

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 81- 90

Chapter 81 Host a Banquet

Jaquan put down his hand awkwardly. He walked a few steps and squatted down in front of Stony, asking, "Are you going to school?"

"No, I go to school at 8:30. I'm going running now." Stony smiled at him, "I need to do exercise, because I will protect Mom after growing up."

'Your mother doesn't need any protection at all.' Jaquan said to himself inside. Then he looked up and glanced at Emma, who was looking at Stony gently with a caring aura.

"Bye." Emma helped Stony with his coat, and then got up and closed the door, shutting Jaquan outside.

"..."

Jaquan was so angry that he smashed the steering wheel after getting back to his car. Damn! It had been years since he had encountered such a difficult woman. How could such an ordinary woman talk to him like this?

Then he got a call from Arabella. He exhaled before answering the call, "Hello?"

"Vincent is hosting a banquet tonight. Shall I go?" Arabella asked, sounding struggling.

Jaquan checked the calendar and asked in confusion, "A banquet for what?"

"To celebrate the butler's birthday."

"..."

When did a butler's birthday party deserve so much attention?

Jaquan didn't say anything. He began to think about Vincent's motives behind this party. Randy and Vincent were the smartest among the fellow guys. Trevor was an exception, of course.

Arabella repeated the question, "Shall I go?"

"Go if you want." Jaquan looked at his wristwatch and started the car. He saw a small blister on the back of his hand and gritted his teeth.

Arabella asked, "Is she going?"

Jaquan paused for a moment before finally figuring out her purpose. He said in a low voice, "I don't know."

"I want her to go." Arabella said softly.

"Why?"

"I want to know her, and what Vincent likes about her."

After Jaquan hanged up the phone, he smashed the steering wheel again.

If there was right and wrong about love, he could talk about it with someone else. But now he could do nothing but hurt himself.

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Emily woke up in the morning and was told by Susan that the Britts had been invited by the Scavos to the banquet. Elsie and Beverly were prohibited from going out. So either Eliot or Maury would go, together with their female companion.

Emily suddenly remembered that Vincent had told her last night, "I'll send someone to pick you up tomorrow night."

Susan prepared several long dresses and gowns, asking, "Miss Emily, which one do you like?"

"The white one."

Susan took out the white dress and said, "Miss Emily, your skin is white, you look good in any one of them."

Emily stared at herself in the mirror and saw the bruise on her leg. She then said, "The black one is better."

Susan nodded and smiled. "Not bad. In the black dress, you will look mature and graceful."

Emily grinned slightly. Unfortunately, she found that ever since that nightmare, she was not innocent and happy anymore. She became indifferent, cold and no longer familiar with herself.

She couldn't even laugh from the bottom of heart.

Emily went downstairs for breakfast, not seeing Elsie and Beverly. She was told that they didn't come out from their rooms in the morning. Susan got Emily breakfast, after which, Emily went to the garden to count ants with Harold.

The butler and Susan looked at Emily in the hall and sighed, "Miss Emily becomes even more beautiful."

"She is just a kid." The butler shook his head. "What if Miss Emily could recover from the illness!"

But no major hospital could cure her. So Susan couldn't say anything in response. She just looked at Emily and Harold from afar and asked, "What do you think they were talking about?"

"Ants. Miss Emily can look at ants for an hour."

Susan sighed again. Then she went into the kitchen to clean the dishes. The butler sighed as he went into the warehouse.

After Emily saw the butler and Susan disappeared, she looked up at the balcony. After confirming that there was no one around, she whispered, "I'll go to the Scavo's tonight. He would ask me to stay there. I don't know the reason, but I won't be back for about a month or two."

Harold held an ant in his palm and handed it to Emily, "OK."

Emily used a twig to take the ant over, putting it on the ground. "Please take care of Sydnee. She may need your help from time to time."

"OK."

After they finished speaking, Emily and Harold stood up. He gently said, "Miss Emily."

Emily turned around and said, "Yes?"

Harold said seriously, "Take care of yourself."

Emily nodded at him, "I will."

In Elsie's room on the second floor.

"Mom, I haven't gone shopping for almost a month! I'm going crazy!"

Beverly was smearing her neck. After hearing Elsie, she stopped and didn't say anything.

She looked at Elsie and hesitated for a while, and then suggested, "How about we..."

Before Beverly could finish speaking, she was interrupted by Elsie, "Mom! I got a message from that person! He asked us to do something for him, and will pay us five million! Dad would be proud of us if we make it!"

Beverly put away the cream and walked to Elsie's bed. "Don't let them know about the money."

Elsie asked in confusion, "Why?"

"He is mean with you, and doesn't deserve your help." Beverly asked.

"But..."

"Let's figure out what that person wants us to do first." Beverly said.

Elsie nodded and stared at the phone. She checked the message, with her brows further furrowing.

Beverly asked, "What's wrong?"

"She asked me to take out the subsidiary agreement from my brother's contract and throw it away." Elsie exhaled, "Mom, I can't do this; otherwise, I'll be beaten to death by my brother!"

Beverly took her phone away and read the message word by word. She could see nothing but the five million.

"I agree with you."

How could she not ask for something as a return after being treated that way by Maury?

Besides, Noah was in need of investment. This money came just in time.

After lunch, Emily painted in her room. The painting under her bed was too big. She hadn't have it framed until last night.

She was going to send it to Vincent as a present.

Recalling what Vincent said the night before yesterday, she smiled. Vincent was nothing like what the rumors said about him. The ring on her neck was even warmer, and she touched it.

She thought silently, "Vincent doesn't know that she's complaining about him, right?"

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 82

Chapter 82 Respect

She paused for a second. Then, she took out a piece of paper. She drew the image of Vincent based on her memory about him last night. His thin lips and chin were hidden in the darkness. Half of his face was under the light and the other in the darkness. He looked both indifferent and cold. His black eyes were deep and emotionless.

She often drew with paint. But this time, she drew with a pencil. After drawing for nearly two hours, she stood up to stretch her body and got another glass of water.

Another hour passed. She was still drawing his eyes. She felt that she was not good enough to draw the essence of Vincent's eyes. She darkened the shadows, and then used her fingers to wipe it evenly.

Her phone was vibrating. It was Eliot's call. Emily turned on the speaker.

"I'm going to a banquet tonight. Put on a fancy dress and I'll pick you up later."

Emily stopped and checked the time. It was already four o'clock in the afternoon. She tidied up all the pens and the painting. "Eliot, I want to go to the supermarket."

"What do you need? I can buy it for you."

Emily remembered that her closet was full of clothes. So she instantly said, "Eliot, I have already grown up, so I want to shop for myself."

Eliot probably understood her meaning. He coughed softly and said, "Alright. Then, I'll send a driver to pick you up."

"Harold can send me there," she muttered.

"OK."

After hanging up the phone, Emily put on a windbreaker and went downstairs. Harold drove out of the garage. Not far from the door, she saw a car under a roadside tree.

It was a car of the Scavos which Harold had even driven before.

Emily whispered before getting out of the car, "I'll take the opportunity to retrieve that painting. Then you send it directly to Vincent's room."

Harold answered, "Yes, Ma'am."

She turned around and looked at the house of the Britts. After she was sure that she could not see the balcony here, she got into the car.

The driver greeted, "Good evening, Miss Emily."

"Good evening."

Emily responded politely and then lay back in the back seat to think. She could not interfere with the matter of the Britts because of the current situation. She had to wait for Beverly to take the bait, and get the money needed; otherwise, the Britts would go bankrupt.

However, Beverly did not have any financial resources. How could she take the bait? Why did she have the courage to embezzle the public funds?

Only after the car stopped did Emily regain her senses. She looked out of the window and found that she was already at the gate of the Britts. She got off the car. Compared to other female companions in high heels, she was the only one who wore long skirts and sneakers.

The street lights were on. White mist shrouded the gate of the Scavos, making it look like a paradise.

Eliot called and told her to wait because he would arrive in five minutes. So Emily waited at the gate as he said. Many male guests sized her up but no one recognized her.

“Why are you standing here?” A female voice came from behind.

Emily turned around and saw that Arabella was dressed in a custom-made Chanel white dress, which completely outlined her beautiful curves. She put on an exquisite makeup. She also wore a pair of earrings of flying swallows and a necklace of white jade pearls. She held an LV handbag in her hand. All of these made her look very exquisite.

Among all the famous brands, Emily could only recognize LV and its logo. She was not very familiar with Arabella. Although they had met twice, neither one went well. She was not sure if Arabella was talking to her.

She looked back and confirmed that she was the only one standing within a radius of three meters. Then, she smiled at Arabella and said politely, “Hello.”

Arabella put her slender finger on her chin and looked at Emily, “Waiting for Vincent? Let me take you in.”

Emily shook her head and said, “I am waiting for Eliot.”

“You can wait inside. Otherwise, we will be stared by many people. When your brother comes, he can find you inside.” She paused for a moment. Then, she raised her slender eyebrows and asked, “Are you afraid of me?”

Emily looked at her quietly for a while, then silently followed Arabella in.

Arabella took the lead and walked in. Many servants bowed to her respectfully and greeted, “Miss Arabella, good evening.”

Many guests even addressed her as Miss Arabella and raised their glasses to greet her. Arabella was too brilliant. She was leading ahead, so she completely blotted out Emily. Meanwhile, Emily deliberately looked down, so less people noticed her.

Along the way, Arabella saw that everyone’s gaze was on her. She looked back arrogantly at Emily who had a very low sense of presence. It made Arabella put on a faint smile.

They walked through the corridor to the side hall of the garden. There was only a chair at the round table. Arabella sat on it first. She crossed her legs and looked at Emily. She was extremely elegant, and her aura was much stronger than Emily’s. This time, she just wanted to see Emily’s reaction. But she didn’t expect Emily to be expressionless. Emily

just looked around. Probably she couldn't find a chair, so she leaned leisurely against the wall, putting one foot slightly against the corner. Her posture was indescribably cool.

"I heard that you screwed your sister badly." Arabella stirred the coffee in her hand. She had sat here for a long time and couldn't wait to see Emily. She wanted to know what Vincent liked about her.

But now, she found that Emily wasn't outstanding. Except for not being stupid, she really couldn't find any other advantages. Her skin was a little fair. Her body was a little slim. And she was a little prettier than an ordinary woman.

However, Vincent was not a person who cared appearance. If he really cared, many beauties in City Y would have already pounced on him.

There must be something special about Emily that attracted Vincent.

"Just cut to the chase." Emily did not pretend to be nice because it was useless to do in front of a woman who treated her as a rival in love. After all, Emily had met Jaquan before. If she was right, Jaquan was fond of Arabella.

Arabella took a sip of coffee. It was a little cold. She raised her slender eyebrows and looked at Emily. Suddenly, she smiled, "When I was your age, I talked respectfully to people who were older than me. Do you just disrespect me or is this just the way you treat people?"

"You don't like me." Emily stood up straight and walked a few steps along the round table. She looked into Arabella's eyes and asked bluntly, "Is it useful for me to do so?"

This was the first time Arabella was stuck halfway of her words by a girl who was younger than her.

Arabella suppressed her anger and said gracefully, "I'm just curious why Vincent chooses you."

Emily listened quietly. After Arabella finished speaking, she looked at Arabella again. Her expression was still indifferent, as if she was not talking about herself, "You should ask him about it, shouldn't you?"

'She did it on purpose!' Arabella thought.

Arabella had already asked Vincent in the hotel!

She had asked Vincent again on that stormy night at the Tea Manor!

'This little retard has been present twice, yet she deliberately said so!'

Arabella stood up angrily, but her good cultivation made her hold back her erupting anger. She stared at Emily and said word by word, "Are you showing off?"

Emily turned around. Her clear eyes were filled with confusion and puzzlement, as if she didn't understand what Arabella was talking about.

Arabella clenched her fists, "Vincent said he liked you. Are you so proud of it? Is this the reason why you don't respect me?"

Emily remembered a lot of things Sydnee had said in her previous life. She thought for a moment and said seriously, "I won't lose myself for anyone's affection. Besides, Vincent is only a person. He is not a god, so he has no right to command me whether to respect others or not."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 83

Chapter 83 Stiff Face

"You're too arrogant!" Arabella couldn't help but slap the table angrily. She pointed at Emily as her chest heaved in anger. "How dare you say that about Vincent? You...!"

Emily squeezed out a smile at her, "Arabella, I'm just a retard. I hope you'll forgive me if I say something wrong."

She looked at the electronic watch. Eliot was probably about to arrive. Just as she tended to walk out, she heard a loud shout from behind, "Stop!"

Arabella took a deep breath and tried her best to suppress the anger. She said, "I ask you to come here because I have something to tell you. I want to see if you can still remain so calm after hearing it."

Emily frowned slightly. She looked back and asked uncertainly, "About Vincent?"

Arabella raised her eyebrows at Emily which seemed that she knew Emily would be interested in it. Arabella answered, "Right."

However, she was wrong.

Emily said calmly, "Sorry, I don't want to know."

Arabella provocatively asked, "Are you afraid?"

Emily said solemnly, "I hope he can tell me on his own initiative, not by others."

"You!" Arabella was so angry that her face completely clouded over.

Emily had already walked to the door. Then she suddenly thought of something, so she turned around and waved to Arabella, "Elsie, it's nice to chat with you. Goodbye."

Arabella sat on the round table alone. She was so angry that she drank down all the coffee. It was too cold which made her expression a little ferocious. Her good cultivation prevented her from spitting it out. She could just kick the table leg angrily.

Meanwhile, there were four Guards sitting in the trees outside the garden.

After Arabella and Emily left the side hall, they shouted, "Wow!"

Guard A said, "I think the little Hulk's rank is really high. I underestimated her before."

Guard B said, "I finally know why Mr. Vincent asks us to follow her."

Guard C asked, "Why?"

Guard B said, "He is not worried that the little Hulk will be pushed around at all. He just wants to let us see future Mrs. Britt's demeanor! Holy shit, she's really charming!"

Guard A said, "The reason why Miss Arabella hasn't become our madam for so many years is clear now."

Guard C asked, "What is it?"

Guard B said, "Are you stupid? Why do you keep asking? It's obviously that the little Hulk is much brilliant than her."

Guard D said, "I also don't think she looks like a teenage girl."

Guard A had nothing to say.

Guard B said, "I vaguely feel that what you said makes sense."

Guard C asked again, "What? Why is that reasonable?"

Guard B said, "Please help me kick him down. I will pay fifty dollars for it."

Bang!

Guard A and Guard D reached over their hands at the same time and said, "Thank you."

Guard B replied, "I was just joking..."

Another Bang!

Guard C lay on the ground and asked Guard B who had just been kicked off, "So why is that?"

Guard B was speechless.

When Emily came out, she met Eliot in the lobby. He was chatting with some guests, so Emily didn't walk over. She suddenly thought that this opportunity was very precious for Eliot.

In the past half a month or so, no one in City Y had invited the Britts to attend any banquets. However, Vincent did. Moreover, the butler and servants who came and went were also very respectful to Eliot. This made the guests unconsciously show some respect to him.

Not far away, there were some sounds of discussion.

"Hey, isn't this the little retard of the Britts?"

"Lower your voice! Don't you see her brother standing there?"

"Even her father, Maury Britt, can do nothing to me if he is here, let alone her brother."

"Tsk, it's true though. The Britts is almost done. A few days ago, I saw Eliot working on a construction site."

"The dignified general manager personally worked on the construction site. And, his two younger sisters even hinder him...!"

“Oh right, are you her sister’s classmates?”

Emily looked back at the group of people beside the pillar. She saw a few familiar faces among the group. They were Elsie’s college classmates. When they heard this, they looked in Emily’s direction with disdain. However, their gazes just happened to meet hers.

Men were afraid of losing face, so they showed Emily their middle fingers and angrily said, “Retard, what are you glaring at?”

A man came out from the side and grabbed their middle fingers on the spot. With a cracking sound, there was only howl echoed in the corridor, “Ah! My finger!”

Ferne wiped his hands and throw the handkerchief. He said to the bodyguard behind him, “They are too noisy. Get them out of here.”

Then he walked towards Emily. He smoothed his hair which seemed that he felt so good about himself. “Emily, are you shocked?”

Eliot hurriedly ran over when he heard the commotion. He carefully sized up Emily to make sure she was fine. Then, he asked, “What’s going on?”

Emily did not say anything.

Ferne avoided the situation and said lightly, “There are some goofballs who accidentally sprain their legs and shout like they are having a child.”

Eliot nodded and said, “I see.”

Although he hadn’t noticed what had happened here just now, he had clearly seen that the people who had been carried out by the bodyguards had all covered their fingers. He knew that Ferne liked taking violent actions when he was discontent. Eliot decisively didn’t continue asking. He just touched Emily’s head and said, “Be good! If you are hungry, you can eat the buffet. I have something to talk to my friends. So I’ll catch you later.”

Emily nodded to him.

As soon as Eliot left, Ferne raised his eyebrows conqueringly at her, “Emily, don’t thank me.”

Emily said calmly, “I also have the same idea.”

Ferne was quite speechless.

“Darling, what are you doing here?” A woman wearing a cheongsam and sable fur tippet walked over. Emily couldn’t described her face. There wasn’t any trace of wrinkles on her face which was like an ironed clothes. Her lips curved upwards which became a smile. Her forehead was full and shiny. She was exquisite all over. But when all of these combined together, it looked quite stiff and weird.

It was just like her tone clearly sounded that she was a little angry, but there was a sweet smile on her face.

Emily shivered coldly and quietly moved a little away from them.

Ferne speechlessly moved to a place where there were fewer people. “What are you doing here? Didn’t I ask you to stay at home?”

“You are in the hotel for 364 days a year. There is only one day left to go home but you spend to the banquet. I am your wife. Why don’t you go home to keep me company?” the stiff-faced woman said angrily. However, she still smiled beautiful when she said that. Her smile was very standard. One point more was too much, and one point less was too weak.

Ferne frowned. His handsome face was filled with irritation and embarrassment. “You’re the one who wants to get married and you made it happen. Why do you still keep complaining?”

When Emily was about to sneak away, she heard that the stiff-faced woman spoke again. She said, “Then let’s get a divorce.”

Emily looked up at Ferne and saw that he frowned as he checked his phone.

The stiff-faced woman asked, “Why don’t you say anything?”

Ferne didn’t even look up and said, “I’m checking the day when I am available.”

Billionsaire’s Reborn Baby chapter 84

Chapter 84 Which Hospital

“Ferne!” The plastic-faced woman shouted angrily but still wore a smiling expression.

Ferne impatiently waved his hand, "Hurry back; otherwise, the wind would ruin your nose job."

The plastic-faced woman's expression stiffened again and again, "If you don't like me this way, I am willing to change for you."

"Howe? Restore your appearance before the plastic surgery?" Ferne sneered.

"Or what else do you want me to do?"

Ferne raised his wrist and looked at his watch, "Let's talk about it later. I'm busy now."

The plastic-faced woman turned to Emily and said, "What are you busy with? I saw you with that bitch just now..." She had noticed Emily a long time ago but couldn't see what Emily looked like from afar. Now she realized that this girl looked very young. Emily was wearing a black dress which made her skin seem fair. She didn't wear makeup. Her eyes were shining like grapes. Her lips were pink although she didn't wear any lip gloss. It was her natural lip color! She even had a lip bead! She was too pretty to be a real person, delicate like an SD Barbie doll.

She glared at Emily in disbelief, then stepped forward to touch Emily's face, "Which hospital did you have your cosmetic surgery?"

Emily froze.

Ferne directly pushed that woman into the arms of the bodyguard and ordered angrily, "Hurry up and take her away!"

Before the plastic-faced woman was taken away, she still waved her hand at Emily, "Which hospital?! Is it in China? Or Korea?"

Emily, "..."

After that woman was taken away, the corridor immediately quieted down. Ferne turned around and looked at Emily. He covered his face and said with a headache, "Fine, you can laugh at me as much as you want."

He touched his hair irritably, "I was forced to marry anyway. I didn't have any fun."

Emily nodded.

Without hearing any response, he couldn't help but raise his head to look at her, "What are you thinking about, Emily?"

Emily paused for a moment and then said, "I thought that money would make people happy. When I saw you, I realized that it wasn't the case."

"..."

Ferne covered his face and said, "This is the most hurtful thing I've ever heard."

"Just divorce her." Emily used the words that plastic-faced woman said.

"..."

Ferne said helplessly, "Emily, don't you know how to comfort others?"

"You need to be comforted?" Emily looked at him in puzzlement, "I thought you would be happy if you divorced."

Ferne, "..."

He was really grieved.

Randy waved his fan and walked over. The word "powerful" on the fan covered half of his face, "What are you two talking about?"

"Randy, hurry and save me." Ferne hurriedly held Ferne's elbow and said, "I'm going crazy!"

Randy put away his fan and smashed him with the handle, "What's wrong? Your tigress came?"

"Okay, don't mention her." Ferne felt a headache when he heard this. He turned around and saw a long and thin bloody scar on Randy's face. He asked in surprise, "What's wrong with your face?"

"Forget it." Randy touched his face in distress. "I got a new player in the team. He played well in the game but he is too independent. He always refuses to follow the team. Damn it, I just touched his mouse today and he smashed me with his keyboard."

"Holy shit, you didn't get mad?" Ferne was shocked.

Randy cared about his appearance a lot. Not to mention a bloody scar, anyone who tried to touch his face would be at risk of having their hands cut off.

Randy exhaled, "He put the keyboard beside my face and said he would fight desperately with me."

"..."

Ferne laughed gloatingly, "Damn, diamond cut diamond."

Randy took out a small mirror to look at his face and gritted his teeth in pain, "If it weren't for his skill, I would have thrown him out long ago."

"We began to talk about skills so quickly?" Ferne smiled evilly.

"Go away."

After chatting for a while, the two of them found that Emily quietly went to the buffet area and she was eating a strawberry pie. Ferne patted his head and said, "I almost forgot something serious."

Randy looked around and asked casually, "Where's Vincent?"

Ferne walked over to Emily and gallantly brought her a glass of fruit wine. Then, he said to Randy, "Still fishing with Mr. Maury."

Randy clicked his tongue but didn't say anything.

He just held his chin and thought about what Vincent needed Mr. Maury with.

Emily thought that Vincent would have a plan to keep her here but she didn't expect that he was still fishing so late at night. She asked in confusion, "Where is he fishing?"

Ferne and Randy looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders as they said in unison, "Pool."

"..."

Ferne picked up a cherry to eat. He said unclearly, "They are in a competition. Whoever catches one first can make a request."

Emily felt it strange and asked, "Is it difficult?"

Ferne winked at him, "Emily, you'll know when you go take a look."

After Arabella came out, she met someone familiar. She had a small chat with them and then walked towards Emily. From afar, she sees Ferne and Randy surrounded Emily. The three of them were staying together in harmony. What made her more irritated was that the girl had no intention of pleasing the other two people from the beginning. Seeing from afar, it was Ferne and Randy who were trying to please her.

But how was this possible!

Ferne was a rich second generation who owned a chain of hotels. Randy was a famous playboy in the e-sports field. Why did they please a retard? Even if this retard was not retarded, Arabella still couldn't accept such a consequence. That retard did nothing but got everything. Then what about everything she did for all these years? What did she do these things for?

Seeing the three of them leave, Arabella also followed close behind. But someone grabbed her to stop her.

She turned around and saw Jaquan. He hid his emotions and said, "Arabella, don't do this. You should be like this."

"Then how should I be like?" Arabella laughed but her eyes reddened, "What do you think about me?"

Jaquan took a few steps forward and hugged her shoulders. He looked into her eyes and said, "In my eyes, you've always been beautiful, generous, kind, and considerate."

Arabella waved his hand away. Then she stared at him and asked, "So, I can't get angry or unreasonable, right?"

Jaquan looked at her and didn't say anything.

"Get out of the way." Arabella turned her face away with red eyes.

Jaquan held her again and said, "I'll go with you."

Arabella got away from his embrace. She didn't want Vincent to misunderstand after seeing this.

Jaquan seemed somewhat lonely but he still followed her step by step to protect her even if what he did wouldn't move her at all.

In the Scavo's, apart from the big pool in Vincent's room, there was also a huge open-air pool on the third floor. It was said that Mr. Maury swam across the Yangtze River by himself when he was young. Later on, as his age grew, he didn't dare to do something like this again so he built a huge pool on the third floor. He would swim there all year around.

When Emily and the others went up, they saw two leather sofa chairs placed right in front of the giant swimming pool. In the middle, there was a transparent round coffee table with tea and fruits on it.

Under each of their feet, there was a fishing rod, which stretched towards the swimming pool. Swimming in the pool was an octopus.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 85

Chapter 85 Satisfied

The moment Emily saw the octopus, her expression changed. Through the clear water, she could see that there was no bait on the hook.

What was wrong? Emily thought to herself.

When Rolando heard the movement behind him, he turned around and saw a few people kicking the sofa chair beside him. "Kid, your friends are here, and they even brought a girlfriend."

Ferne hurriedly explained, raising his hand, "I am married."

Randy covered half of his face with a fan and said, "I'm completely besotted with Vincent."

At the age of 70, Rolando was old but vigorous, and energetic as ever. When he heard this, he immediately waved to Emily and smiled kindly, "Gal, come over and be my granddaughter-in-law."

Emily smiled sweetly, "Alright."

Rolando's face was full of wrinkles as he smiled. "Kid, I've got a wife for you. Come over, let's see if you're satisfied or not."

At this time, Vincent finally tilted his head and looked over. He collapsed on the sofa, dressed in ink outfit. He looked dark all over, but his eyes were especially bright.

With a faint smile, he said in a low, mellow voice, "Well, she's not bad."

Rolando couldn't help but sit up. He turned around to look at Ferne and Randy, and then he took a look at Emily. With his expressions changed, he couldn't help but kick Vincent's sofa chair. "What happened to you, brat? Are you possessed?"

He went on a blind date last month, only to find that no one was to his liking among so many women he had seen. Not only that, rumor had it that he was a gay. He couldn't believe that he was happy with the girl who he randomly pointed to him.

He must be possessed.

Restless, Rolando stood up to his feet, feeling that the kid was scheming something. Every time this brat spoke properly, nothing good would happen.

Without replying, Vincent waved at Emily, "Come here."

It was not until Emily approached him that she realized that the light was reflected from the pool instead of from his eyes.

As she had just walked to Rolando's side, he suddenly stood up, slipped and fell straight into the pool. Ferne and Randy, however, stood motionless like scarecrows. Vincent, who also sat on the sofa leisurely, didn't change his expression at all. He was dressed in ink and his outfit was merged with the black leather sofa, making his face look even colder. He looked at Emily like that and then gave her a look.

Emily jumped down. The water in the pond was warm. When the octopus saw someone coming, it also rushed over and hung on her.

Emily drew Rolando up high. Ferne and Randy finally made a move by bringing a towel over to wrap Rolando, instead of doing nothing.

Vincent, however, took a towel and wrapped it around Emily, covering her in front of his chest. As he wiped her wet black hair, he picked up the octopus on her skirt and threw it into the bucket beside her.

Ferne applauded, "Congratulations, Vincent! You won!"

Randy said, raising his eyebrows at him, "Well, congratulations."

Rolando blushed and angrily changed the topic, "Who just stabbed me?"

Vincent looked over and said in a low voice, "Old man, she saved you."

At this point, Rolando said to Emily with great confidence, "Little girl, if it weren't for you, I would have swum back two laps by now," he sneezed as he spoke.

Emily was lost for words.

Rolando was a little embarrassed that he lost face in front of a few juniors, but he had no choice but to keep his promise. "Hey, wait a moment. Since you've picked up the fish, I can promise you one thing. I'll meet you as long as I can do it."

Although he admitted defeat, he was unwilling to lose face in front of his grandson, so he was saying that to Emily.

Emily asked seriously, "Grandfather, can I live here?"

"..."

Rolando was stunned for a moment and asked, "Who are you going to stay with?"

Vincent picked up a strand of wet hair on Emily's cheek and looked at Rolando. He said, "With me." His voice was calm but loud.

"..."

In a daze, Rolando looked at Ferne and then he took another look at Randy. Then, he carefully sized up Emily and shifted his gaze to Vincent. He asked with astonishment, "Hey, is this girl an adult?"

Emily obediently replied, "Yes."

Rolando was so shocked that he stuttered, "Have you tidied up the room?"

"Stay in my room." After Vincent finished speaking, he held Emily in his arms and walked to the second floor through the straight passage beside the pool.

“ ”
“ ... ”

Rolando took a deep breath and reached out his hands. “Ferne, give me a hand,” he said.

Ferne and Lao Qi hurriedly held him up, and the old man trembled as he said, “Why did he, he suddenly realize that? Am I about to die?”

“ ... ”

Jaquan and Arabella, who were standing at the door saw the scene. Arabella suddenly smiled and said, “Did you see that? I can’t believe he let Mr. Rolando fall into the pool for that retard...”

She could not continue finishing her words with tears in her eyes.

Holding her in his arm, Jaquan said, “Arabella, forget about that.”

“What?” Arabella pushed him away and complained, tears falling down her face, “Why did he do that? This isn’t Vincent I’ve known...”

Jaquan coldly stated, “This is Vincent.”

“No, you’re lying! It’s not him!” Arabella beat his chest and said, “Vincent does everything openly!”

Jaquan suddenly grabbed her hand. “Is there a difference? Mr. Rolando knows that. Everyone knows that except you! Vincent likes her, so he is willing to do anything for her!”

Hearing his words, Arabella slapped him, “Stop!”

She ran out crying.

Jaquan rubbed his face and looked in the direction where she had left. The tip of his tongue felt his cheek and he said, “You should hit me harder so that I don’t have feelings for you.”

He came out and saw Armando standing at the corner of the third floor, scratching his head awkwardly. “I didn’t see anything. I didn’t see anything,” he explained.

Jaquan patted his shoulder and said to himself before he left, “Randy is right. I’m just an idiot.”

Armando couldn't help but nod his head, and then suddenly shook his head as if he woke with a start. He was trying to comfort him, but he ended up saying, "Do you want to buy a painting?"

Jaquan turned around and asked, "Painting?"

Armando turned on his phone. The pictures in the private room of Ferne's Hotel were showed on his phone. The last page was a note about the card number.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 86

Chapter 86 The Reason

The corridor on the second floor of the Scavos was about several hundred meters long, which was comparable to that of a hotel. When Emily came over last time, she didn't pay much attention to it. This time, she was led walking down the corridor by Vincent's hand. She finally got the chance to observe it carefully. There were night pearls one after another hanging above her head, dark grey carpet beneath her feet, and black and golden characters engraved on the wall. Emily did not recognize those words. What she saw was a wall full of them, shining faintly under the lights of the night pearls.

Vincent stopped in front of a door. The moment his finger touched the door, it clicked open.

Emily walked in behind him. It was a room in cool colors. The bed, sheets, carpets and curtains are all grey and black. The open balcony door, the seeping floor lights and the glistening ripples in the pool, all reminded Emily of the day she was reborn.

Vincent snapped his fingers and the lights in the room lit up. It was dim at first, then slowly grew brighter. Emily also noticed a picture hanging on the wall in the luminous room.

The dark blue sky was filled with myriads of flickering stars, dancing quietly in the dark like fireflies. They flew across the Milky Way, across the galaxy, and soared in the universe.

It gave her great praise and encouragement as Vincent was willing to hang the painting of an amateur artist like her on the wall. She turned around and smiled sincerely at Vincent, "I forgot to say thank you."

Vincent looked at her and said, "That's it?"

Emily stood on tiptoe, but did not kiss him. Instead, he kissed his chest through his black shirt, where she had stabbed him.

The man's breathing stopped for a moment and his eyes darkened.

Emily gave him a sly smile and raised her eyebrows at him. Then, she stroked her lips slowly with her thumb. Although she was still young, this action was less charming but it was somehow more attractive to him.

Vincent reached out and pinched her chin, "Where did you learn it from?"

"From TV." Emily blinked, "Don't you like it?"

Vincent exhaled and let go of her, "Go take a bath."

Emily wanted to say more. She glanced down and caught a glimpse of something, and she immediately turned around and went into the bathroom.

Vincent still got a few drops of water on him. He pressed the button on the wall and activated the built-in dressing room. There was a row of pure black shirts, he randomly picked one and then took off his shirt.

Before he could button up his clean shirt, a voice came from behind him.

Vincent turned around and saw a white figure standing at the door. Arabella stood there, eyes went red. When she saw Vincent's shirt open, revealing his sinewy chest and solid abdominal muscles, she forgot to cry. Then, she stepped forward obsessively and reached out to him.

"Get out." Vincent frowned and looked away. He began to button up his shirt.

Arabella had already walked in front of him. Her heart sank deeply. She heard the sound in the bathroom and saw Vincent half naked. She immediately realized something and questioned him angrily, "You slept with her, right?"

Vincent's hands stopped. He swept his grim gaze past her. "Not that fast yet."

Hearing this, Arabella finally eased up a bit, but she still couldn't bear the thought that Emily was in his room and even took a bath in his bathtub. She had lost her mind, "Why on earth do you like her?!"

Vincent changed into a pure black coat and ignored her.

"Vincent! Just tell me the reason!" Arabella walked up to him, weeping, "As long as you tell me the reason, I'll be out of your hair!"

"I want to sleep with her." Almost at the same moment she finished speaking, the man's low-pitched voice came out.

Arabella was stunned, "What?"

She thought that she had misheard. How could Vincent say such vulgar words? However, a strange feeling arose inside her. He had refreshed her knowledge of him. This new understanding made her choked up with emotions.

The Vincent she knew was an indifferent and abstinent man, so she never linked him with sex. However, this abstinent man expressed his own desire, which made Arabella astonished but also feel a great sense of grievance.

Why it couldn't be her? Why she was not the one he wanted to sleep with...

Clearly she had a better figure than that retard and was better looking, and her height matched him better. She walked step by step towards the man and reached out to him with her trembling hand. "Vincent, let me try."

The bathroom door was suddenly opened. Emily walked out with a bath towel wrapped around her. She forgot to take her clean clothes so she could only cover her body with a towel. She heard someone talking outside when she was taking the bath but she did not expect that she would be seeing this scene in front of her when she came out.

As for Arabella, she leaped to her feet while Vincent was looking at Emily. Vincent tilted his head and dodged, and the kiss landed on his throat.

Vincent frowned, his eyes revealed his disgust. He pushed Arabella away coldly, "Get out, Arabella, this is the last time."

Arabella staggered and fell to the ground. Her face turned even paler when she heard him.

She looked at Emily. The girl had just finished her shower. Her fair skin was glowing in pink by the hot bath and with a pair of dewy and clear eyes. She did not see any emotions in her eyes. The girl was not furious, not jealous, nor was even frowning.

She remembered not long ago in the side hall of the garden, what this teenage girl had said – “I will not lose myself because of anyone. Besides, Mr. Vincent is just a human. He is not god, and he has no right to ask me to respect others.”

Arabella slowly stood up from the ground. She wiped away her tears and sniffed, and asked Emily, “I just know that you are a retard, but I still don’t know your name.”

Although Emily didn’t know exactly what they talked about, one thing she could be sure was that Arabella was rejected by Vincent again and she witnessed that awkward moment. She was wondering that Vincent’s gloomy and terrifying expression was because he got disturbed or he didn’t like being touched by Arabella.

When she heard Arabella, she turned her head to look at her. Although she was in an awkward position, her noble temperament was not weakened. Her courage to love and hate was very admirable. Emily thought for a while and replied solemnly, “Emily Britt.”

Arabella later looked at Vincent, she squeezed out a smile, and then looked at Emily again, “I got it now.”

She seemed to have sprained her ankle, and was limping out against the wall.

Outside the door, one guard carefully reached out his hand and closed the door.

Emily walked to the bedside, she picked up a clean new skirt, turned around and was heading to the bathroom. All of a sudden, her hands were gripped by the man. She turned around and met the man’s deep black eyes.

Billionaire’s Reborn Baby chapter 87

Chapter 87 Consultants

Vincent stared at her for a moment. After a long while, he let go of her disappointedly, “Go.”

Emily, on the other hand, reached out and wiped his neck.

As his body stiffened, she stood on tiptoe and kissed his throat, biting him slightly.

There seemed to be a string in Vincent’s head that just broke. He came to himself and immediately locked her in his arms. He held the back of her head and kissed her. His

reaction was totally different from when Arabella kissed his throat just now. The moment Emily nibbled at his throat, he wanted to crush the girl in front of him right away.

Emily unconsciously let out a muffled moan. The man's kiss was too fierce and violent, reminding her of the time at Tea Manor, when she was blindfolded, she could only sense her intense heartbeat and rough breathing.

Their breath entwined.

The towel fell to the ground. The man held the girl's slender waist and with a little effort, he left a red mark on her fair skin. He tilted his head and kissed the girl on the shoulder. He said in a husky voice, "Go get dressed."

Emily replied, "Alright."

After a few seconds, Vincent lowered his head and looked at her, "Why are you still not leaving?"

Emily moved her body, "You have to put me down first."

"..."

The guards who were eavesdropping by the door said, "Ah!!! I can keep up! Don't stop!"

On the other side, Arabella limped out and met Jaquan in the hallway, along with Ferne, Armando, and Randy, as well as a group of guards.

Seeing Arabella walked out with difficulty, Jaquan was about to step forward when Randy stopped him by tightly grabbing his shoulder.

Ferne asked worriedly, "What happened to our Miss Arabella? Are you hurt?"

Arabella nodded and looked at Jaquan through Ferne, "I accidentally twisted my ankle."

When Jaquan's gaze met hers, he knew at once that she needed him, so he shook off Randy's grip and immediately walked up to Arabella, supporting her arm. "Does it hurt? I'll take you to the hospital."

Arabella didn't refuse and nodded goodbye to Ferne and Randy.

As soon as the two of them left, Randy swore angrily, "Damn it! This idiot! I've already told him that he has to be indifferent to her at first, then after a few days passionately

show his care to her and ignore her again. I'm sure he can take her down in such a cycle. But look at him, he can't even bear for a while!"

Ferne rubbed his chin. "I think that you're right, but I still don't believe you. Look, apart from Armando, who is a celibatarian, and Jaquan, who is a simp, you're the only old man left here with unknown sexual orientation. You are a single old man, what qualifies you to be a relationship counselor?"

"Unknown sexual orientation?" Randy gritted his teeth, "I like women with big boobs and butts!"

"You just told Mr. Maury that you are crazy about Vincent." Ferne reminded.

Randy suddenly speechless "..."

In the banquet hall.

When Sydnee came in from outside, she saw the butler cutting a cake nearly as tall as him, with a Korean heart-shaped birthday hat with a pompom on his head and was surrounded by children. Someone was dancing in the middle of the dance floor. A group of young men and women were flirting in the corridor. The whole hall was pervaded by a romantic atmosphere.

She came here today to give something to Emily. It took her two days to get them. Before she came, she called Harold, but he had already returned to the Britt's and couldn't come out again. She had no choice but to come to the Scavo's in person. If she saw Emily, she could just give her the key directly. The property ownership certificate she had already locked in a cabinet.

Unexpectedly, she was soon noticed by her college classmates as well as the seniors who had graduated.

"Sydnee Dickerson, why did you come to this banquet?" A female classmate looked at her suspiciously, "Mr. Vincent invited you? No way?"

Sydnee also felt weird. As soon as she got out of the car, she was shown into the banquet hall before she could explain that she was uninvited. The person who led her seemed know her.

She didn't respond, just looked around. Emily was not here, but she saw her brother, Eliot Britt.

Being ignored by Sydnee, her classmates felt annoyed and deliberately bumped her shoulder, "Hey, we are talking to you. What are you looking? What? You don't even bother to talk to us, do you?"

Sydnee had always been solitary at college. Many people didn't like her, but it wasn't that they didn't appreciate that. It was because none of them could be like her, which made them resented her and wanted to destroy her. It was jealousy.

Polite manners and elegant behaviors were the Dickerson family's values and education. Being raised up in a family like this, Sydnee conducted herself with grace. Her nobleness and elegance were from the inside out. No one could do that, so they just envied her secretly and made fun of her.

"Speaking of money, how much longer can your family rely on that store of yours?"

"I heard that it's going to close down soon. It's losing money, right?"

"You haven't been to school lately. Are you doing a part-time job at night?"

They laughed loudly. There was no need to ask them what they mean by a part time job at night. Sydnee ignored them and walked forward. However, someone tugged at her sleeve and said, "Hey, isn't that Mr. Marquise?"

This person shouted loudly. Marquise heard the noise and looked over. His eyes swept randomly at the crowd and saw Sydnee at once. His eyes lit up. He took a quick sip of wine with others, excused himself and walked over.

Sydnee was a little anxious. She immediately tried to pull back her sleeve said, "Let go!"

The female student sneered, "Hey, Sydnee, Mr. Marquise seems to like you. Now that he and Elsie are done. You have a chance."

While they were talking, Marquise had already stood in front of them. He drank a lot wine and his eyes were slightly red. He walked towards Sydnee and asked her fondly, "Are you looking for me?"

"Holy shit, Mr. Marquise, you are quite capable! You refused Elsie, and there is Miss Arabella of the Dickerson's waiting for you! How impressive!" The crowd laughed loudly."

Marquise was drunk. He couldn't tell whether they were truly admiring him or they were just being sarcastic. He just knew that they were flattering him, so he immediately waved his hands and chuckled, "It was nothing."

Sydnee was inwardly furious, but was calm outwardly. She said to Marquise, "Mr. Marquise, I'm sorry, I didn't come here for you. If you don't mind, I have to leave now."

Marquise reached out his hand to stop her, "Hey, why leaving so soon?"

Sydnee avoided his contact. Their unfriendly gaze made her sick. Everyone was making a fool of her, and their gazes were like thorns stuck in her.

"Are you still angry?" Marquise reached out to hold her hand, "Elsie is too malicious. She set me up. Look, I didn't marry her. Such a wicked woman is not qualified to be in my family. Sydnee, the person I want to marry is you."

Sydnee shook off his hand and said coldly, "Mr. Marquise, you're drunk."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 88

Chapter 88 She Says

"No." Marquise looked at her and suddenly became affectionate, "Listen to me. Really, the first time I see you, I have the feeling that we must have been married and have lived together in our previous life. Every time I return home, I would think of you when I see the empty house."

The mocking voices of the surrounding people stopped for a while. But when they heard this, they burst into even louder laughter.

Sydnee glared at Marquise and saw him continue even more obsessively. "We have a child. Every day, you would play with the child in the living room. You would teach him how to sing and how to read. This dream is too real. I feel like it happened."

"Are you finished?" Sydnee asked coldly.

"Finished." Marquise suddenly knelt on one knee and said, "Sydnee, marry me. I will definitely treat you well. I swear, I will use my life to give you a happy life. I didn't prepare a ring, but don't worry, I will definitely give you a grand proposal ceremony."

Sydnee interrupted him coldly, "Mr. Marquise, I have a boyfriend."

"Who?" Marquise suddenly woke up from his drunkenness and stared at her with a frightening look, "Tell me, who is it?"

As Sydnee thought about whether she should call Harold, a male voice came from behind her, "Me."

Then, an arm fell on her shoulder.

Sydnee tilted her head slightly and saw half of Eliot's face. Eliot and Emily were not at all alike, but there was one thing in common that both of them were very attractive. From an early age, Emily was beautiful, just like an exquisite doll. Eliot was the white-shirted senior in the eyes of many schoolgirls. Sydnee still remembered seeing Eliot's picture on the web page for the first time. He dressed in a white shirt, with the sleeves half rolled. He was lowering his head to read a book in the library, while the breeze blew up his tousled hair in front of his forehead. He extended his hand to block the wind and the fine sunlight passing through his fingers shone down. He squinted and looked up. The scene was shot, and the picture was kept as the phone wallpaper by lots of schoolgirls.

Marquise pulled a long face, "Eliot, what do you mean?"

"Nothing." Eliot held Sydnee's hands and pulled her closer.

Marquise suddenly pulled apart their tied hand angrily, "She is mine!"

Eliot held Sydnee and took a few steps back. He had lost a lot of weight these past few days. The great changes in his family had deprave him of naïve appearance in a short period of time, but in an instant, turned him into a mature and steady man. His face was tired, but his eyes were especially energetic. He looked at Sydnee and said, "Please tell him which one you will choose."

Sydnee looked into Eliot's eyes and didn't know how to respond.

Although she didn't want to get involved with anyone, the person in front of her was Emily's brother. She hesitated for a few seconds before squeezing into Eliot's arms.

Seeing this scene, Marquise was blue in the face and then he sneered at Eliot, "You don't need to get yourself involved in this matter for your sister. Do you know what kind of rules the Dickerson family has? The Dickersons won't forgive you just for your simple excuse of having a misunderstanding."

Eliot also smiled. His skin had been tanned recently, and his face presented a healthy wheat color. He said lightly to Marquise, "Don't mind the business of Sydnee and me."

"If you're unhappy with me, fine, let's go out and have a fight. You can hit me until you are happy." Marquise felt vexed.

Eliot probably wanted to have a fight with him. As soon as Marquise finished speaking, Eliot lifted Marquise's collar and walked out the door. Sydnee was stunned. She didn't know whether to help Eliot or stop them from fighting each other. She could only send a message to Emily, "Eliot and Marquise had a fight!"

Many people rushed to the door and watched the fight.

Eliot pinned Marquise down to the ground and beaten him up. Every time Eliot beaten up, Marquise shouted, "Hit hard! Good! Good!"

Sydnee couldn't help but wonder if Marquise was crazy.

Eliot angrily punched him again, "Marquise, I treat you as a friend. What did you do to my sister? She's a girl, but you made her so embarrassed..."

The Marquise smiled on the ground, with blood all over his face. "I knew it. You must be doing this for your sister. Hit me! Hit hard! As long as you give vent to your anger, you will be satisfied. I won't cause any trouble for you!"

"You scum!" Eliot roared angrily, "I really want to kill you!"

The entrance was crowded with people. There were many spectators and also those people who were about to stop the men from fighting, but they were stopped by Marquise. "Don't stop him! Let him vent his anger! I owe him!"

Marquise's face was covered in blood. Eliot lowered his head and whispered, "You like Sydnee, don't you? Let me tell you, there's no way. She's mine."

"Eliot, screw you!" Marquise widened his eyes.

Eliot punched him again, knocking Marquise unconscious.

The bodyguards of the Buckley family all rushed over and surrounded Eliot. The Scavo family's security guards and bodyguards also surrounded Eliot. Eliot was like a man who bathed in blood. His white suit was stained with blood. Blood was still dripping from the joints of his right hand, and it was difficult to tell if it was Marquise's blood or his.

He stepped over Marquise and stood up. Suddenly, he was stunned when he saw the hall. The crowd could not help but follow his gaze and look towards the hall.

At the corner of the second floor, a tall man in a pure black suit stood there. He went downstairs slowly. He was desperately handsome, but he wore a cold and arrogant look,

which kept a distance from the ordinary people. Then he stopped and gazed at the crowd. His eyes were cold as the icy-cold equipment.

It was Vincent!

The crowd quieted down strangely.

Everyone stared at him until a girl in white dress appeared. A girl was about seventeen or eighteen years old, and she wore a pure white dress with the long hair hanging down. She had palm-sized face, a pair of clear and clean eyes and rosy lips. She had fair white skin, as if she was glowing. Her beauty had grasped everyone's heart.

Everyone was silent for a moment, and then there was a heated discussion.

"Holy shit! Isn't this the little retard from the Britt family?"

"Retard ... She is so beautiful?"

"I always feel like I've seen this scene somewhere before..."

"Nonsense! Have you forgotten the Scavo family's banquet last time?"

"Holy shit, I remember that!"

"Oh My Gosh! Is this really that little retard from the Britt family?"

The bodyguards of the Buckley family carried Marquise and walked out of the door when the crowd was dazed.

Not far away, Kamron, who had been watching the fight, was also stunned as he saw the scene. He nudged the bodyguard beside him and asked, "Is that the little retard of the Britt family?"

The bodyguard nodded, "Yes, it's her."

Kamron was dumbfounded.

The bodyguard asked, "What's wrong?"

"It's her." When Kamron saw that face, he involuntarily clenched his legs and felt distressed, "That disgusting girl."

The bodyguard was speechless.

Mr. Kamron had betted that if the news about Vincent and the retard of the Britt family was true, he would kill himself ... Should he remind Mr. Kamron of the promise?

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 89

Chapter 89 Eat with Liquor

Kamron stared at Emily in disbelief. Since she was Vincent's girlfriend, why would she hit him? Was it Vincent's intention?

No, that was impossible.

If Vincent was unhappy with him, he would never let a woman take actions.

Moreover, he remained a tie with that person, so why would Vincent take an action against him?

Kamron thought about that again and again but could not find an answer. Then he stood there and stared fixedly at Emily. Although the girl was a little violent, she was really a beauty. Just as he was looking at her, he met Emily's cold gaze. She took a very quick glance at him and didn't stop, as if she had scanned through a row of ordinary tea sets. There was not the slightest hint of sentiment in her eyes.

Kamron's heart was suddenly stirred, and he felt an undefined vexation and depression.

The butler walked out, with a birthday hat on his head. Behind the butler was a row of bodyguards. They stood in front of Eliot. The butler said, "Mr. Eliot, we don't care about the fight between you and Mr. Marquise. However, the fight happened at the Scavo's. If the Buckleys come to blame us, we will still give an explanation."

Eliot nodded, "I'm sorry."

Many people knew that Marquise and he used to be classmates in university. Although the two of them weren't particularly close friends, they still had a quite good friendship. Eliot had probably been angry for too long because Marquise hurt his sister, so he couldn't help but let out his anger today.

The butler smiled, "Mr. Eliot is too serious. What I said just now is not to accuse you, but to tell you that we will handle the matter properly, since it happened in the Scavo's. You need not worry too much."

Eliot was slightly stunned. He raised his head and saw Vincent's assistant Rex walk out. Rex said, "Mr. Eliot, thank your sister very much for saving Mr. Rolando in the pool. He likes Miss Emily very much, so he intends to keep her in the Scavo's for a few more days. He just asked Miss Emily for her consent, and she agreed. Do you see...?"

The crowd had a more heated discussion.

"What? That little retard from the Britt family saved Mr. Rolando?"

"Isn't Mr. Rolando a famous swimmer?"

"Perhaps he's too old to swim?"

"How can a man who swims across the Yangtze River drown himself in the pool?"

"Leg cramp?"

"I find that you are too jealous to admit that Mr. Rolando was saved by a little retard. But this is the truth. If you don't believe that, there is nothing you can do."

The crowd felt that this person's words were reasonable, so they turned around and nodded at him. When they turned around, they saw Ferne, Armando and Randy standing behind them.

"..."

Ferne grinned at them, "Stop looking, or I'll tear your eyeballs out and eat with liquor."

"..."

The crowd trembled and left.

Eliot personally taught Emily swimming, but he never taught her how to save people. He only taught her how to protect herself, and even told her not to save a drowning person, no matter who was young or old and woman or man.

Eliot looked at Emily from afar and felt that there was something different about his sister. He had known everything she did, including what she was thinking, but he didn't

know when there seemed to be a distance between her and him. For example, at this moment, he stood far away and couldn't understand what she was thinking.

Emily, dressed in a white dress, walked down the stairs. When she passed by the table, she took a white towel. Everyone held their breath as she walked straight to Eliot and wiped the blood off his hands with the towel.

"Eliot, don't fight in the future, okay?" She lowered her head and spoke in a soft voice.

Eliot took the towel and wiped his hands. Blood dried up on the back of his palm. He raised his hand to touch her head but stopped when he saw the blood in his hands.

He just replied, "Alright."

Pausing for a moment, he raised his head to look at Vincent and then looked at Emily, "Emily, do you like this place?"

Emily nodded.

What Eliot really wanted to ask is whether Emily was afraid of Vincent or not.

He had clearly warned her that Vincent was a jackal that didn't spit out bones. But he was standing in the Scavo's and just had a fight with Marquise. At this moment, he could only force a smile, "Okay."

He suddenly recalled that Emily was sent back by Mr. Vincent after the banquet of the Scavo family last time. Later, on Elsie's birthday banquet, Vincent appeared on Emily's balcony. And then ... the two of them came down together.

He had too many questions to ask, but he suppressed his curiosity. He only whispered to Emily, "Alright, live here for a few days. When do you miss home? I will take you home."

Emily nodded, "I know."

The butler asked some servants to clean up the bloodstains on the ground. Rex asked Eliot to go to the lounge and bandaged the wound. Eliot looked at the back of his hand and said, "I am okay. It is not serious."

This was the second time that Emily had stayed outside overnight, apart from staying in the countryside to catch fireflies. But this was not the countryside, and there were no fireflies here either. Eliot didn't understand why Emily had agreed to stay here. Just because of Mr. Rolando's hospitality?

Mr. Matthew's attitude towards Emily had always been tepid. Did Emily also long for Grandpa's love?

Thinking of this, Eliot's attitude finally softened a little. He said to Emily, "I will go back first. Take good care of yourself. If you are unhappy, you must call Eliot. No matter how late it is, Eliot will answer it."

Emily nodded, "I will."

Eliot looked so wistful as he went away.

Sydnee quickly stuffed the key into Emily's hand when there was no one beside Emily, and she hurriedly said, "Keep it."

Then she also left.

When she arrived at the entrance, Sydnee found that Eliot hadn't left yet. He was standing at the door of his car, with his eyes fixedly staring at the door. When he found it was Sydnee, Eliot was obviously a little disappointed. Then, he hid his emotions again.

Sydnee was also a little embarrassed when she saw Eliot. She didn't expect that he hadn't left yet, so she could only nod and smile as a greeting. Then, she got in the car.

Eliot wasn't an imprudent man. However, because of the affairs of the company and Elsie, he hadn't slept well for a long time. He knew that Marquise would definitely attend Vincent's banquet. Both of them deliberately avoided meeting each other.

Unexpectedly, the bastard Marquise had just broke up with Elsie, and immediately he began to court Miss Sydnee of the Dickerson family. The entire Britt family was in deep trouble because of Elsie. Father and mother hadn't talked with each other for a long time, and the family members hadn't even had a meal at the same table. Eliot couldn't suppress his anger after seeing the disgusting face of Marquise.

The cold wind calmed him down. Eliot suddenly regretted that he had get some innocent people involved.

He watched Sydnee's car drive away before sitting in his own car. Forget it, he would spare time to apologize in the future.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 90

Chapter 90 Good Luck

After Eliot left, Ferne held his chin and thought, "Have you noticed that Eliot's attitude towards Emily ... is... a little ...?"

Ferne frowned coquettishly, but Armando didn't understand. Armando just asked, "So? What's wrong?"

Randy stared at the phone and pondered, ignoring the conversation between the two of them.

Ferne could only express himself bluntly, "It's a little strange."

"Why?"

"Don't you feel that they are too intimate?" Ferne pinched his throat and imitated Eliot's words, "You must call Eliot. No matter how late it is, Eliot will answer..."

After saying that, he trembled and felt embarrassed.

Armando asked, "Isn't it good to be intimate?"

"Emily is his father's illegitimate daughter. No matter what, she should be rejected by Eliot." Ferne continued, "Besides, it's heard that Eliot is not so kind to Elsie, but he is very kind to the stupid sister. Hey, Randy, what are you doing? Hurry up and join our chat. The fool Armando can't keep up with my thoughts."

Armando was speechless.

Randy flirted his fan aggressively, "Damn it, that new recruited player broke my record. I can't bear that. I have to go back and create a new record."

Ferne pulled him, "Aren't you afraid that he will give a punch in your face again?"

"I don't fear that. Don't stop me. Even if I stay up late tonight, I will break his record! My god!" Randy threw away Ferne's hand without turning back.

"A game maniac." Ferne sneered and looked at Armando, "Okay, it's better for us to continue our chat."

Armando took a few steps back silently, "I have something to do, so I have to leave first."

"Shit ..." Ferne grabbed him, "What is it?"

Armando replied, "Janessa is back."

Ferne covered his eyes and said, "Scram."

This bunch of unreliable brothers, damn it, how should he get through the long night?

**

After he sent Arabella to the hospital, Jaquan asked an acquaintance to help Arabella remove blood stasis. Arabella could not bear the pain and cried out continually, which embarrassed Jaquan. He could not help but rub his nose, "I'm going out to smoke a cigarette."

At the window of the corridor, after smoking a cigarette, he was about to enter the ward when he heard Arabella's sorrowful cry. He walked along the corridor to the nurse's station.

Three nurses were chatting behind the nurse's counter. "Why does the woman cry so miserably? People may wonder if the woman is giving birth to a baby if they don't know the situation."

"I just took a look. It seems that the woman sprains her ankle."

"It's true that a delicate woman has a good life now."

"That's right. She just sprained her ankle and her boyfriend sent her over in a hurry. Look at the woman in emergency room. What a big difference!"

"What happened to the woman in emergency room?"

"The woman was bitten by a snake. She came with a child, without other people accompanying her. She didn't make a sound during the entire journey."

"Wow, this woman is amazing!"

"Her son is very smart. He kept asking her whether she hurt or not. The key is that he is pretty handsome. I'm so jealous. I also want to have such a handsome son."

"I'll take a look."

"It's heard that the woman's boyfriend in this ward is quite handsome. Aren't you going to take a look?"

"I don't want to see the man. I want to see what the woman who was bitten by a snake looks like."

"I'll go too!"

Jaquan listened quietly and involuntarily followed the three nurses. When he stopped at the door of the emergency room, he saw a woman sitting on a moving bed with her trousers cut open, revealing her fair calf. Her leg was bandaged, and the area that had been bandaged was already swollen.

A little boy was squatting on the ground and helping her put on the shoes.

The doctor was still trying to persuade her, "You have to stay in hospital for observation. You still have to be injected anti-inflammatory potion. If the injected serum doesn't work, we still need to give you other anti-venom serums. Also, if the wound is infected and inflamed, it will cause other complications. After all, you were bitten by a venomous snake, not an ordinary snake..."

"I know. Thank you." As the woman spoke, she suddenly raised her head to look at the door, and her gaze met Jaquan's. She frowned slightly and lowered her head quickly and said to her son, "I'm okay now. Let's go."

Stony said politely to the doctor, "Thank you, Doctor Lee."

He spoke like a small adult, causing a group of nurses to secretly cover their mouths and laugh.

Emma stood up and limped out step by step. When she passed Jaquan, Stony recognized him and asked in surprise, "Mr. Jaquan, why are you here? Are you here to see us?"

Jaquan was a little embarrassed. He coughed softly and asked, "What happened?"

"There was a snake in Auntie's room. Mom went in to help her catch the snake, but she was bitten by it." After Stony finished speaking, he realized that his mother had walked a few steps away without saying anything. He couldn't help but ask Jaquan, "Mr. Jaquan, can you help my mother take a taxi?"

Only then did Jaquan regain his composure and quickly walked over to Emma, "Come, let me help you."

Emma didn't even look at him and said indifferently, "I can walk myself."

"Please don't refuse my help. I'll help you." Jaquan held her elbow.

Emma raised her hand to avoid his touch and looked at him indifferently, "Sir, I said no, don't you understand?"

Stony did not know what had happened between the two of them, but he knew that his mother did not like this uncle. He immediately leaned against Emma and raised his hand above his head, asking his mother to hold his little hand.

Jaquan looked at her angrily. He didn't understand why this woman refused his help when she was in such a difficult situation. Even if she didn't like him, she shouldn't abuse herself.

He glared at her, holding back his anger, "Alright, I'll just watch you leave."

Why did the woman refuse his help?

If he hadn't paid pity for her, he wouldn't be willing to help her.

Behind him came the voice of Arabella, "Jaquan, what are you doing?"

Jaquan turned around and saw the doctor helping Arabella out with an intimate posture. He suddenly became annoyed. Why couldn't she bear to wait for him to return before coming out? Why did she ask the doctor to help her out?

He glanced at the doctor viciously and then stepped forward to support Arabella.

Arabella asked, "Who are you talking to?"

"I don't know." He was still angry.

Arabella looked at him in surprise, "You don't know? Why are you talking to her?"

"Seeing that her foot is injured, I intend to help her get in the car." Jaquan looked ahead and found that Emma and Stony had walked quite a distance.

Arabella suddenly stopped, "Jaquan, can't you think of me when a woman's foot hurt, because my foot hurt?"

"..."

Before Jaquan spoke out that it wasn't because of her, Arabella suddenly hugged him. "It's good to have you stay with me when I am sad."

He suddenly became happy again.

Outside the hospital, Emma took a taxi, but Stony stood there motionless. She tugged at him, "What's wrong?"

Stony silently withdrew his gaze and said somewhat disappointedly, "That uncle is holding a woman."

Emma looked back and said, "Oh."

"Mom doesn't like him because he has a girlfriend?" Stony raised his face and asked.

"No."

"Then why?"

Emma thought about it carefully and said, "Seeing his face makes me displeased."

Stony was speechless.