and overlord of City Y's business world, had always been ruthless and cold for 26 years. Who would expect him to be this gentle to a woman now!

She was shocked by Vincent's reaching out and wiping Emily's lips.

Although she had experienced a similar shock before, at that time, she didn't get close that time, so it didn't look real to her. It was so unreal that she even thought it was not Vincent himself. But just now, she had just witnessed it from a close distance! It was truly Vincent!

It was hard to meet Vincent for most people. But since Sydnee knew Emily, she had actually met Vincent twice a week!

Moreover! On both occasions, Vincent was showing his affection towards Emily!

What did this mean?

“He just did all this for fun,” Emily said softly.

Sydnee hadn't regained her sense, “What?”

Emily looked at the rain at the door. Her voice sounded from far away, “A retard suddenly becomes normal.” She turned around to look at Sydnee and suddenly smiled. “Don't you find it funny?”

Sydnee felt as if something was hammering her heart, and she felt depressed.

What exactly had happened to that innocent and cute little girl in the past?

At that very moment, Sydnee saw her loneliness and helplessness. However, in an instant, Emily regained her innocence and loveliness. It turned out that Eliot was calling her. She was holding her phone and smiling happily.

At night, Emily was once again overwhelmed by nightmares.

In the dream, Maury was lying on the ground drenched in blood. She came to him and shouted hoarsely, “Dad! Dad!”

Maury didn't move at all.

On the other side was the same bloody Harold.

Immediately, the scene switched. Kamron hit Eliot so hard that Eliot couldn't fight back. Then, Kamron took him step by step to the rooftop on the 16th floor and grinned at Emily. “Say goodbye to your dear brother!”

“No....” Emily screamed miserably.

As she watched Eliot being thrown downstairs, the scene changed again. Elsie took a knife and stabbed her in the chest, “It's all because of you! Go die!”

Her lips hurt.

Emily opened her eyes in panic. It was a dream.

The room was pitch black. She could hear the sound of breathing above her head. But it was not Harold.

She sat up and noticed that she was holding a dagger tightly in her hand. Warm liquid flowed down the dagger to the back of her hand. Confused, she put it before her nose and sniffed.

It was blood.

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Chapter 49 To Be Struck

As soon as Emily jumped out of bed, she was stopped. A man stretched out his long arm and carried her into his arms. He gently caressed the back of her head with his big palm. From his voice, Emily didn't know how he felt, "You okay now?"

The dagger fell to the ground with a clatter of metal.

Emily's nose was filled with the smell of blood. She had just come back to life from her nightmare. But she kept trembling, with her back and forehead covering in a cold sweat. The man's embrace was broad and warm. A faint nicotine smell went into Emily's nose, sweeping away all her fears and anxiety.

"Mr. Vincent." She said softly, her voice a little hoarse, "Did I stab you?"

Ever since she was reborn into this world, she had always put a knife under her pillow every night before she went to bed in case anything unexpected happened. Even if she slept over, she would definitely carry a dagger in her bag for defense.

In the past few nightmares, she had never resisted. In the dream, Elsie had once again stabbed her in the chest with the dagger, and then she fell into a deep abyss, unable to get up again.

But tonight, she fought back in her dreams. She thought that she just smelled the blood in her dreams, but she didn't realize that it was real.

"It's fine." The man's voice was calm. After saying that, he reached out and touched her face. Sure enough, there were tears.

When she first appeared by his pool, she cried hard and suppressed herself. When she was sent back to the Britt's, she cried her eyes out. At Elsie's birthday party, she pretended to cry grievously. At Mr. Ian's birthday party, she went into the wrong room, and her eyes turned red.

She was such a cry baby, but it was this cry baby that gave him a wet dream. Just as Jaquan had said, it was the first time he had experienced this in 26 years.

The little girl in the dream cried for mercy. Her beautiful eyes reddened, her cherry lips slightly opened, and exposed her pink tongue. He was turned on... The bed surround was broken.

The guards in the shadows all pretended that they didn't hear the heavy breathing. But they did not escape the punishment.

Vincent came out for a cigarette with a cold face and just so happened to hear her heart-wrenching "No...."

What exactly had happened to this little girl that she would pick up the dagger under the pillow and thrust it straight at whoever approached her?

Emily took a step back and shouted, "Harold."

She knew that Harold had always been outside the door, but she did not know why Vincent was here at this time, but this was not important.

Harold at the door had heard the nightmarish cry of Miss Emily. Before he could rush in, a man entered the room like a gust of wind. Harold's extended foot stopped there, and he kept guarding the door uneasily. Although Vincent enjoyed a high status, he was still worried that anything bad might happen. Now that he heard Miss Emily's voice, he quickly lit up the candle and rushed in.

"Miss Emily, you're up?"

He lifted the candle in his hand and saw two people standing face to face by the bed, one tall and the other low.

Under the curtain of night, Harold could see the tall man looked exceptionally handsome in the shadows. At the very moment, even the dull Harold had to admit that there was no other man who was even more perfect than Vincent in City Y.

Emily had already taken a few steps forward to receive the candle in his hand and instructed him, "Go find a medical kit."

Harold smelled the blood the moment he went in. But when he saw Miss Emily functioning, as usual, he guessed that it was Vincent who was injured. However, Harold had no idea how he got hurt.

Thinking of Miss Emily's nightmare just now, he had his own answer.

Emily found a basin and washed her hands. Then, she walked towards Vincent, who stood in the shadows and merged with the darkness. He looked gloomy and no one could read his emotions.

She reached out to pull him out of the darkness. Under the candlelight, the man's face was clear. His chin was strong, slightly raised, revealing the rolling Adam's apple below. The black shirt suited his tall and straight figure. He was looking down at their hands that were holding together.

His palms were wide and large, and hers were tender and small.

With just a little bit of force, this small hand would be crushed by him.

The girl in front of him was clearly too thin and fragile to withstand a single blow, but her big eyes flashed with an unusual calm. She unbuttoned his shirts, checked the blood stains on his chest, and turned around to wash the towel to wipe it.

Harold handed over the medical kit. Just as he was about to take over the work in her hand, he noticed the coldness in his eyes. Seeing that Emily was okay with this, he immediately put down the things and turned around to leave.

When Harold arrived at the door, he turned around and saw Vincent standing with his head lowered. His figure was like a giant, carrying a large shadow. Emily leaned close to his chest and carefully used cotton balls to disinfect him. From Harold's perspective, it was as if he had seen the beauty and the beast coming to life.

Emily was too young. She was only seventeen this year, but Vincent would be twenty-seven in a few months! He was ten years older than her!

Harold walked out and closed the door. The candlelight reflected their shadows on the door as if they were "hugging".

Damn it.

He actually felt that this picture looked nice.

Thunder rolled in the distance, and the rain gradually relented. In a few hours, it would be dawn.

Harold raised his head and looked into the distance. Suddenly, he sensed some movements on the tree at the door. He took out a small flashlight and shone it over there.

The four guards on the tree waved at him awkwardly yet politely.

Harold and the guards had met each other at dinner time. The guards were very polite to him. It seemed that they wanted to be more familiar with the future Mrs. Scavo's bodyguard. They didn't expect that after few hours, they would meet again in such an embarrassing situation.

" ... "

" ... "

They were all remained silent for a moment.

Harold asked, "Aren't you afraid of being struck by lightning?"

The guards on the tree didn't speak until guard A said, "We are here to be struck."

Harold, " "

Seeing that Harold was a little confused, guard B coughed softly and said, "We heard what we shouldn't have heard, and then we were punished."

Guard C continued, "Why did you come out? There are still a few hours until dawn. Hurry up. Go in and take a look."

Harold, " "

The guards coughed in unison.

After realizing what was going on, Guard C coughed softly, "Well, our Mr. Vincent is so pretty. At the quiet night, I'm worried that your Miss Emily won't be able to control herself...."

Harold didn't say anything.

"Hey, are you Jerold?" One of the guards asked from the tree.

Harold was embarrassed, "My name is Harold."

That guard let out an "alright" and didn't say more.

The other guards on the tree were indignant, "That's all? You just fucking asked that? We're all about to be struck by lightning, but what you care about is his name?"

"Don't you forget the popsicle you ate in the afternoon? Shame on you!"

"I think he must have laughed again and Mr. Vincent heard it. Otherwise, why would we be punished?"

"Yes! That's it!"

The voice retorted weakly, "I didn't laugh. I just burped."

The guards were silent for a moment before cursing in unison, "What's the difference?"

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 50

Chapter 50 He Doesn't Love Me

When Emily was in hospital in her previous life, she had seen the doctor change the dressing and bind up her wounds. It looked easy. But now it was difficult for her to do it by herself.

Because Vincent was injured on the left side of his chest, the bandage should be wrapped from his right shoulder to his chest. At first, when she disinfected Vincent, Emily did not feel anything strange. As she was about to bandage the wounds, she found that Vincent was even taller than her brother. So she could only let him sit on a chair. Then she lowered her head and started with his shoulder.

Bandages were used up soon. There was no adhesive tape in the medicine case, so she used bandages to tie a knot. After she finished this, she suddenly realized that she didn't apply medicine to Vincent yet.

“ ... ”

To Vincent, he only saw that the little girl in front of him suddenly bit her lips and then approached. Emily's fragrance once again swept over him, and he felt even hotter.

“There's no scissors here. Wait a moment.” After that, Emily got closer to Vincent. She opened her mouth and bit the tip of the bandage.

Vincent's gaze suddenly darkened.

The little girl's palm-sized face was tender and smooth. Under the candlelight, it was like fine white jade, which was glowing with pink light. Her big eyes were so bright, and her long eyelids flashed like butterflies. A few teeth could be seen through her cherry red lips. She had bit the knot for a while and her lips tingled. So she licked her lips, and her pink tongue slipped out for a second.

Emily had been fighting with the knot by biting it for a whole minute, but she didn't notice that the man in front of her was breathing faster. His eyes were scarlet red, and the blue veins stood out on his neck.

Emily finally untied the knot. And she finally discovered that Vincent's chest was up and down, and his body was covered in sweat. Moreover, his entire body was tautened and stiff. Just as Emily was about to look up, her eyes were suddenly covered by a large hand.

The man's voice was quite hoarse, “Close your eyes.”

Emily didn't dare to move and whispered, “What's wrong?”

As she spoke, her pink lips looked so cute.

Vince couldn't almost control the surge of love for Emily. He forcefully suppressed it and then turned around to blow out the candle on the table. Emily's eyelashes in his palm were like feathers tickling his heart.

“Mr. Vincent?” Emily was confused.

In the darkness, the sweet and delicate voice of the girl sounded more clear, which was exactly the same as the cry for mercy in Vincent's dream. Vincent originally intended to let her go, but now he was about to be burned up. He needed water.

Even if there was just a drop of water.

He held the back of Emily's head and kissed her.

Unlike the previous two kisses, this time it was fierce and domineering, and also quite predatory.

Emily's breathing was taken away and she struggled a few times. The moment she just touched Vincent's wound, she stopped.

Such a scene was still a little unfamiliar and unsettling to Emily. Although she had seen it in the movies and knew what would happen between a man and a woman. However, she had never experienced it before, so she didn't know frantic heartbeat was out of fear of unease.

After a long time, Vincent finally stopped. The man leaned his head against hers and gently bit her lips. His voice was hoarse and low, "I'm going out now."

He lit the candle again. Then he got up and left.

One of the guards on the tree was surprised, "Holy shit. That's it?"

Hearing this, Harold rushed into the room, only to see Emily sitting on the chair in a daze. She was touching her slightly red and swollen lips.

"Miss Emily, he..." Harold couldn't resist asking, "Did he do anything to you?"

Emily thought with a tilt of her head and then said, "No."

Harold didn't know what to say.

He then couldn't help but ask, "Miss Emily, if you don't like staying with that person, or if you don't like him touching you..."

Before he could finish his sentence, he saw Emily look up and think about this question for a while. Then she replied, "To tell the truth, I don't hate it."

Words failed Harold.

Worried that Emily didn't understand him, Harold said it more bluntly, "I mean, if he kisses you..."

This was the condition that Emily had just agreed to today.

Emily replied without the slightest hesitation, "He can kiss me whenever he wants." She pointed at her lips and said, "Here. It's his."

Harold, "..."

Suddenly, Harold felt as if he was a father whose daughter had grown mature.

The guards on the trees outside were still talking about it.

Guard B: Do you know what's with the short time? It means that Mr. Vincent is really a virgin!"

Guard C: God! I'm too excited!

Guard D: If you don't need your eyes, donate them. Didn't you see that big thing?

Guard A: I thought there was something pinned on Mr. Vincent's pants."

Guard B: I thought it was a candle. I didn't see it clearly in the darkness."

Guard C: Fine... False alert.

...

"He only takes her as his sister, doesn't he?" When the car stopped at the entrance of the Peck's, Arabella asked Jaquan, misty-eyed, "Am I right?"

Jaquan was taking off his safety belt and he was shocked when hearing this. He turned to roar at Arabella, "Don't lie to yourself anymore!"

Arabella was shocked. Then she tried to open the door with her hands shaking. Jaquan took an umbrella and got out to help her.

"Don't touch me!" Arabella patted his hand and ran into the living room in the rain. The butler and servants hurried out with an umbrella.

"Miss Arabella, you are back!"

Jaquan stood there alone, looking up at the sky, and the umbrella in his hand fell to the ground. Lightning flashed across the darkened sky and paled his face.

Arabella covered her face, ran straight to her room, and locked the door. This was the first time the servants had seen Arabella crying like this. They looked at each other and didn't know what to do.

Arabella was all wet and sat in front of the dressing table, holding a photo. In the photo, a group of teenagers sat in a dazzling banquet hall. They seemed to know that someone was taking pictures of them. So they looked up and showed peace signs. Only the boy sitting in the middle lowered his head and looked cold. The child beside touched his arm. He looked up and saw something, and then laughed.

This was the first time Arabella had seen him laugh. She immediately pressed the shutter and took this photo.

Later, she found out that Vincent's sister was hiding behind her and making faces at that time.

No matter who Vincent was looking at, this smile set foot in Arabella's heart, which she couldn't forget in the following years.

At that time, she was only seven years old.

Everyone called Vincent "Mr. Vincent", but she never called him that. She thought that if she addressed him differently, it meant she was different from him.

Fifteen years had passed, and it turned out that she had always been deceiving herself.

Arabella covered her face and cried. A sound came from the cat hole at the door. She stopped crying and saw a small robot walking over with a red rose in its hand.

A few minutes later.

The robot returned to the brightly lit garret with a trampled red rose in both hands.

The owner of the garret reached out and touched the red rose. Then, he touched the robot's head.

The robot opened its mouth and sounded exactly like Arabella, "Trevor, he doesn't love me."

Then there came the sound of crying.