

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 71 - 80

Chapter 71 Comfort

They took Jaquan's car to the Tea Market. On the way, Sydnee told Emily the name of the store and its owner as well as the details of her buying tea seeds.

Before Emily got out of the car, she said to Sydnee, "Stay. I'll call you out later."

"Alright."

Sydnee did not know what Emily's plan was, but the moment Emily was about to leave, she grabbed her at the wrist and said, "Money is not important. Take care of yourself."

Emily smiled at her and patted the back of her hand. "Don't worry."

Then, she turned around and walked in with Harold and Jaquan.

After Emily left, Sydnee sat alone in the car and muttered to herself, "She's even a few years younger than me. Why does she always comfort me?"

The Tea Market was indeed very big. According to Sydnee's instructions, she went through the main gate, and noticed the fourth store of the third row on her left. With the sign saying "Selective Tea", it was the store where Sydnee bought the fake tea seeds.

Emily and the others first went to a few stores next door and then turned into this one. The owner, whose surname was Bennet, had already seen them walking through the store next door. Judging from their clothes, he knew they were wealthy customers. Seeing them as big fat targets, he immediately greeted them and said, "May I help you?"

After taking a look at the tea leaves on the shelves and the tea plant seeds under them, Emily asked casually, "How much is the Dahongpao tea seed?"

"I guess you have seen quite a few stores, right? I'm not bragging," Mr. Bennet said in a low voice, "Only my goods are authentic."

He could tell that among the three of them, only the girl at the front had the say. As for the other two men, one was sturdy but a little wooden, while the other was handsome. The handsome guy kept looking around without saying anything, subject to the girl.

But the girl seemed to be too young to tell the real from the fake. Coincidentally, the customer who had bought the tea seeds was also a girl. He knew at first glance that she hadn't planted a tea tree. She had been tricked into buying it, and she was probably self-questioning why the seeds hadn't sprouted yet.

Emily looked at him, pretending to hesitate. "I want a lot, so the price..."

Mr. Bennet laughed loudly, "No problem! Look, I like making friends. If you're short of money, I'll give you a lower price. You must have known the store next door sells the Dahongpao at 240 per kilogram, and I can sell it at..."

Emily asked in surprise, "Two hundred? With such price, can you gain any profit?"

"I told you I wanted to make a friend. Look, you came to my store, and that's a kind of connection between you and me. You want Dahongpao, don't you? I have a lot in my store!"

"Okay. I'll pay 180, 000." Emily turned around and looked at him.

Mr. Bennet was so shocked that his eyes widened, "What?"

Emily looked back, saying, "You don't have enough seeds? I'd like to pay 180, 000 for your Dahongpao seeds."

"Sure!" Mr. Bennet's fingers trembled with excitement. He got a stool for her and said, "Have a seat! I'll call my workers to deliver here."

"Aren't the seeds here?" Emily asked.

"We have an innermost warehouse. The seeds of 180, 000 can occupy at least half of the room. I'm calling the warehouse to load the seeds." Mr. Bennet said to the other side of the phone, "I need 900 kilograms of Dahongpao seeds."

Emily asked, "Can we visit there to take a look?"

"Of course." Mr. Bennet shouted, "I'm bringing the customers to the warehouse!"

A woman inside the room responded.

Then they went to the warehouse. Along the way many people greeted Mr. Bennet, "Mr. Bennet, got a huge order, right?"

Mr. Bennet smiled delightfully, "Well, God bless me."

The warehouse was a large tea store filled with tea leaves and tea plant seeds. Two workers were busy gathering the Dahongpao seeds and moving them out.

Emily came in and opened a bag of tea seeds. Harold also took a closer look. Every time Emily opened a bag, Harold and Jaquan would silently follow her and carefully inspect the seeds.

Mr. Bennet knew they were bluffing. He winked at the two workers who then moved the tea seeds from the other side easily.

After weighing the seeds, Emily took out the Harold's bank card. Mr. Bennet gave her the POS machine that he took with him. But it was the wooden big man who entered the password.

Mr. Bennet looked at Emily in confusion. Jaquan was even more surprised, but when he thought about the rumors, he understood something.

Emily explained, "I borrowed his card."

Mr. Bennet smiled and said, "I understand. You're too young to take a lot of money. But don't your family know you'll buy so many tea plant seeds?"

"They don't." Emily shook her head.

Hearing this, Mr. Bennet was even more relieved. Girls at her age were rebellious. She must want to do something secretly to surprise her family. She might succeed. But if she failed, she would definitely not dare to tell her family.

He could not be more relieved.

After the deal was settled, the two workers loaded the seeds into the truck and delivered to the door, then unloaded.

Harold handed the phone to Emily and said, "Miss Emily, I've recorded everything."

Emily nodded and called the police.

Jaquan's mouth twitched, and he snatched her phone. "How can you be sure that this batch of seeds is fake?"

Emily didn't want to explain. But Jaquan was very serious, so she answered, "The seeds they moved first are real. But after they realized we couldn't distinguish between real and fake, he winked at the worker, and the seeds they moved afterwards are all fake."

The phone was answered. Instead of giving the phone to Emily, Jaquan himself spoke on the phone, "Hello, this is Ferne Dalton. We are at the entrance of the Tea Market in the suburbs. Here are people suspected of cheating millions out of fake tea seeds. We need support."

Emily silently took out the business card in her pocket and looked at it. It was Jaquan Cox.

Jaquan explained, "I used Ferne's name. He used to be a policeman, so the police usually responded quickly when hearing his name."

Emily, "..."

Got it!

Expectedly, the police acted with dispatch. Emily asked an experienced expert to tell the proportion of fake to real, and then she saw a group of uniformed policemen rushing over.

The entire Tea Market trembled.

Mr. Bennet was not that bad as he had given Emily half the real and half the fake. If she went back, planted them and found half succeed and half die, she would not blame the seeds for anything strange.

After all, half of them were alive.

She knew it. No fraud, no business.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 72

Chapter 72 Loss

After the police rushed here, they recognized Jaquan and immediately asked, "Where's Ferne?"

Ferne used to be the captain when he was a policeman. After he quit, many of his colleagues still admired and missed him.

Jaquan pointed at Emily to the chief police officer and whispered something. The dignified police officer immediately became shocked and respectful. He walked over and gave Emily a standard salute.

As he took the lead, his inferiors all saluted. The scene was impressive.

Emily was shocked and somewhat confused. After the police saluted, they immediately became indignant, "Let's go!"

They went to the Selective Tea.

Mr. Bennet was lying in a recliner chair, listening to the tune and waving his hands. He squinted, feeling delighted. Hearing footsteps coming from the door, he chuckled, "Customers coming? Today's wonderful..."

When he opened his eyes, he saw several police standing in front of him, as well as a pack of policemen behind them on the street. He immediately trembled, "Oh my God..."

The whole Tea Market soon knew that the Selective Tea was besieged by the police. Many store owners gathered around and secretly peeked through the door.

The leading police officer looked at the business license hanging on the wall and read out his name, "Are you Max Bennet? Show me your ID card."

Max, who slowly got up from the ground, gave a frightened look at Emily and squeezed a smile. "What's going on?"

"Show your ID card! Now!" The police officer said with dignity, which made Max's legs twitch. He shouted at the door in a trembling way, "Darling! Bring me my ID card!"

His wife, who finally came out, was also shocked by the scene. They exchanged a glance to convey some message. His wife cursed at him and went inside to fetch the ID card. She never came out again.

Max kept looking down. Because he has never experienced such a situation, his legs were too weak to support him. He could only sit on the chair with his calves trembling.

Perhaps his guilty conscience, coupled with the deterrence of the police, caused his entire mind to go blank instantly. Max who had been extremely happy for the order came to grief.

Jaquan no longer acted as Emily's sidekick. Instead, he turned into a brilliant lawyer. Having worn a pair of golden spectacles that he found from somewhere, he became a well-educated and flirtatious man. "We just asked an expert to examine your tea seeds and found half of them were fake seeds."

As he spoke, a policeman cooperatively brought in the fake seeds and showed to everyone at the door.

"I also received a video that was shot when customers were buying your seeds. In this video, you were mixing the fake seeds with the real." Jaquan took out a mobile phone and played a half-hour video. "Because of the significant amount, we will seize your store. And as the owner, you need to be responsible for what you have done. You must compensate the buyer for the losses."

"What losses?" Max finally regained his sense. He looked at Emily, and said in a hoarse voice, "I can return the money to her."

Emily turned around and shouted, "Come in."

Sydnee squeezed in from the crowd, looked at Max and asked, "What about my loss?"

Max looked at Sydnee and then at Emily. He finally understood. He stood up in shock and pointed at them with trembling fingers. "Do you know each other?"

In an instant, he turned to the police and said, "Police officer, the two girls frame me!"

"Did they mix the fake tea seeds with the real and frame you?" Jaquan straightened his glasses.

Max pretended to be innocent, saying, "Fake tea seeds? I know nothing."

"Take him back. Grill him, and he'll know." Jaquan signaled to the police. "The evidence is all there. You will be in prison for a long time. Also, you have to compensate for it."

"Wait a minute! You can't arrest me!" Max panicked and stepped back, "I have to raise my wife and kid!"

The woman in the door came out again. Her eyes turned red and she shouted, "Max! You go! I will take care of the kid myself!"

"You ... you bitch! Why didn't you say that when I made money? Now that I'm going to prison, you're parting from me!" Max roared angrily. He was in his forties, and his hair was half white. His face was weathered, making him like a man in his fifties or sixties. He roared so hard that his voice became hoarse.

His wife escaped his look to wipe away her tears. She then glared at him and said, "I've told you not to do it!"

"I did it for our family!" With his husky voice, Max sounded like a dying patient. He cried out in despair, "I'm doing this for you and the kid!"

His wife no longer looked at him and turned around. "Save it. I'll go see you. Go now. Kids are still sleeping."

Max still wanted to say something, but he was handcuffed by the police. He was escorted out by two policemen. Along the way, he met many business man of tea industry, including the one who just greeted him and envied his big order.

He was too ashamed to raise his head.

However, the gaze of others seemed to pierce through his flesh and torture him. He felt a high fever all over his body, and his legs were so weak that he almost dragged them along.

Finally, he was dragged to the police car. This was not the first time he saw a police car, but it was the first time he sat in it. He panicked and quivered. He grabbed the police officer beside him and asked, "Police officer, will I go to prison?"

"No questions. Get in the car!" The police officer gave him a push.

Max was desperate, and he fainted in front of the police car.

The rest of the police took an expert to check if there were any fakes in the store. Many people were so scared that they didn't dare to look at Emily and her fellows.

After they came out satisfactorily, Sydnee covered her chest and said, "I was scared to death. While I was in the car, it scared me to see so many police! I thought you were in danger..."

Emily smiled silently as she calculated how much interest the 180, 000 she had just paid would gain.

Although Jaquan hadn't spoken in the group recently, he did check the group talk. So, he also knew about the "difficulties" of the future Mrs. Scavo. He immediately told her, "I will get you the highest compensation."

Emily smiled sincerely at him, "I'm really grateful."

Jaquan, "..."

Were her smiles before all fake? He felt a little sad.

After settling this matter, Emily said goodbye to Sydnee at the Tea Market. Because they only drove one car, Jaquan drove Sydnee to the Tea Manor while Emily and Harold took the police car back.

The police were so warm-hearted. One uniformed policeman opened the car door and made a welcome gesture, "Please get in the car, Miss."

Miss? Please?

Did police were always polite like that? She thought it must be something wrong with Jaquan's introduction

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 73

Chapter 73 The Case

After the first car carrying the swindler drove away, the second carrying Emily and Harold also set off.

The car was spacious, and there were two rows of seats facing each other in the back seat. So, the two police officers stared at Emily and Harold, and then moved away silently. Then they moved back. This happened again and again.

Emily looked at them. She asked softly, "Do you have something to ask?"

"I, I, I have seen you." The policeman stuttered, "You, you, you look pretty."

Emily nodded slightly, "Thank you."

"Do you really have the intelligence of a seven-year-old?" The policeman asked.

After all, they had witnessed everything. Although this girl was very quiet at all times, she had some qualities that made people find it hard to ignore her.

In addition, she was very beautiful. Her clear eyes which seemed to be filled with the light of stars were too bright for people to look at her again.

A few people recognized her as that retard of the Britts, but considering her calmness just now, she did not look like a retard at all.

The rumors said that she was a real-life Cinderella, who was abused by her stepmother all day long and only able to come out to the Prince's party at night. This story spread online with photos of the Scavo's banquet. Whether it was true or false remained unknown.

"What do you think?" Emily looked up at the policeman who just asked.

"I don't think so." The policeman dared to look at her when he was not stuttering, but his ears secretly turned red.

Emily didn't even blink as she asked again. "Shouldn't a policeman obey the rule of seeing is believing?"

The policeman immediately became serious. "Right. I'm sorry for my silly question."

"It's alright." After Emily replied, she cast her gaze out of the window. Her face and clothes were girlish, but her aura was distant. This contradiction made the two policemen sitting opposite her look at her at all times.

Harold silently took out a new mask and handed it to her. Emily glanced at him. Because she felt uncomfortable after wearing a mask for a long time, she had taken it off after arriving at the Tea Manor. Now, it became cold, and she could not open the window for ventilation, but she still needed to wear a mask. She frowned slightly and took it.

The opposite two policemen withdrew their gazes.

After the car stopped, Emily thanked them and took a taxi with Harold to the hospital.

They got off at the entrance of the hospital. Harold noticed that many male passers-by would secretly look at Emily. Although she dressed casually with a mask covering half of her face, the straight legs covered by sweatpants were eye-catching. Her silk-like long black hair fell on her back. With fair skin and clear eyes, she was as beautiful as a doll. However, her unique temperament distanced her from others, and it was invisible but able to be sensed.

When she turned around to look at Harold, he finally felt it. That's because her gaze was cold and distant.

From the day she asked him to be her bodyguard, he witnessed her great changes day by day: at first she smiled to please people; she pretended to cry to lie; she even hid bottles of eye drops in her sleeves; she exposed her misery to punish Miss Elsie. She locked herself in her room for half a month to paint for money ... and so on.

However, Emily would also cry in her nightmare. He had only heard that once. When he flew from downstairs to the balcony, all he saw was Emily lying down again in the moonlight with a dagger in her hand.

He racked his brains uncontrollably. What exactly had happened to Emily?

"Go have dinner and buy me a hamburger." Emily waved at him, "Harold, are you listening?"

"Alright." Harold regained his sense.

Emily walked into the waiting room hall and sat down. Then, she edited a text message and sent it to the number marked as "swindler".

"Come to the City Hospital for me."

Christy, who received the text message, threw it to Noah immediately without the slightest bit of dignity and elegance that Emily had seen before.

"It's her. It's her!"

Facing the computer, Noah smiled and said, "The little girl?"

Christy walked over and pinched his face, "Yes." She looked down and knocked on her phone. The moment she lowered her head, she became serious. "She was the first one to discover we are liars."

"Have you finished reading the documents about her?" Noah flipped through the stack of documents on the table.

Christy leaned against her chair and frowned. "Yes. It's too fake. I feel like ... she didn't look like a teenage girl. "

"What do you mean?" Noah had never seen Emily before. He only listed out the useful information he had obtained from the documents so he could make a plan to solve the "problem."

Christy stood up and picked up a picture of Emily. The girl in the picture was obediently squatting in the garden, holding a branch, as if she was playing with an ant. She smiled innocently.

Until now, Christy was unable to describe that feeling. Christy slowly recalled the situation yesterday, thinking of her expression, as well as her waving gesture. She didn't turn back when she left.

"It feels like she has something in common with us. We seem to be the same type of person."

Noah finally turned around and raised his eyebrows. "You mean she, as a rich, has experienced what we experienced? Do you think it's possible?"

Right. People who lived in the light couldn't have a chance to see darkness at all.

Christy was silent for a moment, "Maybe I was thinking too much."

She walked back to the dining table and continued her lunch. Then she stood up and asked, "Do you want to go?"

Noah was still busy with the computer. Hearing this, he paused and took a sip of coffee. "Yes."

"What if it's a trap?"

"Then I'll use my beauty to trap her." Noah stood up and loosened his collar, exposing his sexy collarbone and apple.

Christy, " ..."

Although they had done so in the past, a strong sixth sense told her that his beauty wouldn't be enough to seduce the little girl

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 74

Chapter 74 Single Parent

When Jaquan accompanied Sydnee back to the Tea Manor, the hosts were having dinner. Therefore, Sydnee insisted to have Jaquan for having dinner together. Jaquan glanced at the dishes. Although they did not look as good as the dishes in restaurants, the smell was extremely appetizing even from a long distance.

"Alright."

A boy ran in and hit his leg when he went to wash his hands. Jaquan lifted him into the air and saw his face, "It's you?"

The boy looked surprisingly elegant and was like a master from big cities although he dressed plainly. He was not afraid, although he was lifted. He looked at Jaquan and the ground with surprise in his flashing eyes.

Jaquan wanted to laugh when he saw the boy's reaction, "What the matter is? Nobody hugged you before?"

Sydnee smiled when she came out and saw this scene, "Stony, tell your mother to come and have dinner!"

"OK. Sydnee!" The child struggled in Jaquan's hands, and his face turned red. "Sir, put me down."

Jaquan put him in his arms and walked in, "Little boy, what's your name?"

The boy's legs were swinging, "I'm not a little boy. My name is Stony Stone."

"Your name is Stony Stone?" Jaquan teased him, "Is that your real name?"

The boy blushed, "It is. My last name is Stone. My first name is Stony."

Jaquan laughed, "What a weird name! Were your parents too lazy to think of a normal name for you?"

"You're not allowed to say anything bad about them!" Stony suddenly became angry and bit Jaquan's arm fiercely. Jaquan endured the pain and put Stony down gently.

Stony ran away as soon as he reached the ground.

Jaquan rolled up his sleeves and saw a neat mark of Stony's bite.

He rubbed his arm and immediately felt the pain.

Sydnee had prepared chopsticks and bowls for Jaquan. But there was a chair beside him.

Jaquan asked, "Who is coming?"

"Stony and his mother." Sydnee pointed at the dishes on the table, "She made these dishes. She should be cleaning up the kitchen right now."

A moment later, Stony ran back and said in a tender but clear tone, "Sydnee, my mother said that you could have dinner with the guest first."

Sydnee thought for a moment and handed a bowl of rice to Stony. "Can you hold it?"

Stony nodded, "Yes."

Then, he held the bowls and walked back to the kitchen carefully step by step.

Sydnee asked Jaquan and Howard to eat first. She picked a few from each dish into a bowl, held a bowl of rice, and walked after Stony.

Jaquan did not resist and started eating. He gave a compliment while eating, "They taste good."

Howard was not intended to speak with the young generation, but he started speaking since Jaquan started the conversation, "Marissa went back to her hometown because of her health condition, thus Emma took over the kitchen. Oh, Emma is a resident here. She is Stony's mother. It is not easy for her to raise a child by herself, so she found a part-time job planting tea tree. We did not expect her to be so endurable at such a young age..."

Jaquan was surprised and raised his head, "A single-parent family? Where the father is?"

He recalled the surprise and joy in Stony's eyes when he lifted him.

"People said that he went abroad." Howard sighed. "Stony told us that he has never met his father."

No wonder the boy suddenly bit his arm angrily when he mentioned his parents.

Howard shook his head. "What a tragedy. It was most likely that the man did not want to take responsibility, yet Emma did not want to abandon the baby. Therefore, she chose to bring Stony to the world."

"What a hateful man!" Jaquan said with disdain, "Stony is such a good boy!"

Howard nodded, "It is true. If I ever have a chance to meet that man, I will beat him fiercely with all my strength."

"I will take care of this if we see him. You can just stand aside and watch him being beat." Jaquan answered.

Sydnee smiled at them when she came back and saw them chatting, "What were you talking about?"

Ever since she saw Vincent and Emily together, she was no longer excited about anything she saw. To her, Jaquan was just one of Vincent's brothers, and he was not worth her nervousness or excitement. Moreover, this man was not as indifferent as Vincent and was easy to get along with.

Jaquan was about to speak when his phone rang. It was a call from the police station. He had left a business card for the captain to contact him directly if anything happened.

He left the table and answered the phone. The captain on the other side said, "This guy wants to settle the case privately. He just offered 500 thousand to withdraw the lawsuit. I refused. I want to ask you how much compensation you want."

"Directly go for the maximum compensation. Besides, send the real tea seeds to the tea plantation." Jaquan continued, "But the shop needs to be closed. Do you understand what I mean?"

When Jaquan hung up, he found himself at the door of where Stony lived. There were some sunflowers in front of the door, and they were blooming in cool autumn. He

did not move his eyes. Then, he heard Stony laughing, following by a woman's voice. It was so soft that made people think of a cloud in a glass of water, which added sweetness to the drink, "I will get angry if you continue messing around!"

It should be in an angry tone, but it was so peaceful when coming out from that woman's mouth. Jaquan tilted his head and saw the half-opened door. Stony took a chair and sat down obediently. Then he saw a pearl-white hand of that single mother.

His phone rang again. Jaquan answered the phone while glancing at the door. He wanted to see who gave Stony, such a beautiful boy, a birth. But what the person on the other side of the phone said drew his attention.

"Can you come and drink with me?" It was Arabella's depressed voice, "I want to drink."

"Where are you?" Jaquan immediately turned around and made a gesture to Sydnee. Then, he picked up the coat on the chair and walked out.

Arabella laughed. It sounded like she was already drunk, "I knew you would come."

After hanging up the phone, Jaquan sat in the car and stared at himself in the rear-view mirror. He laughed at himself sarcastically. He knew that he was hers. He would do whatever Arabella asked him to do, even it was death.

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Harold went straight to KFC and bought a hamburger. He thought for a while and ordered another hot drink. Some young girls laughed and looked at him. Some of them even came forward and chat him up, "Hey, handsome, can we touch your muscles?"

Harold looked at them. They were about the same age as Miss Emily, some might be a bit older. However, their behaviors were too casual, as if their youth would never die. Their nails, their accessories, their clothes, and their makeups. Everything looked energetic.

Harold remained silent. He grabbed the food and turned around to leave. But the girls stopped him, "Handsome, can we have your phone numbers? We can hang out next time."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 75

Chapter 75 Plan

Harold said indifferently, "Sorry, I am not allowed to go out unless my master approves it."

The young girls were all stunned and did not know what to say.

Harold walked out of the door with the food. He was worried that Miss Emily would be hungry, especially he had spent a lot of time in line. Therefore, so he raised the speed of walking back. A text message was sent to him. Usually, he would directly ignore them because both Mr. Maury and Mr. Eliot would call him. But now that Miss Emily liked to communicate through messages, things were different.

He stopped to look at his phone. He could not believe what he saw and thought it was his illusion.

Soon, he ran at an extremely fast speed to an ATM.

He inserted his bank card, entered the password, checked the balance, and was frozen.

There were six zeros in the balance?

That was right, six zeros. The unit was in million.

Emily was sitting on the park bench in the hospital. Most people were having a lunch break during this time. Thus, it was very quiet. The sunlight shined on her and brought warmth to her.

She closed her eyes and enjoyed the sun. No one came and interfered with her except some insects. She did not know what the time was when she heard footsteps approaching. The person already sat down beside her before she opened her eyes. The sense of perfume was unfamiliar but pleasant.

"Are you by yourself?" The man raised his eyebrows. The shape of his face was shining slightly but Emily could not see clearly who he was. She had to squint her eyes and look at him. When she saw who he was, she frowned and moved aside.

"..."

The man's expression changed slightly for Emily's tiny moves, but he immediately switched to his normal one. He leaned back on the chair and sat casually.

Nobody would believe that this man was a liar with his good look.

"You are Noah Sachs." Emily called his name faintly, "Nice to meet you. I am Emily Britt."

She did not look at him. Although they went sitting on the same chair, there was some distance between them. Emily looked straight ahead and said calmly, "That is right. The Britt's that you had tried everything you could to destroy. The people you met half a month ago were my stepmother and my sister."

Noah did not move. He looked at this girl quietly. She still looked like a teenager, yet everything she said was straight to the point. However, her expression was calm and charming. If he did not know who she was, he would think that this girl was admiring the beauty of nature.

"I am not here to interrupt your plan." Emily continuing speaking in a calm voice, "I want to cooperate. I can help you to destroy my stepmother and sister."

Noah had planned everything before he came. Originally, he was going to make clear their background and purpose. Then, he was planning to take the initiative and seduce Emily with his appearance...

But he had never expected that a young girl would take the lead at the beginning. She did not care about what they wanted at all. Instead, she just told him what she wanted. It was concise and straightforward.

"Why should I trust you?" Noah propped up his temples and tilted to the other side. He found a comfortable position and looked at Emily.

She stood up and narrowed her eyes slightly in the direction of the sun. She still sounded indifferent, "How about you? Why did you choose them?"

City Y was consisted of many powerful families, and there were too many stupid rich people. It was unlikely that they tried so hard to get into contact with Beverly and Elsie without knowing Beverly's suspiciousness. But they still insisted on them for more than half a month. This was a bit too long for professional swindlers.

Emily could only make one conclusion. There was someone behind the swindlers, and this person was the one who wanted to destroy the Britt's. It might have been the same person who planned the event in which Elsie switched the contract.

"Simple. I am doing this for money." Noah was straightforward as well. Then, he raised his eyebrows and looked at Emily, waiting for her reply.

Emily smiled indifferently at him. The smile only lasted for a second. She did not say a word but put on her mask and left.

Noah felt that this girl was very unusual. At the same time, Christy's voice came from his headphones, "She knows." She took a deep breath, "She knows the reason why we picked Beverly and Elsie."

Noah narrowed his eyes slightly. "Do not worry. Keep going as we planned."

"OK."

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When Emily went back to the hospital corridor, Harold had already gotten a lot of medicine in his hand. Seeing Emily, he handed over the hamburger, which was still warm. Emily started eating as they walked back. They did not say anything. After grabbing a taxi, Harold handed the phone to Emily.

The message was about the bank account information. Emily counted the numbers and was a little surprised. It was not a small number. She did not know that whether it was the compensation Jaquan received or from Ferne who sold the painting.

Harold scrolled down and Emily saw another two messages. Now she could confirm that the money was from Ferne.

Emily did not expect the painting to be sold at such a high price. She was a bit excited since this was the first time that she earned a huge amount of money. She put her phone back to the picket, took a sip of cola, and smiled slightly, "Do some research on what he likes. We will send him a gift next time."

"I suppose he likes wine." Harold thought for a while, "I will go out and buy a bottle of wine for him later."

Emily nodded, "Buy the 150 thousand one."

The taxi driver looked at Emily from the mirror, but he could not see Emily's face since she was wearing a mask. He was wondering which rich family this girl was from, who directly talked about luxurious wine at this price.

Emily noticed the driver's glance and said, "Just buy the 15 one. It tastes good."

Harold was speechless, "... Yes."

The driver was stunned.

Did he just have a hearing problem?

No wonder. He was curious about why a rich person would take a taxi.

After getting out of the taxi, Harold held Emily and went back to the Britt's. The butler followed behind and asked worriedly, "How was it? What did the doctor say?"

Emily closed her eyes. It looked like she was extremely tired. She did not speak.

Harold did not say anything either. He held her into the room and arranged her for a good sleep.

The butler was so anxious seeing them remain silent, but he did not dare to shout in front of Miss Emily. When Harold came out, he could not bear the stress and hit Harold on the shoulder, "Tell me what happened!"

Harold repeated everything the doctor said, "Miss Emily had eaten something that was not clean. The doctor said that she should not eat any irritating food for a while. And she needs to drink enough warm water. There was nothing too serious. You need to adjust her diet as well."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 76

Chapter 76 A Card

The butler sighed. "That's good. Mr. Maury called today, but I hid it from him. I don't know when the company will get through the difficult time."

Harold was listening to him in silence. He knew that Emily would do something, and what he needed to do is assist her privately. He handed butler's wallet to him. When he checked the balance of the card, he withdrew two thousand and put one thousand in butler's wallet. And he would leave the rest to call a cab.

The butler took the wallet without opening it. Heading for the kitchen, he intended to ask Susan to cook some porridge for Emily.

At this time, Harold left quietly. It was hard for Emily to go out, since Beverly and her daughter was watching her. Besides, she should also watch out for Maury. It was a hard

time for her. So he had to deal with some minor things for her to buy her some time for something important.

Emily had been lying on the bed for quite long. Elsie, who lived in the room next to her, came in after a knock. She talked to her and tried calling her name as if she really cared about her. Later, she checked both her bag and phone, but she seemed not to have got anything useful. Then she rolled her eyes and left.

Emily got up from the bed after Elsie left. She began to draw with her brush. When she was sitting on the chair in the hospital with her eyes closed, she seemed to have sensed the smell of the sun as well as the warmth of the sunshine.

Gently closing her eyes, she thought back the warmth. Then, she opened her eyes and began to mix the pigments. She chose a piece of paper which was two meters wide this time. The paper she used earlier was fifty centimeters wide, and it was the first time that she had used such a large piece of paper. She placed it on the ground and pressed it with a paperweight. All the colors, like gold, blue, pink and yellow, came to her mind, so she was drawing really fast. Then she quickly finished the painting that could express the warmth she felt this afternoon.

Then she hid it under the bed. When Susan saw Emily looking at something under the bed after opening the door quietly, she couldn't help saying with a smile, "Miss Emily, you woke up?"

Susan was so heavily hit by Elsie that she even bled from the corner of her mouth. And her cheeks were swollen. She didn't get better after taking some medicine, as well as several days of rest at home. Her condition wasn't improved until she went to the hospital and got some other medicine.

Emily thought that Susan wouldn't come back anymore. However, she came back, and she still greeted Elsie politely when meeting her. What was more, she treated her even more carefully.

"Does your stomach still hurt?" Emily came in holding a bowl of porridge. "I'm afraid you haven't woken up yet. I've just cooked the porridge. Come on. Have some of it. It's good to your stomach."

Emily couldn't reach out and take the bowl, since her hands were still stained with paints. She just sniffed, "It smells so good."

"It's still very hot. You can have it later." Susan put the bowl of porridge on the table, asking, "Miss Emily, what else do you wanna eat?"

Tilting her head, Emily answered after a moment of thinking, "Egg soup."

Susan nodded, "Okay, wait here. I'll go and cook it for you now."

When she left, Emily went into the bathroom and washed her hands. Then she found her face and clothes were somewhat stained, which Susan should also see.

Emily took out the paints and drew something on the paper randomly. The painting looked quite casual, even the colors she used. She was still drawing when Susan came in.

Susan said with a smile, "Miss Emily, the painting is so good. What did you draw?"

Emily didn't want to probe into her thought, so she simply put down the paints, saying, "It's a gift for you."

Susan was so pleased to hear that, "Really?" The paints hadn't dried yet. She looked at it for a moment and then said, "I have to frame it. I'm so happy to get it, since you drew it for me."

Emily was observing her while eating the porridge. In her previous life, Lola would do nothing but see her be bullied by Elsie and Beverly every time. She had neither helped her out nor taught her how to avoid them, which led her inexplicable dislike of women of Lola's age.

Susan was so heavily hit by Elsie, but she still tried that hard to protect her. Emily couldn't figure out whether she did that in good faith or just pretended. Was she the one sent by someone behind Elsie to test her?

Can she trust her?

Emily did not dare to take the risk, since she had so much to care about, including her father, big brother and the Britt Group.

**

It was ten at the late night.

Ferne finally went back to the group. Once he was in the group, he posted a picture in which there was a bottle of red wine and a pink card. The thank-you card was written by the shopkeeper, which was asked by Harold.

But the shopkeeper misunderstood his intention. He thought that the bottle of red wine was a gift for proposing to a lady. After all, it was worth more than a hundred thousand. So the shopkeeper followed his own thought and turned a thank-you card into a love letter.

Ferne was so excited the moment he returned to the group. He even shouted in the group after sending the picture of the card, 'Attention. Someone sent a bottle of red wine and wrote a romantic love letter that was even mushy to me.'

Randy: 'Thank you for meeting the best of you at the right time. Come on.'

Randy skipped the disgusting lines and directly saw the bottom. And he immediately noticed the last two words and burst into laughter.

Randy: 'Attention. Focus on the highlight. 'From Harold'. It's from a man. Ferne, you're awesome. A gay is chasing after you.'

Ferne: '...'

Armando: 'Laughing.'

Randy: 'Ferne, I remember, once you seemed to have disguised yourself as a woman when doing your job. And then you got stuck in the restroom and confessed when you returned to the police station. Right?'

Armando: 'Laughing.'

Looking at the card for him, Ferne felt kind of helpless. He also saw the last two words, "From Harold". Just as he was about to throw it away, he thought who on earth was Harold.

When he thought of Emily of the Britts after a moment, he couldn't help being delighted.

Ferne: 'Come on. Is this Harold the bodyguard of Emily? Does it mean she sent me this?'

Armando: '...'

Randy: '...'

Jaquan: '...'

Ferne had been moved out of the group.

Randy: 'Laughing.'

Armando: 'Laughing.'

It was drizzling during the night. Emily had been out for the entire day, and she was exhausted. When she was having a sound sleep, she felt someone seemed to sit beside her bed.

She thought it was Eliot. As she was about to call his name, she found the one wasn't Eliot at all.

"Mr. Vincent?"

She had just woken up, so her voice was somewhat dry. But Vincent felt it sounded as if a feather was scratching the back of his ears.

Only a phone-sized wall lights were on in her room, vaguely showing the tall figure of the man beside the bed. The curtains shut out the sound of rain. Besides the sound of Emily's breathing, nothing else could be sensed except the aura of Vincent. It was as fresh and chill as the air after rain.

The man bent down slightly, and his face appeared from the dark. Under his pitch-black sharp eyebrows, there was a pair of deep eyes. The color of his eyes was light, and they looked cold. At this time, he looked cool and indifferent in the dim light from the lamp.

He was like characters in the movies but popping out of the screen of a sudden. When Emily finally saw his face clearly, she found it had been long since she met him last time. However, as for the specific time, she couldn't tell.

"Where is the gift?" The man's low-textured voice sounded to her ears.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 77

Chapter 77 Are You Scared?

Emily looked at him blankly, "What?"

He was so close to her that she couldn't even sense his breath. Under the dim light, the shadows of the two of them on the wall looked as if they were kissing. Emily had no time for that at all. She was wondering what the gift he mentioned with a frown was.

The man in front of him was kind of airing his grievances, "You sent a gift to Ferne, but you didn't send me one."

"..."

Emily finally remembered that Harold had bought a bottle of wine for Ferne, but that was not a gift from her.

Another thing came to her. It was Ferne and Jaquan who helped her sell her paintings and deal with the fake seeds of tea, respectively, but they both were good friends of Vincent. So it meant it actually was Vincent who helped her out.

So she did owe him a gift.

When Emily figured it out, she sat up at once and turned on the light, asking, "What kind of gift do you want?"

It was getting cold. She looked even fairer in her pink rabbit pajamas, as the two rabbit ears were hanging down beside her neck. Her cheeks were glowing while her pink lips were slightly curled up, which was so attractive.

Vincent was staring at her, and his pitch-black eyes were dim and unclear. After a while, he said in a low voice, "Massage my shoulders."

Emily got up from her bed after a hesitation. The man was so tall to her even when he was sitting at the edge of the bed. She could reach his shoulders, but she couldn't use her strength to do the massage.

However, this was the first time for her to do such a thing. She laid her hands on his shoulders with a bit of her strength. The muscles under her fingers were quite hard and strong. It wasn't easy for her to do the massage. When she moved her fingers to the back of his neck, she could clearly find the man tensing up. Leaning over slightly, she asked, "What's up?"

The soft arms of a girl were leaning on Vincent's shoulders while her breath was just near his ears. He could see her fair skin clearly as long as he tilted his head.

Grabbing her arm, he stood up and pulled her into his arms.

Emily was surprised to find out that she was about the same height as him when she stood on the bed. The coat the man was wearing was sort of wet, and the coldness even

soaked her pajamas. So she felt a bit chill when being hugged by him and her mind was clearer.

Harold told her that Vincent had a meeting abroad, so he must have rushed here as soon as he returned from abroad.

She asked in a soft voice, "Have you eaten yet?"

The man muttered a yes as his response to her. However, it unexpectedly sounded a little alluring to Emily's ears.

"Are you sleepy?" She asked again.

The man let go of her. He took off his coat and cast a glance at Emily, "Are you scared?"

Emily shook her head.

He took off his shoes and lay on the bed. Emily moved a bit inside to leave him more space.

After a while, he reached out and held her in his arms. Resting his chin on her head, he said in his rough voice, "Have a sleep."

Emily closed her eyes.

Vincent heard the even breath from the girl in his arms in a short while. Lowering his head, he couldn't help giving her a soft kiss, "My cruel girl."

**

When Emily woke up the next morning, Vincent had left.

Touching the ring on her finger, she was in a good mood with her lips curled up unconsciously.

Susan was getting her dressed. When she saw the look on Emily's face, she asked with a smile, "Miss Emily, what pleased you that much?"

Emily was stunned for a moment, "Do I look pleased?"

"You do." Susan pulled her to the mirror, saying, "You've been smiling."

The girl in the mirror looked fairer in the bright yellow trench coat. Her lips were curled up while her eyes were tender. Touching the mirror, Emily suddenly thought she should have said thank you to Vincent.

Again, Maury and Eliot did not come back last night. Beverly and Elsie were watching TV in the sofa downstairs. Casting a glance at the TV, she found it was broadcasting the presidential election of the United States, and Obama won his second term of office.

Susan brought Emily the breakfast, "Miss Emily, hurry and have it while it's hot."

Emily sat there obediently and began to gulp. Elsie watched TV for a while, and then turned her gaze to Emily, saying, "Retard, where did you get that trench coat?"

Susan replied from the side, "Miss Elsie, Mr. Eliot bought it for Miss Emily."

Susan's words did remind Emily that most of her clothes were bought by Eliot, including her pink rabbit pajamas and her underwear.

Elsie gave a cold snort, "Did I ask you anything?"

The look on Susan's face changed. She went to the kitchen again and brought a cup of hot milk to Emily. Then, she was standing beside Emily in case Elsie would come and hurt Emily.

Emily went upstairs as usual after breakfast. She placed a piece of paper on the table and started to draw. Her phone on the table vibrated. It was a text message from Harold, saying Miss Elsie went out.

Sure enough, it had only been half a month, but Elsie just couldn't wait.

Maury had clearly forbidden Beverly and her daughter from going out. The two of them did follow the words of him during this half month. But they started to hang around the house instead of just staying in their own rooms. They watched TV downstairs. And later, Elsie even did yoga in the garden sometimes.

Emily naturally knew that they would definitely go out, but she didn't know how they avoid the watch of the butler. Or did the butler stop watching them?

Emily texted back to Harold, 'Follow her'.

If she didn't guess wrong, Elsie must go out for meeting Christy. Besides, Noah would definitely seize the chance to accept the funding from Elsie as if he grudging doing that.

But where would Beverly get the sum of money for the funding?

As Emily was pondering with the pen in her hand, her phone rang again.

"Emily. Good news." Sydnee couldn't help but shout with excitement, "Jaquan brought back a carload of seeds for free. That was what Mr. Bennet made up to us. Besides, he also gave us half a million."

Emily wrote down several numbers one after another, half a million, one million, one million and a half, and 1.2 million. She said on the phone after drawing a circle, "Could you do one more thing for me?"

"Just say it."

"Buy two apartments." Emily flipped through her previous notes and she didn't expect to get the funds so soon. "They should be in the downtown with good Fengshui. You can rent them out, but don't sell them."

"..."

Sydnee was speechless for a moment and then she asked secretly, "Where did you get the money?" Biting her finger, she added, "Wait a sec. You wouldn't think I could buy two apartments with that half million, would you?"

Drawing another circle, Emily said, "Will 4.2 million be enough?"

"..."

Sydnee swallowed, "You got the money from Vincent?"

"I earned it myself." Emily was being a little guilty when saying so. After all, she guessed that there was an 80 percent chance that her paintings were bought by the friends of Vincent.

Sydnee seemed to be so surprised that she couldn't say a single word on the other side of the phone.

Emily put down her pen, saying, "Thank you for doing that for me. I'll let Harold transfer the money to you."

Looking at the numbers that had been circled, Emily felt a little annoyed after hanging up the phone. She did not know how to help Eliot. Should she find someone to do business

with him or directly give him the money? Emily couldn't make up her mind, since she couldn't expose herself, in case she would tip off the one behind Elsie.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 78

Chapter 78 Cry

What was Sydnee doing then?

After hanging up the phone, Sydnee still couldn't react for a long time. Howard tried to talk to her, but she didn't answer. Howard sighed and walked out. Jaquan patted Sydnee's shoulder and asked, "Overjoyed?"

Sydnee said blankly, "Yeah..."

Jaquan rubbed his temples and said, "Alright. I'll go for a sleep. I drank too much last night and was busy all morning. My head hurts a little."

"You go and rest." Sydnee said dully. She had just finished talking to Emma, but now she was still standing in the courtyard. She then casually pointed at a room and said to Jaquan, "You can sleep there."

Jaquan vaguely remembered that the little boy seemed to be running towards this room at that time, but he could not remember clearly after drinking. He didn't think much of it, just took off his coat and shoes and pounced on the bed. He caught a whiff of sweet smell. He sniffed, and the fragrance made him smile.

After Sydnee finished explaining the matters of the Tea Manor, she immediately drove back to the city. Sydnee's grandfather, Conrad had just returned from the drugstore. Looking at her dusty appearance, he frowned and asked, "What have you been busy with these days?"

Sydnee had been seeing Emily, but the family did not know about it. So, she couldn't mention the Tea Manor. People working at the Tea Manor was also reliable to keep secrets. As long as the family didn't come here, the thing won't come to light.

The Dickerson family had been dependent on medicinal herbs for generations. They didn't have power or status, only a century-old brand. The Dickerson family was a large family with hundreds of people. They all relied on the chain pharmacies to support themselves. They were not rich.

The Dickerson family didn't care about money, and even treated money as dirt. Sydnee did not dare to tell Conrad that she was dealing with dirt recently. She could only fudge the answer, "I'm busy with the exam."

Conrad stroked his beard and asked, "What is the exam this time?"

Sydnee waffled, "Modern History."

"Alright, I know." Conrad didn't say anything more. He only warned, "It's turning cold. Put on more clothes. Don't get cold. Also, drink a bowl of decoction."

"Alright." Sydnee hugged Conrad and said, "Grandpa, you must keep healthy."

"What are you talking about..." Conrad laughed, "Hurry up and go."

Sydnee smiled and went up. She found her ID card and hurried downstairs. Conrad was still there and they said goodbye to each other. After Sydnee left for more than half an hour, Conrad suddenly remembered, "Didn't this girl finish her Modern History exam in her freshman year?"

**

Sydnee was very efficient. On the same day, she found the largest intermediary company to choose house. She wanted a large apartment with the best scenery. And it should be in the center of the city. Sydnee asked for the price and told Emily. She also sent Emily a picture. Emily only replied, "You decide."

Sydnee raised her head and said, "I've decided. That's it."

The agent said happily, "Really? We support payment by installments. We also have cooperation with the bank to get a better price for you..."

Sydnee interrupted him, "I want to pay in full."

The agent's heart missed a beat, "As you want, Miss Sydnee."

"Wait a moment." Sydnee stopped him.

The agent was worried that she would suddenly go back on her word, and he asked pitifully, "What's wrong?"

Sydnee pointed through the window and said, "I also want that apartment on the top floor of the building next door."

The agent looked in that direction and he felt he was sank in the deep water that he couldn't breathe. He said hoarsely, "Miss Sydnee, please wait a moment. I'll be right back."

Sydnee said, " I'll be waiting."

She then texted a message to Emily, "It's good to be rich."

Harold followed behind Elsie and saw that she took a taxi to a building. It turned out that she had secretly inquired about Christy's company. Today, she actually came here to inspect.

Harold saw that Elsie had entered the company. There were too many security cameras at the entrance, so he didn't dare to follow her. He only photographed the building and the main entrance. Half an hour later, Elsie came in, followed by Christy, who was wearing famous brands all over.

Elsie said embarrassedly, "Sorry, I was afraid to disturb you, so I just come alone."

Christy smiled, "Not a big deal. I'm at the company today. What a coincidence! You don't usually see me."

Elsie asked carefully, "I remembered that your brother is in charge of the company. Why are you here?"

Christy hesitated and said, "Actually, I am also in charge of some company affairs. But I'm not as capable as my brother. I can only make three to five million for him. So, he asks me not to come over."

Elsie's eyes widened when she heard that number. After Christy finished speaking, Elsie covered her mouth and said, "You are so capable already!"

Christy seemed accustomed to such compliments, "I'm not half as capable as my brother."

Elsie grabbed Christy and asked, "Christy, how about this? I can invest in the things you make! This doesn't count as investing in your brother, so he's not in charge of this, right?"

Christy was stunned for a moment, "That's true. But you could lose money on my stuff, too..."

"Don't worry, I believe you!" Elsie held her hand and said, "It definitely won't lose money!"

Christy smiled significantly, "That's for sure."

After Elsie took a taxi back, Harold went to the bank and transferred three million to Sydnee. On the way back, he went to the bookstore to buy stock and finance books according to what Emily had asked. Before leaving, Harold saw a row of Van Gogh's picture books. He then bought all of them.

It was night.

After taking a bath, Emily was sitting at the table and viewing the development history of the Britt Group. The Britt family was doing the chain-supermarket business. This boycott of Japanese goods had hurt the business of many supermarkets, including theirs. Fortunately, the Britt family had contracted for site construction. However, Emily did not know much about construction, so she could only learn from the start.

Until this morning, she had been thinking about how to give the money to Eliot to help him bring the company back. She suddenly remembered that in her previous life, Eliot had been hospitalized, her father had died, and she was the only one left in the family. That sense of helplessness had destroyed her.

When the Britt Group collapsed, Elsie killed Emily with a dagger. Even if Emily closed her eyes these few days, she would see that blood scene in her head.

In this life, she couldn't let that happen again. Even if nothing happened to her father and Eliot now, she had to learn how to run the company and control everything in the future. In this life, she would never experience that pain again!

"Are you crying?" The sudden voice startled Emily. She raised her eyes and saw a man standing at the balcony entrance. She quickly turned off the lights and waited for her eyes to adapt to the darkness. She asked, "Why are you here?"

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 79

Chapter 79 Mosquitoes

It seemed that she often asked him this question, at their second meet, at the tea house, and at the Ferne Hotel.

She heard the footsteps approaching, and then the man stopped in front of her. He held her chin with his slender fingers and wiped away her tears.

In the darkness, the man asked her in a low voice, "Why are you crying?"

Emily could not see his face clearly. She could only feel his breath spraying on her face with a uniquely good smell. Feeling relaxed unconsciously, she pointed at the desk in the darkness and muttered, "The book is too difficult."

There was a silence for a moment, but Emily felt that he must know her intention. She suddenly remembered that she rarely revealed her true feelings, but each time Vincent could see through her. Immediately, she felt ashamed. In the darkness, her jade-white earlobe turned red.

She lowered her head and got out from under his arm, "It's a little hot..."

As soon as she finished speaking, she bumped into a chair and gasped. She endured the pain without letting out a cry and limped forward. Suddenly she was pulled into his arms after a few steps.

His hug was warm with a smell of nicotine. She could smell the fragrance of his aftershave. It was his unique fragrance. In the darkness, he could still see clearly. He put her on a chair and pulled up her pajamas to look at her legs.

There was just a bruise. In the darkness, she could not see anything clearly but only felt a warm palm gently touching her skin. This hand seemed to touch her heart. She couldn't even breathe.

Her heart was beating fast. She felt that something was wrong with her body. It was like the residual effect since she was drugged last time. She licked her lips and whispered, "It doesn't hurt."

Vincent finally stopped and looked at the books on her desk. They are all financial books, among which he also saw an introduction to the Britt Group.

Then he recalled what he saw at the balcony door. The girl stared at the table with her head lowered. Her fingernails were tightly clasped in her palms. Her eyes were full of tears and she bit her lips tightly. It was as if she was in despair. When she suddenly looked up, her eyes were filled with panic, despair, and sorrow.

He flipped through the introduction to the Britt Group and lowered his head to ask, "What didn't you understand?"

Emily was stunned and asked, "What?"

"You want to learn this?" Vincent put her on his leg. As they faced each other, she heard him say in a low voice, "I can teach you."

Emily was touched. This feeling was hard to describe. All she knew was that she was sitting in this person's arms and smelling his fragrance. The gloomy feeling in her heart disappeared completely.

She turned on the desk lamp and pointed at the introduction book of the Britt Group. "What is an EPC?" She asked.

"Engineering Procurement Construction is an integrated model. After the decision-making stage of the project, through bidding, an engineering company is entrusted with the general contracting of design, procurement and construction..."

Emily only knew twenty-six English letters, and some short expressions like hello and good-bye. Hearing such a long English sentence, she was a little confused, "E ... How to pronounce it?"

The man was silent for a moment. Suddenly, he rubbed her hair with his big palm. His voice was low and deep, as if it hit on her heart. "Do you want to go to school?"

Emily didn't say anything for a while. She hadn't gone to school in her previous life. She only learned some popular phrases from the hospital TV. Her brother also taught her something and she learned some words by chatting with Sydnee.

She knew how difficult it was to learn by herself. She sat here for half an hour tonight but did not finish a single page. There were many things that she didn't understand so she had to search them online. It took too much time.

Actually, she wanted to go to school, but Maury and Beverly would know that she was not a fool. Such a result would be harmful to her, and it was not time for them to know that.

While she was considering, the man said with a gentle voice, "I'll ask someone to pick you up tomorrow night."

Emily looked up at him. The light of the lamp was faint and dim, and it was partially blocked by her. His lips and chin were covered by shadows. She could only see that he was looking at her with his black eyes.

“Am I going to your house?” She goggled at him in confusion, “What are we going to do?”

Vincent supported her slender waist and rubbed her protruding spine with his finger. “Go to school.”

Emily felt that the place he touched became strange and itchy. She resisted the impulse to scratch and shifted her position. Then she asked, “Go to school at night?”

Vincent placed his head on her shoulder and said in a hoarse and alluring voice, “I’ll teach you myself.”

Emily turned her head in surprise, but unexpectedly, she collided with the man who raised head from her shoulder. They happened to kiss on each other’s lips. She retreated slightly, and when she saw the man frown, she quickly approached him and kissed him. The man grabbed her waist and continued this kiss.

Suddenly, they heard footsteps coming from outside the door. It wasn’t Susan, nor Elsie. It sounded more like Eliot. He never knocked on the door before entering her room.

Emily leaned back with anxiety, but the man held the back of her head with one hand and bit her lips as a punishment.

Her heart was beating fast.

When Eliot opened the door and entered, he saw Emily sitting at the table and drawing pictures. Seeing him enter, she smiled with her cheeks red. “Eliot, long time no see.”

Eliot walked in and touched her head, “Are you sick? Why is your face so red?”

“I just took a bath. It’s a little hot.” Emily looked guiltily at the balcony. Her lips were still burning. She seemed to smell his fragrance on her body. She quickly picked up the spray on the table and sprayed it at her feet. “There are mosquitoes!”

“Why are there mosquitoes in autumn?” Eliot pulled a chair and sat down beside her. Seeing she curled up on the chair, revealing her white calves and toes, he was somewhat embarrassed and moved his eyes away. Then he fetched a blanket from the bed to cover her. Then, he sat down and looked at the graffiti on her desk. “What is this?”

“Mickey Mouse.”

Eliot laughed, “This Mickey Mouse is really ugly.”

Emily also smiled. They laughed for a while and then Eliot said, “Dad has something to tell you. I’m afraid you don’t understand him, so I’ll explain it to you first. I know you want to see mom, but dad and I haven’t found her for a long time.”

Emily’s smile froze. She lowered her head and did not speak again.

Eliot rubbed her hair and said, “Emily, don’t be angry with dad. He was very tired these days. He was busy working and looking for mom. He didn’t even have meals in time. Today, he got a stomachache and was almost sent to the hospital.”

Emily nodded, but remained silent.

Billionaire’s Reborn Baby chapter 80

Chapter 80 Daylight Robbery

Eliot sighed and went out. Not long after, Maury walked in. His face was still a little pale. He sat in his chair for a while without saying a word. It was such a shame that he had failed to fulfill his promise with Emily.

Emily had guessed what it was all about. After all, something bad had happened to the Britt family in her previous life. If her mother wanted to see her, she would definitely find her. However, she had never looked for her.

She reached out and gently held Maury’s hand, said softly, “Dad, I’m fine.”

Maury’s eyes turned red. He petted Emily’s head and said, “I’m sorry, Daddy failed to keep the promise. Your mom is probably still mad at me. She didn’t answer the phone. I can’t get in touch with her.”

He sighed. “She moved a lot. I’ve looked for her a few times before. But she’s been avoiding me, so I kind of give up.”

Emily listened quietly.

Maury gently hugged her and said, "Emily, I will definitely find her and let you two reunite."

Emily nodded.

Whether the two of them could reunite or not, she really hoped her mother could lead a happy life.

**

When Jaquan woke up, it was late at night.

His shoes and jacket were taken off. The light in the room was off. He had to put on shoes in the dark. And he could not find his jacket, so he walked out barefoot. Last night he drank too much, and now he really needed to use the bathroom.

He probably thought that there was no one outside, so he untied his belt as soon as he walked out of the room. All of a sudden, he saw a woman sitting on the stairs. Stunned for a moment, he quickly zipped his pants, turned around and ask hoarsely, "Excuse me, where is the bathroom?"

The woman was surprised when she heard the sound behind her. Without turning her head, she pointed in a direction.

Jaquan thanked her and hurriedly rushed over.

When he came back, she was gone. Under the moonlight, he could see that the room he had just left was closed. He walked to the door, rubbing his shoulders. It was a little cold outside. Just as he was about to knock on the door to get his coat, he saw the coat, his wallet and phone on a cute piggy-shaped chair down the corridor.

He finally realized that he had probably slept in the wrong room. Thinking of the woman sitting on the stairs, he assumed that he had slept in the room of the single mother.

He silently put on his coat and turned his phone on. It was eleven o'clock at night. Waking up at this time, he was both tired and hungry. And he had no idea where to go.

He sat outside for a while. Since it was too cold, he decided to drive back right away. As he came to the door, he found that it was one of those retro wooden doors with the bolt inside. If he went out, someone had to bolt the door from inside. Otherwise, it would be dangerous for the woman and the child in the room.

He thought for a while, and finally found a deck chair to sit down. He played with his phone for some time, then closed his eyes. In fact, he had never slept in the moonlight like this. He fell asleep again. In his sleep, he vaguely saw a white figure coming over. He smiled at the figure and felt his body got warm again.

When he woke up the second time, it was almost dawn. He watched the sun rising from the horizon. Then he smelled something. With a deep breath, he was sure it was something delicious.

As he stood up, he found that he was covered with a blanket. He folded it, put it on the chair and followed the smell to the kitchen. There, he saw a woman with her back to him stir-frying rice with eggs. And there were two fried eggs on the table. The smell of porridge permeated in the air.

Jaquan stood at the door and felt that peeping like this was a bit inappropriate. So he walked in and said, "Excuse me, I'm sorry. I was drunk yesterday. And I accidentally slept in the wrong room."

The woman didn't stop the work. She turned off the fire, put the food into a bowl without even raising her head.

Jaquan thought that she didn't hear him and uttered again, "Sorry, I accidentally slept..."

The woman interrupted him, still having her back to him. She was washing the pan. Her voice was slightly different from the sweet one he had heard the other day. She said, quite coldly. "I heard you."

He'd meant to ask for something to eat, but her words shut him up. He actually felt embarrassed. But he had never felt embarrassed for all these years.

He felt weird, and even thought it was an illusion. He opened his mouth again, "I'm hungry too. Could I get some breakfast?"

The woman washed her hands with soap and said faintly, "Help yourself."

Jaquan, "..."

He got a bowl and ladled porridge into it clumsily. The hot bowl burned his hands. He gasped and held the bowl to the table with pain. Then he washed his hands in the sink.

After cleaning up the kitchen, the woman took the breakfast and left. Jaquan thought to himself, "Is this woman so indifferent to all men because she has been cheated?"

There was a fried egg left on the table. Jaquan glanced at it, then at the door. Finally, he took the fried egg with his hand and put it into his mouth. It was a little hot but delicious. He was probably starving, because after eating the egg, he was far from full. But the porridge was still very hot. He could only hovered in the kitchen.

After the porridge cooled down, he gulped it and went filling the bowl with porridge again.

After Emma and Stony finished their meal, Emma came to kitchen to wash the dishes. She caught Jaquan eating with the pot in his arms. The moment the two of them saw each other, Jaquan was surprised. He paused for a while, then swallowed and said, "Sorry, I was too hungry."

This was the first time he saw her face. He had thought that she was a gorgeous woman, but she turned out to be rather plain. She was the kind of women who could never stand out in a crowd. He thought to himself, "How handsome her husband must be to have such a beautiful child like Stony?"

Emma nodded and didn't say anything. She just put the dishes in the sink, washed her hands and went out.

Jaquan followed her and said, "I'll pay for the breakfast. How much is it?"

Emma stopped and turned to look at him. She stretched out her fair hand and said, "Five thousand."

"It's daylight robbery!" Jaquan looked at her in surprise. "I'm your boss's friend."

Emma said blankly, "Then don't go to the wrong room next time. See you."

Jaquan was annoyed. If it weren't for the fact that she was a single mother, he would have already lost his temper.

With an angry look, he reached out his hand and stuck it on Emma's shoulder, "Wait a minute..."

Stony had just came out of the room. "Mom, I'm leaving." As soon as he crossed the threshold, he caught sight of Jaquan. Then he greeted, "Good morning, Mr. Jaquan."