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Chapter 61 Disorder

Just now, Vincent's left arm was a little stiff when raising the cup. Nobody noticed that except Randy.

"No big deal." The man looked calm.

Randy said, "I smelled it the moment you entered."

How could that be no big deal when he smelled strongly of blood?

Vincent glanced at him and said, "Your smell like a dog."

"Did that little girl hurt you?" Randy knowingly asked the question.

Everyone in the room looked frightened when they saw Emily touched Vincent's chest. Only Randy knew that Vincent got injured in his chest. Over the years, those who could let Vincent's guard down all died. It was unknown whether the new one was good or bad.

After all, they all wished him the best, but ... that little girl seemed to have other motives, which made Randy a little worried.

When he was making a fuss of Vincent, he looked up to find Vincent's calm face. He sighed. "I feel that Jaquan is a little aggrieved to be jealous of you. If he saw that you treated another girl whole-heartedly, he probably didn't know who to comfort, Arabella or himself."

Vincent took out a cigarette but didn't smoke. He played with it between his fingers and said unemotionally, "He's too aggressive and should be given a blow."

Randy glanced at him and asked, "No, what I meant was, are you serious? Do you really like her? You don't usually behave that way, such as kiss whenever you want. God, that picture keeps wandering in my mind. I even dreamed that you took that girl into your room at night ... so I doubt that if you've been suppressing your sensual passion for too long and suffered hormonal disorders. "

"One more word." Vincent threw the cigarette into his mouth, gritted his teeth, and said in a low and terrifying voice, "I'll let you suffer a joint disorder."

“ ”
...

Randy got out of Vincent's hair.

....

When Emily came out, she saw a taxi parked in front of her. The man in the driver's seat looked like Vincent's guard. She couldn't see what that man looked like as he was dressed in black and wore sunglasses. However, she felt that the man was not a driver but more like a killer.

"Miss, where are you going?" He asked.

Emily stared at him vigilantly, "You are...?"

"I'm handsome, and I know it." The man's face wrinkled in a grin.

“ ”

After seeing the tuxedo that he wore, Emily relaxed and sat down.

Since it was Vincent's people, she dropped her guard. However, she was just curious how he got the taxi. Did he hide the driver into the trunk?

She glanced at the "driver" who looked righteous through the rearview mirror and soon dispelled this doubt.

Harold called back. He found out where the two swindlers were and was heading back. If time permitted, they might meet at the gate of the Britt's.

Thinking of this, Emily quickly sent out another text message.

The car stopped when it was still some distance away from the gate. Emily thanked the guard before she got off the car.

Then she quickly hid herself under a tree in front of gate. After a while, Harold rushed over from afar and walked in to send away the butler, after which Emily trotted in.

From the perspective of the guards, they could only see that Miss Emily was jumped into the air like a cannonball and then stopped steadily on the balcony with a curtain-call pose.

“ ”
“ ... ”

Awesome!

What a pity that he just forgot to shoot that.

The guard drove the car to the underground parking lot of Ferne Hotel. Then, he opened the trunk with no regard for others and took the driver out. He pulled the cloth out of his mouth and smiled at him, “Thank you.”

Then he took out a fifty and handed it to him, “Here’s the fare.”

The driver, whose legs were still trembling with fear and couldn’t say a word.

The man didn’t plan to kill him and throw him in the wild. Instead, he just wanted to borrow his car to take a ride?

And he chose his taxi?

....

Emily went to the balcony and looked at the room next door. Elsie was not in the room but her balcony door was open.

It was so strange that she hadn’t come back yet.

She went in the room and put on her pajamas. Just as she finished shaping the blanket as if she had slept in it, she heard a car stopped and then came the butler’s voice. “Mrs. Britt and Miss Elsie, you are back. Miss Elsie... what’s wrong?”

The voice behind him was somewhat tiny and Emily could not hear it clearly. It seemed that something had happened to Elsie. She walked barefoot to the balcony and saw Beverly telling the butler with a cold face, “When Mr. Maury came back, don’t say anything. Just say that we went out for shopping.”

The butler immediately replied, “Yes.”

Elsie entered the living room with rage and clattered up the stairs. Then, she rushed to Emily’s room and found that the door was locked. She angrily knocked on the door.

“Retard! Open the door! Did you put the lipstick on my chair? Did you? You made me like a fool in front of so many people. Damn it! I’m going to kill you!”

Regardless of Elsie's hoarse scream outside the door, Emily messed her hair in front of the mirror, then unbuttoned her pajamas. The phone on the dressing table buzzed. It was a call from Maury. The message that Emily sent in the taxi was: Dad, I'm so scared.

Maury should soon be back.

Fortunately, Elsie had returned now. Otherwise, Emily could only pretend to have had a nightmare, and it would be a pity to miss such good opportunity.

"Miss Elsie! Tell me what's wrong! Calm down! You would scare Miss Emily!" Susan's voice came from outside. She anxiously called out to Beverly, "Mrs. Britt, help persuade Miss Elsie!"

Beverly sent a message to Eliot asking him where Maury was.

In the car, Eliot turned to look at Maury in the back seat and replied: Company.

Beverly winked at Elsie, telling her to do whatever she wants. Then, she languorously entered the room and applied a facial mask before sleep.

"Get away! She's an idiot! Why do you help her? Why?" After knowing that Maury would not be coming back for a short time, Elsie shed all her disguise and slapped Susan angrily, "Open your eyes! I am the daughter of the Britts!"

Susan was beaten and disheveled, but she still tried to persuade Elsie, "Miss Elsie, I gave you a call. It should be yourself who accidentally dropped the lipstick on the chair..."

"Are you saying that I had only myself to blame?" Elsie pointed at her resentfully, "I can get you out of this house easily!"

Then she lifted Susan's apron and said, "Give me the key!"

Susan begged her, "No, I can't. Miss Emily must have locked the door out of fear. If I open the door, it will leave a shadow on her. Miss Elsie, don't be angry. Calm down first."

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Chapter 62 Psychological Shadow

Inside the room, Emily moved her clear eyes slightly.

“Psychological shadow? A retard like her has a psychological shadow?” Elsie laughed loudly as if she had heard something interesting. But her smile was awful, “A retard could have a psychological shadow?”

Susan was worried that she would say something wrong, so she added, “Miss Elsie, don’t be angry. I apologize to you if Miss Emily did something wrong.”

“Who are you? Who are you to apologize to me? Get lost!” Elsie felt impatient and pushed her away.

The sound of a heavy object landing on the ground came out.

After putting on an innocent face, Emily opened the door and rushed out, “Elsie ... Don’t...!” She cried out in horror but didn’t retreat.

Elsie laughed sinisterly and rushed over, “Retard, you’re finally here! I’m going to kill you!”

At the same time, the sound of a car came from the door, but it was covered by Elsie’s roar. Only a few people could hear it.

Getting up from the ground, Susan pulled Elsie and shouted at Emily who was on the ground, “Miss Emily, run! Go inside and lock the door!”

Hearing her words, Elsie was furious, “Well, you teach her how to avoid me in front of me? You still help her?”

As she spoke, she turned around and slapped Susan’s face.

This voice was different from the one who heard through the door. It was so loud that it seemed that Elsie was slapping Emily’s eardrums.

Susan’s mouth was bleeding and her hair was in a mess. Her face was swollen. Therefore, it was difficult for her to speak. However, she even pulled Emily up and tried to make a sound to comfort her, “Miss Emily, don’t be afraid. Go hide in the room. It will be fine when Mr. Maury comes back. Good girl.”

Emily put the eye drops in her eyes to pretend to cry before she came out. When she heard this, she cried with her mouth open. And she watched Elsie kick Susan to the ground.

“Emily, if someone bullies you, you have to pretend to be weak. Although you are weak, acting weaker will lower the guard of the other party. When a person leaves his guard, it will be the perfect time for you to retaliate.”

Elsie grabbed Emily's hair and dragged her into the room. Then, she took out a few different colored lipsticks that she had just taken from her room and began to apply them on Emily's face. She deliberately had scribbles on Emily's face.

Emily pretended to struggle.

Holding Emily's face, Elsie looked in the mirror and mockingly asked her, “Does it look good?”

When a person left his guard, it would be the perfect time for you to retaliate.

Emily, who had lipsticks on her face, struggled to grab a tool knife on the table and stabbed it to Elsie's palm.

Elsie screamed, holding her palm in pain. Tears flew over her face. And she was contorted with pain, “Retard, you're dead!”

Emily hid under the table with her hands covering her head. Her body trembled and she cried out, “Don't hit me. Don't hit me. Don't hit me ... I will be a good girl. I will be a good girl, okay? Please don't hit me ... Elsie, I was wrong ... I won't upset you again ... I was wrong....”

Elsie was both painful and angry. She glanced at a lamp on the table. Then she picked it up and threw it under the table. The lamp broke, but it didn't hurt Emily at all. Elsie picked up the tool knife on the ground and was about to stab it to Emily's arm. Then she was stopped by an arm. She pushed the person away angrily, “Get lost! I'm going to kill her!”

When Elsie turned around, she was shocked.

Maury who was dressed in a suit, stood beside her like a ghost that suddenly appeared in a horror movie. Elsie was so scared that her face turned deathly pale, and she even forgot to shout for the pain in her palm.

“Dad ... I ... you.... when did you come back?” When Elsie asked, she saw the Britts standing at the door, including Eliot, who had rushed over, and Beverly, who had just ran from the next door and forgot to take off her mask.

It was a deathly silence.

Maury slapped Elsie on the face. His strength was so strong that he slapped her on the ground.

Elsie's ears were in buzz and her mouth was bleeding. She looked at Beverly with her eyes open and shouted, "Dad, look at me. She stabbed me with a knife. Look at my hand! Look at my hand! Mom! Explain to Dad!"

Eliot strode over and grabbed Elsie by the neck with one hand. He looked at Maury with scarlet eyes and said, "Dad, leave it to me."

Maury resisted the urge to kill Elsie. Both of them were Maury's heart, but the one he loved the most had suffered such a misfortune. What could he do to save this innocent child from it?

Elsie's ears were in buzz and her throat was gripped by a large palm. Her voice was hoarse and terrible, "Mom! Help me! Eliot wants to kill me! He said that he wants to kill me...."

Beverly, who was relieved before, felt nervous again.

Eliot carried Elsie out and Beverly followed. There was a bloody mark on the ground. It was blood flowing from Elsie's palm, but no one cared about it now.

Emily's soft sobbing voice came from under the table, "Don't hit me.... I'll be a good girl.... Really.... Elsie ... I was wrong ... I was wrong...."

Her voice trembled with fear and dread and her weak body shook as well. Seeing that, servants in the house couldn't help but become tearful.

Harold stayed downstairs as planned, but Beverly sent him away as soon as she entered and told him to go to the warehouse to clean up. It was not until Maury returned that he rushed upstairs. Even though Harold knew that this had been planned long ago, when he came in and saw this scene, his hands hanging on both sides were tightly clenched into fists.

Previously, he didn't know why Miss Emily had returned to normal but didn't tell her family. However, seeing that, he suddenly understood that when Miss Emily was a retard, she must have suffered from it every day.

She must be painful every day, right?

With so much pain in her heart, she still always gave him sugar....

Harold turned around and walked out.

Maury touched Emily, "Emily, I am dad."

"I'll be good.... Mom.... I'll be a good girl. Don't leave me alone...." Emily recoiled. She looked down and covered her head with both hands, "Mom ... Don't leave me ... I'm a good girl ... I won't cry...."

Maury tilted his head to wipe away the tears on his face and said in a hoarse voice, "It's my fault. I apologize to you.... Emily, come here. I am back. Don't be afraid, I am back."

Emily didn't come out. But Maury couldn't forcefully pull her out, so he could only squeeze his heavy body under the small study desk and touch Emily's hand, "Emily, I am dad. Dad is back."

Emily's ice cold hands trembled violently

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Chapter 63 So Forgetful

Maury felt guilty and regretful. What had he done to Emily? He had planned to give her a good life by keeping her by his side. But eventually, what did he bring to his kid?

"Emily, it's my fault. It's Dad's fault." Maury reached out and held Emily into his arms. He said something which he used to feel hard to tell. "I shouldn't have brought you back. If you stayed with Mom, you wouldn't have suffered these. Do you miss Mom? If you do, I will take you to see her, okay?"

"Really?" Emily sobbed and looked up at Maury with a pair of moist eyes. She had never seen her mother since she moved to the Britt's in her previous life.

When Maury saw the Emily's face smudged with lipstick, he felt extremely sad. He touched her face and said softly, "I always keep my word."

Emily still didn't believe it. Tears streamed down her clear eyes as she asked again, "Dad, are you lying to me?"

Maury felt sorry for Emily. "I'm serious. I give you my word."

As he spoke, he made a pinky swear with Emily.

Emily's hands were very cold. When two pinkies touched each other, Maury could feel the coldness clearly. He almost cried and said, "I will definitely take you to your Mom."

On the other side, Eliot dragged Elsie to his room and pressed her against the wall. Then, he choked Elsie and said sternly, "You are so forgetful, aren't you? What did I tell you last time?"

Elsie kicked wildly and shouted, "Mom! Mom! Save me! Eliot wants to kill me!"

"Eliot, let go! Your sister is going to be strangled! Let go!" Beverly followed him to the room and tried to get his hand off Elsie's neck. "Come on, dear. Let go!"

Eliot fiercely glared at Beverly. "Mom, everyone is saying that you're the stepmother in Cinderella. Do you know that?"

Beverly felt embarrassed and looked at him, "What? Don't you think I treat her well?"

Eliot distained to reveal the facts. He looked so dispirited. "It has been ten years. You've watched her grow up and she has lived with us for ten years. Don't you have any feelings for her?"

"How could it be? Every time we dine out, we always remember to bring her food." Beverly could not remove Eliot's hand so she patted his hand forcefully and said, "Hurry up and let go of your sister!"

"Eliot, look at my hands! They were stabbed so hard by that idiot!" Elsie felt aggrieved. Because her neck was pinched, her voice was rough and hoarse. "Do you really care about me? Why do you only scold me whenever something happens? Why can't I explain for myself, just because she's an idiot? She stabbed me with a knife, and should I just stand there and let her stab me?"

"Oh my God! So much blood! Hurry up and let go!" Beverly had already seen Elsie's wound. She thought that Elsie was injured by herself. She didn't expect that it was that idiot who stabbed Elsie. Upon hearing what Elsie said, Beverly was filled with indignation. "Eliot, did you hear what your sister said? That retard stabbed your sister!"

Eliot sneered, "She doesn't even kill ants. Do you think I'll believe you?"

Elsie almost vomited blood.

She hardly told truths to her brother during the past years, but Eliot would always choose to believe her and continued to spoil her. However, what she said today was totally true. And Eliot did not believe a single word of what she said! Furthermore, he also wanted to strangle her.

Elsie shouted in despair, "Eliot, I'm your sister. Why are you so cruel to me?"

"I should ask that." Eliot clenched his fist and said in a voice, which was fierce and scary as if he was the messenger from hell. "Why are you all so heartless?"

"Mr. Eliot!" The butler shouted at the door. He rushed upstairs and saw what was happening. He was shocked and didn't know what to do.

Eliot did not stop. Instead, he choked Elsie with another hand. Then he turned to look at the butler and asked, "What is it?"

Elsie still tried to kick Eliot, crying and shouting. "Eliot, I hate you!"

Beverly hurriedly closed the door and said, "If there's anything urgent, we'll talk about it later!" She then looked at Eliot, "Hurry up and put her down!"

Eliot ignored it. He stared at the butler and asked, "What is it? Tell me."

The butler forced himself and said, "A car has brought a chair over and it needs you to sign after you receive it. I look at the price, and it seems to be...." He looked at Beverly and was a little hesitant, "99, 000."

Beverly's expression changed. It seemed that from the moment they left, many things had been determined. She recalled what had happened all the way from the hotel, to the hotel exit, to the road, and to the residence.

Before she could figure out the cause and effect, she heard Elsie scream. She looked up and saw that Elsie was thrown onto the bed by Eliot. The blood in her palm splashed on the pink sheets, and soon half of the sheets were dyed red.

Beverly ignored her and ran after Eliot. "Eliot, listen to me. Don't tell your dad about this..."

"What do you want to hide from me?" Maury, who had just come out of the next room, glared at Beverly with a gloomy expression, "What else did you do?"

Beverly quickly stood behind Eliot. "Eliot, when you were a kid, you were often sick and had a fever. It was I who hugged you and took care of you all night. I always love you so much. But today, I've done all this for your sister."

Eliot's expression slightly changed. He seemed to be touched. He stopped Maury and said, "Dad, let's go downstairs and take a look first."

Maury waved his hand and walked downstairs.

Beverly whispered as she followed behind Eliot, "Eliot, your sister was tricked by that fool, oh no, Emily today. She played with your sister's lipstick and even put it on a chair which Elsie would sit on. We went to have dinner and there were some leather sofa chairs. Thus, the chair was stained with lipstick. I had to buy it to protect the reputation of the Britt family."

As she spoke, they arrived at the first floor.

At the entrance of the living room was the sofa chair. The lipstick on it was not wiped off, which confirmed that what Beverly said was true. She did not lie to Eliot.

However, the next second, Eliot's phone rang. It was from his assistant in the company. He asked Eliot anxiously, "That piece of news has some impact on our products. Within just a few minutes, four clients have called to ask for returning products. And they won't cooperate with us in the future...."

Eliot's eyebrows twitched and he caught the point, "What news?"

Maury was observing the chair. Beverly saw that he looked good, so she walked over and explained to him in a low voice.

Eliot didn't want to be heard by them. Holding the phone, he walked to the door and listened to the assistant, who was surprised. "Didn't you read the news? The latest one. You'd better ... take a look at it first."

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Chapter 64 Screwed up

After hanging up, Eliot clicked open the latest news and saw the headline saying, "The Arrogant Elsie Britt Refused to Get off the Car, Enraging Ian."

On the way back, Elsie ran into Ian's car, in which sat Ian who just caught his disgraceful son Marquise in a club.

Nothing would happen if they didn't come across. But Ian, a sociable businessman, got off the car immediately to greet Mrs. Britt and her daughter, or maybe invite them for a dinner since the two families were going to be related by a marriage.

Marquise got out of the car obediently and shouted at the half-open window, "Good morning, Mrs. Britt."

Ian and Marquise paid enough respect to Beverly and Elsie.

But Elsie stayed in because of her embarrassing lipstick-stained butt. Beverly got out of the car and explained that Elsie wasn't feeling well in her stomach.

Ian nodded considerately, "Alright then, go back home."

Marquise, although caught, didn't waste time in the car. He was bewildered when some friends sent him congratulations, and texted one of them asking what happened. A video message came.

Standing by the car, Marquise saw in the video that people gathered to make fun of Elsie's "red" butt. The red stain on the light yellow dress, looked like a red pepper on a pile of shit. Marquise was pretty drunk, and wanted to throw up at the scene.

"You had appetite for a feast with your stomachache?" He walked to the car door and stared at Elsie in the back seat, "It seems you enjoyed yourselves very much."

Elsie's face changed, but she tried to remain calm.

Marquise started to count, "Pasta, salmon, and red wine. You really know how to enjoy life. Isn't it a little extravagant for breakfast? Ah, four people."

The last sentence shocked Elsie, "How did you know?"

Hearing this, Marquise looked back at Ian amusedly, "I see. It's not the stomach ache. She just didn't want to waste time to see you."

Although not highly educated, Ian valued etiquette and manners. Marquise knew why Elsie wouldn't come out, but still said deliberately, "Forget it, I thought she would be a good wife. I guess I was wrong."

Realizing that she had been tricked by him, Elsie couldn't remain calm anymore, but she would like it if this would cancel the marriage. So, she sat still, less awkward.

Beverly hurriedly explained, "No, it's not true. She just had some cold drink that hurt her stomach."

Marquise said leisurely, "Stomach ache doesn't paralyze people. Is her leg broken that she couldn't even get out of the car?"

As expected, Ian's face darkened, "Then let her get out!"

Beverly quickly opened the car door and dragged Elsie, "Get out. It's fine, just get out."

Ian had been a little suspicious of Marquise's words, but right now Beverly's behavior told him that Elsie was fine. She just didn't want to get out.

Elsie clutched the door and resisted, "No! I won't get out!"

Hearing this, Ian was totally sure. He left quickly with rage.

Normally, people wouldn't know this. But Elsie had made such a big fool of herself in the hotel. Quite a few people followed her to make more fun, and happened to witness this little incident. Owing to the enthusiastic onlookers, Elsie hit the headlines.

After reading the news, Eliot saw in the end another the link of Elsie making a fool of herself in the hotel. He clicked it open and looked it through, then went into the living room. He handed the phone to Maury, "Dad, it's the picture just released online."

Noticing Beverly staring at him with wide eyes, Eliot added after a pause, "It's about what happened this morning."

Maury stared at the phone for a moment, then suddenly grabbed Beverly who was about to leave and asked hatefully, "You spent 100,000 for this damn chair?"

"I just explained this to you." Beverly said diffidently in a low voice. Her family was involved in a crime a few years ago, her brother and sister-in-law went into prison, leaving only her old-aged mother who got sick and died not long after. The wealthy Brooks family became a past, along with Beverly's pride.

With her fallen family, Beverly could only rely on Maury for her future. And Maury, clear about this, grew more and bossier in front of her in the past two years.

When he slapped her because Elsie pushed Emily, she knew clearly that this man had changed and was no in love with her long time ago.

Holding the phone, Maury asked with gritted teeth, "What happened with the Buckleys?"

"The Buckley Family?" Beverly was shocked for a moment before realizing that Maury had knew about what happened on the road. But how? Was it on the news!?

If it was on the news, things were going to be ugly. The company could be affected. Maury might only feel guilty to Emily, but the company mattered most for him. If there was anything wrong with the company, the consequences ... she didn't dare to imagine it at all.

Beverly explained in panic, "Elsie didn't get out of the car to avoid embarrassment. Did the Buckley Family call? What did they say? There might be some misunderstanding. I'll call back later to explain."

Maury looked at her with a dark face. The phone rang again, and Maury answered it, "Hello."

The assistant on the other end of the line said something, and Maury's expression changed drastically. He asked with heaving chest, "We have taken the order, the first shipment is already in production. They want to cancel the contract? Why?"

Only then did the assistant recognize Maury's voice and repeated gingerly what he had explained to Eliot.

Hanging up, Maury smashed the phone directly to the wall. Then, he grabbed Beverly's neck fiercely and slapped her three times in a row, "You damn bitch! The company just escaped bankruptcy and hasn't got back on the track. You made these things happen! I could kill you a thousand times!"

"Dad!" Eliot stopped him, "It has already happened. We must find a way to fix it."

"Get out of the way!" Maury's bloodshot eyes became scarlet, "Do you know how much effort I put into this order?! I couldn't sleep at night, and texted the manager every hour to check the factory. Nothing could go wrong! Do you know how much money did we lost because our supermarket chain was shut down? We're in debt! We have nothing left except a near broken factory! Right now, our only chance is that order! Only that order can save us from bankruptcy!"

With her ears bleeding from Maury's heavy slaps, Beverly apologized in a weak voice, "I'm sorry, I..."

"Does sorry help?" Maury smashed her head towards the wall, "You screwed everything up after only a feast! How could a simple sorry help?"

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 65

Chapter 65 Expenses

Being hit against the wall, Beverly felt dizzy, and blood had come out of her ears and streamed down her face. There was blood all over her face, which was horrifying.

The noise downstairs was so loud that even Emily, who was lying in bed upstairs, could hear it, let alone Elsie, whose door was wide open. Elsie knew vaguely that it was all because of her. She went down the stairs in fear and hid herself at the corner to take a peep quietly. As she saw the horrifying scene, she was so scared that she immediately covered her mouth with her hand. All she dared to do was to cry quietly.

Eliot couldn't bear it any more. He drew Maury aside, "Dad! Calm down! You won't be able to get the project back even if you beat mom to death!"

Maury stopped and looked at Beverly who was lying on the floor. Panting heavily, he said, "Let's go to the company to talk." And then he walked towards the door.

Before leaving, Eliot looked at the butler who was still standing there in shock beside him and said, "Call a doctor."

"Yes, sir!"

Maury turned around and said coldly as he was walking out, "If you dare to do anything to Emily again, I'll be the first to skin you alive!"

On the floor, Beverly was so scared that she curled up her body, her eyes filled with hatred and tears.

Elsie didn't come down the stairs before Maury and Eliot got into the car and left home. She ran to Beverly, held Beverly's hand in her uninjured hand and cried, "Mom! Mom, are you okay?"

Beverly wiped away her tears, "I'm fine. Your father didn't do much harm to me ..."

Elsie cried loudly, "Mom, I saw it! I was too scared. I was afraid that he would kill me if I came out ... I'm sorry ... Mom, I got you into trouble ..."

Looking at the Elsie's neck which was black and blue and thinking of the same bruises on her own neck, Beverly couldn't help but also burst into tears. The mother and daughter could only cling together and cry together loudly in the living room.

Emily was listening to their haunting crying on the balcony quietly, but the look on her face was cold and calm.

Not enough. This was still not enough.

Compared to the dagger that always appeared and Elsie's vicious expression in her dreams, what she had done was just like an appetizer. It was not even worth mentioning.

What she was waiting for was the main dish.

When the butler was calling a doctor, Harold jumped up quickly from the ground and landed on Emily's balcony after kicking the wall with his feet for a few times.

The two of them entered the bathroom. Emily turned on the tap to use the sound of water to cover their voice and asked, "Where are they staying?"

She was asking about the two swindlers she saw at the hotel.

"They're staying in a luxury villa. There are security guards at the entrance and surveillance cameras around it. I only followed them there and then came back."

"A luxury villa?" Emily bit her lip and pondered, and then she asked, "What did the detective say?"

"This is what he has figured out." Harold handed over a piece of paper the size of a pocket which was folded neatly into a square.

Emily only took a glance and concluded, "It's fake information."

Harold nodded, "The information is too complete, so it should be something they made for us to see on purpose."

Emily shook her head. "I just think that those two people wouldn't care about someone like Elsie at all, if they were really so rich."

Harold was speechless.

"Keep shadowing them." Emily opened the bathroom door and walked out after she said that.

"Understood!"

Just as Harold was about to jump down from the balcony, he heard Emily's voice from behind, "Right, how much does it cost to hire the detective?"

"30,000."

Emily heaved a sigh of relief, "That's okay. I still have 30,000 left."

Harold quietly added, "For a week."

Emily counted on her fingers, and then she suddenly realized that she had asked the detective to follow them for three days. Today was the fourth day. In other words, it had cost her 28 thousand in four days to hire the detective. She was in a shock, "Is it really that expensive?"

"Do you still want to continue the shadowing?" Harold asked.

Emily glanced at her piggy bank and frowned, "Let me think about it."

Harold handed a bank card over to her.

Emily looked at him in bewilderment, "What is this?"

"My wage card. There should be more than 180 thousand in it." Harold's face was still expressionless, but there was also some sincerity on his face now, "It's not a lot, but I hope I can help you."

Emily held the card in her hand and asked hesitantly, "Don't you need to support your family?"

Harold shook his head, "No, I'm the only one left in my family."

Emily was shocked for a moment before she took the card and said solemnly, "Alright. This is a loan you lend me. I will repay you double for it."

"No need."

When Harold climbed out of the balcony and was about to jump off, he turned around and said, "Miss Emily."

"Yes?" Emily was about to ask him for his password, with the card in her hand.

Harold looked at her and said, "You're a strong person."

When Emily was still in surprise, he jumped down the balcony.

After standing there for a while, Harold saw a strawberry-flavored fruit candy be thrown down from above. He caught it with his hand. He thought for a while, and then gently removed the wrapper and put the candy into his mouth. The sweet taste was all over in his mouth.

He sincerely hoped that Emily's future would be as sweet as the candy.

When Emily lay back down on the bed, she received a call from Sydnee who was at the Tea Market.

"I've purchased five kinds of tea tree seeds. There're quite a lot of Dahongpao seeds that you want. I didn't buy so many seeds for other tea trees, like Pu'er and Tieguanyin ... But I bought all of them in the same shop, so the shopkeeper said he could give me a discount ..."

As Emily was listening, she suddenly realized that she needed to spend money on so many things. Although she had just put away the card Harold gave her, she had to take it out again now.

"I might not be able to get out of here these few days. Help me keep an eye on the Tea Manor. I'll let Harold give you the money for making the purchase and paying the famers ..."

Sydnee helped her finish her words, "Sure. I have some money with me, but I just spent all of it on the tea tree seeds. Well, you can pay the tea farmers their wages next month."

"Okay."

The two of them hang up the phone after discussing about some minor details.

Emily stretched out her hand to caress her piggy bank and Harold's bank card. She thought to herself that she must make good use of the money and double the amount of money she had. At that time, she would have enough power to protect the people she wanted to protect.

....

At the Heyton's.

"Mr. Kamron, I found it!" The assistant directly pushed the door open without knocking on the door.

Although Kamron was lying on his sickbed, the sickly look on his face immediately went away, "Tell me about it!"

"The car belongs to the Scavos."

Kamron blinked and picked his ears with his finger, "Which Scavo?"

Feeling extremely anxious, the assistant almost wanted to scrunch up his face, but he still tried his best to smile, "Mr. Kamron, there's only one Scavo family in City Y. The Scavo I'm talking about is just ... that Scavo."

"Are you sure?" Kamron sat up in disbelief. He moved his body so fast that his crotch hurt again. He gritted his teeth and lay back down by holding the edge of the bed. He tried his best to keep the calm look on his face and asked, "Are you sure?"

The assistant took out a folder, opened it and handed him two photos, "I'm sure. This is the car that Mr. Vincent only uses when he is travelling to somewhere far away. It's relatively low-key. I have checked the surveillance video to make sure it's the same car."

Kamron frowned. If that girl was a Scavo, he must have seen her before.

He put down the photos and looked at his assistant, "Have you ever seen that girl at the Scavo's?"

"No, I haven't." The assistant was sobbing in his heart, 'I've never seen that girl the whole time!'

Kamron lay back down and heaved a heavy sigh, "I told you so. She is not a Scavo."

"... I didn't say she is a Scavo though." The assistant argued in a whisper.

Kamron said angrily, "Then what the heck do you mean?"

His nerve was hit when he got furious, and it hurt so much that his face was distorted with pain. He winced for a long time and finally heaved a sigh of relief and lay back down.

The assistant was frightened by his hideous look. He tried his best not to provoke Kamron, "I only mean she is acquainted with Mr. Vincent, and ..."

Kamron interrupted him directly, "That's impossible. Everyone knows Vincent is not a womanizing man."

The assistant said hesitantly, "I heard that last month at the banquet at the Scavo's residence, Mr. Vincent has sent the retard of the Britt family home."

"How come you believe in that fake news?" Kamron sneered disdainfully, "That is Vincent you're talking about! Is he out of his mind or are you out of your mind? If you're making up a story, at least make a good one!"

"That's not fake news. It's real. Several bodyguards from different families in the group were there then, and they all saw it."

Kamron pointed at his own head and said, "If that is real, I'll chop off my head and let you kick it like kicking a soccer ball!"

The assistant was speechless. He thought, 'but I don't want to kick your head at all.'

"Get out of here! Dig out more information!" Kamron waved his hand impatiently, "You must find this stinky girl for me, even if you have to turn the world upside down!"

"... Yes, sir." The assistant thought, 'But I could never find her with a picture of a Barbie doll!'

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 66

Chapter 66 Short of Money

Only by the evening did Emily know that the Britt Group was affected by the news of Elsie. All the orders that the company had managed to obtain were cancelled. Even the biggest project was likely to be terminated.

Beverly and Elsie were both injured and were locked up in the room, not allowed to go out. Only doctors and maids went in and out. Even Maury did not go in anymore. Men were sent guarding outside the door

Dinner was prepared by a new maid. Emily did not see Susan, so she took a look at the kitchen. The butler noticed her gaze and explained in a soft voice, "Susan asked for leave. Her face is pretty swollen. She will be back the day after tomorrow."

Emily paused for a moment, and nodded lightly. Then she nibbled at her meal.

Eliot was busy with the company and didn't come back at night.

The Britt Group was going through a great change. It aimed at different markets and adopted new marketing strategies. Even its targeted customers were not the same. This was undoubtedly a gamble. All the small and medium-sized enterprises in City Y sat by and watch the Britt Group, waiting to see whether it would rise or fall.

Eliot sold all of his real assets at a discount and bought U. S. stocks. He exchanged the stocks on a regular basis every morning and evening, staying at the company day and night.

Emily regretted it after hearing this. It wouldn't be worth it if her intention of punishing Elsie led to the Britt Group's bankruptcy. However, she didn't find a solution yet.

What the family needed right now was money. But the money in her hand would be put into other use, so she couldn't help Eliot in the slightest.

She tried to recall what Eliot had said to her in her previous life, so that she could pick up some useful information. After two days and nights, she finally remembered.

Real estate, food industry, and tourism were the most profitable.

Running a food business consumed energy, manpower, and involved taste. Emily knew nothing about food, so it wouldn't be an option. As for real estate, one could do it alone. All she had to do was buy a property and sell it at a higher price. The problem was, where could she get the money?

Tourism also required human resources and energy. She had never ran a company and didn't know how everything worked. She took notes while searching for information online with her phone.

The tip of her pen paused, and it suddenly occurred to her that everything Eliot said was indeed the truth. Money was not omnipotent, but nothing could be done without it.

Thinking for a while, she took out her phone and sent a message to Sydnee and Harold, "What's the quickest way to make money?"

After a while, Sydnee replied: Mr. Vincent.

Not long after, Harold also replied: Mr. Vincent.

Emily didn't know what to say.

That night, Emily did not dream of Elsie and the knife for the first time. Instead, she dreamed of Kamron. In her dream, she saw the painting from the exhibition on Eliot's phone. She pointed at the screen excitedly and said, "Eliot, it's my painting!"

Eliot didn't seem to be happy about this. Instead, he was shocked and got angry. Then, he left and said, "I'm going out." He never came back after that.

It wasn't until she was hit in the head by a car that she realized that she had been tricked by Kamron. He made money from an exhibition with her paintings.

Finally, through Elsie, she found out that Eliot was seriously injured in hospital. That's why he never came to see her.

Yes! The painting!

Emily suddenly woke up from sleep and sat up. Kamron could even hold an exhibition with her casual paintings. It showed that her paintings were valuable!

She immediately felt motivated at the thought.

Early next morning, Harold sent over a bunch of brushes, paints, and an easel. After that, Harold laid out the drawing paper, poured some water and mixed the paint before leaving. Judging from his skillful movement, Emily vaguely felt that he was also a painter himself.

At first, she only drew still life, such as pen holders, mirrors, cups, apples, sandwiches, pajamas, skirts and slippers. At last, she drew a painting of Harold.

Although she wasn't good at drawing portraits, she still made it.

She handed it to Harold and asked, "Does it look like you?"

Harold stared at it and said, "A little bit, but not quite." The person in the drawing looked like a dork. Was he usually like this?

"..."

This was an ambiguous answer.

Just as Emily was about to take a closer look again, Harold folded the painting and stuffed it into his pocket.

"..."

Seeing her strange expression, Harold asked, "It's not for me?"

"I was going to sell it." Emily told the truth. "But if you want it, then keep it."

Harold was silent for a moment. "If you want to sell the portrait, why don't you draw Vincent? You can definitely sell it for a good price."

Emily also realized that, "That's right."

She picked up the brush and drew a few strokes, but then stopped. "No. I'm not good enough now. I don't want to ruin his image."

Harold felt speechless and thought 'So my image is okay to ruin?'

Emily spent half a month painting and finally got eleven done. Then, she appeared at the back gate of the Ferne Hotel, wearing a cap and a mask, very secretive.

Ferne always stayed in the hotel throughout the year, so it was very convenient for Emily to find him. After she went into the hotel, she showed the card, and the waiter directly brought her to the boss.

Ferne looked her over for a while and asked, "Who is it?"

Emily had no choice but to take off her mask and cap.

"Mrs. Scavo, are you looking for me?" Ferne was a little surprised. When he saw Emily nod, a trace of guilt, nervousness, and intense unease appeared on his face.

He just played a joke on her the other day and Vincent's assistant beat the shit out of him for an entire hour. Not having worked out, he was pretty flabby. Badly beaten from the start, he didn't even have time to wave the white flag.

He still remembered the pain. Now this Emily that he didn't dare to mess up with showed up again, and even came with an ambiguous remark. Looking for him? Was she kidding?

He's doomed!

After all this time, Vincent finally took a fancy to a girl, but this girl took a fancy to him?

He knew that his handsome face would get him into trouble sooner or later. He just didn't expect it to be this quick!

Ferne pulled Emily into the private room and scratched his head. "Emily, I know what your feelings, but you have to know that ... I...." He shyly showed the ring on his ring finger. "I'm already married."

Emily looked at him and then at the ring, saying, "Congratulations."

Ferne was embarrassed.

Harold coughed softly, opened the bag in his hand, and took out the framed paintings.

Ferne noticed these paintings and was about to ask when he heard Emily say, "I want you to help me sell some paintings."

"What?" Sell what? Didn't she come to confess her love?

Emily walked around the room and pointed at the wall. "Your hotel have a very lucrative hotel. Those who come here are all rich people. If you hang the paintings here, someone will definitely notice. At that time, I'll give you 10% of what I make."

Ferne was lost for word. It seemed that this Mrs. Scavo was really in short of money.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 67

Chapter 67 An Oscar-Winning Actress

Ferne looked at the unfurled paintings on the table. He had to say that these were pretty good ones. The artistic conception was fairly clean, pure and peaceful. At the corner of it lied a mini signature: Britt.

"Who's the painter?" Ferne asked casually.

Emily pointed at Harold and said, "Him."

Harold, "..."

Ferne nodded. Now he knew what had happened. He glanced at Harold in pity, like he was saying "It's really tough to work for someone else. So pathetic".

Harold glared back. His expression says for him, "I don't need your sympathy."

Ferne, however, was mistaken. What he read from Harold's gaze was "Yes, yes, after all she pays". Immediately, he turned his sympathetic gaze to Emily. "Why don't you keep the card Armando gave you last time? The money is enough for you to live the rest of your life comfortably."

"I feel at ease spending my own money." Emily looked at the painting on the table quietly.

"..."

Emily must not be mocking them, who still relied on their family, right?

"But I still want the fifty grand." Emily said righteously, "Since you offer the place to hang up my painting, then we'll take the fifty grand off from your 10 percent."

"..." This was settled? Did he agree? Emily, you were such a "negotiator"!

Before Emily left, she handed a note to Ferne, "My card number."

Ferne, "..."

Why was she so confident?

After that, a waiter came to clean up the table and asked Ferne, "Mr. Ferne, where should we put these paintings?"

Ferne took out a cigarette as he walked out and waved his hand, "Hang them up."

"Where?" The waiter asked.

"The most luxurious rooms. One in each room."

"Alright."

Having walked around, Ferne went back to the hall, and the waiter came to fawn on him.

"Mr. Ferne, you are so thoughtful. There are exactly eleven rooms."

"..." It was not your boss who was thoughtful, but Emily.

If anyone dared to say again that Emily was a retard, he would definitely cut off the guy's head! With her intelligence, damn, he would for sure chase after her if he wasn't married.

And more importantly, she was so pretty. No, no, stop it.

Emily turned to look back when she walked out of the hotel. Harold followed her gaze and only saw an empty corridor. 'Could it be that seeing Mr. Vincent's buddy reminds Miss Emily of him?' Harold thought.

Having pondered for a moment, he started, "Mr. Vincent is abroad for a meeting."

Emily glanced at him, befuddled, "I'm just estimating how many paintings you can hang up in such a corridor."

Harold, "..."

They took a taxi and left. Having worn the mask for a bit too long, Emily felt a little hot, so she just took it off and played with the cap in her hand. She studied the driver casually until he looked at the rearview mirror and asked friendly, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." It was a little strange. This driver was apparently not one of Vincent's bodyguards, but somehow, she still had the feeling that Vincent sent him.

Kamron just walked out from the back door and was about to light a cigarette when he inadvertently glanced at the taxi in front of him. He happened to see Emily leaning against the window.

He didn't come back to his senses until the taxi had driven away. Then he rushed out and chased after it, "You damn girl, stop!"

Harold heard the noise and saw Kamron through the rearview mirror. He whispered to Emily, "Miss Emily, you don't have to look back. It's the guy you ... smashed and kicked."

"Oh." Emily glanced at the rearview mirror and said in a calm voice, "It looks like he's recovered."

Harold, " ..."

He quietly clamped his legs.

Suddenly, the detective called and said, "The rat is out."

"Where to?" Harold asked.

The detective lowered his voice. "I don't know. It's only that woman and she just came out. The driver drove a Bentley to pick her up. Alright, I gotta go. I'll send you the location when I get there."

"Is there anyone following?" Emily leaned over and asked softly.

Harold put the phone by her ear, and the detective said, "I've been following her for half a month, and I haven't seen anyone."

As soon as Harold hung up the call, Emily said to the driver, "Stop here. Thank you."

It was only a less-than-four-minute drive. So Emily paid the starting price and hurriedly took another taxi. Before she could sit tight, she blurted out, "Go to the art gallery."

Not long after they were gone, Kamron brought a group of people and blocked the former taxi. As soon as he got out of his car, he saw that the back seat was empty. Kamron kicked the tire angrily, "Damn it!"

The taxi driver had seen much of life and just sat there, fearless. Kamron walked over and knocked on the window. "Tell me, where's the girl who just sat in your car? Where did she go?"

The driver simply pointed at the opposite direction, "Over there."

Kamron gritted his teeth and led his people to rush towards that direction, "Get her!"

"Yes!"

He had made up his mind! And he was determined to catch this damn girl!

In the art gallery, Emily studied every single painting. There were landscape paintings, portraits, and various abstract paintings. The proportion of cold and warm colors was as exact as had been measured. Every painting looked just like a perfect mold, or a soulless replica. So when she finished the last one, she turned away her gaze, somewhat disappointed.

"Miss Emily, I've secretly photographed them all. I'll develop the negatives when we get home, so you can enjoy them in leisure," Harold said quietly.

Emily, "..."

"What's wrong?" Harold had learned to read Emily's eyes. For example, at this moment, her eyes were telling that she disliked the paintings. He did not know how to paint, so when he saw that Emily had stared at the paintings for a long time, he thought that she liked them.

"Just killing time." Emily walked out of the art gallery and the sun shone on her face, making her ivory-white visage to glow like a piece of porcelain. "In the future, only my paintings will be worth taking pictures."

Harold looked at her in a daze. The teenage girl's words did not make him feel that she was arrogant or conceit. On the contrary, her aura was so clean and pure that people would uncontrollably believe that her words would come true in time.

The detective sent the location to them. It was Reverie Teahouse.

They immediately took a taxi and rushed over. Although the name was a casual one, the teahouse was not small. It had three and a half floors. On top of the building was a small balcony with a parasol to block ultraviolet rays. There also were a round wooden table and a set of chairs. Not knowing how, 19 bamboos were planted around. Under the bamboos were a circle of hydrangea flowers, colorful and bright. And the bluestone floor tiles were placed fair and square. All these, combined with the melodious stream, were so beautiful.

A waiter made the tea and left, leaving only the guest there.

When Emily and Harold arrived, they immediately noticed Christy sitting on the balcony. She wore an antique champagne cheongsam, with her long hair curled up and a string of prayer beads on her wrist. She looked so extraordinary but untainted, like a young lady from a wealthy family, who was tired of the secular world and lived in seclusion here.

“Do you have reservations?” An attendant in a cyan robe asked with a smile.

“Yes.” Emily pointed upstairs calmly. “We have an appointment with Miss Christy. She’s already here, right?”

Harold, “ ...”

Billionaire’s Reborn Baby chapter 68

Chapter 68 Make a Mistake

“Yes, she’s here. But....” The waiter looked a bit confused because her guest seemed to have arrived.

However, Emily had already walked up on the wooden stairs. When passing through the second and third floors, she could vaguely hear the chatter and laughter of other guests. As she stepped up a little from the third floor, she could clearly hear a soft voice saying, “You know, I never liked to get involved in this field. My brother said that girls tend to lose in business.”

“I’m not afraid of losing.” Another woman’s voice sounded, “Investing is always risky.”

“Though you are young, your mentality is quite mature.” Christy seemed to have giggled, but turned around and coughed.

“Well, it’s not a big sum of money anyway. Let’s talk about you. You’ve been sick for so many days. How do you feel now?”

“I’m fine, just keep coughing.”

“I shouldn’t call you out. You’re still not fully recovered.”

“It’s okay. It’s been a long time since I last came out to bask in the sun. And the weather is very pleasant today. Besides, to accompany such a beautiful girl like you, I have to come out even if I’m terminally ill.”

There came a laughter.

A waiter happened to pass by on the third floor. Seeing Emily standing on the stairs, motionless, with a burly man beside her, he walked over.

Emily said before he spoke, "Alright, you don't need to come along. I can find the place."

The waiter, "..."

Harold, "..."

Of course, the two on the balcony heard her as well. They stopped talking and looked over. When Emily walked up, one of them raised her eyebrows in surprise. "I should have told the waiter that I've booked this whole balcony."

"Please, you guys go ahead. I'm just here to take a photo." Emily smiled at Christy.

As she spoke, she handed her phone to Harold, then walked over to the bamboos and posed.

Harold, "..."

That woman stood up and wanted to say something, but Christy gently held her hand. "It's okay. The little girl is quite cute. She probably likes bamboos very much. Speaking of which, the most famous thing in this teahouse is exactly these bamboos."

Harold took more than a dozen photos in a row. The two sitting over there stared at Harold or looked at Emily with great interest. However, Harold's poker face didn't reveal anything, while Emily's moves were all so pure and cute. When she smiled at the camera, she was like an angel from heaven.

Emily took over the phone and checked the photos. She flipped through every single photo and was somewhat dissatisfied. She pursed her lips and said, "You got me so ugly!"

Harold, "..."

Just as he was about to take the phone and shoot again, Emily directly walked towards Christy. She smiled sweetly at the latter and said, "Hello, could you please take a photo for me?"

The moment Christy took the phone, her expression changed drastically. From Harold's angle, he could only see her eyes suddenly twitched, and then returned to normal. She smiled and said, "Alright."

She stood up and took a few pictures of Emily with her phone.

Looking at the innocent smile of the girl on the screen, Christy's heart couldn't help but tremble. She didn't expect that she would make such a mistake!

Who was this girl?

Why was she here?

Why would she suddenly say that word?

In an instant, a million thoughts flashed through Christy's mind. After taking the photo, she handed the phone back and heard Emily ask with a smile, "You got me so pretty! Can I have your number, please?"

The woman sitting opposite Christy chuckled softly, "You ask too much. Christy doesn't usually give her number to strangers..."

Before she could finish the last word, Christy took the girl's phone and typed a string of numbers.

"..."

The woman stared blankly at the scene and couldn't say a word for a long time.

While Emily thanked Christy politely and waved goodbye, "See you."

When they left, the woman opposite Christy asked in surprise, "Christy, why did you ... why did you give her your number? What if it was that the man beside her had malicious intentions and used taking photos as an excuse to actually hit on you? Then you're in trouble! I just saw that the man was so dumb that he didn't even have any expressions."

Christy takes a sip of tea, "Then I'll just block her later. I have to at least show some respect in public."

"That's right."

Christy smiled, but her focus was all on downstairs. She'd been keeping an eye on the two who just left and watched them walk to the street. She saw that the little girl waved her hand at the balcony before getting into a taxi, as if she had noticed something.

Christy couldn't help but recall the moment the girl handed the phone to her. There was a word on the screen:

Liar.

Who was she on earth?

Suddenly, the girl sent her a text message and it read: Set up a time?

Christy only held her phone and didn't reply.

....

Emily was still some distance away from home when she received a call from Sydnee. Her voice was a little muffled on the phone, "The tea seeds didn't sprout. Howard said ... I bought fake seeds."

Harold gestured for the driver to stop. Emily got off the taxi, "How many seeds did you buy?"

"I was worried that there might be empty shells, so I bought more than 50 kilos of each breed, especially the Dahongpao. I bought more than 250 kilos of it, as well as two bags of fertilizer for about 50, 000."

"How much did you spend?" Emily asked.

Sydnee sighed, "More than 70, 000."

"It should be all of her savings, right?" Emily thought. Standing in front of the Britt's, she lowered her voice and said, "OK, I'll go over tomorrow."

In the past half month, Elsie and Beverly had been exceptionally quiet. One got her palm pierced and neck bruised, and had to apply medicine every day on time; the other one got her face swollen for days, and couldn't come out to see anyone. She had to use plasters every day. When her face finally got better, she was found to have had a minor concussion...

In addition, the news that the Buckleys had canceled the engagement went viral in City Y. Although outsiders all knew what kind of a man Marquise was, Elsie's deeds were somehow exposed and appeared on TV and newspapers, which made the shares of the Britt Group to plummet. Therefore, everyone immediately pointed their fingers at Elsie, and some even called her a jinx.

In short, the mother and daughter had been in a terrible state for half a month.

When Emily was back, Elsie was returning to her room with her binoculars. In the room, Beverly asked, "What did you see?"

"She just walks back with Harold."

"Walks back?" Beverly raised her eyebrows in surprise.

Elsie hid her binoculars under the bed. "Well, there's a tree blocking my sight. But I think they took a taxi and got off earlier."

"I wonder what she's been up to these days." Beverly looked into the mirror and applied cream on her neck again and again.

Elsie picked up a painting on the ground. "The butler said that she's been playing with watercolors and paints every day. Here, I went to her room today and found this. It's like kindergarten work."

It was a little ugly frog. Its two legs were in different size, its eyes crooked, its tongue purple, and its skin grey. Elsie couldn't think of anything that was more offensive to the eye.

Beverly glanced at it and looked away instantly, "It's so ugly. Don't show it to me."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 69

Chapter 69 Wanna Get Your Teeth Kicked in

Elsie threw the painting into the trash can, "Mom, I think it's better to ask Harold."

"Alright." Beverly looked into the mirror carefully and felt that there were still traces of bruise on her neck. Although Eliot had seized Elsie by the throat longer than he did to her, she never thought that Maury would choke her harder than Eliot did to Elsie. She could tell that he even wanted to strangle her. And there was still a little bit of bruise left on her neck.

Elsie's hand was still wrapped in gauze, making it difficult to move. As it was her right hand that was injured, she had a hard time entering the password on her phone with her

left hand. Then she raised her head and asked, "Mom, Dad has frozen all our cards. What should we do if we don't have money in the future?"

Beverly paused and said, "There will be a way."

Something suddenly occurred to Elsie and she whispered, "Mom, has that guy contacted you recently?"

Beverly's expression darkened, "No."

"Then how about ..."

Before Elsie could finish her sentence, Beverly interrupted her, "We need to wait."

Now, thinking about the task that guy assigned, Beverly always felt that he had other purposes. However, the price offered was so high that looking at the string of numbers, she couldn't refuse at all.

However, the last task that guy assigned seemed to be targeting the Britt family. And Maury had already been suspicious the last time they renewed their contract. Next time ... Beverly was not sure whether she would be able to accept the task.

That night.

Emily counted the paintings in the room that she drew for fun with her left hand and left foot. When she noticed that one painting was missing, she slightly curled up her lips and picked up a piece of white paper. She casually sprinkled some watercolor paint on it. Originally, she planned to just scribble several pieces, but when she saw that the paper now looked like the dark blue starry sky in the night after the paint spread, her fingers paused. Then she picked up the brush and began to draw seriously.

Downstairs, Harold was called into the kitchen to fix the faucet. Beverly asked, "Can you fix it?"

Harold nodded and tightened the bolt, "It's done."

Beverly went forward to check it. Then she nodded in satisfaction and asked casually, "Oh right, where did you take Miss Emily today?"

Harold answered immediately, "KFC."

"What did you do?" Beverly continued, still casually.

Harold, "We had ice cream."

Beverly didn't believe him, "That's all?"

"No."

Beverly was a little anxious, "What else?"

Harold raised two fingers and said, "We also ate two chicken wings."

"..."

"Anything else?" Beverly asked patiently.

Harold said slowly, "And one serve of French Fries and a spicy chicken leg."

"..."

Beverly nearly lost control of her expression, and the corner of her mouth twitched fiercely. She tried her best to contain herself and asked, "Food aside, did she ask you to do anything? Or did she take you to any place other than KFC?"

Harold thought for a moment and said, "Yes."

Beverly's face beamed again as she said excitedly, "Quickly, tell me!"

"Fried Chicken Shop."

"..."

Beverly went back to her room irritated. Elsie quickly came over and asked, "Mom, did you get it? Where did she go today?"

"KFC, ice cream, fried chicken shop, two chicken wings." Beverly rubbed her temples, "One dumb, one retard. I must have been crazy to go ask him. Oh, I'm so angry!"

Elsie, "..."

She looked down at her scabbed palm, thinking to herself, 'Is this retard really stupid or she's just pretending ...'

These days, Maury and Eliot had rushed back home in the middle of the night and rushed to the company before dawn. As they were worried that Emily might be bullied if they stayed at the company overnight, they would come back to check on Emily when she was asleep and then left for the company again.

Eliot had been terribly busy lately and could only relax a little bit when he was home. Every night, he would sit at the head of Emily's bed and look at her sleeping face quietly, talking about business in the company. Now that Emily was asleep and couldn't ask questions, he would explain the situation as he spoke. After he finished it all, he finally loosened up a little. He stood up and caressed Emily's forehead, whispering, "Good night, Emily."

As soon as he left, Emily opened her eyes. Her eyes were crystal clear. She sorted out Eliot's words just now and drew a message: Eliot was competing for an order. The previous project was broken, but the products had already been finished and could not be returned to the manufacturers, so they were just stockpiled there. Fortunately, another project appeared, and its required materials were not too different from the previous project's. If they could get this order, not only would they be able to make up for the losses of the previous project, they would also be able to let everyone in the business circle know that the Britt Group hadn't collapsed.

Emily couldn't help them compete for the order, but she had to help with the money. As for the source ... she had already found it.

....

In the afternoon, Ferne sent a message in the group, "Emily just came here to give me a present! I'm so happy!"

Randy: What gift?

Armando:

Ferne simply took a photo of the painting hanging on the wall in the room and sent it to the group.

The painting showed a little deer with horns lowered his head and drank water by the lake. A moon hung in mid-air. The surface of the lake reflected a huge deer with no horns on her head and she was clearly the little deer's mother. She just looked at her son drinking water, so loving and so quiet. All was silent, only the little deer was drinking and rippled the water.

Randy: Gee, Emily painted this?

Armando: Master piece!

Ferne: [CoolGuy]

Randy: She gave this to you? You wanna get your teeth kicked in?

Armando: You've recovered?

Ferne: I know you're jealous! Come on, I'll sell it to you cheap. One million. First come, first served.

Armando: I'll take it.

Randy: ...

Ferne: I'm serious.

Armando: I know.

Randy: ...

Ferne: Come and pick it up tomorrow.

Armando: Deal.

Randy: ...

Then they were just chatting. It was only at night that Vincent, who had just finished lunch with customers abroad, took out his phone and saw this.

He did a simple calculation and found that the little girl hadn't sent a single message for nearly half a month.

He tilted his head and glanced.

Rex immediately answered, "There's another meeting at Sandra Hotel tomorrow morning at eight o'clock. It's about..."

Vincent raised his hand and stopped him: We'll go back before eleven.

Rex looked at the itinerary and asked, "Isn't it a bit too rushed?"

Vincent only glanced at him quietly. Rex swallowed, "Alright, I'll book the tickets now."

Needless to say, it was definitely because of that little Hulk!

She hadn't been in touch with Vincent for half a month. Rex thought that Vincent was still the same old Vincent and didn't change at all! Who would know that this was all just appearance!

When Ferne got back home, he suddenly remembered to check his phone and see if Vincent had sent any message in the group. However, what he saw was that he had been removed from the group.

"..."

Down below were congratulations from Randy and Armando.

Randy: Congratulations!

Armando: My condolences... No, congratulations.

Ferne tilted his head and looked up at the sky, thinking to himself, 'What the hell does this fucking life want to do to him?'

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 70

Chapter 70 Apologise

The next morning, Emily pretended to have a stomachache and rolled on the bed in pain, covering her stomach. She sobbed softly, "My stomach hurts..."

The butler and Beverly were dumbfounded. Elsie quickly reached out Beverly and pulled her back, "Mom, don't go in. What if they say that you poisoned her?"

Beverly thought it made sense and immediately said to the butler, "Hey, you've seen this. We're not even close to her room!"

Elsie nodded, "Right! Don't tell on us!"

The butler just wiped his sweat. "Mrs. Britt, now that Miss Emily is like this, how can I be in the mood to talk about these?" As he spoke, he took out his phone and called the family doctor.

However, a streak suddenly flashed to the bedside. Harold picked up Emily and said, "I'll take Miss Emily to the hospital!"

The butler nodded, "OK! Great!"

Harold was so swift that in the blink of an eye, they were already downstairs. The driver had stopped the car at the door. Just as the butler was about to call Maury, Harold started, "Miss Emily said that no one did anything her. She just ate something wrong. And she said that Mr. Maury has been rather exhausted these days, so please don't tell him."

The butler was silent for a moment. Suddenly, he felt somehow sorry for her. Although Miss Emily was a retard, she was more considerate than the two normal people upstairs.

By contrast, seeing Miss Emily lying on the back seat with her face pale, the butler was even sorrier. Suddenly, something occurred to him. He quickly took out his wallet and stuffed it into the back seat, saying to Harold, "Please, take care of Miss Emily. I'll tell Mr. Maury when he's back tonight."

Harold nodded slightly and the car drove away.

When they arrived at the hospital, Harold picked up Emily and said to the driver, "You go back first. I will call the butler if there's anything."

The driver nodded and left.

Harold didn't put her down until they were at the outpatient department. They split up and met at the back door. Harold was holding an appointment record, outpatient record and expense certificate in his hands.

Emily, "..."

She quietly gave him a thumbs up.

A smile appeared on Harold's poker face. He stuffed everything into his pocket and said with a serious face, "We have to do the whole set of acting. Otherwise, Mrs. Britt and Miss Elsie may suspect you."

When Beverly asked him last night, he knew that they had started to suspect Emily. He also knew that Emily must go to the Tea Manor the next day to deal with the fake tea seeds. Then she would definitely do something in the morning. Right now, they could understand each other through a simple eye contact.

Harold stopped a taxi and they immediately rushed to the teahouse. On the way, Emily checked the butler's wallet and counted. Then she took out all the money and stuffed it into Harold's wallet.

Harold, "..."

After arriving at the teahouse, Emily called Sydnee and knew that she was at the tea plantation. She simply walked over with Harold, but didn't expect that she would see a familiar face under the tree just as they turned to the back door of the tea plantation.

Jaquan was sitting under the tree, dressed in a casual business suit. He was smoking there. When he saw Emily, he bit the cigarette and stood up without saying anything. Then he just followed behind her silently.

Emily took a few steps. Seeing that he was following her, she couldn't help but turn around and ask, "What are you doing?"

She was not curious as to why he was here. It was just that he was so eye-catching that with him following behind, she couldn't remain low key anymore.

Jaquan lowered his head and frowned. The expression on his face was a little complicated. "To apologize."

"Apologize?" Emily looked at him in confusion, "What did you do that you need to apologize?"

Jaquan couldn't answer her question and scratched his head awkwardly. "Anyway, that's it. Just let me follow you. I can help you if you need me. And if you don't need me, I'll just walk behind you."

A free labor? Emily would be a real retard to not use him.

She thought about it carefully and asked, "What can you do?"

Jaquan said shamelessly, "Basically everything."

Emily stared at him doubtfully, "Do you know about the laws?"

Jaquan suddenly smiled and took out a business card from his pocket. "Well, that's what I do."

On the business card was Cox Law Firm and Jaquan Cox, followed by a string of phone numbers.

Emily took it in surprise and hesitated for a moment before asking, "Vincent sent you?"

Who else would know that she needed a lawyer?

Jaquan nodded, "Yep, he said you would need me."

Emily couldn't express that feeling. A strand of warmth slid through her chest and heated her blood, making her feel so warm. She even smiled unconsciously.

Then they went to the tea plantation together.

Sydnee was squatting on the ground and talking to a woman. When she saw Emily coming over, she hurriedly waved her hand. Then, she said to the woman who suddenly turned around, "I need to go first. You guys try to pick out as many seeds as you can from the soil."

"Okay." The woman replied, still turning her back to them.

Sydnee looked at her strangely, then waved to Emily, "Coming."

Emily nodded at her and looked at the field. Many people were picking up something there. Seeing Emily and Jaquan, who was clearly dressed like a rich guy, they looked over curiously and whispered,

"That's our boss? The young man looks good. He's quite handsome."

"Not that man. That little girl. She came here last time, don't you remember?"

"Then, who is that young man?"

"It should be her boyfriend, I guess. Look, they are perfect for each other..."

"Hey, Emma, turn around and have a look. There's a very handsome young man over there!"

The woman called Emma said with her back stiff, "Handsome? He looks quite ordinary."

"Ah, I see. The first time I saw your son, I knew that his father is very handsome. When will you bring him to see us?"

"He's too busy abroad. He can only come back once a year."

"Well, what's the use of earning so much money? Nothing's more important than family. Emma, I have to lecture on your man next time he's here..."

The topic began to turn to another direction.

On the other side, Emily roughly understood the situation. She asked people to wrap up the fake seeds that they picked up and then walked out.

Jaquan was smoking there, and his gaze just casually swept over the land. Naturally, he could also see the farmers were looking at him. He was used to this kind of gaze, but ... there was a woman who kept turning her back to him from beginning to end.

It would be fine if she was an old lady, but she was a very young woman. Judging from her back, Jaquan could tell that she had a slim figure and a slender waist. Her black hair was tied behind, revealing her sparkling snowy ears.

Normally, young women would keep staring at him when they spotted him. He had never met anyone like this, not looking at him at all!

He took a few steps forward curiously, then Sydnee's voice came from behind, "We're leaving. Where are you going?"

Jaquan immediately turned around and walked back, "Coming!"