

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 91 - 100

Chapter 91 Time

At the Scavo's.

At the end of the banquet, the butler thanked the guests and distributed small birthday presents before they left.

Emily sat in the study on the second floor. Rex handed her a timetable, which planned every minute and even second of her day, including the balance portion of her diet. It could be said to be comprehensive.

She stared at it row by row and did not quite understand why it also included Sanda. She could only look up at the man who was sitting at the desk typing on the computer and said, "I also need to learn Sanda?"

Vincent raised his head from the flickering screen and looked at her with a deep gaze. He snorted, "Yes."

But in his mind, he thought of her thin and soft waist that could not bear a gentle grip. If it was on the bed, it could be crushed with a single effort.

Emily did not know what was on his mind. She only thought for a moment before nodding her head in agreement. Then, she looked at the schedule for the evening. It was almost all about mathematics and physics teaching. Because her foundation was too poor, she had to learn from the beginning. Rex specially brought her the first-grade math exam paper.

"..."

Emily looked at the paper and raised her head to squeeze out a smile at Rex, "Thank you for your hard work."

Rex smiled, "not at all."

Emily thought for a moment, then lowered her head and calmed herself down to answer the questions. She knew that Rex was testing her foundation.

Mr. Rolando pretended to be sick in bed, and only after hearing the butler say that the guests had dispersed did he come down for a midnight snack. After returning, he was puzzled as to why his grandson could fall for a little girl without a word and keep her in his room.

He sneaked to the study and shushed at the guard by the door.

The guard by the door twitched their eyebrows, but they didn't inform anyone. They just silently moved their gaze away and pretended not to see him.

Mr. Rolando opened the door and saw this scene: Vincent was sitting at his desk and typing on his computer, and opposite a small table sat a little girl. Her long silk-like hair was draped over her back shoulders. She had her head down and a pen in hand, writing something seriously. The lamp fell on the two of them. This picturesque scene only reminded people of two words-peaceful time.

Rex was taking out the cup when he met Mr. Rolando's eyes. The two of them looked at each other for a moment, but they both looked away and walked in the opposite direction as if they hadn't seen each other.

After Emily finished writing, she handed over the exam paper to Rex and continued to work on the next second-grade paper. She raised her head and looked at Vincent unintentionally. Half of the man's face was blocked by the computer, only revealing a pair of eyes, sharp, serious, and earnest. His dark and stern eyebrows slightly twisted and brow bones were drawn together, making his eyes even sharper. He was like a leopard waiting for prey, full of aggressiveness.

It was the first time she had seen him working. She had not expected it to be like this.

She slightly distracted for a moment, then heard Rex ask, "Miss Emily?"

"Huh?"

"What are you staring at Mr. Vincent for?" He asked.

Hearing their conversation, Vincent looked up from his computer.

Emily unexpectedly noticed that her ears were a little hot. She reached out to her ears. When she met Vincent's faintly smiling eyes, her voice became a little softer. "Just a casual look."

"Miss Emily, I've finished correcting your paper. You don't pass the first-grade exam. Let's start from the beginner level. This is your book." Rex handed over a book.

Emily turned over it seriously. Vincent stood up, took a tie from the drawer and walked step by step to Emily. She looked at him uncertainly with his reflection in her clear black eyes.

He lowered his head, gathered all her hair in his palm, tied it up with the tie, then touched her ears, which had not yet cooled down, and returned to the desk.

Emily touched the tie behind her head and smiled at Vincent.

Rex, "..."

I would rather be under the table than be here seeing how sweet you are...

At 9:30, Rex packed the books and went out. He then came in with the hot milk and midnight snacks from the butler. After putting them on the table, he quietly escaped.

After Vincent finished dealing with his business, he casually opened a stock chart and then looked at Emily, "Come here and drink the milk first."

Emily put down the pen and drank the milk on the table before she went around the front table and went to Vincent's side. There was only a chair in front of the desk. She intended to stand by him but was pulled onto his lap and sat down.

"I'll teach you to read K-charts."

The guards at the door stretched their necks and peeked. After Rex came back, he gave them each a kick, "What are you looking at!"

The guards stood upright for a second.

Rex was about to open the door and enter when he saw the little Hulk sitting on Vincent's lap. They stared at the computer and talked, while Vincent was feeding her.

Rex, "..."

Vincent was no longer what he used to be.

The moon outside the window was hazy, and a cool night breeze was blowing, like the gentle whispers of the lovers.

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After Eliot Britt returned home, he told Maury Britt about Emily being left by the Scavos. Maury was extremely surprised. Not to mention him, even Beverly and Elsie Britt dropped their jaws in shock.

“Why?” They asked in unison.

Because Emily hadn’t returned, the two of them had been waiting upstairs. When Eliot returned alone this time, Elsie thought that she had had something on that idiot. She couldn’t wait to come down and tell her off. When she heard what Eliot said, it was like a thunderbolt from the blue!

“It’s said that Emily saved Mr. Rolando. Mr. Rolando thought she was well behaved, so he kept her and wanted her to stay for a few days.”

Eliot lay on the sofa exhausted. He had already washed his hands halfway and took off his jacket. No one could tell that he had fought, but the joints of his right hand were bleeding.

“It’s unreasonable!” Beverly cried out in shock. Then, she realized that her voice was too loud and she silently shrunk back. “Emily is still young. They are both unmarried and now they live in the same house. What if someone gossips...?”

“Yes, yes!” Elsie echoed, “Brother, why did you agree? What about Mr. Vincent? He also agreed?”

Eliot said exhaustively, “Mr. Vincent should have agreed. The one who came out to speak was his assistant.”

Beverly was completely speechless.

There was something wrong when Mr. Vincent sent Emily back last time. This time, he even didn’t object to Emily staying in the Scavo’s. There must be something wrong! Definitely!

“No wonder.” When Maury Britt heard this news, he didn’t care that Elsie and Beverly were also in the living room. Normally, when these two people saw him, they would hide from him like mice from a cat.

“What’s the matter?” Eliot asked.

“Two clients just called and asked if we had any intention of cooperating.” Maury Britt revealed a rare smile. “I thought you found the source of the clients, but I didn’t expect it was because of the Scavos.”

Eliot didn’t say anything. He had indeed scattered a lot of business cards tonight, but their attitude was written on their face. There should be few people willing to cooperate. Even if there were some, it should be accredited to the Scavo’s banquet. After all, it was them who had invited him.

“I’m tired. I’ll go wash up and sleep first.

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Chapter 92 Peace

When Eliot went upstairs, Beverly noticed that he didn’t have any paper documents with him, so she asked caringly, “Son, how’s the company recently?”

Eliot unbuttoned his shirt expressionlessly, “It’s none of your business.”

Beverly followed him to the second floor step by step. “I’m just worried about you.”

Eliot stopped and turned to look at her, “You can worry, but don’t interfere. If you do it again and belch it up, I can’t save you.”

“Son, what are you talking about?” Beverly laughed embarrassedly.

“Mom, you know what I’m talking about.” Eliot gave her a deep look and said, “It’s late. Go to bed.”

“Ah—” Beverly wanted to say something else, but the door was already closed.

She stomped her foot in frustration.

After taking a bath, Eliot went straight to the guest room on the first floor. Harold Green was doing push-ups on the floor. Seeing Eliot enter, he stood up in no hurry and asked with a dull face, “Eliot, are you looking for me?”

"Yes." Eliot nodded and looked around his room. There were very few things, and the quilt on his bed was folded like an orderly block. He was indeed a veteran soldier.

"I'm going to ask you a few questions and you are going to answer them honestly. If you don't tell the truth, then you will lose your reputation as a soldier!"

Eliot sat on the bed and looked at Harold with a bitter gaze, "Tell me, how Emily and Vincent knew each other?"

...

Emily received the messages from Harold only after finishing her shower.

"Congratulations, Miss Emily. Another million scored."

She flipped through her phone and got a few more messages.

"Mr. Eliot just came to ask me how you and Mr. Vincent got to know each other."

Emily did not reply to Harold's messages. Instead, she called Eliot.

"Eliot."

"What's wrong? Can't you sleep?" Eliot's voice was also very clear. Apparently he hadn't slept.

Emily replied in a low voice, "Yes."

"What's wrong? Something on your mind?" Eliot asked.

Emily asked hesitantly, "Eliot, are you unhappy?"

Eliot didn't say anything.

Emily said softly, "I heard Elsie say that the Scavo family is very powerful. As long as we can stay in the Scavo family, the company will be saved."

Eliot was stunned. After a long while, he said, "You ... stayed because of this?"

"Eliot, I hope you and Dad will be fine, and our family will be fine."

Hearing this, Eliot's voice became hoarse, "Emily..."

After hanging up the phone, what Harold had said echoed in his mind.

"At the Scavo's banquet at the end of September, Miss Emily was drugged by Miss Elsie and fell into the pool. It was Mr. Vincent who rescued her."

"At the birthday banquet of Mr. Ian, Ms. Elsie again drugged Ms. Emily. Mr. Vincent saved her again."

No wonder she didn't know anything.

What was ridiculous was that he still suspected her.

Eliot covered his face, all he could think about was Emily's palm-sized face with sparkling tears, and she called him softly, "Brother..."

The pain was so immense as if his heart was seized up.

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After coming out of the bathroom, Emily climbed onto the bed. There was Vincent's aura in the quilt. She sniffed gently and a hint of peace swept over her heart. Probably a little exhausted today, she drifted off to sleep not long after she closed her eyes.

When Vincent came in wet, the little girl lay on the bed and snored lightly like a small animal.

He walked over and ruffled her long hair onto the pillow, the girl's porcelain-white cheeks glowing seductively in the dim wall light, her pink lips slightly opened, and her breath exhaled with a hint of mint.

He stared at her for a moment, then stretched his hand under the pillow and, as expected, felt the cold dagger underneath.

He had slept with a gun under his pillow for ten years, so he naturally understood her defensive behavior out of fear. However, he was not sure what kind of dark abyss this little girl had experienced to have to sleep with a knife under her pillow.

What did she dream of that night at the Tea Manor that caused her to cry out in a heartbreaking voice, "No..."

This little girl was filled with secrets.

Vincent tucked her in and got up to leave, but his hand was grabbed.

Cold tones spread out behind the man. The ripples of the pool burst through the gaps in the curtains and twisted themselves around the ceiling, reflecting the dark blue vastness of the stars on the wall. The girl lay on the dark gray bed, against which her skin appeared tender and fair, the exquisite collarbones exposed, and the silk-like hair coiled on the sheets.

With her eyes opened and a dazed expression from sleep, Emily grabbed his hand and asked in a soft voice, "Where are you going? Didn't you say we should sleep together?"

In the dim light, the man's voice was slightly magnetic and hoarse. "My self-control isn't that good."

Emily did not follow his thoughts, her dazed eyes rippling with confusion, gradually lingering from the daze to clarity, only to see the tall and straight back of the man slowly walking out of sight.

She thought they were going to sleep together tonight.

After Vincent left, she felt a bit strange, as if she was disappointed.

Perhaps living alone in a strange place was a bit uncomfortable. As she thought this, she fell asleep again. Half asleep, she suddenly remembered his words about self-control... She vaguely thought of something and laughed in her dream.

It was a rare night that she did not have nightmares, but dreamed of Vincent, the second time since she had dreamed of him on the night he first kissed her.

In her dream, he and Arabella were arguing about something. Emily opened the bathroom door and went out. Seeing that the two of them were kissing, she felt somewhat uncomfortable.

Suddenly, the scene changed and she turned into Arabella, the feeling on her lips real and hot. She then woke up with a dazed gasp. It was already dawn.

After she finished washing up, she walked along the corridor to the training room. The door was half open and she could vaguely hear the sounds of fighting inside. She pushed the door open and walked in before seeing a group of people fighting on the arena.

There were Rex, a few guards, and Vincent.

They heard the sound and looked back with sweat stained eyes. Vincent rolled down from the arena with a thin layer of sweat on his forehead. He took the towel handed over by a guard and wiped his face and neck. Then, he walked towards Emily and asked, "Got up?"

Emily nodded as she took a set of white martial arts clothes from Rex. Then, she walked side by side with Vincent to a room. The man took off his wet clothes and revealed a hideous and sweaty back. His muscles were firm and strong, and small ones lay dormant on the surface of his skin, breathing in the surrounding air through the bulging veins.

Turning back, he seemed to see Emily just now. He stroked the top of her hair with his big palm and said, "Go and have breakfast."

Emily nodded and suddenly reached out to the scar on his chest.

The man held his breath, the rhythm of his breathing following the spin of her fingertips.

Emily looked at the cubicle and saw that there was a bathroom inside for shower, and outside was for changing clothes. Vincent should be preparing to take a bath. She withdrew her fingers and walked out with the clothes in her arms.

Vincent stood still and looked down at his chest, only to feel that the fire that he had managed to suppress the entire night had been hooked up again by the little girl's finger.

It was killing him.

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Chapter 93 Make a Bet

After Emily went to the bathroom to get changed, she saw Rex bringing about the breakfast and waiting for her in the room. He put the food on the table and looked at his watch, "Miss Emily, you have ten minutes."

Emily knew that she had to learn Sanda at 7:30 every day, so she immediately sat down. She took a big sip of milk, gobbled down the sandwich, wiped her mouth with a towel, then stood up and said, "Let's go."

Mr. Rolando sat downstairs early in the morning. He even invited a lot of friends over for tea. A group of old men rubbed their sleepy eyes and yawned. "Hey, why asked us here this early in the morning?"

"To have a cup of tea." Mr. Rolando occasionally looked in the direction of the stairs and said to the butler, "Fill it up."

The butler was speechless.

'Mr. Rolando, you are not having wine!'

These old men had recently become addicted to night fishing. Not long after they fell asleep, they were called over by Mr. Rolando. He only said that something serious had happened. Everyone was still fuzzy. They stormed here from bed and hadn't even worn their shoes properly. And now they saw Mr. Rolando holding a cup of tea in his hand and sitting in the living room leisurely.

It turned out that nothing serious had happened.

They waited from seven o'clock to nine o'clock. After having breakfast, drinking morning tea, and staring at each other for a while, they finally couldn't help but stand up to leave.

Mr. Rolando felt embarrassed and asked the butler. "Why haven't they come down yet? Are they still asleep?"

The butler's eyebrows twitched. "Mr. Vincent has already woken up. He is having a video conference in the study."

"He won't go to the company?" Mr. Rolando raised his eyebrows, looking angry.

The butler handed him another cup of tea and said, "No."

"Then what is he planning to do today?" Mr. Rolando turned around and looked at the coffee table. He had drunk more than a dozen cups of tea early in the morning when waiting for them, yet they didn't show up at all!

The butler shook his head, "I don't know."

"Where's that little girl last night?"

"She's upstairs."

Mr. Rolando was anxious, "Why hasn't she come down yet?"

"What for?"

Mr. Rolando was rendered speechless by the butler. And he could barely sit down after drinking so much tea. So he stood up, and paced back and forth in the living room in anger.

It was finally noon as he paced. Emily showed up when Mr. Rolando became desperate. She went downstairs in sportswear. At the same time, Vincent also came downstairs.

Mr. Rolando didn't examine this little girl carefully last night. Now, he felt that this little girl looked pretty good and well matched his grandson.

Thinking about that, he regretted not inviting his old friends over at noon. In that case, he could show off in a subtle way. 'See, this is my granddaughter-in-law. Isn't she pretty?'

Among his old friends, none of their grandsons and granddaughters had got married. They made a bet in private. If one of them got a granddaughter-in-law first, the rest needed to celebrate on it. The winner would feel really awesome.

These old guys were dead enemies when young. Now in their late years, they were bored and had no company, a 'fake' friendship developed among them.

On a bleak autumn evening, when they were fishing together, someone sighed, "My grandson plays computer games all day long and hasn't got a girlfriend. I'm so angry that I want to smash his computer. Young men nowadays are nothing like us at all..."

"So is my grandson. He spends all day on his glass shop all day long. He's so cowardly that he doesn't like to talk. He hasn't inherited any of my strengths at all..."

"Yours just doesn't speak. Mine never left the door. He stays in the garret all day. Tell me, which one is worse?"

When everyone heard this, they couldn't help but sigh.

Someone suddenly said, "Why don't we make a bet?"

So whose grandson was the first to get marriage had made the old men's roll and forced out their daily bet— whoever caught fewer fish offered dinner that day.

Okay, let's get back to right now.

Now, Mr. Rolando had become the first person to have a granddaughter-in-law, so he was the Big Brother. Thinking of that, his wrinkled face smiled even more wrinkled than a chrysanthemum.

“Hello, Grandpa.” As soon as Emily came down, she saw that Mr. Maury was smiling at her very kindly.

Mr. Rolando couldn't hold back his kind smile, so he could only put away a few weak teeth and kindly said, “Good girl, sit down. Are you hungry? Tell Grandpa what you want to eat.”

Emily felt that compared to last night, his attitude seemed to have undergone a qualitative leap and had reached a quantitative change. Therefore, she responded unchanged and said obediently, “Alright.”

The kitchen help brought the dishes to the table. They sat down. Mr. Rolando completely ignored Vincent at the other end of the table and kept asking Emily, “Is there anything you can't eat?”

Emily shook her head, “No.”

The meat and vegetables on the table were well matched with color and fragrance. There was also a dessert fruit salad. However, it was a little cold. She did not want to eat fruit very much. She just puckered her lips and took a bite or two. Somehow Vincent noticed that. He waved his hand to let Rex withdraw it.

Mr. Rolando was still asking tirelessly, “How old are you? Where do you come from? Do you have any siblings?”

Emily stuffed her mouth with rice and chewed hard. She raised her head to look at Mr. Rolando. She wanted to speak but was afraid of spitting out rice grains, so she could only chew quickly.

Mr. Rolando was not in a hurry as he smiled and waited for her.

Vincent put down his chopsticks and said, “Old man.”

When Mr. Rolando heard his voice, he curled his lips unhappily and said like a child, “I was just asking.”

Vincent picked up a piece of meat and said, “Let's eat.”

"Girl, you must marry to him in the future. He might look cold, but it's just his personality. His heart is very gentle. He will definitely treat you well. If he dares not, I will beat him to death!" Mr. Rolando said happily as he tried to sell his grandson to Emily.

Emily followed Vincent to pick up a piece of meat for Rolando. She obediently said, "Grandpa, have a piece of meat."

Mr. Rolando was so happy that his eyes narrowed.

Grandson and granddaughter-in-law had both brought him meat at the same time. He had to brag it tonight to those old fellows. And it had to be subtle.

Emily surveyed the surroundings while eating. This morning, she discovered that there were only grandfather and grandson living in this big house. As for Vincent's stories, she had only heard from her brother about his personality in her previous life. She did not know much about the situation in his family. Now, it seemed that Vincent did not have any parents...

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Chapter 94 Harmony

Emily planted her feet early in the morning, so she still felt a little sour on her calves. After breakfast, she took a walk along the living room with trembling legs. Suddenly, she heard the butler outside shouting, "You are here, Mr. Eliot. Please come in. Mr. Vincent and Miss Emily have just finished their breakfast."

Emily immediately walked to the sofa and sat down. If Eliot found out that there was something wrong with her legs, he would definitely ask her what happened. How would she explain it?

Should she say that she was practicing martial arts with Vincent this morning?

Just as she was anxious, a servant came over with a wooden basin, which was put under her feet. The servant squatted down, put her feet in it, and then massage her feet.

Emily was surprised when she heard Maury's voice from the door, "Sorry to bother you."

The butler smiled and said in an official tone, "No at all. Miss Emily is very cute and kind."

Maury smiled. "My daughter is really not mature. I'm afraid that she may cause trouble for you, so I plan to bring her home today."

As they spoke, they entered the living room. Rolando hurriedly stopped chatting with his old friends and hung up the phone. Then he walked out. He held Maury's hands and said, "Mr. Maury, your daughter is really great!"

Maury was stunned when he heard this. He felt that Rolando was not praising him, but laughing at him. He tried to remain calm and said, "No matter how much trouble my daughter has caused for you, I will be responsible for it."

Eliot also said seriously to Mr. Rolando, "What's wrong my sister?"

Only then did Mr. Rolando realize that Maury didn't look good. Perhaps he was too enthusiastic. So he calmed down a little and greeted Maury again, "Come. Take a seat."

They walked from the living room to the sofa and finally saw the person they had just talked about was sitting quietly on the sofa. Her feet were soaking in the water and she was enjoying the massage.

When she saw them, she said sweetly, "Eliot, Dad."

Then she looked down at the petals in the wooden basin. She continued playing with them happily.

Maury, "..."

His worriers were in vain!

Eliot, "..."

His concern was in vain!

Mr. Rolando narrowed his eyes and smiled, "This girl is really adorable. I still want her to stay here for a few more days. Are you going to take her back now?"

He naturally understood why his grandson suddenly wanted to bet with him last night. Since it was his grandson's first time to "beg" him, then as a grandfather, he needed to do what he should do.

Maury did not quite understand why Emily was liked by Mr. Rolando, so he could only praise her, "My daughter is simple and innocent, like a child, but she respects the elders very much. She is also very modest to other children, and she is very polite."

Mr. Rolando felt that Emily's father didn't understand him. The reason why he liked the girl was that she was the first girl that his grandson had brought home at night. Thus, no matter who she was, Mr. Rolando liked her. This had nothing to do with that she was kind or modest.

The center of Rolando's life was his grandson. Even if his grandson married a woman, who was hot-tempered, troublesome and even had a fight with others, he would definitely first protect her and then try to handle the rest.

Although it was a little unfair to the girl when he thought about this, he only had one grandson and had taken care of him for more than twenty years. If this "bastard" still couldn't find a girlfriend, Rolando should be prepared for that Vincent brought a boyfriend home.

Fortunately, this girl appeared from nowhere and saved him, which made him feel proud among his old friends. Thinking of this, he no longer beat around the bush and directly said to Maury, "I like this kid very much. I want her to stay here for another month. What do you think?"

Maury hadn't expected that Rolando would want Emily to stay here for another month. He remembered that last night, Emily was allowed to live here only for a few days! He was immediately stunned.

Eliot replied quickly, "My sister is still young, so she may cause trouble sometimes. She is still like a child. We are worried that she will cause trouble for you and your family, so we think it's better for us to bring her home!"

Only now did Mr. Rolando realize that it was strange. Even if the girl was quite young, her father and brother shouldn't be so worried and nervous. Actually, he didn't know Emily's another identity-the retard of the Britts. He only wanted her to be his granddaughter-in-law, so he said again, "What trouble will she bring us? Don't worry! She is especially adorable. Besides, she likes here. Let her stay here for a few more days. When she is tired of here, I'll ask someone to send her back."

Since Rolando said this, Maury and Eliot didn't know what to say. Mr. Rolando expression was a little serious. He looked as if he would be angry if they said one more word.

The fruit and tea were served. Maury took a sip of tea and talked with Mr. Rolando. He heard Emily chatting with the servant who was massaging her.

“R-o-s-e! Rose.” The servant taught Emily pronunciation and even opened her mouth to show the tongue.

Emily learned to say, “Rose.”

Eliot looked over in surprise. The servant took out the petals from the wooden basin and talked to Emily. She would occasionally say a few words to Emily and explained, “Water. This is water.”

Maury also opened his mouth wide in shock. No one taught Emily pronunciation at home. He couldn’t believe that her pronunciation was so accurate.

Vincent came down from upstairs. His gaze swept past the people on the sofa and nodded slightly to Maury. Then, he walked over without saying a word. Rex reported today’s schedule to him.

“There’s a targeted market assessment report meeting in the marketing department this afternoon. There’s an interview of a fashion magazine at 4:00 p. m. and I’ve rejected it. Mr. Noel from the Promising International Company invites you to dinner tonight. Shall I reject it as well?”

Vincent nodded and then looked at Maury on the sofa. He asked, “I remember your company seems to be able to do the EPC project?”

Maury stood up and said with embarrassment, “Yes, we can.”

Although Vincent was a junior to him, in terms of ability, Vincent was the king of the business in City Y. Regardless of the status, Maury hadn’t seen anyone that could be Vincent’s competitor.

Besides, Vincent was well known that he was temperamental. Another reason why Maury was anxious to take Emily home was that he was worried that Emily would irritate Vincent. After all, Emily had fallen into Vincent’s swimming pool at the last banquet and she was forced to compensate 500, 000, which was indeed a great loss for them.

Vincent looked down at the document and handed it to the assistant behind him. “Let’s cooperate with the Britt Group in this project.”

Rex took the document and said to Maury, “Mr. Maury, let’s sit down and have a talk.”

Maury was surprised and happy. He said, "Well, that's great."

Eliot, on the other side, looked at Vincent.

He saw Vincent walk away and took a sip of the tea handed over by the butler. He looked noble and his expression was cold and arrogant. Then he walked to Emily and said to her, "Don't soak in the water for too long."

Although they did not look at each other, nor did they communicate with each other, Eliot felt that the atmosphere between them seemed to be very harmonious.

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Chapter 95 Janessa

The servant dried Emily's feet. She sat on the sofa and surrounded by paintings from Van Gogh, Da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo, David, Angel, Rubens and some other masters.

She sat there quietly and watched. The bright light was scattered and shone on her hair and shoulders. Her fair fingertips caressed the paper as if she was part of the painting. The scene was so peaceful that no one had the heart to disturb.

Without disturbance to her, Maury and Eliot left her alone. They would turn around every step they took. Maury sighed with emotion, "Emily has grown up into a beautiful woman."

'She is always very beautiful.' Eliot thought in his heart.

When Emily was taken into this family at seven, she was timid and terrified like an abandoned kitten. She didn't even know how to call for help. She would just curl up while hiding under the quilt on her bed. She was afraid of meeting people, and she wouldn't eat or talk.

It was Eliot who led her out of the darkness step by step and it was also him who fed her. The first word she spoke was not 'dad', but 'brother'.

He witnessed her grow up from a skinny little kid to a beauty, but there was always fear and uneasiness in his heart. Emily was about to leave him. Such an emotion came so fast and strong that his heart lurched. He covered his chest and panted. When he looked up again, he saw a man standing beside Emily.

Rex bowed and said, "Miss Emily, it's time for class."

Only then did Emily realize that Eliot and Maury had left, so she followed Rex upstairs. Rolando stayed downstairs and waved his hand kindly at her, "Tell the chef if you want to eat anything."

Emily replied, "I will, thank you, Grandpa."

In the study room. Two buttons on Vincent's collar were loosened. He was reviewing the new proposal submitted by the Advertising Department with a lowered head. He was fiddling with a pen with one hand and would occasionally write down comments on the documents. Hearing the sound of the door opening, he just turned his head and looked at Emily. Before Emily could even tell the expression in his eyes, he had turned around and returned to his previous posture. The outline of his jaw was perfect.

Rex reminded, "Miss Emily, you don't need to be in the study today. This way, please."

Emily followed him in confusion. They entered the room at the end of the corridor. When the door opened, Emily saw that the room was filled with unfinished paintings and sketch books as well as two drawing boards. On the long table were all kinds of painting tools and even brushes. There were three grey-haired old men in the room and they were either sitting or standing. When they saw Emily, the seated ones all stood up. Then, they sized Emily up and said, "How old are you?"

Then they looked at Rex and asked, "What can we do for you?"

Before Rex spoke, they closed the door with a bang. "Leave us alone if you have no problems. Hurry, who want to be the first?"

Rex was speechless.

He walked back into the study room, upset. Vincent had finished reviewing the proposal and was making adjustments on the computer. He called the manager of the Design Department and asked him to improve the proposal. Then, he threw the proposal aside and pinched between the eyebrows.

Rex looked at him hesitantly.

Vincent had turned on the computer and was about to settle the meeting of the marketing department ahead of time.

"Get to the point." His voice was cold.

Rex said, "Aren't you afraid that those old men ... will harass Miss Emily?"

"No. Those old men have been looking forward to this day for so many years."

Rex nodded, and then quietly stood beside Vincent.

Rolando was happily having tea downstairs, and he did not notice that his old friends were lecturing his granddaughter-in-law in his house.

The laughter of those old men sounded in the room.

Rolando, who was drinking tea in the living room on the first floor, suddenly got up. His thick eyebrows furrowed and he looked upstairs. The butler stepped forward and asked, "What's wrong, Mr. Rolando?"

Rolando said seriously, "I think I heard the laughter of those old men up there."

"How can that be? It may be your hallucination." The butler smiled. "Besides, when have they been upstairs?"

"Makes sense." Rolando was relieved and leisurely hummed a song. However, he was curious about what the three old men were busy with. Why neither of them replied to him?

...

"Jaquan, do you know somewhere suitable for a walk, I mean, somewhere ordinary and quiet?"

Early in the morning, Jaquan had just woken up when he received a call. The scene of the Tea Manor immediately surfaced in his mind and he said, "The Lotus Tea Manor."

Not long after he hung up, Armando called again. "Man, do you know where it is? I can't find the way."

Jaquan's sleepiness was all gone. He pressed his temples and viciously said, "Just you wait!"

"Janessa wants to take a look." Armando said pitifully, "Please help me."

Jaquan gave up. He brushed his teeth, washed his face, changed his clothes, picked a watch and put on a tie. He made a sexy hairstyle in front of the mirror, then wore perfume and left.

The night before yesterday, Arabella hugged him and said, "I really hope that we will be the best friends forever."

Jaquan felt as if his heart that was about to jump out of the chest, had been shattered by a gun. It finally got down into his belly with only fragments and bitterness left.

He tried to fall asleep with the bitterness, but he felt no sleepiness. The firm had lost hope on him and did not want him to go back to work. He did not hear a call from his family for a few days as if everyone had abandoned him. In his world, only Arabella, who had also left, remained.

As soon as he opened the door, the cold air crazily hit his nose and went into his lungs. He took a deep breath and shivered. If he had known that it was so cold, he should not have worn such a thin trench coat to show off.

He put the sunglasses on, took the car keys and went into the garage. He drove the car and went straight to where Armando mentioned.

Before he arrived, he saw Armando and a young woman standing at the intersection. There was a car parked beside them. They were talking. Armando just smiled and listened to the young woman the whole time.

Jaquan looked at him quietly for a while and realized that they hadn't noticed him, so he honked the horn.

Armando waved his hand at him. Then, he took the luggage and bags off his car. He then opened the back door and let the young woman in. Next, he opened the trunk of Jaquan's car and put those things inside.

Jaquan glanced at the back seat and met the young woman's scrutinizing eyes, so he held the sentence 'you just have to follow me in your car' back.

The young woman was pretty good-looking. She had an oval face and protruding hair on forehead. She was like an aloof princess. She looked cold on the surface, but she seemed to be approachable. However, it would depend on her mood. If she was in a good mood, she would be close to you, but if she wasn't, she wouldn't even bother to talk even if it was her father, who was long gone.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 96

Chapter 96 The Servant

Mr. Rolando died early, so the older generation didn't visit each other much like the Mosby family and the Geller family. His impression of Janessa was still stuck in his childhood. They lost their contact especially when he went to work after collage.

Now that the quiet Armando was all around to help Janessa, he recalled Randy's comments on Janessa: an eccentric who had a clear distinction between love and hate in her heart.

Most importantly: her words were sharp and mean.

However, you couldn't tell from her appearance. She looked just like a pretty woman with lofty intelligence.

Armando had put away his suitcase and sat on the passenger seat. He looked at the back seat and said, "Janessa, it is a bit far. You could sleep for a while." He told Jaquan, "Turn on the heating."

Jaquan glanced him.

Armando realized that Jaquan wouldn't help him. He had to turn on the heating on his own, adjust the temperature, turn on Bluetooth, and play the premiere song of Flipped.

Janessa, who was sitting in the back seat, smiled and enjoyed herself. Armando turned around and looked at her with smile. Only Jaquan, with a gloomy face, glanced at Armando several times who didn't know what was going on. He almost rolled his eyes to Armando, but Armando still didn't notice him so Jaquan just gave up.

He drove all the way. His thoughts suddenly flew away along with the scenery aside. It seemed that his mind was also moving forward with the car, never turning back. His phone rang. It was a call from Arabella.

Armando hurriedly turned off the phone, then carefully looked at the back seat. Janessa only frowned and continued to sleep. He took a deep breath, then took out a blanket and gently put it on her.

When he turned around, he was shocked by the vicious look from Jaquan.

Armando took a deep breath and asked, "What's wrong?"

Jaquan didn't say anything. He just pointed his chin to his phone. Armando saw that the call he had just hung up was from Arabella.

Holy shit!

He hung up on Arabella!

And it was Jaquan's phone!

Armando felt he was so dead. He kept apologizing to Jaquan. He silently said, "I am sorry."

Jaquan sneered and didn't say anything. He only made a gesture of cutting the neck.

Armando, "..."

He looked through the rearview mirror at Janessa, who was sleeping sound, and then he thought that as long as Janessa slept well, nothing mattered.

Armando was moved by himself.

Janessa was still asleep in the back seat and didn't know anything.

After arriving at the Tea Manor, Armando carried his luggage and hand bags like a servant, while Jaquan was wearing a windbreaker and sunglasses with a young woman standing beside him, who wore a pure wool cardigan with a black wool skirt and a pair of cotton slippers and looked intellectual and carefree.

The people who helped plant the tea tree had just come back. They whispered when they saw this, "The handsome young man who came last time brought another woman. She is also pretty. But she seems to be older than the last one."

"Yeah. He even hired a servant. And the servant looks handsome too."

Armando, who was mistaken as a servant, was so sad.

They walked in Tea Manor owned by Sydnee. It was Sunday, the Tea Manor was filled with children. As soon as they got out of the car, many children surrounded them, and they wanted to approach them but were kind of afraid of them.

Janessa took out a box of Ferrero from her bag and gave the chocolates to the children. The children were scrambling to get the chocolates, and in the end only a few black marks were on her palm.

Armando took out a wet napkin and wiped her hands. Janessa took the napkin and wiped her hands. She asked, "Where will we live tonight?"

Jaquan walked in first. Sydnee was checking the seeds with people in the tea garden. She was also checking the temperature and the soil quality. She was extremely busy.

When the group knocked on the door, it was a woman with a lame leg who opened the door.

Jaquan saw an ordinary looking person when the door was opened. She is ordinary looking but confident compared with Janessa. She looked at them quietly, then turned around and greeted them, "Please come in."

Armando looked at her lame legs and asked, "Hello, can we stay here for the night?"

"Sure, but the boss is not here. You can wait here for her." Emma said without turning her head. She was leaning on a stick, and the gauze on her leg was new, but it still did not cover her swollen leg.

Janessa looked at her and asked, "Did we meet before?"

Emma turned to look at her, "Perhaps. But I'm sorry. I can't remember someone who is more beautiful than me."

Jaquan, "..."

He didn't know if Janessa was mean or not, but this girl was definitely an evil talker!

Janessa was not angry at all. She only smiled at her. Then, she walked into the house. She strolled along the west side of the East Side. Armando followed behind and served tea. He was so considerate that it was not like the usual him at all.

They said that Armando was still unable to speak when he was over three years old. His family was anxious. All kinds of medications were useless. They even took him to the psychiatrists, which also couldn't help apart from aggravating his fear. Just as they were about give up, Janessa came to stay for a few days.

Although she was his aunt, she was not much older than Armando. He was only four years younger than her. Back then, they were both children, and she was an orphan. Her father was a close friend of Armando's grandpa. He got married pretty late. Not long after having Janessa, his wife died. Then he got so sick that he died a few years later. Before he died, he asked Armando's grandpa to take care of his only child, and raise her as his own child.

Thus, somehow Armando had an aunt who was only four years older than him.

The seven-year-old Janessa was not just a common child. She could climb trees and holes. She did not like her dress the way other young ladies did. She could catch cockroaches and chase rats in the backyard with one hand. She did not cry like other children when stung by a wasp-and when it came to being stung by a wasp, it was purely for saving Armando.

Although Armando could not speak, but he had been secretly observed the little aunt he had just met. Every day, he saw her jumping up and down and having fun. But he still didn't dare to approach her. After she left, he would go to the backyard where she had been. And there was a hornet's nest that had just been knocked down by her. She was not the kind of child who only caused trouble and escaped. After poking the hornets' nest, she called for the butler to help. When she came back, she saw Armando running over in panic because of the hornets. She quickly took off her hornets-proof prop (Superman's Cloak) and threw it on his body. As a result, she was stung by the hornets. A big red bump like a steamed bun appeared on her forehead and she was taken to the emergency room of the hospital.

The three-year-old child was confused and knew that he had made a mistake. He watched as she was sent away by the car. He stood outside the car door with tearful eyes. When the car left, he suddenly chased after her and shouted, "Janessa..."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 97

Chapter 97 Being Hospitable

This thrilled the whole family.

After Janessa returned from the hospital, she practically lived at the Mosby's, accompanying Armando. So the two of them sort of grew up together. No, according to Janessa, she watched Armando grow up.

When Janessa grew up, she refused to follow her family's arrangements. After receiving a tour guide training, she went to Lhasa, Inner Mongolia, and other places, with only a camera and backpack, to be a tour guide.

Her family urged her to go back home, but she didn't make it during the Mid-Autumn Festival vacation, so she had to take an annual leave. Maybe she was tired of her family rushing her into marriage, so she hid at Armando's place. Although Armando didn't get married, he had moved out and lived by himself.

Armando regarded Janessa as the apple of his eye. As he hadn't seen her for too long, he showed too much hospitality for her. Janessa started to find him annoying, "Alright. You may go and do your own work. Don't follow me. I need to be alone right now."

So Armando came back to the tea plantation.

He strolled around alone for a while, and then sat on a chair in the courtyard. He looked up and saw Emma hanging clothes to dry in the opposite door with a walking stick.

Armando was not a meddler, but if Janessa saw this, she would definitely help Emma. To prevent this, he'd better help Emma right now.

Thus, Armando took a few steps forward and picked up the basin on the ground, so Emma didn't have to bend over repeatedly.

Emma actually did not refuse him.

This made Jaquan, who had just returned from the bathroom, stunned.

What did she mean??

She liked Armando but not him?

Jaquan sat down on the chair and saw that Armando didn't leave after helping her, as if he was asking something. And Emma answered Armando in a low voice. Jaquan didn't hear her from afar, but could only see her lips moving.

Afterwards, Armando walked in Emma's room. In Jaquan's impression, Armando wasn't a nosy person. And he wasn't that talkative. He only communicated with his acquaintance. However, he should take the initiative to help a crippled woman, and he even walked into her room.

Jaquan got himself an excuse-he didn't want Armando to be tricked by that woman, so he had to take a look.

When he stepped in, he saw Armando was changing the light bulb with a chair under his feet. Emma supported the chair with one hand and supported Armando with the other, as if she was afraid that he would fall.

Jaquan didn't know what he was feeling, but he thought that this woman was truly annoying. Thus, he shook his head and left. Just as he sat down, Janessa returned.

She was probably a little cold, so she took out her coat from her backpack and put it on, then looked around.

Jaquan said coldly, "He is inside."

"Someone is living there, right?" Janessa asked.

Jaquan snorted, "Yes, that cripple you met before."

Just as Armando came out, Janessa stared at him, with glittering eyes. "You are so attentive. What were you doing there?"

Armando didn't fully understand her words. He scratched his head uncomfortably and felt a little embarrassed. "Nothing matters. I completed the upgrading and installation of the environmental lighting system independently without causing any cost overruns or safety accidents."

Hearing this, Jaquan stood up excitedly and said, "Didn't you just change a light bulb?!"

"..."

Sydnee came back from the tea garden, following by Harold. The two of them chatted, lowering their heads, as they walked. When they saw Jaquan and the others, Sydnee was stunned. Then, she greeted them, "Why didn't you tell me in advance?"

Jaquan took the car keys as a sign to leave. "They are here to relax. Supply them some food. I'm leaving."

Sydnee smiled and nodded, "Fine. Two guests, right? Please come in."

Seeing that Jaquan was leaving, Armando grabbed him and said, "I didn't drive today."

Jaquan held back his impulse to fall out and threw the car keys to Armando. He turned around and looked at Harold, "Did you drive today?"

Harold nodded.

He bought a car under the orders of Emily yesterday. He drove it out today, without license plate. It was a low-key and reserved SUV. It was not high-grade, but practical for daily travel.

Jaquan saw the car parked at the entrance of the village. He thought that it belonged to the manor. He never expected that this was Miss Emily's new car.

He hesitated at the car door, confused. Each of them bought three or four paintings for over a million. Why was Emily still so "frugal"?

Harold boarded the car. Jaquan sighed, and then he got on the car. When Harold reversed the car, he saw a child running forward quickly. He stopped the car and waited for the kid to pass. Jaquan couldn't help but poke out of the window and yelled angrily, "Watch yourself! What if you are hit?"

The child was Stony.

He was frightened by Jaquan, and then he hesitated for a moment and said ok. He did not dash towards his home anymore. Instead, he slowly took a few steps and turned around to take a look.

The car got started. Jaquan saw the child's gaze through the rearview mirror and smiled involuntarily.

He turned his gaze back, still smiling, faced Harold.

Harold didn't say anything.

Jaquan stopped smiling. It was quiet in the car. Jaquan felt somewhat embarrassed. He turned on the music and played a song.

Liu Huan, a Chinese famous singer started his singing. Just as the lyrics "Great River..." came out, Jaquan pressed pause, trembling. He didn't expect Harold would like those wild songs. So he gave up listening to music and lay in the back seat.

He rubbed the cell phone in his pocket, thinking whether he should go back or not.

What did Arabella want him for? Did she need him to drink with her or listen to her complaint? He hesitated but didn't call her back. He looked out of the window and suddenly remembered something. He looked at Harold and asked, "Did Miss Emily move over?"

Harold let out a "yep" sound.

Jaquan thought for a moment, and then called Arabella, "I accidentally hung it up. What's wrong?"

"Vincent invited Grandpa over yesterday afternoon." Arabella said.

"What?"

"Along with Grandpa Mosby and Grandpa Geller." Arabella smiled happily, "Can you guess what Vincent is up to?"

Jaquan didn't say anything, surging out a figure of a little girl in his mind.

Arabella smiled and said, "He treats that little retard as a substitute for her. He wants to..."

"Arabella!" Jaquan interrupted her sternly.

Arabella stopped talking and hung up.

Jaquan looked at Harold, who was looking straight ahead.

Before Jaquan stuffed his phone into his pocket, he checked his WeChat. There were always loads of messages in the WeChat group of the office. He clicked on it and saw someone ask, "When will Mr. Jaquan come back?"

He replied, "Tomorrow."

They cheered in the WeChat group.

Jaquan stared at the screen of his phone and revealed a gratified smile. It felt so good to be needed.

Thinking of something, he gradually stopped smiling-so he could never reject Arabella.

Jaquan got off the car at the office, thanked Harold and left

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 98

Chapter 98 Need to be Supplemented

Harold drove the car to a free parking space, then got off the car and walked to his residence. He asked for leave today. Yesterday, he went out to buy a car when Mr. Maury and his son went to the Scavo's. Today, he was worried that Beverly and her daughter would follow him, so he asked for leave last night.

Emily asked him to take care of Sydnee, so he invited a professional tea planter and took him to the tea plantation. The tea planter had a happy talk with Howard and decided to stay for a few more days.

Harold agreed to pay for the fee during the tea planter's stay, then he rushed out to find the next target, Christy.

Previously, the detective fees were too high, so he had stopped it.

He casually walked into a bun shop and packed up six big meat buns. He finished a bun with only one bite. A few white-collar clerks were stunned by his ferocious eating habits. A woman timidly handed over newly packed Starbucks Mocha to quench his thirst, only to find that the burly man drank two bottles of water in one gulp and tossed the empty bottles into a recyclable trash can with one hand.

Too terrifying!

Harold didn't know that eating buns like this would scare a group of female white-collar clerks. He lowered his head and looked at the time. It was eleven past thirty. He knew that Emily was resting now, so he called her.

"The Tea Manor has invited a tea planter over. Sydnee said that the decoration of house will be finished in three months at the fastest. When it is finished, she will directly rent it out online..."

Emily said after he finished his words, "Hire a reliable bodyguard to protect Eliot. Marquise will definitely find an opportunity to take revenge on Eliot."

"Yes."

"Anything else?" Emily asked.

Harold hesitated, "Miss Emily, there's something else I don't know if I should say..."

**

After hanging up, Emily went downstairs.

A waft of fragrant smell came from the air. She had a strong appetite these past few days. She had probably overused her brain and consumed a lot of physical energy. So, the food for lunch was mainly protein that could replenish herself.

Mr. Rolando sat there early. Seeing her come down, he smiled and asked, "Are you hungry?"

Emily nodded, "I can smell the fragrance upstairs."

"Help yourself." Mr. Rolando picked up some dishes for her and smiled, "You need to eat more and build yourself up. Then have a healthy baby."

Emily almost spat out the soup that she had just drunk.

Vincent walked past her and touched her head, "Leave him alone."

His palm was dry and powerful, reminding her of the palm that held her arm when he taught her to punch. Blood vessels bulged along his arm, and every muscle of his arm was full of strength.

He didn't look like a fighter when he dressed in a suit, but the moment he stood on the arena, his eyes were like cheetahs, and his entire body was filled with wild charm.

She calmed down and took a sip of soup.

Vincent sat beside her and took a sip of tea before starting to eat.

Mr. Rolando looked at him with dissatisfaction. He didn't stay in his own room last night and went to spy on his grandson. He was so old that he was just a little quicker than his peers. He secretly stood at his grandson's door and quietly opened the door. But he only saw the following scene.

There was only Emily lying on the bed!

As for his grandson, Vincent was still in the study room at night. Thus, he angrily left. In the morning, he began to stew mutton soup for his grandson. He thought that his grandson was sick and needed to be supplemented.

Vincent didn't buy it. He completely ignored his grandfather. He could quickly reply to messages on his phone while eating, which was the exemplary of "doing two things at once".

He hadn't been to the company for two days, so he had to deal with the piled-up affairs this afternoon. After he finished his meal, he could only have time to touch Emily's head. Then he drove to the company without saying anything.

After she finished the meal, Emily went upstairs. The three old men in the innermost room on the second floor were already waiting.

"Good afternoon, Grandpas." Emily obediently shouted.

The three old men looked at her with gratified expressions, "Are you full? Let's get to work now."

"I'm full." Emily took out a plate from her back with three portions of mango pudding neatly placed.

The three white-haired old men covered their faces, but their muddy eyes shone brightly, "Wow!"

These three old men couldn't eat sweetness, meat and greasy food because of their high blood pressure, high blood sugar and high blood fat. Yesterday, when Emily ate the dessert served by Rex, she accidentally caught a glimpse of the three old men's wistful eyes. Then she hesitated to hand out a bowl of warm fruit yogurt, which was finished by the three old men ruthlessly.

She simply brought over all the desserts cooked for her this afternoon. The three old men didn't dare to eat too much and ate the pudding with small bites. Everyone had a happy smile on their faces.

The three old men only ate half of the pudding. Finally, one of them walked in front of her and said, "It's my turn today, isn't it?"

Emily nodded and respectfully shouted, "Master."

The old man glanced arrogantly at the other two, then walked over to the canvas and uncovered it...

"Mr. Kamron, Vincent has left now. Why are we still waiting here?"

Not far from the entrance of the Scavo's, an ordinary business car was parked. The bodyguard in the car had been sitting in the driver's seat for three hours. At this moment, his bladder was almost out of control and he finally spoke.

Kamron put down his binoculars, "Shut up."

The bodyguard clenched his legs and closed his mouth.

Kamron picked up his binoculars and observed for a while, then muttered to himself, "Now that she is Vincent's girlfriend, why can't she get along with me?"

"I don't know either." The bodyguard took a deep breath to control his bladder.

"I didn't ask you," Kamron said.

Bodyguard said, "Oh..."

"Do you think Vincent knows that?" Kamron picked up his binoculars again. Mr. Rolando was sunbathing on the third floor. Several rooms on the second floor were all curtains drawn and nothing could be seen clearly.

The bodyguard was silent and kept looking for something to divert his attention. He lowered his head and looked at his fingers. There were scars.

"I'm asking you!" Kamron clapped the bodyguard in the back of his head. The bodyguard covered the back of his head and asked innocently, "Mr. Kamron, do you want to ask me?"

"Is there any other man?" Kamron was furious.

"..."

The bodyguard didn't know what to do. He felt that his bladder was about to explode. So, he simply asked, "Mr. Kamron, why don't you just ask her directly?"

Kamron rubbed his chin, "Does it work?"

The bodyguard nodded fiercely. Hurry up, or he would pee in the car.

Kamron opened the door but suddenly stopped, "No, what if Vincent misunderstands?"

The bodyguard was speechless.

He didn't know if Vincent misunderstands or not. He only knew that if he didn't get down, he would pee in the car.

While Mr. Kamron was still hesitating, he got out of the car and hurriedly found a hidden place to release himself.

Kamron thought for a moment and closed the car door again. He turned around to say something, only to find that there was no one in the driver's seat.

At this time, another car stopped at the entrance of the Scavo's. Eliot got off the car and stood for a while. He picked up a phone call and got into the car. Not long after that, another car followed Eliot's. Kamron saw clearly that the car behind Eliot was...

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 99

Chapter 99 A Bastard

Before the bodyguard returned, Kamron jumped from the back seat to the driver's seat, stepped on the accelerator and followed the car behind Eliot's.

When the bodyguard who was peeing heard the sound, he turned around and stopped peeing. He trembled and chased after Kamron, "Mr. Kamron.."

An old granny happened to pass by. When she saw this scene, she glanced at him with disdain, "A bastard!"

The bodyguard said, "..."

Eliot received a large order from the Scavo family yesterday and called a departments' meeting. In less than half a day, they came up with a plan. Today, he got to the Scavo Corp. but found out that Vincent had not been to the company for two days. He turned a corner on his way back to his company and went to the Scavo's.

Just as he got off the car, he received a phone call from his assistant. Vincent had arrived at the company.

Eliot had no choice but to drive back.

In the halfway, he found a car following him. The road ahead was overhauled and there were very few pedestrians. The car behind him suddenly accelerated and stopped in front of his car.

Eliot frowned and got out of the car. Only then did he see that there was more than one car behind him. There were three cars totally. A few bodyguards got off the cars. Without saying a word, they directly started fighting Eliot.

Eliot escaped the punches a few times. However, he had no experience of fighting with a group people. Soon, he was besieged to the point that he didn't have the chance to fight back. He tried to hide in the car, but before he could even open the car door, he was pushed against the car door.

When he arrived, Kamron saw that Eliot had been beaten so heavily and he was like a mud on the car door. It was not long when a man's hand reached out from the window and made a stop gesture. Thus, in the next second, the group of bodyguards all returned to the cars.

There was a section of road where not many people would choose. Only a few passersby saw the fight from afar and none of them dared to approach. Eliot lay on the ground in a sorry state, spitting out a mouthful of blood. His eyes were gray, and the world in his eyes was turning upside down. The dizziness made him powerless to stand up. He staggered to get up. In his obscure vision, he could vaguely see a man standing in front of him.

Eliot used all of his strength to beat and just hit Kamron's chin. Kamron was so angry that he wanted to ignore the injured man.

Damn it.

If it wasn't for the fact that he hadn't figured out why that little retard from the Britt family was so hostile to him, he wouldn't want to meddle in this kind of idle matter.

He touched his cheeks and tasted blood.

After that punch, Eliot fell to the ground.

Kamron carried Eliot to his car. He originally wanted to take him directly to the hospital, but later, he thought that this was a chance to meet Emily. He could even make her owe him a favor. So, he turned around and went to the entrance of the Scavo's.

Emily was answering Sydnee's phone call in the bathroom.

The two of them briefly talked about the progress of the Tea Manor, and Emily said bluntly, "What my brother said that day..."

The butler had explained to her in a few words.

Sydnee smiled and interrupted, "I know. I didn't take it to heart."

Emily didn't know how to comfort her. If Sydnee was to be her sister-in-law, it would not be bad.

Sydnee thought that Emily was too embarrassed to speak. So, she said a few more words and then hung up.

Emily turned off the tap of the sink, then got up and went out. The butler just happened to run up from downstairs and panted, "Miss Emily, Mr. Eliot..."

Emily's heart skipped a beat.

She quickly rushed downstairs and saw Kamron standing in front of the car door. The car door in the back was wide open, and Eliot was lying inside with a bloody face.

Kamron coughed softly, "Well, we might have misunderstood before, I ... Shit!"

Before he could finish speaking, he was kicked in the crotch by Emily. His entire body was so painful that he bent his waist and curled up like a shrimp. Just as he lowered his head, he was punched in the face again.

Emily had just learned free combat these past days, and she had just learned a new movement. Even her posture wasn't very standard, but her strength was enough. Kamron only felt that these two siblings must be his nemesis, and it just so happened for them to give him symmetrical punches on his face.

"Misunderstanding ... I'm saving ..." Before Kamron could finish his sentence, his collar was pulled by Emily and he had difficulty breathing.

Emily tugged at his collar. From afar, it was as if she had reached out and grabbed Kamron's neck. Her clear eyes were almost spraying fire. She gritted her teeth and said, "If something happens to Eliot, I will definitely kill you!"

Kamron was so startled that he even forgot to retort.

The next second, Emily fiercely pushed him to the ground. Only then did Kamron feel a sharp pain coming from his body. He twisted and rolled on the ground, shouting randomly, "¥% @ # ...!"

"Please take my brother to the hospital," Emily said to the butler.

The butler replied, "Alright."

After she finished beating up Kamron, Emily realized that something was wrong. In her previous life, the grudge between Eliot and Kamron was because of her, but in this life, they should not know each other. Even if they knew each other, they shouldn't have any enmity. Why was Eliot suddenly beaten up? Could it be...

Right.

Kamron recognized her at the banquet!

Naturally, he recognized her as Emily of the Britt family, the younger sister of Eliot!

If he couldn't attack her, he would have plenty of opportunities to attack Eliot. This shameless fellow!

After the butler drove Eliot to the hospital, Emily walked over to Kamron who was rolling on the ground and kicked him in his face again.

Kamron desperately dodged the kick. His face was purple with anger, and he roared, "What did I do wrong? Why would I be beaten by you when I saved your brother?"

Emily's phone rang. Before she left, she glared at Kamron fiercely, then picked up the phone and walked in.

Harold said on the other end of the phone, "Christy is not here. I don't know where she went. It seems that the two siblings are working together. Should I follow Christy now, or should I go back to follow Miss Elsie?"

Emily looked back at Kamron on the ground and lowered her voice, "Did you find the bodyguards? Eliot was beaten. He should be in the City Hospital."

"I have hired some bodyguards as you instructed. The contract has just been signed. I tell them to go later."

Emily warned, "Just let them follow Eliot secretly."

"Yes."

**

In the President's Office of the Scavo Corporation.

"Mr. Vincent, Eliot was beaten on the way. The manipulators should be the Buckleys."

Vincent raised his eyes and signaled for him to continue.

Rex revealed a sympathetic expression. "Then it's very strange. Mr. Kamron suddenly got involved and was misunderstood by little ... No, he was misunderstood by Miss Emily, and then he was beaten up by Miss Emily at the door. I guess he had wanted to ease the relationship with Miss Emily and make friends with her. In the end, he never thought of being beaten up."

The tip of Vincent's pen paused slightly. He added, "Send someone to the hospital to have a look."

"The butler has gone." Rex thought for a moment and continued, "I thought Miss Emily would go to the hospital directly. But she was very calm and asked the bodyguards to call the Britts, and even pretended not to know that."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 100

Chapter 100 Calm Down

Although Emily looked thin and weak, her willpower was even stronger than men. In Sanda, every time when she was knocked down, she would immediately stand up and shout, "Come again."

She was bothered by secrets, nightmares and pain hidden by her.

Vincent was more willing to grow up with her than to help her clear the hurdles. He hoped that she could be strong enough to overcome herself.

Vincent gave a soft look when he thought of those deer-like wet eyes. He turned his head and said, "Tell Trevor that I will be there tonight."

"Yes, Mr. Vincent."

Rex did not leave immediately, standing there while biting back what he was going to say.

"Go ahead." Vincent did not raise his head, and he looked exceptionally cold and indifferent against the computer screen.

Rex said, "Miss Arabella that day..."

The guards didn't take what happened that day seriously. Arabella didn't say anything. As for the little Hulk, she didn't seem to be bothered by it at all.

"Don't you think that Miss Emily was too..." Rex thought that she was too calm as if she didn't care about Mr. Vincent at all!

Rex did not finish what he attempted to say and he was a little hesitant.

Vincent raised his head and glanced at Rex. That look was as cold as an ice blade.

Rex flinched and went out immediately. He knew that he might lose his job if he went on. Mr. Vincent knew the little Hulk's feelings towards him better than anyone else. There is no need for other people to poke the nose into their business.

Vincent typed two words before he suddenly stopped.

He suddenly remembered that at the Dalton Hotel, the girl looked at him and calmly asked, "Do you want to marry me?"

Others might think that she was just joking, but he could see clearly that she had a lot on her mind. She was puzzled, confused, sad, hesitant, and resolute. She seemed to think nothing when she asked this question.

She did not like him, nor did she want to marry him. She asked this question purely because he liked her too much and she felt stressful and didn't know how to return his love

About 90% of the single women in City Y dreamed of marrying Vincent, but this girl was definitely among the remaining 10%. Vincent had no doubt that this girl might look down upon him if he failed to leave a good first impression.

This little girl...

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Harold called the Britt's after he was sent to the hospital.

The butler answered the phone and immediately told Mrs. Britt and Miss Elsie what happened. Then, they rushed to the hospital quickly.

However, Maury could not go to the hospital because he had to take what Eliot was in charge of to the Scavo Corp. Then, he had to return to the company. He was so busy that he finally found some time to go to the hospital in the evening.

Beverly, Elsie and some others were at the hospital. Elliot was injured seriously and his chest and lungs were hurt to various extents. He took a CT scan and the doctor suggested that he stay in the hospital for a few days.

Moreover, it would take half a month for the wounds on his face to be gone.

"Don't tell Emily." Those were the first words Eliot said when he saw Maury.

Hearing this, Elsie was so angry that she even thought about leaving another wound on Eliot's face, but she was held back by Beverly.

Maury seriously looked at the wounds on Eliot's body and said, "Any idea who hurt you?"

"Yes." Eliot said painfully because the corner of his mouth was hurt. Eliot was in great pain as he spoke because his wound would be covered by his saliva. "Dad, don't worry about it. It was me who let my guard down this time."

Maury didn't ask any further when he saw that Eliot didn't want to talk about it. Maury just told him to take care of himself.

Eliot said yes by closing his eyes instead of nodding because he felt pain on his neck and it could be difficult for him to look up and down.

Beverly kept her eyes on Eliot for the past two days, but the contract she cared about never showed up. She knew that her son didn't seem to trust her now. However, the five million yuan was so tempting that she didn't want to give up this great opportunity.

Beverly followed Maury immediately when she saw him leaving. She pretended to wipe tears and said to Maury, "Who did this to my son?"

"Mind your own business and stay out of what happened to Eliot. There is nothing you can do about it." Maury was worried about the company and was not in the mood to talk to her.

Beverly cried out, "Then who am I?!"

Maury and Beverly just left the ward and there were many patients, relatives and medical workers standing on the corridor. Beverly's cry drew a lot of attention from other people.

Maury frowned at her and said, "Keep your voice down!"

Beverly cried, "What I did was just buying something. You have already slapped and scolded me. How dare you look down upon me now! Maury, when I was young, my family gave you a lot of support. You can't turn your back on me just because my family declines. I am still here. You can't think less of me. I am Eliot's mom. I am the mother of our children and your wife."

Maury realized that a lot of people were looking at them. He grabbed Beverly and they went to a safe passage. He said in an angry voice, "What are you doing?!"

However, Beverly suddenly changed her attitudes. "My son has been in such a big trouble and you just tell me to ignore it. I am worried about my son! I have the right to know who hurt him. I know I got the company in trouble, but I have already reflected deeply on my mistakes at home these days. You can't completely deny someone just because of one mistake. You have to give me a chance to make it up. I want to be of some help when I see that our son is injured and you're so busy at the company every day. But I am also afraid that you might be angry at me. I feel like I'm useless in this family. I might as well die..."

Maury scratched his head and he was really annoyed now. "I have a lot on my mind now, would you please stop making things worse?"

Beverly stopped at the right time and said, "You can go now. Elsie and I will be here for Eliot and he will be okay. Tell me if there's anything I can be of some help in the company."

Maury chose Beverly to be his wife. It's not because she was a gentle and virtuous woman who did a great job in taking care of her husband and children. Beverly became Maury's wife because she was a businesswoman. The Brooks family did not have any significant business before Beverly was married to Maury. It was Beverly who kept the day-to-day account in record back then and therefore she was especially familiar with numbers. When she grew up, what she learned was market management. She then worked in another company for two years before she got her family's business back on track. The business did well thanks to her management. However, before the Brooks' business went public, it was found out to cheat on taxes. Beverly's sister-in-law didn't listen to Beverly because she wanted to save some money in this way. She even asked Beverly to stay out of it and as a result went to jail with Beverly's brother.

The Brooks family then declined.

But Beverly was right in that she was still quite good at managing business.

Maury began to take it seriously when he heard Beverly's cry. Then, he said, "Alright, you can come to the company tomorrow."

Then he left.

Beverly dried her tears and gave a sly grin.