

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 101 Talent

When Harold called Emily, she had just finished a painting. The three old men had their own unique views on art. One of them collected ancient culture work of art, and offered a course on art restoration. Therefore, what he taught was to paint on bottles and cans. Another man was a designer when he was young. Later on, he learned computer graphics. Of course, the structure was not as perfect as the hand-painted one, but it was much faster and the ideas he imparted were advanced. The last one was a master of Chinese calligraphy. However, what he liked was black and white, two colors in sharp contrast. A piece of white-rice paper was a dense color to him.

Therefore, in order not to offend any party, Emily drew the things that the three old men had taught her on a paper with her own understanding. There were black and white, oil paint, hard lines, and gentle strokes.

It was a shaded path that stretched diagonally all the way up to the sky. The green of the field mixed with the dark blue of the sea, and wound its way up. It was like a ladder had descended from the sky, not the ladder rising up to the sky.

The old men commented on the painting, while Emily took her phone and walked outside.

"Miss Emily, you seem to have misunderstood someone else." Emily didn't understand, "What?"

"Mr. Eliot was not beaten up by Kamron. Actually... Kamron saved him."

"By whom? Saved by Kamron?!"

Emily felt ridiculous. It sounded like Barack Obama suddenly saying that he did not want to be president. She was so surprised that she couldn't find words to express her suspicion. She suddenly remembered that Kamron seemed to have roared when he was beaten up. She was furious at that time and did not listen.

Now that she thought about it, Kamron seemed to have shouted, "What did I do wrong?! Why did you hit me when I saved someone?!"

Eliot was actually saved by him?!

Emily was filled with disbelief, but this was the truth. She had no choice but to believe it.

She slowly stroked the thoughts in her mind. "Ask the bodyguards to secretly protect my brother. Leave Kamron alone for the time being. If he wants to do anything to my brother, he will definitely come looking for him."

"Yes."

"My brother is hospitalized. Elsie and Beverly will definitely make a move. Keep an eye on them. Don't let them find out."

"Yes!"

Before Emily hung up the phone, she said to Harold, "After this period of time, I'll give you a raise."

Harold, "..."

When Emily returned to her room, the three old men were still arguing. The painting was hung in the middle of the room. The setting sun outside the window shone through the gaps in the curtains, bringing with it a wisp of red light from the afterglow of the sunset. A ray of light slanted from the winding path in the middle of the painting.

The three old men turned around, as if the sun was too bright. They didn't make a sound for a while until someone knocked on the door three times. Rex stretched his head in and said, "It's time."

Only then did the three old men suddenly return to their senses and say, "This painting has an artistic conception. No matter what, it belongs to the oil painting school. It's time. Let's go. Otherwise, that old guy will find out."

"Ok, ok."

"Little girl, see you tomorrow." The three old men were led by Rex to the elevator and waved at Emily.

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"Goodbye, Grandpa." Emily waved her arm.

Before they went down, Emily heard a voice, neither loud nor small, rushing into her cochlea, "She is more talented than..."

After Rex saw the three old men off, he sent a set of clothes to Emily, "Miss Emily, tonight we are going to the Peckers, you should change clothes."

"The Peckers?" Emily asked confusedly. She had never come into contact with the Peckers in her previous life.

Rex said concisely, "It's Miss Arabella's house."

"Oh."

Afraid that Miss Emily would think too much, Rex explained, "But we're not going to see Arabella, we're going to see Mr. Trevor."

Emily nodded without asking.

To her, Arabella and Trevor were just a name. They were just outsiders.

As soon as she changed her clothes, she turned around and saw a man standing behind her. She didn't know when he came in.

Emily pretended to be calm and said, "Mr. Vincent, it's immoral to peek."

Vincent chuckled and took a few steps to rub her hair, "Hi, little girl."

In the past, when Emily was rubbed by Eliot and Maury, she felt intimate and affectionate. But when Vincent rubbed her head, she felt different.

Before she could think too deeply, Vincent had already held her hand and said, "Let's go."

The Peckers was a noble clan in ancient times. It was still a large clan with a lot of family members. However, in the 1960s and 1970s, almost all of them went abroad to develop. Only a few old men were left to follow the feudal rules and continue to wander in the present world.

After drifting for so many years, the family has settled down all over the world. And they were stationed in City Y. There were few children in the Peckers. The other branch clans were almost only have sons or daughters. Few second births survive to the age of 28. In this generation of Arabella, they happened to give birth to boy-girl twins. This made the old man of the Peckers extremely happy. He believed that their ancestors had accumulated virtue and that they would have good luck in the future.

But it was too early for them to be happy.

When the boy-girl twins were born, everything was fine. When they were three or four years old, only Arabella was playing outside. The other was squatting in a corner. He only stared at a row of ants who had moved. At first, the family thought that he was curious and ignored him. Later, they discovered that the child could squat for a long time without moving. Only then did

they realize that something was wrong.

When they took him to the hospital, the doctor discovered many problems. The child was not looking at people properly and seemed to be unable to hear anything. He did not react to the doctor at all. Thus, he was examined and determined the cause of autism.

The old man probably knew that this heir was hopeless. After all, at that time, people still had the concept of preferring sons over daughters. However, these two children grew up peacefully. The doctor was right, Trevor was indeed autistic. When he became older, he was excluded. His classmates didn't play with him, not even Arabella. He could only look up at the sky and see the clouds flowing in the sky. No one knew what was in his mind, because he closed himself off and didn't talk to anyone.

Until one day, he locked himself up in the garret.

When the car drove to the Peckers, Emily noticed that there was a garret on the top floor with Japanese-style carp windsock of black, red and cyan. The cool autumn wind in November blew by, and the three carp windsocks were like big carps, and their mouths were wide open as they churned in the night.

The Pecker's architecture was very exquisite. They invited Feng Shui master to choose an address and finally chose a city center facing north and south, thus here was the Peckers. \_\_

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Chapter 102 Watch Your Step

Normally, people would build a garden around the house to create a vigorous ambience.

However, the Peckers planted an evergreen camphor tree in the middle of the yard. After many years, the tree had been rooted dozens of meters underground. It looked magnificent and its canopy expanded. The leafy tree was taller than the main part of the house, even as tall as the attic. The tree rustled in the breeze in autumn.

When Emily was inside, she saw the word Pecker carved on the door's tablet, and then the tree. Subsequently, a group of servants rushed out and said respectfully, "Mr. Vincent, nice to meet you. Come in, please."

Although the servants were surprised when they saw Emily,

they became even more respectful, "Hello, Miss. May I have your name?"

Emily nodded at them, "Hi."

Seeing that, the servants were aware that she didn't want to introduce herself and said, "Mr. Pecker went night fishing, and his son, his son's wife and his granddaughter went out for dinner. Do come in, please."

After saying that, they didn't straighten themselves up until Emily and the others entered the room.

Holding Emily's hand, Vincent went towards the attic and said, "I'll visit Trevor."

The servants were probably used to that, so they walked in front of him, "OK, I'll lead you to Mr. Trevor."

"No." Vincent said indifferently, "Just get busy with your own business."

The servants bowed to him and said, "OK, Mr. Vincent. Let us know if you have any need."

Although the attic was above the master bedroom, one could walk up to it by a small side staircase and didn't need to go through the lobby. It was the elders of the Peckers that built the staircase for Trevor, and the stairs were made of painted agarwood. The servants laid down the soft carpet as the wind blew in autumn. Because Mr. Trevor felt the cold a lot, he rarely went out in autumn and winter. Now it seemed that he hardly went out throughout the year and the servants were accustomed to it. Even if Mr. Trevor did not go out, the servants still had to serve him respectfully so that he could feel warm. Because the psychiatrist was sure that Trevor would open his heart and accept the external world if he lived in a world of love.

Holding Emily's hand, Vincent went up the stairs with her. The sound of their footsteps couldn't be heard because of the soft carpet. Emily felt a chill down her neck as the wind blew. She dropped her head and was aware that Vincent stopped for a while to keep pace with her. Emily walked a few steps before realizing that the wind blew to her neck had disappeared. She looked at Vincent beside her in the darkness. The man with handsome features was only 26 years old, but he was not impulsive or passionate like a young man. Instead, he was an

emotionally stable and restrained man. His black suit made him look like a deity detached from the world.

Vincent looked straight ahead and kept walking. He seemed to have sensed Emily's gaze, then he gazed at her and said, "Watch the step."

Hearing that, Emily stopped looking at him anymore and gripped his hand tightly.

Shortly, they arrived at the attic.

There was a little robot at the door. When it saw that they were coming, it immediately stretched its legs and stood up, holding a red rose in its hand.

It was the first time that Emily had seen such an exquisite and human-friendly robot. She was amazed for a moment before she realized that the red rose was for her.

She took the red rose from it and said, "Thank you."

The robot seemed embarrassed as it touched its bald head.

Then, it pressed a button at the bottom of the door and the door opened.

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Emily did not know that Trevor was an autistic before she came here. As the door opened, she saw a red world and couldn't help exclaiming, "Wow."

The floor was piled with sealed glass bottles of red roses.

Because the stems of roses were tall, the bottles were high as well. Under the illumination of the lights, these piled bottles looked like a fiery carpet with red roses.

On the wall, there were many blessing bags and peach trees that his parents had prayed for from temples, which meant that Trevor can get blessings. All the things were scattered all over the bed rail. And the floor was covered with a thick carpet.

Because Trevor did not like to wear shoes, he often walked on the floor barefoot.

There were no chairs in the room, and the owner of the room did not intend to come out to welcome them. Emily realized that the owner seemed to be a little weird until now.

She looked for a long time, but it seemed that no one was here. What she saw was that there seemed to be something wriggling on the corner of the bed. Because there was no light on the side

of the bed rail, it was so dark that she could not see it clearly. Suddenly, the robot in front of them spoke.

"Hi, Vincent."

The sound from the machine seemed to be somewhat immature, like the sound of a child who was still eleven or twelve years old. There were sounds of clattering that came from the side of the bed rail, and then the robot said again, "Hi, Mrs."

Emily felt that this voice was too soft and fragile to be disturbed, so he replied gently, "Hello, my name is Emily Britt." 'Rex said that the one she will visit was Mr. Trevor, so Trevor should be Arabella's older brother or younger brother. In light of Arabella's disposition, Emily was unable to link the person in front of him to Arabella's family.'

In her view, all family members from the Peck were graceful, just like Arabella. It had never occurred to her that Arabella had a brother like this, who barely had any sense of existence! Vincent did not walk towards the bed rail. Instead, he pulled Emily's arm to sit on the carpet and surrounded the little robot. The robot in silver was about thirty centimeters long, and its material couldn't be identified. It was small but exquisite, with a nose and eyes, and its eyes were made of gray gemstones. It looked cold, but the light he emitted when looking at others was extremely gentle. Its five fingers were spread out, and each of it was so flexible that could be extended to more than a meter. So could its metal legs, each leg could be pulled to five meters. Its eyes looked towards Vincent, as if it was listening, but also as if it was waiting.

"I want to borrow something this time." Vincent said, then he petted the robot's head, "You little guy, will you go with me?" But Trevor kept silent for a long time.

Emily did not know why Vincent wanted to borrow such a precious item. It seemed that the owner was unwilling to give it to him.

After a while, some scratching sounds came from the bed. Then the robot said, "Vincent, I'm an adult now. Don't pet my head anymore."

Emily fell silent.

'So that was why he had been silent for so long?'

She carefully looked over the bed and finally discovered that

the bed rail was surrounded by a layer of something like gauze. However, it was thicker than the gauze. It was more like a curtain that wrapped the people on the bed. From the view of Emily, she could only see that something was wriggling. It seemed that it was the boy who spoke. But she didn't know whether it was his feet or his hands. The robot would speak after he moved.

Emily couldn't help but be surprised, what's that?

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Chapter 103 Mute

"Do you want me to install the system?" The robot asked.

"There's a tracking device. Just send back the images," Vincent said.

The bed moved and the robot said, "Wait for me."

After that, the 30 cm height robot passed the two of them and walked onto the bed. The robot squeezed into the thick bed-curtain. Emily caught sight of a long and thin back, which was followed by a flash of light from a computer.

There was a computer there.

Probably there was some kind of text-to-speech conversion system. He typed and the robot converted to voice.

A few minutes later, the robot walked out again. It even had a luggage bag with a raincoat and a charger inside. This robot acted differently from other large robots which moved in a clumsy and mechanical way. It did not look like a robot at all. This robot was such a successful creation that it was eligible for a world record.

The robot put on its bag and walked ahead. Vincent stood up, took out a box of chocolates from his pocket and threw it on the carpet. "Let's go."

The door was closed again.

The person on the bed waited until there was no sound from the stairs before getting out of bed cautiously. He picked up the chocolate on the carpet, tore a little bit of the wrapping paper carefully, and took a bite.

The sweetness filled his mouth. A faint smile finally appeared on this young man's pale cheeks.

When Emily followed Vincent to the car door, she turned



around and looked at the garret. "Why didn't he come out and talk to us?" Her voice was faint in the wind.

Vincent looked in the same direction as her and saw three carp windsocks flying by the garret. These carp windsocks were brought back by Trevor's parents from Japan where they went to pray for him. The Peckers used to be atheists, but now they went around begging for gods and goddesses, praying that Trevor could go downstairs from the garret and contact with the outside world.

But ... things went against their wishes.

"He doesn't like communicating with others."

Emily finally understood. She looked at the garret for the last time and got into the car with an inexplicable emotion.

Not everyone in this world could follow the path of a normal person.

But life went on. Even if the road ahead was bumpy and there was no end to it, what we could do was to move on.

The little robot sat in the middle of the backseat with its luggage on its back. It could stretch and retract its legs and could even fly. It was like a tourist, sitting freely beside Emily. Vincent reached out and lifted it to the window. The little robot's fingers immediately turned into a universal glue with strong adhesion, firmly stuck to the window.

Emily looked at it curiously. 'Why did Vincent borrow it?'

Vincent glanced at her, then lifted the little robot with the luggage bag and dropped it onto her palm. "It has just recognized your voice. You can instruct it to run errands for you."

Emily was somewhat surprised and then understood Vincent had borrowed this little robot for her.

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The little robot stood up in her palm. It was ice-cold and weighty. It was the only companion of that person, and she had just taken it away.

Vincent had a rough idea of what she was thinking and said indifferently, "He hasn't seen the scenery outside for a long time."

Emily didn't know whether Vincent was referring to the robot or

the person in the garret. Judging from his tone of voice, he was most likely referring to the latter.

After dinner, the two entered the study.

One was dealing with the unfinished business of the company, the other was reviewing the key points for Senior Two she learned last night.

Rex sometimes played two roles, switching between being a middle school teacher and the special assistant to the president. Occasionally, because of not adjusting roles in time, he would put on a serious face to Vincent.

"..."

The little robot walked everywhere on the ground without turning when it reached the bookshelf. It directly walked up the bookshelf vertically from the ground. Everything it saw was sent to the garret-including the scene of Emily sitting on Vincent's lap to learn investing in stocks after she finished her lesson.

Meanwhile, something happened in the garret.

Arabella broke into the garret with her high heels clicking on the floor. The little robot was not around. There were only sealed red roses left in the room and something hanging on the bed rail to ward off evil spirits.

She usually didn't come here often. Sometimes she came in once a month and just looked at her twin brother through the bed-curtain without saying anything. When she left, she would take a bouquet of roses with her.

But today, as soon as she came in, she was aggressive. Just as she pushed open the door, she asked, "Vincent has been here?" Without the little robot, Trevor was unable to speak. He only moved gently on the bed.

The whole family spent more than twenty years on Trevor, but he looked as if he was completely unaware. A snail would at least draw in its horns to react. But Trevor would not give any reaction to the outside world. He has been hiding in his own world.

Having endured for so many years, Arabella finally could not help but be furious at the one on the bed. "Speak! Are you mute?!"

Those carp windsocks flying by the garret seemed to have been shocked. All of them were suddenly deflated and became lifeless. The servants gathered downstairs and asked anxiously,

"Miss Arabella, what happened?"

"Did you have a quarrel with Mr. Trevor?"

Arabella closed the door and shut out the chattering of the servants outside. She walked to the bedside step by step. Her high heels poked sharp and thin holes in the carpet. She drew back the bed-curtain. "Trevor! You know I like him! I've waited for him for so many years!"

The young man on the bed was suddenly exposed to the light. He was slender, wearing long sleeves blouse and long pants. The hat he wore had a long brim that shaded his eyes, making it impossible to see him clearly. What could be seen was only his thin and pale chin.

He looked sickly, as pale as a vampire. His daily life was only about the little robot and a computer. The last time Arabella saw him was four years ago when she went abroad. He asked the little robot to deliver red roses to her. She walked upstairs to the garret and looked at him through the door. At that time, he hid behind the door and peeked at her shoes and clothes, and asked the little robot to say to her, "Have a good journey." But now, he was laying on the bed, wrapping his arms around his knees. He kept silent in response to her yelling and screaming. The computer in front of him was flashing images. Arabella suddenly collapsed to the ground helplessly. She covered her face with her hands. She was extremely sad. Tears flowed out from between her fingers. She sobbed like a wounded little beast. She whispered and sometimes roared, "Can't you see?! Why would you do this to me too?! Why..." \_\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 104 Amputation

After she cried, she went to the bed to get the tissue. After searching for a long time, she could not find it, but then was stunned by the computer screen in front of Trevor.

On the screen, Emily was sitting on Vincent's lap. They were concentrating on a computer in front of them. Although there was no sound coming from the computer, the sweetness between them could be clearly sensed.

Arabella frantically went to snatch the computer. Trevor, who had been silent, finally moved to seize the other side of the computer. His computer was transformed from a military one, which was ten times thicker than an ordinary computer and as heavy as a child. Arabella scrambled for it for a long time but was unable to get it from Trevor.

"Arabella!" Mr. and Mrs. Pecker finally came. Seeing this scene, they almost fainted. They hurriedly walked over, pulled Arabella's hand off the computer, drew the curtain and said to their son, "Trevor, don't be afraid. I'll take your sister out. She's drunk today. Don't take it to heart."

Arabella was taken outside by Mr. and Mrs. Pecker and helped downstairs by a few servants. She was seemingly out of her wits and muttered, "He did it on purpose today."

The servant did not hear her clearly and asked, "Miss Arabella, what did you say?"

"He deliberately did it when I was away." Another tear fell from Arabella's eyes.

The servant asked with puzzlement, "What happened, Miss?"

"So as to avoid me." Downstairs, Arabella stood leaning on the handrail. Mr. and Mrs. Pecker also came down. Arabella threw herself into her mother's arms and said grievously, "Mom, why doesn't he like me? Why..."

Mr. and Mrs. Pecker of course had heard about Vincent's arrival tonight. However, only after coming here did they hear from the butler that Vincent had a girl with him. The girl looked young but was very pretty.

Hearing of this, Arabella suddenly rushed out. Mr. and Mrs. Pecker didn't understand what's going on. Then, they saw the servants rush over and say that Miss Arabella and Trevor had a quarrel.

Over these years, not to mention quarreling, Trevor had hardly

spoken to anyone. It would be good if they could quarrel. However, that was just a wish, it would be different to see it with their own eyes. The couple hurriedly ran here and witnessed the quarrel. They felt sorry for their son and rapidly brought Arabella down. Before they could reprimand her, they heard their daughter complain about such grievances.

"I've liked him for so many years. I cannot be reconciled!" Trevor, who was in the attic, curled up on the bed. When there was no sound outside, he remained motionless until his hands and feet became numb. He finally moved. The computer went black and he rebooted. Then, all kinds of information jumped on the screen. He intercepted all the information into a dialog box and switched the screen.

On the screen, the two were still sitting on the chair and snuggled up, looking at the computer screen where the Winkley Pharmaceutical's stock was on. The man explained patiently and occasionally shelled a melon seed from the plate beside him and then gave it to the girl in his arms.

Trevor watched quietly and gradually closed his eyes and fell asleep.

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After taking a shower, Emily had time to call her eldest brother. Not surprisingly, Eliot pretended to be very busy in the company and said that he would not visit her these days. He told her to stay in the Scavo's for more days and not make trouble there.

Emily also pretended not to know that he was in hospital. After chatting for a while, they hung up the phone.

Eliot was beaten. The most suspicious was Marquise. After all, it had only been two days since last banquet. However, Marquise was lying on the bed with injuries. Did he order his men to beat Eliot?

No.

Although Emily did not know much about men, she intuitively believed that if a villain was beaten up and wanted to take revenge, he would go for his foe conqueringly and openly with his men.

Marquise couldn't stand up. Even if he stood up, his injured face was disgraceful, so the person who beat Eliot was definitely not

him.

Who was it?

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No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
Who beat up my eldest brother?

Kamron who beat her eldest brother saved him by accident  
after her reincarnation. Emily was caught in a dilemma. If  
without Marquise's interference, she would have suspected  
Kamron.

Suddenly, a sense of coldness came to her hand. It turned out  
that the little robot had climbed into her palm. She didn't know  
when it pulled out a blanket and draped it over its body, as if it  
was going to sleep.

Emily thought it was fun, held it to the bed and asked, "Do you  
need to charge?"

The little robot jumped off the bed again. Something like a silver  
pedestal appeared on the ground. The little robot walked into  
it. Then, a purple-blue light flowed through its body.

Its blanket was crooked, and Emily reached out to help with it.  
Suddenly, she thought, "Is there anyone can help cover that  
man in the attic with a blanket?"

That night, there was someone who could not sleep at all, and  
there was also someone who could not wake up from a deep  
sleep.

Jaquan, who was sleepless in bed, received a call from Arabella.  
For the first time, he hesitated and didn't answer. After all, he  
had already decided to go to work normally tomorrow instead  
of continuing to be crossed in love.

After hesitating for so long, the ring stopped. Jaquan sat up and  
muttered to himself, "As long as she calls again, I will go no  
matter front is a mountain of swords or a sea of flames."

However, there was something that was destined to happen.  
The second call was from Armando.

"Jaquan! Help! I'm driving to the city hospital right now. Go  
there quickly!"

Jaquan heard his miserable and panicked voice. He thought that  
Janessa was going to give birth. He thought again, "No, Janessa  
doesn't even have a boyfriend, let alone giving birth to a baby."  
Anyway, he quickly changed his clothes, took the key of another

car that he didn't drive very often, and headed straight for the City Hospital.

The City Hospital was still overcrowded at midnight. It was as if the patients had made an appointment that all of them went to the hospital at this time. The doctors were occupied and the nurses followed the attending physician hurriedly with medical records in their hands. The patient with blood all over his body from a traffic accident was moved into the operating room on a stretcher. A string of blood flowed down to the white floor. The janitor quickly took the mop to wipe it away.

The nurses shouted the patients' name loudly. The smell of disinfectant and blood mixed up and filled people's noses. Jaquan almost suffocated in this environment.

Fortunately, it wasn't long before Armando hurriedly rushed into the hall with a woman in his arms. From a distance, he only saw the woman in white. Jaquan rushed over and asked, "What's going on?"

He lowered his head and discovered that the woman dressed in white was not Janessa, but the single mother who always found fault with him.

"Janessa said that if she didn't go to the hospital now, her limb would be amputated!" Armando hurriedly put the woman in his arms into Jaquan's arms.

Jaquan took over the woman off guard. She looked rather thin, and when he hugged her in his arms, he felt that her body was not soft, but rather tight as if she had exercised a lot.

He lowered his head and saw that there were beads of sweat on the woman's forehead. She opened her eyes and looked at him, but rarely didn't resist him.

Jaquan said with a sharp tongue, "What does her amputation have to do with me? Why did you call me here?" \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 105 Kindness

"I still have to hurry back to take care of Janessa. No one looks after her. You're idle anyway. One good turn deserves another." Armando took out a stack of money from his pocket and stuffed it into Emma's arms. Then, he said to Jaquan, "See you." Jaquan stretched his hand into the air. Under the weight of Emma, he withdrew his hand. He looked down at Emma in his

arms. She was probably really sick. She didn't make a single sound throughout the entire process. Her face was covered in sweat. The subcutaneous veins on her neck were clearly bulging. Normal people would have howled long ago. Jaquan blamed his tough luck and stopped a nurse. "Send her to the emergency room. Without treatment, she'll die!"

The nurse was not frightened. Anyone who arrived at the hospital at this time was on the verge of death. Even the doctor on duty wished to be in two places at once. The nurse on duty first asked about Emma's condition and then asked Jaquan to register and fill in the information.

She was half unconscious. She couldn't answer any questions at all. Jaquan didn't know what kind of injury she was suffering from. He only knew that she had been bitten by a snake. The nurse asked in detail, "How long has she been bitten? Was she injected with antiserum before? How long has it been? How does she feel now? Does she still have any sensation in her legs? How old is she? Does she have any allergies?"

Jaquan was in complete confusion. He had to call a doctor he knew and said, "Hurry up and come over!"

Coincidentally, the doctor was on duty. Not long after he answered the phone, he rushed over. He first instructed the nurse to carry Emma into the mobile hospital bed, pushed her into the nearest emergency room, and then looked at Jaquan. Jaquan hurriedly gestured to him. "Don't ask me. I don't know anything. I only knew she was bitten by a snake. The day before yesterday, she seemed to have been given an antivenom. That day...."

On that night he brought Arabella over.

The doctor smiled, took off his mask, and looked at Jaquan with interest.

Jaquan was puzzled. "What's wrong?"

"I thought you only liked pretty girls." The doctor put on his mask again and went into the emergency room.

Jaquan frowned. After a while, he figured out what that doctor meant and chased after him, "Wait a moment! Did you misunderstand something?"

The door of the emergency room was closed, leaving Jaquan outside. Jaquan scratched his hair, feeling he was crazy. He



should have slept in his bed instead of coming here on such a cold and windy night. Armando should be blamed.

Jaquan called Armando. The latter probably knew that Jaquan would settle the score with him, so he turned off!

Jaquan was indescribably angry. The door of the emergency room opened again, and the nurse handed out a stack of money.

It was the money that Armando gave to Jaquan.

Jaquan counted it. Armando was truly rich. He sent an unfamiliar woman to the hospital and directly left 50,000 behind. The Mosby family was indeed wealthy.

Jaquan sat on the chair holding the stack of money and waited for a while. Then he took out his phone and looked at it.

Arabella did not call again. His mobile interface was clean.

There were no missed calls and no unread text messages on WeChat.

He thought that even though he wasn't comparable to Vincent, he was a successful elite. But in the past few days, reality bit him telling him that he was arrogant and conceited.

He left the work world without causing a stir. His colleagues only talked about him occasionally. For saving Jaquan's face, they asked him, "When will you come back?"

But they finished their work as usual, and no one needed him. Nobody.

The door to the emergency room suddenly opened. The doctor came out wearing a mask. Noticing that Jaquan's face was ashen, the doctor immediately said, "Hey, hey, she's not dead. Why do you put such an expression?"

Jaquan stood up and said, "No, I was thinking of something else."

"Fill in the patient information." The doctor took off his mask and called for a nurse to push the patient to the common ward.

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

Jaquan tilted his head and looked at Emma on the hospital bed. When he heard this, he subconsciously replied, "I don't even know her name."

"You didn't even know her name, but you sent her to the hospital?" The doctor was writing the name of the potion that Emma should be given next with his pen. Hearing this, the

doctor left a hole in the paper. He couldn't help but look up and down at Jaquan and suspiciously asked, "Are you so kind?"

"..."

Jaquan adjusted his sleeves. He wore a khaki-colored coat, looking handsome. But he had a sharp tongue. "Don't treat me as a masher. Let me tell you. Even if I'm really lustful, I won't choose her. Look at her appearance. Who do you think will suffer the loss if I'm with her?"

The doctor was probably used to his shameless behavior, so he smiled slightly to show his disregard. "Pay the fee first."

"Does she need to be hospitalized?" Jaquan asked.

"Nonsense." The doctor said as he walked, "This woman is really amazing. Does she think that she is invulnerable to all kinds of poisons? If she were taken to the hospital half an hour later, she would be amputated."

Jaquan nodded without saying anything.

As they parted, the doctor said, "The charge office is over there. Where are you going?"

"I'll get a caregiver for her." Jaquan raised his wrist and looked at his watch. "It's so late. I still have to work tomorrow. I'll find a caregiver and go back to sleep."

The doctor took a few steps forward and looked at him suspiciously, "Doesn't you like her?"

"Nonsense! I've been tricked." Jaquan looked up at the lamp on the ceiling with depression.

The doctor shrugged. "Okay."

"What?" Jaquan tensed as he said, "Holy shit. Do you have your eyes on her?"

The doctor only smiled at him with a mysterious expression.

"Don't." Jaquan grabbed his arm. After thinking for a while, he revealed some information about Emma. "She has a three-or-four-year-old son. She lives in the countryside. I don't know if she's married or not. I heard that the child had never seen his father. That's all I know."

The doctor nodded. "She is a single parent. Alright, I know."

Jaquan froze in shock from his reaction. "You're a good young man. If you fancy a single mother, won't your family go crazy?"

The doctor raised his eyebrows at Jaquan. "According to what you said, if I'm interested in all patients, won't the hospital be crazy?"

The doctor was right.

Jaquan took it as a joke. They clapped their hands and parted. He first went to find a caregiver, who asked for five hundred for her all-day service. Jaquan paid her two day's salary in advance and paid the fees for the emergency treatment, hospitalization and the deposit.

When he brought the caregiver back to the ward, the doctor happened to come back after checking the room. Jaquan had the nurse go inside. He stood at the door, intending to greet the doctor before leaving.

However, no sooner did the doctor walk over than he asked, "How are doing with Arabella?"

Jaquan's heart instantly sank. "Stop talking about it."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 106 Sorry to Interrupt You

"Just give up." The doctor took off his glasses and pinched his eyebrows. His fingers were exceptionally long and slender, as if he was born to be a doctor. All his movement was extremely pleasing to the eye.

Jaquan frowned in displeasure. "Why?"

The doctor replied, "If I were a woman and you and Vincent were standing in front of me, I would definitely choose Vincent."

Jaquan raised his leg, intending to kick him. "Scram. You are intentionally satirizing me."

"No, I'm analyzing the situation for you. Arabella has been leading a comfortable life for so many years and stayed abroad for four years abroad. But she still can't forget her sweetheart when she comes back. Think about it. How many years have it been?"

Jaquan was silent for a moment.

"I have loved her for many years."

"You're too superficial." The doctor took off his mask, revealing his chin which was covered with stubbles. "Other than her appearance, what else do you like about her? Her soul?"

Before Jaquan could refute, he sneered. "Don't be ridiculous. Arabella is self-willed and spoiled. You don't know how strangely nurses looked at me when I massaged Arabella's foot last time."

...

"Alright, I'm going to make the wards round. Think about it carefully." The doctor patted Jaquan's shoulder and said before he left, "Actually, she is nice. Her voice is quite pleasant."

Jaquan asked blankly, "What do you mean?"

"She let out a cry in pain."

"Collin, you are sick." Jaquan said angrily, "Beast!"

"..."

The doctor looked at Jaquan curiously. "Arabella had been shouting in front of me for such a long time, yet you didn't lose your temper. This single mother groaned in front of me once. You called me a beast."

"..."

Jaquan also felt that he was making a fuss. He coughed softly, "I just feel that you were extremely obscene just now."

The doctor examined Jaquan in disbelief.

Jaquan kicked him. "Get lost."

Jaquan was worried that Collin would fall for Emma. After all, Emma was a little different from other women. She was especially tolerant and cold.

However, Collin liked this type. When he was in school, he liked domineering girls, and he dated this kind of girl. Once his girlfriend changed to be tender, he would be tired of her and dumped her.

It seemed that Collin still was fond of this type of woman.

Jaquan looked at Emma through the ward window. The caregiver stayed by the bed. Emma hadn't woken up with her eyes closed. Jaquan took a look at his watch, finding that it was one o'clock in the second half of the night.

He walked back with the stack of money in his arms and sent a message to Armando via WeChat. "You're doomed."

Halfway through the way, Jaquan received a phone call from the caregiver. He was worried that Emma needed to pay or something, so he left his phone number for the caregiver. He didn't expect that something would happen so soon.

Jaquan pressed the answer button and asked somewhat wearily, "What's wrong?"

"That young lady is gone." The caregiver said hurriedly, "She just woke up. I planned to help her wash up. I just went to pour

some water, and she disappeared."

"What?" Jaquan pulled over and massaged his eyebrows. "Go to the bathroom to look for her. Perhaps...."

The caregiver returned, "I just asked nurses. Someone saw that she went out. She should be out of the hospital."

Jaquan got stuck for words, as if a thorn was stuck in his throat. After hanging up, he smashed the steering wheel fiercely. What the hell was going on?

He drove the car back, looking for Emma along the way. It was the middle of the night. He didn't know what was wrong with Emma.

Shit! He saw Emma limping to the side of the road from a distance. It seemed that she wanted to take a taxi, for she was looking at the traffic.

Jaquan parked the car beside her. She probably didn't recognize Jaquan. She bowed and asked, "Hello, may I ask...."

The car window was rolled down, revealing Jaquan's face.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
Emma was stunned before she silently retreated back.

Jaquan took out a cigarette from the inner side of his coat and took a deep breath. Then, he threw the cigarette out and got out of the car. He walked up to her and asked, "What's wrong with you?"

Jaquan thought that Emma would ignore him. He didn't expect that after a moment of silence, she would speak. However, her voice was a little hoarse. "I don't want to be hospitalized."

The autumn wind was cold in the evening. With thin clothes, she stood at the intersection, trembling slightly from the wind. Especially the shin of her injured leg was exposed to the air. She didn't wear shoes, and her skin was not particularly fair. But her feet were delicate and her fingernails were pink.

Jaquan shifted his gaze back to her face and asked in a friendly voice, "Then where do you want to sleep so late at night? A hotel?"

Emma shook her head.

Jaquan didn't know what to do. "What do you want? You want to live in my house, don't you?"

Emma thought for a moment and then looked up at him. "Yes,

sorry to disturb you."

...

Was this woman crazy?

\*\*

Bigwigs in City Y chose to hold a bachelor's party on the eve of Singles' Day. It was very grandly called a bachelor's party, though in truth it was nothing more than a sex one. Only the real dandy in City Y could get invitations for this kind of activity, such as Ferne.

The moment he received the invitation, he scolded, "I'm married! How many times do you want me to say it?"

However, when he got off work, he dressed up and wore perfume before going to the party with the invitation.

This was a single villa with three floors in the suburbs. There were security guards and security batons at the entrance. Besides, there was a super large bag that was used to store mobile phones. Everyone had to turn off their phones and throw them into this bag. Otherwise, they would not be allowed to enter the villa.

Anyone who came in only needed to enjoy it. The organizer of the bachelor party would take care of everything else.

Ferne looked at his watch before turning off his phone. At 12:30 in the morning, most of the people in City Y slept soundly, but the nightlife here had just begun.

Ferne had just entered when he encountered a few acquaintances. They tacitly looked at each other, and then they smiled at each other in unison. They exchanged glances with each other about the reason why they appeared here.

"Hey, I didn't expect to see you here."

"Aren't you here as well?"

"Yes, yes."

"Don't tell my wife."

"Definitely. Keep it as a secret from my wife."

"..."

Many people were married and pretended to be single.

However, the organizers did not refuse to allow married men to join. Thus, those married men became even more arrogant.

Almost as soon as they entered, they took advantage of the girl standing by the door, regardless of whether or not she was any man's partner.

In their minds, all the females that appeared in this villa tonight could be suppressed beneath their bodies.

Ferne followed behind them and watched as they extended their hands towards the girls one after another. Those girls were somewhat young and charming, but they didn't feel any grievances or sadness after being offended. Seeing this, Ferne sighed deeply.

Somewhat, he had been less and less interested in women lately.

He treated his wife as an ornament. Unless he came home for the New Year, he didn't want to see her face that was full of hyaluronic acid.

Randy and the others had been laughing at him. They wondered if he had gone too far in his early years, so now he suffered from kidney deficiency.

Perhaps Ferne was too boring. He stayed at the hotel day after day and year after year. The novelty wore off quickly, but he was not young anymore. He was not a youth in his early twenties. He did not have patience or energy. He only wanted to keep muddling along. But life was so long, so he couldn't just mess around.

The villa suddenly darkened. Someone turned off the lights. Then a beam of light fell on the second floor. A man stood in the middle of the light. He wore a white vampire mask, leaving his lips and chin visible. He held a microphone in one hand and slowly took a few steps. Resting the other hand on the railing, he shouted, "Welcome to the bachelor party tonight."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 107 Weirdo

The people on the first floor cheered and whistled, "Wow--"

The masked man upstairs gestured for silence. Then, he said, "The guest rooms are on the second and third floors. You will find condoms in the drawer. If you are one of the sexual minority, please go to the room at the end of corridor on the third floor... There will be everything you need..."

His words were implicit and provocative, arousing the interest of everyone downstairs. Many of them were screaming and howling with extreme excitement.

"Of course," the masked man added, "I will try my best to

satisfy all your needs, including... the special needs. You know what I mean by special..."

The masked man smiled. His teeth were sharp and thin, but they were the dentures of a vampire. The smile vividly made him look like a bloodthirst and greed vampire.

Then the lights went out, and the wall lights in the villa faintly lit up. Everyone heard the clicking of high heels coming from upstairs, and every step was knocking on their hearts.

Ferne followed everyone's gaze and saw a row of hot beauties in bikinis appear where the masked man had been. They stepped down in line and were looted by the men before being downstairs.

"Hey, why are you standing here? Don't you like them?" A married man next to Ferne jabbed Ferne's arm. The man said regrettably, "I'm too far away to grab one. I'll go ask if there's anyone else. Come with me."

Ferne smoked and said, "No, you go ahead. I'll stand here and watch."

The man looked at Ferne in astonishment, "There must be something wrong with you. Do you like to watch people fool around?"

"..."

Ferne choked on his cigarette and coughed. He then followed behind the man. He wanted to know who was wearing the vampire mask. He was familiar with the earlier organizer of this event in City Y. However, something happened later. He heard that the former organizer was stabbed to death by a woman in bed.

Later, he heard that the organizers were all wearing masks, and they were changed every year.

The current supervision was stricter than before probably in case of the same incident. No matter who you were, as long as you entered this place, you had equal rights and status.

The only difference was gender.

This was a paradise for men and even for women.

Ferne hadn't participated in this kind of activity for two or three years after he got married. He came here now because a new year was approaching, but his life was still boring and painful. If he met someone attractive, it was good to have an affair.



As the two of them walked from the hall to upstairs, all sorts of provocative groans could be heard from downstairs. The married man in front stopped for a moment and cursed softly. Fortunately, there was no one in the corridor on the second floor. People were downstairs. They walked along the corridor for a few steps and saw a room with the door half open and heard some sound from inside. The married man pointed at the room and said to Ferne implicitly, "It seems that they all have special needs."

Ferne tilted his head and only saw a tall man with sharp nose and thin lips wear a half-silver mask. From Ferne's angle, his lips were slightly lifted, looking a bit sexy.

Sexy?

Ferne slapped his forehead. God, could man's lips be sexy?

That man's lips are indeed sexy.

Ferne's house was flooded with pictures of all shapes of noses, lips and big eyes because his wild wife liked plastic surgery.

Ferne looked at those pictures for months and he was so sick of them and moved to the hotel. He definitely knew that the man's lips were natural. The man had never had a plastic surgery.

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

6 Uncommon Tips For Building A Healthy Relationship

From a plastic surgeon's view, the lips were indeed sexy.

A waiter was handing out masks downstairs. Ferne randomly grabbed one and wore it when he entered. However, the others could recognize him through the mask. He thought the mask became useless.

Through the door, he could vaguely hear people inside saying, "How many people? They're not very obedient... The price can be negotiated... Don't screw it up..."

The door was suddenly opened by the man wearing a silver mask probably because he was standing too close. The man was next to the door and stared at Ferne, asking, "Who are you?" Only then did Ferne see that there were seven or eight men inside, each wearing a mask, like a group of cults holding a wrap-up meeting.

He looked around and saw the man who was the organizer in the vampire mask sitting in the center. The man raised his chin

and looked through the mask. Before Ferne spoke, the married man beside him pushed his way and said, "Oh, we missed the girls. Is there any... any bikini girl left?"

Those masked men laughed at the same time.

The married man was also a little embarrassed by their laughter, "Give us two girls, we won't disturb you."

The organizer took a puff of his cigarette and said, "There's another group coming in half an hour later. Besides, you can wait for a few minutes downstairs. You'll get one. Don't worry. "

His words were implicit, but everyone laughed. Of course, everyone knew what 'a few minutes' implied. The married man suddenly realized, slapping his forehead and immediately left with Ferne.

The two walked downstairs to the hall on the first floor. The married man waited on the sofa, while Ferne stood a little far away and looked at the third floor. He only saw four men in black patrolling the corridor and two bodyguards in black clothes and shades standing at the staircase.

'If I am correct, the third floor should be...'

'But why are there so many people guarding? Are they afraid of something happening? '

As a policeman, Ferne's intuition was quite accurate. He could keenly sense something unusual.

Half an hour later.

As the organizers said, a new round started. The villa's door was opened, and a group of single men entered. The new girls stepped down from the second floor as usual.

The organizers still made the same remarks under the searchlight, arousing everyone's interest to the climax, and then the lights were out amidst the screams.

This was the beginning of a carnival.

Someone finally went up to the third floor. Ferne noticed that the man wearing the silver mask had also followed behind the organizer to the third floor with seven or eight people. He thought for a moment and followed.

The married man had already shagged and was resting on the sofa. He stretched and tugged at Ferne when seeing him going upstairs, "Hey, what are you doing?"

"I'll go up and take a look." Ferne said and went straight away.

The married man looked exhausted and said, "Such a weirdo."

You really enjoy watching people fool around."

"..."

Ferne went straight to the third floor and saw those people standing in front of the man in black. The man frisked them before letting them go one by one.\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 108 Go Wrong

Ferne followed the last one. The man turned around and looked at him, "You like this too?"

Ferne knew what the man was referring to and vaguely replied. The man thought Ferne was embarrassed, and even laughed at him, "Well, just relax and enjoy yourself. Besides, it's legal here."

The last sentence was said in low voice, but it enlightened Ferne. He had never been to the second floor. There were gambling tables in the past. Normally, he was pulled to join the gambling including dice, mahjong and poker as he came in. He thought it was just a different place to gamble. He had never thought that this place could be illegal.

The man in black frisked slowly. He was so meticulous that he almost touched Ferne's underwear. Ferne was frisked thoroughly. He resignedly looked at the man in black and said, "Man, I almost got hard."

The man in black replied with silence.

The man who spoke to Ferne before patted him, "I just said you were shy. I didn't expect you to be like this. Man, I misjudged you."

"..."

The group followed the organizer forward. The organizer opened a door and seven or eight people poked their heads to peek. Ferne also did that, seeing a naked girl walk back and forth in the room. She was short and seemed to be underdeveloped. She had short hair which just covered her shoulders. She was so thin that her spine was prominent. She looked at the door with fright after hearing the sound. Then, she cowardly squatted in a corner with her hands around her shoulders.

Ferne's eyes turned cold. This girl was forced.

Someone raised his hand, "I want her."

The organizer patted his shoulder and said, "Go."  
Then, the organizer opened the second door with the rest of people following, and the scene in this room was the same. The girls were too young to even grow up. Their eyes were filled with fear. One of them was even so scared that she trembled. However, there were men stayed in the room each time, and the door was closed.

Ferne's heart sank as he walked forward. How many rooms were there on the third floor, and how many girls were there in total? If he took an action now, how many could he save? When they were in front of the sixth door, only Ferne and the man in silver mask were left. The organizer opened the door and the girl in the room cried. She looked at Ferne and cried for help, "Let me out-please-let me out-"  
Ferne was about to speak when he heard the man wearing the silver mask say, "I want her."

Then they came to the next door.  
When the organizer took out the key to open the door, he said to Ferne with a faint smile, "I didn't expect you to like it."  
Only then did Ferne realize that the organizer recognized him. "Why are you nervous? I sent you the invitation by myself." The organizer explained.

Ferne asked, "Why?"  
"I heard that you and your wife don't get along very well. I thought you might be a kindred spirit." The man opened the door and let Ferne in, "I was right."

The naked girl bent over the window and shouted at him in tears, "Don't come over-"  
Before leaving, the organizer said to him, "There's medicine, water and tools on the table... If you can't subdue her, ring the bell. Have a good night."

The organizer smiled at him with his sharp teeth exposed under the vampire mask, and then left with a smile.

Ferne closed the door and said to the girl, "Calm down-"

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No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change  
"Here are your clothes." Jaquan Cox took his hoodie outside the

bathroom and put it in the bag hanging on the doorknob. "Take a quick shower. Be careful. If you die in my bathroom..."

Before he finished his words, the bathroom door suddenly opened. Emma walked out in a bath towel, took the hoodie in the bag, and sniffed it at the tip of her nose. There was a mild flavor of lavender detergent.

Jaquan Cox noticed that she had a neat figure, like a gymnast. Her limbs had muscles, especially her arms. She exerted her strength a bit and the muscles would come out, which was very beautiful.

This was the first time he saw a woman with muscles, so he was curious, "Did you do workout?"

Emma ignored him, took the hoodie and closed the door. She stood close to the door and changed her clothes. Jaquan Cox forgot to tell her that the bathroom door was translucent and people inside could vaguely be seen.

He turned away. Although Emma was a single mother, he still should show some respect.

Emma changed her clothes and came out. The black hoodie was oversized and covered part of her thigh. She limped out. Jaquan Cox looked at her and said, "Hey, you could be crippled if you keep walking."

Emma did not say anything. She was about to pass him when her stomach rumbled.

"..."

Jaquan Cox glared at her, "You can still eat at this time?"

Emma asked, "Is there any food in the kitchen?"

Jaquan Cox did a facepalm, saying "No. No one cooks here. I'll get delivery. What would you like to eat?"

"Noodles."

Jaquan Cox was speechless. "It's my treat. Don't worry. Order whatever you want."

"With one egg." She held up a finger and said.

"..."

Some takeaways were open as expected, but most of them were barbecue restaurants, fruit shops and 24-hour supermarkets. Jaquan Cox couldn't find a noodle bar, so he ordered some barbecue, and noted noodles with a fried egg. He also noted he would pay additional 100 yuan.

Jaquan Cox tidied up the guest room for Emma. Then, he taught

her, "If the courier is arrived, you can press this button to open the door."

He showed her how to do it twice and entered his room to sleep after Emma fully understood and nodded.

He was so sleepy.

Emma sat on the sofa and waited for the delivery, she actually wanted to call Stony, but she thought it was too late to call.

Jaquan Cox's room was very clean, just like himself, being unrestrained and wild. There were gorgeous graffiti on the walls with rich colors like black and white, blue and red. The floor was dark brown, the curtains were white, and the wooden coffee table with visible growth rings was embedded with glass in the middle. The design was unique and eye-catching. The sofa was in dark khaki grid. The plain white and black slippers showed a typical male style.

It seemed that no woman had ever slept in this room.

Emma hesitated for a moment when she decided to live here.

However, she thought that since Jaquan Cox had permitted her to stay, then the woman she saw last time definitely did not live here, so she felt reassured to stay.

She could not stay in a hospital, let alone a hotel. They would find her...

The doorbell rang. Emma immediately limped to open the door.

After the door opened, she was stunned.

Arabella was standing outside.

"Jaquan Cox..." Arabella's face turned red as well as her eyes.

The moment the door opened, she took a step inside. As soon as she vaguely saw a pair of slim legs, she was sober for a moment. After she looked up and saw Emma, she became more sober. She held the door and slowly responded, "Sorry... I, I enter into the wrong room."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 109 Keep It a Secret

Jaquan hadn't fallen asleep. He was a little worried when he heard the sound outside. When he came out to take a look, he saw Arabella staggered towards the door and said vaguely, "Sorry, I knocked on the wrong door."

Arabella went out of the room in a hurry. But when she saw the decoration of the entrance, she thought that she was in the

right room. She turned around, and she happened to see Jaquan coming out of the bedroom. He had the habit of sleeping naked. At this moment, he was only wearing a nightgown with his chest uncovered.

Arabella instantly figured out the situation. After a moment of silence, she said to Jaquan, "Am I interrupting you?"

"No. It is not what you think." From a distance, Jaquan just noticed that it was Arabella who was standing at the door. He immediately regretted bringing Emma back.

Emma limped back onto the sofa so that Arabella and Jaquan can talk.

"I'm sorry." Arabella said. She smelled of alcohol. She was wearing high heels. She stepped back and said, "I'm leaving now."

Jaquan strode to the door and held her arm. He frowned and asked, "Why did you drink so much alcohol?"

"I'm a little unhappy. I just want to talk with you." Arabella smiled. She looked a little simple and cute when she was drunk, "It seems not the time for me to visit."

She turned around and walked out, but Jaquan grabbed her and said, "Wait a moment."

At that time, the delivery guy came in with the takeout. When he saw a man was holding a woman's arm, his voice was getting lower, "Please get your takeout."

Jaquan took the takeout and said to the delivery guy, "Thank you."

Arabella sniffed the takeout. Jaquan noticed her reaction and put the takeout in front of her. "Are you hungry?"

Arabella had a regular daily routine, and she kept early hours. However, she encountered with Britt after back to the city. Arabella felt it was unpleasant. She always drank a bottle of wine and got drunk from time to time.

Today's situation was even worse. She went to the garret and bullied Trevor. When thought of it, her eyes turned red again. She was too embarrassed to go back.

Jaquan saw that she was almost cry. He immediately closed the door and took her to the sofa. He went to pour a cup of hot water and put it on the tea table. After thinking for a moment, he poured another cup of water for Emma.

Emma opened the takeout bag and the cover of the box. The

room was full of the fragrance of the noodles and barbecue.

Jaquan placed the barbecue in the middle of the glass of the wooden tea table. He gave some barbecue to Arabella, "Here you are."

Arabella looked at Emma. Emma was lowering her head and focused on eating noodles.

Emma seemed to notice Arabella's gaze. After a while, Emma raised her head and asked, "Do you need me to eat in the guest room?"

Arabella was stunned for a while before she recognized the meaning of the sentence. She stood up at a loss and said, "I..." Emma pointed at her leg and said, "Wait for two minutes. It's not convenient for me to move."

Arabella hadn't finished her words. She sat down hesitantly. She felt that it was strange. Emma was plain looking, but why did she speak with an invisible powerful aura? Emma seemed to be someone who always gave orders to others.

Emma did not chew slowly, and she did not swallow either. Instead, she stuffed a lot of food into her mouth and chewed like a hamster.

Emma had just washed her hair, and her hair was a little wet. Her hair was long to her shoulders. When she was eating noodles, she probably couldn't find anything to tie her hair. She simply took the disposable chopsticks from the takeout, and she put up her hair with one chopstick. At the time, Jaquan was unable to take his eyes off Emma.

After Emma finished eating, she packed the packing box in the bag, and tied it up. She limped into the guest room.

As soon as Emma closed the door of the guest room, Arabella looked at Jaquan and said, "I called you today, but you didn't answer."

Jaquan knew that she was talking about the phone call at night. He didn't know how to explain it. Arabella then asked, "Who is she?"

It was more difficult to explain.

He said vaguely, "She is just a friend of a friend."

"Ok." Arabella took the cup and drank the water. She put the cup on the tea table and said, "I have to go back."

"It's too late. It's not safe for you to go back alone. You can stay



here." Jaquan stood up and said.

Arabella glanced at the guest room. She worried that the Emma could hear her, so she whispered, "The driver is waiting downstairs."

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"Then I'll take you downstairs." Jaquan said.

"OK."

Jaquan took his coat and put it over Arabella. He sent Arabella to the car, and turned around after the car started.

Arabella looked at Jaquan from the rearview mirror. She was a little down, and she asked, "Has he also changed his mind?"

"Miss Arabella, Jaquan is a good man." The driver said, "At least he is sincere to you."

Arabella said sadly, "But I like Vincent."

The driver sighed, "You can't just focus on love in your lifetime. You still have a lot of things to do. The Peckers is relying on you."

"I know." Arabella wiped away the tears on her eyelids and took a deep breath. "I won't disappoint everyone."

\*\*

At the same time.

Ferne joined the party for singles in a villa. The villa was on fire! On the third floor, He was anxiously thinking of a way to save all the girls in the room. But he heard the chaos outside.

Somewhere on the first floor was on fire, and the fire started to surge. Everyone on the second floor and the third floor ran out of the room.

Ferne hurriedly came out as well. Others in the room also ran out, and all people were disheveled, except for the man with a silver mask in the next door.

All people hurriedly ran downstairs, but Ferne still remembered to bring the girl out of the room. She was so scared that she didn't let Ferne get close to her. She even bit Ferne's wrist.

Then Ferne said, "I'll save you!"

The girl's eyes finally lit up, and she wiped her snot and tears. She staggered behind Ferne when running downstairs.

The girls in other rooms also ran downstairs. Everyone in the hall on the first floor ran to the lawn outside. The security guards and bodyguards were holding fire extinguishers to put

out the fire.

On the second floor, the organizer shouted with the microphone, "Quiet! Everyone, don't panic!"

But no one listened to him. Everyone ran out like headless flies.

Then, with a gunshot, the crowd fell silent.

The thick smoke from the fire extinguisher cleared.

The hall fell silent, and the organizer seemed to chuckle through the microphone on the second floor. "There's a rat sneaking in."

"What? What rat?" The crowd in the hall whispered.

"Turn on the lights!" The organizer put the gun in his clothes and said, "Everyone, we need your cooperation. Stay where you are. Crowe, check the number of people."

"Yes, Sir."

The person called Crowe was wearing a long black suit. His face was covered with a black crow mask. He held a list in his hand.

Anyone who came in with an invitation card would sign it.

However, those who registered would not see others' signatures. Everyone could only see their own names. Only the organizer had the list, so everyone was at ease.

Now the organizer wanted to check the names in front of everyone. The people in the hall became restless.

"Didn't you say it was confidential?!"

"That's right! At that time, we agreed to keep it a secret! No one can see our names!"

"That's right, that's right!"

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Chapter 110 Conceal the Truth

The organizer patted the microphone, which made such a piercing sound that everyone covered their ears. Then his cold voice was heard, "Quiet! ID check one-on-one. No one's name will be revealed. There's a mole among us. I will give you a reasonable explanation after I find him out."

After mumbling a few words, the crowd in the hall followed his words.

Crowe took the list and began to check. People only needed to tell him their registered names, and then they would be allowed to enter the room to wait after Crowe found his or her name on the list and put a tick after it.

Ferne felt his hand tightly held by the girl who had just been

brought out. She did not understand why everyone suddenly became so quiet. She was so afraid that at this moment her eyes were filled with fear and uneasiness.

To comfort her, Ferne patted the girl's hand. Somehow that married man discovered Ferne and pushed his way to the front of Ferne. When he saw the girl whose hand was held by Ferne, the man said in a surprised tone, "Damn! No wonder you remained silent. You have such a special taste! "

Ferne couldn't be bothered to talk to the man. He looked around and found that the other little girls had been seized by the bodyguards and taken to a corner. Only the one by his side was not discovered because she hid away in the crowd.

Wait.

If he remembered it correctly, there were seven doors on the third floor. There should be seven girls!

But there were only six, five in the corners and one by his side. There was one missing!

At the thought of it, Ferne began to search the crowd for the man wearing the silver mask. Due to the fire in the hall, many people were crowded around the sofa, which shadowed the man who stood against the wall. The man could probably feel the eyes and looked up. His eyes met Ferne's and he also glimpsed the girl.

The eyes under the cold mask seemed to reveal a trace of tenderness.

Before Ferne could see it clearly, the organizer said almost immediately, "Send the girl back before you enjoy yourself. You can continue later."

This was aimed at Ferne. The crowd could not escape the organizers' eyes, for the lights were on and he was on the second floor with an excellent view of the downstairs.

The bikini girls were all standing on the stairs, while the little girls were sent back to the room on the first floor by the bodyguards. Ferne held the girl's hand and suddenly whispered to her, "You go with them first. I'll find a way and help you out later."

He brought her to the bodyguards. The people around him couldn't see his face through the mask, so they all bantered with him. They smiled and said, "Your taste is special, bro! Enjoy

it?"

Ferne was annoyed, but he managed to restrain himself and smiled at them.

The smile was seen by the girl. She didn't believe that Ferne was serious about his words. He was still one of them. They were all liars, big liars.

She suddenly cried out, "Liars! You're all liars! Let me out! Let me out!"

She fiercely bit the wrist of the bodyguard who controlled her. Due to a moment's inattention, the bodyguard let go of her. She ran away and rushed towards the gate. Ferne stretched out his hand to stop it, but missed her by inches.

A gunshot rang out in midair. The girl was hit against the gate, blood splashing onto Ferne's face.

Ferne lowered his head and looked at his hand in shock. He could still feel the temperature of her blood, and there were traces of the girl's dirty claw prints on his white hands.

He swore a few minutes ago that he would save her.

But the next second, she died in front of him.

"There's another one in hiding. If you don't come out, I'll fire a gun." The organizer's ghostly voice rang out.

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Ferne turned around and looked at the second floor. The organizer looked down at the people below, and an evil smile found its home on his face under the vampire mask. He was like a demon high above, looking down at the hell on earth with a bloodthirsty light in his eyes.

Somehow the crowd quieted down. Many people didn't dare to make a sound again. They cooperatively walked over to Crowe and automatically announced their names. Then, they entered the secured room.

Gradually, the people in the hall were fewer and fewer, leaving only a small number of them unchecked. The organizer walked down from the second floor and waved to the bikini girls to let them into the room on the second floor.

He walked down the stairs step by step until he reached the girl's corpse and squatted down. He examined her up and down, then looked at Ferne who was standing beside him and

asked, "Do you know when the fire broke out?"

Ferne didn't answer. He just looked at the corpse on the ground and said, "You shouldn't kill her."

The organizer smiled and said, "You're strange."

He stood up from the ground and walked unhurriedly into the remaining crowd, saying, "There's another strange person."

Ferne looked up to see the organizer standing in front of the man wearing the silver mask. He asked the man the same question, "Do you know when the fire broke out?"

"I don't know," said the man.

The organizer asked, "What's your name?"

"Rodney."

Crowe took out the list and found the name. The organizer nodded. But as Rodney was about to leave, he was stopped by the organizer. "Wait a moment."

Rodney stopped but didn't turn around. He tilted his head and asked, "What's the matter?"

The organizer looked at him and said, "I have another question for you. Wait a moment."

Rodney stood there. He waited until everyone was checked and entered their rooms. Only Crowe, the organizer, and Ferne were left.

"Do you know why I kept you here?" The organizer took the list and walked around Ferne.

Ferne still remembered the corpse behind him. He was unwilling to put on any airs and said coldly, "Let's come to the point. Don't beat around the bush!"

The organizer smiled with an air of indifference. He even stroked the vampire mask on his face and said, "When the others came out, their clothes were all untidy. Only the two of you..."

His glanced at Ferne and Rodney. The two of them were neatly dressed, and their hairstyles weren't even messed up. But when the others ran for their lives in panic because of whoring and the fire, they were like drown mice. Some buttoned their shirts wrongly, and some of them even ran out without wearing their shoes.

The organizer walked around the two of them and showed his sharp teeth with a bloodthirsty smile. "I'm curious what are you guys doing in your rooms without enjoying yourselves?"

The penultimate was stressed in his words.

Ferne looked at Rodney. He couldn't figure out what Patrick was thinking through the mask, but he could feel that the man was very calm from beginning to end, as if he had already expected such an outcome.

The organizer stopped in front of Rodney. He was not as tall as Patrick, but he had an aura of authority. He bent to look at Patrick's eyes under the mask. "Or ... you are hiding something?" He said in a voice so low that it was like he was whispering,

Before Ferne uttered a word, there came a voice beside him, "I like men."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 111 The List

The organizer was surprised, "What?"

Rodney seemed to be vexed, "I thought the special services you provided were for gays like me. But later, I saw there were all girls on the third floor. However, I had to choose one since everyone else did."

"I thought I'd talk to you later, but the fire broke out." He spread out his hands and his fingers were very clean. And there was a ring on his ring finger. He might be a married man like Ferne.

"You said you like men?" The organizer looked at him doubtfully and asked after a while, "What type?"

Rodney laughed and pointed at Ferne, "Like him."

Ferne had nothing to say.

"Alright, it's our fault for mistaking the guests' needs." Although the organizer was dubious about what Rodney just said, he managed to restrain his fierce-looking and asked sharply, "But, can you tell me why the girl in your room disappeared?"

"I don't know. I ran out after the fire was on." Rodney said nonchalantly, giving people time to think. He behaved like a gentleman, "Besides, how can you be sure that it is the girl in my room who disappeared?"

Of course, the organizer wasn't sure. He just bluffed, but Rodney didn't fall for the trap.

A moment later, Crowe went back with the list. He whispered in the organizer's ear, "The number of people is exactly as the list,

but..."

He hesitated.

The organizer was a little impatient, "But what?"

"It's just that ... one of our bodyguards is missing." Crowe said in a low voice. Not surprisingly, the organizer slapped him fiercely. After that, he turned around and said hurriedly, "Let the guests leave quickly. If the other party was here for that girl, they won't meddle our business. But if..."

Before he could finish, a sound of the police car came from outside.

"Who called the police!" The organizer's face turned ashen with anger. "Are you sure about the list?!"

The crowd hurriedly handed over the list. "I checked them all. There are no moles."

"The list is correct, but who knows the person under that mask?" The organizer took the list and stared at Rodney, then at Ferne Dalton.

Crowe asked, "Then what should I do? Shall I go to check now?"

"No!" The organizer kicked Crowe and said, "Take the girls and run from the secret tunnels right now!"

"Yes!"

When Ferne turned around, the girl's body had disappeared. The bodyguards were cleaning the door, some were doing their works in order as if they all got used to this situation. People in the room also went out and danced to the blasting music in the hall, as if they were having a party.

If Ferne hadn't witnessed a girl die in front of him, he would have almost been fooled by this scene.

The policeman knocked on the door and kicked it, and shouted loudly. But nobody answered.

It was not illegal to have a party. Besides, would they get caught if they ignored the police?

Absolutely no.

The police shot at the lock and finally opened the door. A group of armed policemen came in, and some of them went straightly to the third floor. However, there was nothing there. They carefully checked everywhere and found nothing. They returned downstairs with guns and made a gesture.

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The captain still stayed calm. He raised his hand again and the group of policemen immediately rushed to the second floor to continue searching. The result was the same. There was nothing.

Ferne was thinking that it was so much difficult to take a kid away from the third floor when the fire was burning. The organizer was on the second floor, and he could see even the slightest movement on the first floor. Moreover, there were four bodyguards on the third floor. Even if all of them went down to put out the fire, how could he avoid the guards outside the door? It was even harder when he took a child with him. Ferne had an even bolder guess. If the arsonist was with Rodney, and if they wanted to save the seven children, then the perfect plan was let the police to find one of them.

The people in the hall looked at each other for a moment, then continued to dance. The music was wildly ringing, and the captain shouted, "Turn off the music!"

But nobody cared about him.

It was the police on the second floor who found the stereo and turned it off.

The music was off. But the people below were not quiet. A man smoked and said to the police, "What? It's against the law to have a party? Do you want to arrest us? Sir?"

As he spoke, he raised his hands as if he surrendered, which made others laugh out loudly.

"Who is in charge of this event?" Asked the policeman.

"Me." The organizer walked out of the crowd. He was dressed in a white suit and was quite conspicuous in the crowd. "I am the organizer. May I ask what law we violated by singing and dancing here, which bring you here in the late night?"

"I received an anonymous report that something illegal happened here." The policeman answered righteously.

"Illegal?" The organizer laughed, "You're really funny. The people who come here are all decent men. They just come over to enjoy themselves. Is that illegal?"

The police might realize that this person is a sophisticate, so he handed him over to the other police officers to record his statements. Then the police went to ask other people who were



attending the party.

Other policemen didn't give up, either. They were searching around the second floor and third floor. Some of them even knocked on the wall. They probably trusted the anonymous informant very much, and they firmly believed that there was something happened. Therefore, they were all searching the ground inch-by-inch.

A moment later, a policeman shouted at the bathroom, "Captain!"

All the policemen headed to there, and Ferne was very nervous. He saw the organizer's face darken, and he turned around to run. Ferne didn't think too much, he just pushed the policeman in front of him and shouted in a loud voice, "Freeze!"

Only then did the police react and arrested the organizer immediately.

The policemen in the bathroom finally came out. One of the policemen was holding a girl in his arms. She was blackened by smoke and covered her nose and mouth with a wet cloth. She was unconscious. The policemen checked her pulse and said in relief, "She is still alive."

Ferne opened his eyes wide in disbelief. The bathroom was the place where the fire broke out.

The man who made the plan was simply too bold.

It was undeniable that sometimes the most dangerous place was also the safest one. So, the arsonist set fire and sent the child to the bathroom when smoke was billowing. But what if the child died halfway?

He couldn't even imagine.

He even had a premonition that the person who made the plan had thought of the consequences as well, but he still did it.

Why?

He wanted to use this plan to exterminate this organization.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 112 Ordinary

"Where are the other kids?" The police pressed the organizer to the ground and asked angrily, "Where are the other kids?"

The organizer pretended to be innocent, and said, "What are you talking about? And who brought that child here? I have said that, children shouldn't be brought to the party."

A policeman couldn't help but punch him. "Bastard!" The organizer's mask was shattered, and a feminine face was revealed. He had white skin and bloody red eye shadow. He looked like a vampire. He shouted, "How dare you hit me! What did I do? You hit me before I was convicted. I must file a complaint against you!"

What if the children had been transferred to other places? What if the organizer refused to admit the crime? If the police investigated for half a month and found nothing, this matter would be left unresolved, and this person would still be released in the end!

Ferne was extremely anxious, and he saw a man who wore a silver mask following the policemen out of the bathroom. The man leaned against the wall and lit up a cigarette.

Suddenly, a policeman rushed in. "Captain! There is an accident in the front three cars, and in the back carriages of the two cars are girls." He gasped heavily and finally finished his sentence. The organizer looked terrible. He couldn't suppress his anger, and his face was extremely ferocious. He struggled to get up, but was pinned to the ground by the police.

Ferne immediately looked at the man who was leaning against the wall and smoking. He leaned his head against the wall and slowly spat out a mouthful of white mist. In a trance, Ferne saw him laughing.

"No one is allowed to leave!" The policeman shouted, "Follow me to the police station to take a statement!"

This was a big case in City Y. It was related with several cases of girl's disappearance. If this case could lead to the resolutions of a series of unresolved cases, then it was really worth it for them to stay up for most of the night.

Ferne walked to the side and made a gesture to the captain. It was an internal gesture of the police, which was invented by Ferne.

The captain glanced at him and then said coldly, "You! Stop! What's your name?"

He walked to Ferne and looked him up and down. Ferne said, "It's me, Ferne Dalton."

The captain's expression changed. He asked the police seriously to take other people away. Then, he said to Ferne, "What's going on? Why are you here?"

"It's hard to explain. You guys leave the person wearing the silver mask here." Ferne looked obedient, but he said very quickly, "A girl has died. Please check if there is any new soil outside."

"Who?" The captain was shocked. He looked around and ordered, "Hurry up! Or you can't have breakfast!"

"The one leaning against the wall and smoking a cigarette."

The captain looked around again and finally found the person.

After he withdrew his gaze, he lowered his voice and said,

"Please tell me something so that I can leave him for you. What if he is an important witness?"

"If I'm not mistaken, he was the mastermind who set the fire and called the police. He was the one who saved others." Ferne lowered his head and said very quickly, "If someone finds out the truth, do you think he will live?"

"What if he knows something else..." The captain didn't want to leave the man behind. If the man was really the planner, then he might know more. Perhaps the captain could dig out the entire industrial chain with the help from this man.

Ferne knew what he was thinking and said, "Leave him to me and I will ask him."

The captain pondered for a moment. Then he pointed at Rodney and shouted angrily, "You! Come here! What's your name?"

Rodney slowly finished smoking. He walked over unsteadily, as if he was drunk.

Most of the people were taken away, leaving only Ferne and Rodney in the hall, as well as the other police officers and the captain who were still searching.

The captain handcuffed Ferne and Rodney, and then ordered a policeman, "Get them out!" He whispered something to the policeman cautiously. The policeman immediately looked up at Ferne, and then lowered his head to accept the order. He even pretended to push Ferne fiercely and said, "Get in the car quickly!"

When Ferne came out, he saw that the group of people had been taken away by the car. The policeman even lectured them in the car.

Ferne saw the car had gone. He turned around and pressed

down on the policeman. He took the key and uncuffed himself and Rodney.

Rodney didn't expect that, so he raised his eyes to look at Ferne in surprise, "What ... are you doing?"

A policeman's voice came from behind the villa, "Captain! I found them!"

Ferne stopped there and looked in the direction. He thought about the girl's last glance at him, and his heart tightened. He took off his mask, fell silent for a moment, and bowed in that direction.

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"Follow me." He threw the handcuffs to the policeman, shouted at Rodney, and then walked towards his car.

Rodney hesitated for a moment and followed him.

"How much do you know?" As soon as they got in the car, Ferne looked at Rodney and said, "Tell me and we leave."

Rodney sat in the passenger seat. His legs were too long to stretch out, so he bent his legs slightly. When he heard Ferne's words, he turned his head and said, "What if I don't tell you?"

"It doesn't matter." Ferne shrugged, "If you don't tell me, more girls will die next time."

Rodney sneered, and said bluntly under the mask, "That girl died because of you."

Ferne looked terrible because Rodney was right, and he couldn't refute it.

"If you just left her squatting in the corner with that group of people, she wouldn't have died." "But you made the stupidest decision. You took her with you."

Ferne looked straight ahead, and Rodney continued, "You didn't save her, but sent her to the hell!"

Ferne exhaled. This was the first time he realized all the explanations were in vain. He could not apologize to the dead girl.

"Who are you?" After a long time, Ferne asked in a hoarse voice.

Rodney took off his mask, then slowly took off the ring on his hand and said to Ferne, "Start the car."

This was the first time that Ferne had been ordered in a

commanding tone by a man of the same age other than Vincent. He was a little unhappy, but he obediently started the car and drove out.

He glanced at Rodney every once in a while and felt as if he had seen Rodney somewhere before. As a hotel owner, he saw countless people every day and kept them in his mind. However, at this moment, he couldn't remember where he had seen Rodney.

At three in the morning, it was still dark. The lights in the carriage shone on that person's face, making him look young and tough. His eyebrows were thick. He was handsome and manly. He tilted his head, and the broken eyebrows on his right showed some sharpness.

If Emily was here, she would definitely recognize this person. His name was not Rodney, but Noah.

"Focus on the road! I don't want to die yet." He said in a low voice.

Ferne immediately looked at the road ahead. After a moment, he finally couldn't help but say, "I have another question."

Before Noah spoke, Ferne hurriedly asked, "Was the girl unconscious or awake when she was taken to the bathroom?"

He knew that if the girl was in a coma, it would be noticeable if an adult carried her inside. However, if the girl ran in spontaneously, then ... another person would even have a chance to run out.

Could a girl run in spontaneously?

Was this possible?

Noah gave him the answer in the next second as if to confirm the possibility.

"She was awake."

Ferne frowned and asked, "If she couldn't help but run out, wouldn't your plan be a failure? Were you so relieved to do that?"

Noah knitted his eyebrows and said, "Our entire plan was for her."

"What?" Ferne opened his mouth and was shocked.

"Goodbye." Noah looked at Ferne. His lips curled up slightly, and a dimple appeared on his cheek.

Before Ferne could figure out what he wanted to do, he opened the door and jumped out of the car in front of Ferne.

Ferne stopped his car, got off and took a look. It was dark, and there was no sound other than the bird's cry.

When he returned to the car, there was a silver mask on the passenger seat, as if to remind him that the person who had just jumped off the car was not Iron Man or Spider-Man, but an ordinary person wearing a mask.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 113 Brazen

The first sunlight shone through the curtains.

Emily was sweating heavily on the arena. She was dressed in a white martial arts uniform, and she can pose very standard gestures now. The strength and angle of her punches were also quite accurate. She also learned to use her own advantages to carry out perpetual or instant attacks.

When the Guards fought against her, they only circled around and occasionally punched by her as sandbags. But when Rex fought with Emily, he helped her with practicing attack and defense. After all, Rex was a rigorous man, who wouldn't flatter her.

The Guards thought they were sneered at.

However, when Vincent came to join them, things tended more interesting.

Vincent stood behind Emily, bent down and pressed his back against her. He wrapped her fist and punched at Rex quickly and accurately.

Rex was at loss for what to say.

They were simply teasing at him.

"Stand firmly, tighten your waist and abdomen." Vincent's hands put on her body. Emily was a little bit distracted, thinking that the warmth of his hands almost melted her.

"What are you thinking about?"

Vincent said closely to her ears. Emily felt a tingle shuddered through her body. She trembled and shrugged her shoulders. His breath made her ears itched, but she couldn't scratch as her hands were held by Vincent. She could only look at him with her big wet deer-like eyes. But as she turned her head, her lips touched his cheek slightly.

They were so close, and their breaths were mixed together.

The Guards at the side covered their eyes and opened their

fingers to see secretly. But Rex turned around very gentlemanly. Seeing that the Guards were still watching, he even kicked them for reminding.

Vincent held her head and turned it around. He patted her hair lightly and said, "Focus."

"Alright." Emily obediently looked ahead and posed an attacking gesture.

However, Vincent saw that her ears were as red as blood. He chuckled and kneaded her earlobes, "If someone attacks you from behind, what would you do?"

He said as if he was doing something serious. The Guards couldn't stay anymore, and Rex even got off of the stage hurriedly.

At first, Emily was still itching and wanted to dodge. But as long as she heard that it was a test, she immediately held one of his arms with both hands and knocked him fiercely with her elbow. Vincent bent down with her movements. Emily then lifted him up and prepared to give him a shoulder throw. However, Vincent stood so firmly that she could not move him at all. She could only give a low kick to his underparts.

Emily almost kicked him. After dodging, he asked with a dark face, "Who taught you this?"

Emily blinked and said, "Rex."

At that moment, Rex was drinking water. Hearing this, he spat out all the water he had just drunk.

He thought, 'What? It was the little Hulk who taught herself, okay?'

The little robot stood in the outer circle and transferred everything it saw to Trevor.

Emily finished bathing and changed her clothes. She was a little hungry after exercise, so she went downstairs to find something to eat. She happened to see Mr. Rolando sitting in the garden feeding the goldfishes.

There was an embedded fish pond at the entrance of the Scavo's. People could walk on it, and the fish were swimming under the glass. There was only a little exit in the garden for people to feed the fish. Mr. Rolando was nest on the soft sofa. He was enjoying the sunshine, listening to music, and sprinkling bread crumbs in his hands.

The butler also held up a sun umbrella and placed sunflower seeds and tea on the table.

Seeing this, Emily only wanted to sigh, 'When I get old, I will live a leisure life like this!'

"Hey, Emily, come here," Rolando looked up and saw her, then he immediately waved to her, "Are you hungry?"

Emily nodded embarrassedly.

Rolando was very happy to have a chance feed her. He said to the butler, "Let the maids cook black-bone chicken soup for Emily, and mutton for Vincent."

Emily said, "Thank you Rolando, but I'll just have a piece of bread."

It just so happened that there were some pieces of bread on the table. Emily took two slices and left without looking back though Rolando was calling.

Rolando sighed, "The bread is for the fish. Will she like it?"

Emily, who had just taken a big bite of bread, was frozen.

She immediately spat it out.

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And the little robot besides her stretched out to take a napkin from somewhere, and carefully handed it to Emily.

Emily took the napkin and thanked it, then she asked, "How could I send you there?"

The robot didn't say anything, just tilted its head and looked at her, as if it was trying to understand the meaning of her words.

At this moment, Harold called. Emily walked to the bathroom and answered, "What happened?"

"Beverly went to the company." Harold said.

Emily paused for a moment and said, "Not surprisingly. Now, just keep an eye on Christy. Beverly will definitely contact her to talk about investment. Also, the people behind Christy have not shown up. It's best to keep an eye on her."

"Okay."

The little robot suddenly said, "Photo, address."

Emily was stunned for a while before realizing that it was the answer to her last question. She immediately said to Harold,

"Send me Christy's photo and address."

"Do you want to arrange others to keep an eye on her?" Harold



asked.

Emily lowered her head to look at the robot and smiled, "Yes, it's a little guy."

Not long after hanging up the phone, Harold sent over the address and photo. Emily put the photo and address in front of the little robot, then read the address again.

"Do you remember? Trevor." She asked softly.

The little robot spoke after a long time, and its voice was still that of a young boy. "It's called Eleven. It's my eleventh work."

Emily squatted down in surprise. "If you can talk to me through the robot, does that mean you can see me?"

The robot nodded slowly.

"Then please help me keep an eye on someone. It's the girl in the photo. If she wants to go out, please remind me." After she finished speaking, she also rubbed the little robot's head like Vincent did.

The little robot dodged her stiffly. Its mechanical fingers scratched its head. Later, the young boy said, "I ... am elder than you."

"Really? I didn't see you before. I thought you were younger than me."

Emily only wanted to let him to say more, but the little robot stopped talking after she finished. After a while, he said,

"Positioning succeeds, let's go."

Emily watched as the little robot shrank its legs and arms. Then, it flew up and flew out of the window.

She stood there and watched for a while, then walked into the room next to study room. It was time to study next. She had to grow up quickly so that she could have enough power to protect her family.

Rex and Vincent were in the study room.

Rex closed the curtains and asked, "Mr. Vincent, Eleven flew away. Shall I let someone follow it?"

"No." Vincent looked at the screen, "If it is caught, it will activate the self-destruct function."

"Then Mr. Trevor's efforts will be ruined." Rex said with regret.

Vincent paused for a moment, then raised his head to glance at Rex, "At present, its disguise and tracking tasks never failed."

Rex was surprised, "Then I'll borrow one from Mr. Trevor another day."

Vincent took a small round mirror on the table and threw it into Rex's hand, and let him to look in the mirror.

Rex was confused.

What?

What happened to his handsome face? Rex looked in the mirror, didn't understand what Vincent meant.

The Guards were shocked and thought, 'How brazen Mr.

Vincent is!' \_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 114 Sleepwalking

Things happened in the Britt Group.

Beverly was dressed like an office lady, walking into the hall with her head held high. The receptionist was new here, and had never seen Beverly before. She stopped Beverly and asked, "Excuse me, may I ask who you are looking for? Do you have an appointment?"

Beverly looked at her badge and said, "Linda, right? You're fired."

"Why?" The receptionist was dumbfounded.

"I'm Mr. Britt's wife. You can call me Mrs. Britt, or Ms. Beverly. Anyway. None of these matters." Beverly put on her sunglasses, "Because you are fired."

Tears rolled down Linda's cheeks. She just worked here for several days. When the general manager interviewed her, he praised her for having a friendly smile and being very suitable for this position. She was also very satisfied with her salary. Adding on the fact that the company was close to her rented apartment, she thought that she could settle down. However, she was fired just because she did not recognize the boss's wife. Those few days of work would definitely not count as her salary. Thinking about this, she cried out in grievance.

Maury didn't go home last night. Beverly cooked porridge and asked Susan to cook a lot of dishes, and packed them in food boxes and brought over. In the office, Maury had gotten up. He was calling the factory to confirm the progress. He then called the customer and promised that he would complete all the orders on time.

After hanging up, he didn't even have time to greet Beverly. The phone in his office rang. Maury was about to answer when he

saw Beverly pick up the phone. Although she hadn't come to the company for a long time, she still remembered what she learned. It was the director of the marketing department called to ask when the new product would be shipped, because the customer waited to see the sample.

Beverly replied calmly, "Tell him that the sample that just came out has been took by other customers who booked it in advance. Tell him to wait for a moment."

In fact, the factory had just delivered the goods, but Maury did not say anything. From another perspective, what Beverly said would stimulate the customers' desire to buy, rather than repeatedly explaining that the goods were already on the way. If the customers were to be impatient, they might lose an order. Beverly put down the phone and put the food box on the table. She opened the box and placed it on the table. Then, she poured out a bowl of soup and said to Maury, "Go wash your hands and have your meal."

Maury was exhausted. Since there was delicious food for him, he sat down immediately without washing his hands. He took a big sip of the soup and exhaled, "It's been a long time since I've eaten a good meal last time."

Beverly walked behind him and massaged his shoulders, "Don't be too tired. The whole family is still counting on you."

Maury enjoyed himself comfortably for a moment, and his disgust towards Beverly decreased. She was just a woman stay at home. It was unavoidable that she would be short-sighted and do something wrong. He should leave the past in the past. After he finished, Beverly pushed Maury to the inner room to rest. "Go rest for a while. I'll take care of the rest."

Maury was still a little worried. He watched as Beverly answered the phone with ease. Then, the assistant came in with the list to check. She also looked carefully. There were some mistakes that Maury did not notice, but she picked them up. Until noon, Maury finally couldn't hold on and went into the inner room to rest.

Beverly asked Susan to cook and send the dishes to the company. Then, she brought the food into the Finance Department and greeted the accountants and assistants here. As soon as she went back to the CEO's Office, Maury asked her

with a cold face, "What are you doing in the Finance Department?"

Beverly was stunned for a moment, and then she smiled and said, "Don't be so scary. Susan brought some fruits. I gave some to the employees, and I casually walked around and went in since there were employees. I didn't notice that I entered the Finance Department."

Maury saw bananas and apples on the tables of the marketing department through the surveillance cameras. His expression became better slightly, "Don't run around. A general manager's wife shouldn't go to the employees' office."

"What the company needs the most now is humanistic care. If you don't care about the employees, why would they want to work for you? Who would be so devoted to you and the company? Isn't it because of their affection for the company?"

Beverly said reasonably and put the lunch on the table, "Take a break and go have your lunch."

Maury was pushed onto the sofa by her. Seeing that Beverly had taken over the work he was doing just now, he stood up and said, "Come and eat together."

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Beverly I looked at the document, "No need, you eat first. I'll eat after you finish."

Maury looked at Beverly while eating. He suddenly remembered that he was attracted by Beverly's earnest work at that time. Now, after so many years, she didn't change at all. Once it came to work, she would work hard to complete it.

Beverly sensed his gaze and sneered in her heart.

From the morning till now, the documents she had saw did not contain the subsidiary agreement that the man wanted. This meant that Eliot had signed the agreement. The two parties had reached an agreement, and the contract immediately came into effect. There was no way they could change it anymore.

There was another weird thing.

Logically speaking, the company should go through a very difficult time, but instead of producing the goods according to the order quantity, the factory was working around the clock producing twice the quantity exceeding the order quantity.

Was someone else also wants the goods?

But why it was not reported in the account?

Just now, she went to the Finance Department and she hurriedly glanced at the Financial Controller's computer screen. She saw that there was a new remittance record on it. The remittance amount was relatively large, and it was sorted as income. The Financial Controller also marked it red and bold. Because it was too conspicuous, Beverly noticed it at a glance. But she did not have time to look at the remitter. She only confirmed that the money belonged to the company's income, and immediately looked other side.

At this moment, she was staring at the new market research report, but her mind was distracted. That remittance amounted to 30 million yuan. The Britt Group never had such a large order.

Moreover, the factory did not add larger orders. What was the purpose of this remittance?

Beverly frowned and pondered. Maury looked at her from afar and felt even more relieved. He only felt that although Beverly treated Emily a little badly, she was still useful.

If Beverly knew what Maury was thinking about, she would probably laugh out loud.

After Maury finished his meal, he felt he was unusually sleepy. He fell asleep on the sofa in a daze. He was probably too tired, he thought.

\*\*

Jaquan had only slept for three hours before he was woken up by the alarm clock. Although he really wanted to stay in bed, he still remembered that he had said yesterday afternoon that he would go back to the company.

He had to get up and went into the bathroom to wash up.

After wiping his face clean, he turned around and saw a person sitting on the toilet.

The two of them looked at each other for a moment. Jaquan remembered that there was a stranger at his home. He looked quickly away and said in panic, "Damn, are you a ghost? Why aren't you making a sound?"

Emma didn't want to explain. Seeing Jaquan enter with his eyes closed, she thought that he was sleepwalking and didn't dare to make a sound.

Jaquan walked out of the bathroom hurriedly, his heart still beating violently. He patted his chest and exhaled. Gosh, it almost killed him just now. \_\_\_\_\_ Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 115 Beat You

With this shock, his drowsiness completely disappeared. He changed his clothes and put on his wristwatch. Then, he thought of something, "You..."

It is rude for him to ask her what she wanted for breakfast outside the bathroom, but he didn't know when she was going to leave, so he took out 200 and put it on the table. "I'm leaving, the breakfast, it is up to you. Close the door on your way out," said he.

There was no sound coming from the bathroom. Jaquan knocked on the bathroom door worriedly. "Hey, make a sound. Are you still alive?"

Emma answered and added, "I heard you."

Before Jaquan closed the door, he thought silently. If he didn't look at that face, just listening to her voice it was indeed quite pleasant, especially the sound just now...

Jaquan suddenly and fiercely hit the wall, causing his palm to hurt. Only then did he stop thinking like a lunatic just now. He must be insane.

'If that idiot Collin knew about this, he must mock me.'

Thinking of that, Jaquan immediately gathered his spirits, scratched his hair, and left home, putting on the most handsome face in the world.

Emma came out when she heard the door closed. Having been lame and irregular period, she was almost paralyzed on the toilet.

The wall supported her and she walked back to the guest room step by step. She thought about sleeping for a while, calling Stony, and then taking a taxi back...

Then she fell asleep.

By the time she woke up, it was already at noon. She was almost bouncing up, but she seemed to have remembered that her leg was lame, so she failed and tumbled off heavily on the bed.

She got off the bed barefoot and did not realize that there was a trace of blood left on the bed until she was about to fold the

quilt.

She frowned as she looked at the bed, and remove the sheets and quilt cover with lame leg, then she limped to the washing machine with the sheets and quilt cover.

However, just as she unfolded the sheets, wanting to scrub the blood-stained piece alone, Emma dully sensed the presence of another person at home. She looked up and saw a well-maintained middle-aged woman in an apron looking at her with a smile.

"Are you awake?"

Emma nodded, "Yes, good day."

Was this a cleaner? Jaquan seemed to have said something before he left. At that time, she could not hear it clearly. Now that she thought about it, Jaquan might have called a lady to cook for her?

The lady quickly walked over and took the sheets from Emma's hands. "Put them here, let me wash them."

Seeing the blood stains on the bed sheet, the lady more brightly.

Emma smiled at her a bit awkwardly, "Thank you."

She did not like to smile, so every time she smiled, it was sincere.

The lady's eyes were filled with joy. She discovered that Emma's leg was bandaged, "Oh, what happened to your leg?"

"Nothing, a slight injury." said Emma casually. She glanced at the coffee table and saw two hundred yuan. It should be the taxi fare Jaquan had left her.

"Oh, don't move if you're injured," the very warm-hearted lady directly helped Emma onto the sofa and asked, "Are you tired?"

Emma was a little confused, "Huh?"

The lady immediately patted her lips and said with a smile, "Oh no, I mean, are you hungry?"

Emma found it a little strange, and she always felt that this lady was too being too kind.

She looked at the clothes hanging on the balcony. It should be dry, so she said, "I'll just eat out."

"Why eat out," said the lady with some dissatisfaction, and smiled at Emma again. "I came here today to cook for you and Jaquan."

She took a few steps to the kitchen and opened the double-door refrigerator. "Look, the refrigerator is full. I'll cook anything you want."

It was indeed a lady for cooking.

Emma was relieved.

"What would you like to eat?" The lady asked, "do you like fish soup? I made it."

Emma nodded, "OK. Anything is fine."

### A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

Emma limped to the bathroom and changed the towel used for the period. Then, she packed up the garbage, brought it to the doorway, and decided to take it away when she left. When the lady saw that, she smiled and said, "Just leave it there. I'll do it."

Emma did not say anything. She only politely smiled with a closed lip at the lady. She felt there was no need to trouble a nanny for such a trivial matter.

When Emma sat on the dining table, she realized that beside the soup, the lady had prepared a hearty meal. There were a total of ten dishes.

"Have a sip of soup first." The lady handed a large bowl of soup to Emma and said, "it's a little scalding."

Emma took it over. "Thank you."

"Oh, you're quite welcome," The lady joyfully looked at her and said "how does it taste?"

"Delicious." Emma was indeed thirsty. She drank more than half a bowl in one sip. The soup was boiling hot, and it just happened to warm her cold belly. She drank almost up in one sip. Before she put down the bowl, the lady took over her bowl.

"Drink more if you like it. All this is yours."

Emma, "..."

Afterwards, auntie picked up for her, "Eat more of this dish, it's to supplement iron."

Emma nodded, "Thank you, you may eat too and leave me alone."

Emma was not the kind of person who would flatter others, so it might be felt whether she was sincere or hypocritical. The lady had a more favorable impression on her.

The lady wanted to ask something, but she didn't dare to ask anymore. She could only keep picking up the dishes and then



ask, "Is it delicious?"

After obtaining Emma's positive answer, the lady could be happy for a long time, and she didn't take the food.

Emma hesitated to pick up the food for her. The lady ate with a smile and stuffed a large mouthful of rice.

After they finished their meal, Jaquan returned home. Seeing that Emma hadn't left, he asked, "You are still here?"

"Brat, what are you talking about?" The lady stood up and tugged at Jaquan's arm, pretending to be angry. In fact, she was beaming as she said, "Good job! No one found out! You are truly my good son!"

Jaquan, "???"

He looked back at Emma blankly, then at his mother, a little confused, "Mom, what are you saying?"

Just as Emma heard Jaquan called the lady as mother, Emma, who was drinking water over there, choked.

She should have known that.

Mrs. Cox hurriedly walked over to Emma and patted her shoulder, "Be careful."

Emma drank another mouthful of water and moistened her throat before saying, "Mrs. Cox, you misunderstood. I'm just here to crash."

"Crash?" Mrs. Cox looked at her in confusion.

Emma took the opportunity to explain, "My leg is injured. Your son kindly took me in. Actually, he doesn't know me."

"Bring you back when he doesn't know you?" Mrs. Cox looked at her son suspiciously, "Is he so kind?"

Jaquan, "..."

What the hell! Why did they think like that?!

Mrs. Cox still didn't believe it and grabbed Jaquan to the washing machine. "Then, how to explain the blood?"

"What blood?" Jaquan looked blank.

Mrs. Cox directly pressed Jaquan's head against the sheet and said, "That's it! Don't you want to be responsible after sleeping with the girl? I warn you, Jaquan, there's never been anyone like you in our family. If you dare to bully a little girl. I will beat the shit out of you!"

Jaquan was very confused, "???"

Jaquan limped over and weakly interrupted, "That ... it is my period blood."

Mrs. Cox, "..."

Jaquan, "..."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 116 It Would Cost Three Hundred

The three of them sat down at the dining table again.

"So you're not his girlfriend?" Mrs. Cox asked sullenly.

Lowering her head, Emma answered, "I'm sorry."

She had no idea about why she had to apologize, but she felt guilty when confronting Mrs. Cox.

Jaquan was literally speechless when he got everything clear.

"Mom, are you serious? How much do you want me to have a girlfriend!"

"Shut up." Mrs. Cox was furious. After packing up, she took the key and turned around to leave. Walking through the hallway, she saw the garbage bag that Emma had packed. Mrs. Cox thought Emma was really the best girl she had met in the recent years. Thus she turned around to look at Emma. "Miss, if you want to have fish soup, welcome to come here. I would like to cook for you."

It might be hard for anyone else to refuse Mrs. Cox's kind hospitality.

But Emma shook her head and said, "Sorry to disturb you. I won't make you trouble again."

Jaquan poked her in the elbow and said, "Can't you just say yes? She would go away once you said yes. Now she'll start to preach at us."

Emma's honesty impressed Mrs. Cox even more. She glowered at her son and then went away closing the door.

Jaquan asked in surprise, "Has she left?"

Emma limped to the balcony to take her clothes that she had hung out last night. It was cold now, so the clothes hadn't dried last night. Before Jaquan left this morning, he put her clothes on the top of the clothes horse.

Emma could not reach it with one foot, so Jaquan came over to help. In order to avoid him, Emma moved to one side. Jaquan also stood farther from her so that he wouldn't touch her. But they moved to the same direction simultaneously and as a result, Jaquan stepped on Emma's foot. With the other foot injured, Emma fell backwards. At the same time, Jaquan was

about to fall onto her. Emma cried.

Jaquan hurriedly propped himself up on his hands and protected her head at the same time. He didn't hit into her for his shoulders were braced.

They met each other's gaze like they survived from some disaster.

At the moment, Mrs. Cox happened to come back inside for taking the garbage bag. She just could see them from where she stood.

She saw her son almost kiss on Emma's lips.

Mrs. Cox didn't say anything.

Taking the garbage bag with her, she closed the door and left.

Jaquan didn't get any opportunity to explain.

Holy shit! Mom, it's not what you saw! No--

Emma pushed him and said, "Get up."

Jaquan got up and sat on the side helplessly. Then he looked Emma up and down. "Why did she think you are my girlfriend?"

Emma did not respond. She took the rack to get her clothes.

Jaquan stood up from the ground and jumped up to help her.

The edge of his shirt floated up, revealing the four packs underneath which looked charming.

He took off her clothes and handed it to her, "Here you are."

Emma said yes and went to the bathroom to change her clothes. When she came out, Jaquan had already had his meal.

They walked to the entrance together.

Instead of doing the dishes, Jaquan just left them in the sink.

Emma looked at them but forced herself to ignore. She didn't have any shoes. Jaquan found a pair of socks for her and gave her a pair of sneakers. She sat on the small stool and put on the shoes. When she limped out of the room, Jaquan was still standing at the door.

"Are you leaving now?" He asked.

Emma nodded.

Jaquan looked at her and said, "I have a golf club at home. Do you want to use it as a cane?"

"No, thanks." Emma leaned against the wall and said, "I take the two hundred yuan on the table."

"Then? Nothing?" Jaquan looked at her strangely. "I thought you would say you will give it back later."

"I'll return it to Mr. Armando."

"Holy shit, why?" They walked to the elevator and Jaquan pressed the button. When he heard that, he was outraged immediately. "He left you to me after he sent you to the hospital. You ate in my house and now you wear my socks and sneakers. And the 200 is also mine. So why do you want to give him the money? Plus you even dirtied my bed sheets!"

As soon as the elevator came down and the door opened. There were four or five people standing in the elevator. Hearing this, they couldn't help but look Emma and Jaquan up and down with a curious look.

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Emma was stunned.

She turned around.

It was the first time Jaquan saw Emma give in to him. He supported her shoulders and pushed her into the elevator.

"Don't be embarrassed, come in."

Emma was speechless.

As the elevator went down, the people in the elevator still stared at Emma and Jaquan. Emma was so embarrassed that she wanted to cover their eyes with cloth.

Jaquan gave a smug smile.

Then an old lady entered the elevator. Jaquan took a few steps back, but Emma didn't move. The old lady walked in and stood beside her. She looked at Emma and turned to see Jaquan. As she knew him, so she smiled and asked, "Go to work?"

Jaquan nodded, "Yes, where are you going?"

The old lady answered, "I am going to the park and doing some exercises."

Almost everyone else in the elevator knew each other. They all greeted to the lady. Emma was the only one that the old lady didn't know. She asked her, "Which floor are you on?"

Emma did not respond. She looked at Jaquan.

Jaquan was nervous.

What did she mean?

It seemed like the old lady understood. "Are you on the same floor with Jaquan? Are you new? I know all people on that floor. Which room do you live?"

Emma still turned to look at Jaquan.

Jaquan was stunned.

The old lady understood. She laughed and said, "Do you live together? No wonder you have stood together. You are a perfect match for each other."

Jaquan was awkward, "I'm just joking. I don't even know her."

The others in the elevator gazed at Jaquan at once.

Jaquan was so helpless.

He almost forgot, they saw them come down together!

The elevator finally stopped on the first floor. Emma limped forward. The old lady reached out to help her, but she rejected.

"Take care of yourself. I'm okay with this."

She smiled and said, "That's right. You have Jaquan with you"

Jaquan had no way but to help Emma.

He was obliged to support her out of the elevator. It was at noon, so many office workers had witnessed the scene. They talked to him, "Congratulations."

Jaquan didn't understand.

Were they blind? It was nothing deserved congratulations.

Finally, he helped her to the side of the road and hailed a taxi.

Then, he pushed her into the car and waved his hand.

"Toodles!"

Emma called him.

Jaquan clicked his tongue and turned around to say, "There's no need to say thank you. I know I'm a good man. I always help others."

Emma stretched out her hand from the back window and said.

"It was the money. The driver said it will cost 300 yuan. Just lend me another 100 yuan."

Jaquan was annoyed.

He never wanted to meet this woman again in his life. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 117 Blood Sugar

"Ouch..." Noah pulled back his arm. "Be gentle, Christy."

Christy pressed the disinfectant cotton ball on his forearm, "You deserve it! What were you thinking? You think you're a Superman? You jumped out of the car! The person in the car didn't hurt you, why did you jump out of the car?"

"Weren't I worried that he fell in love with me and took me

home?" Noah blew his arm, because when he jumped out of the car, his arm acted as a cushion, but was hurt by a rock and a large piece of skin was rubbed off.

"I'm so worried, but you still have the mood to joke!" Christy patted him angrily.

"Alright, alright. Didn't I come back safe and sound?" Noah opened his arms to her. His other forearm was injured, so he just raised it up and said, "Come here, and give me a hug." Christy avoided his injured forearm and hugged his neck. "We did it."

Noah was silent for a moment and he said, "No, one person died."

"What I'm talking about is this." Christy let go of him and took out her mobile phone. On the front page of the news, there was a breaking news-Shocking! People in a Party in City Y Were Arrested! What Happened?

After clicking on it, one could see that this news was only a gossip. The author did not know the real situation and listed all the reasons for his suspicion of them being arrested. However, in the comments, there was a revelation: There was\*\*\*\*\*.

One had to pay to watch it.

Almost every minute, three to five people clicked on it. Christy also paid for it. She indifferently looked at it. "This is the second time. Can the police dig out where they live?"

"Who knows?" Noah took a puff of his cigarette and lay on the sofa. He stared at the crystal chandelier on the ceiling and thought absentmindedly.

"Don't think too much. If we hadn't gone, none of them would have been saved." Christy continued to pick up ointment and apply it on his forearm. Then, she took out a bandage and wrapped it around his forearm gently.

"I was just thinking that that person might interfere." Noah exhaled white smoke, his broken eyebrows were twisted, and Ferne's face appeared in his mind.

"You mean the owner of the Dalton Hotel?" Christy looked at him unhappily, "So, why are you taking off your mask?"

Noah flicked his cigarette butt and said, "I am thinking that if I go to his hotel next time, I will get a free treat."

"Get lost." Christy left.

Noah didn't let her participate in this thing, even though she was already a perfect Christy.

She knew that he was afraid what happened ten years ago would again.

Noah walked over and rubbed her head with his uninjured arm.

"I know you want to catch all of them in one go. Don't worry, I'm just thinking of a plan to kill two birds with one stone so that we won't take the risk."

"You mean..." Christy looked at him in confusion, "That person?"

"Yes." Noah snapped his fingers, "Ferne, our next target."

A gray leaf had fallen from the room. The leaf was firmly stuck to the wall and hidden under the curtains. If one looked carefully, one could tell that it was not a leaf, but a small robot in the shape of a leaf.

The little robot transmitted everything it saw to the other side of the pavilion because it had turned on the phone with Emily earlier. As a result, Noah's conversation was transmitted to Trevor's computer word for word.

Trevor raised his head from the blanket and felt at a loss when he heard a familiar name. He saved all the pictures and voices he had just received, and then clicked the button of playback.

For some reason, he seemed to be stunned for a moment, and then he turned up the female voice he heard.

He seemed to have heard this voice before...

\*\*

Before Emily could confirm whether it was the the Buckleys who attacked his eldest brother, she heard the news that Marquise had been punched-Marquise was in the hospital. Someone had lured away the bodyguard at the entrance and punched Marquise who was heavily injured again, which sent him into the ICU.

At this time, Emily also got the surveillance video of Eliot being beaten up.

At that time, all the surveillance cameras were destroyed. There was only a remote surveillance camera that recorded the entire process of Eliot getting off the car and being beaten. Of course, it also included the scene of Kamron dragging him into a car. History repeated itself.

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
No Wonder She's Always In The Top 10 Of These Lists

When Kamron went to take Eliot away, he was mistaken for a black-clothed man, so he got a heavy punch. When Kamron brought Eliot to Emily, he got another straight punch. It was already evening two days later when Emily saw the surveillance video.

She had just come out of the studio. Every time when the three old men came in, they forgot to teach their students. Instead, they were immersed in debates and thoughts. They often expressed their opinions and had fierce arguments from time to time.

At this time, Emily was always very quiet. She sat there quietly and remembered all the words the three old men had argued about. Regardless of whether they were useful or not, she remembered them first. She would think about them at the quiet night.

Today, she had handed in her "homework". The three old men asked for a picture to be drawn while listening in class. Today, Emily painted Mr. Rolando sitting in the garden feeding fish. The three old men was jealous of him in the painting.

"Rolando is so good at enjoying himself!"

"There are fruits and melon seeds on the table! He's not afraid that his blood sugar gets raised!"

"He doesn't have diabetes..."

"I'm so angry! Look at him in the picture, he is so arrogant!"

"He is still so young in your painting. Is his skin so good recently?"

"It seems that he is indeed aging best among three of us..."

"He swims every day. Of course, his skin is good..."

While the three old people were discussing again, Emily took her phone to the bathroom and saw a video sent by Harold. Not long after her WeChat account was registered, only Harold and Sydnee were added to her contacts.

After watching the surveillance video, Harold sent another message-should I send Eliot home?

Emily called him, "No, this will only be more suspicious. You just need to let the bodyguards protect him secretly. If the Buckleys dare to cause trouble, just ask the bodyguards to call the hospital security."



"OK."

Emily said, "Is there anything ok with the company?"

Harold: "No. Recently, Mr. Vincent has been off work early. He would occasionally come to the hospital and stay for a while."

Emily: "What about Elsie?"

Harold: "There's nothing wrong with her lately. She goes to school as usual. She has not attended any parties. She goes home on time every day."

"That is wrong." Emily raised her head and looked at the mirror in front of the washstand. Her clothes were stained with some water colors. She wiped them with water, and her voice mixed with the sound of water. "Pay attention to her."

"OK."

"How is Sydnee doing?" She asked.

"Very well." Harold thought for a moment and then said, "It's getting cold. Emily, take care of yourself. Don't catch a cold."

Emily finally smiled, "Thank you, you too."

After hanging up the phone, she leaned on the washstand and washed her clothes. She didn't bring anything when she came over. The clothes were all sent by Rex, and they fit very well. And some of the clothes' styles and colors were the same with Vincent's clothes.

Thinking of Vincent, she suddenly remembered what Rex whispered in her ear at the end of today's class, "Vincent's birthday is coming soon."

His birthday, what gift would she give him?

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 118 Competition

Recently, Vincent was buried in the company's affairs and rarely showed up at home. Emily only saw him on the arena in the morning. Every time she came in, he had finished practicing, covered in sweat. When he saw her, he would always land his big palm on her head.

She would dodge and then attacked the back of his neck.

Vincent seemed to see through her and managed to dodge away. Then, he stretched out his long arm and held her in his arms. Emily's sneak attack had never succeeded since she kicked his balls.

Emily raised her foot and tried to step on his feet. While he was

moving, she twisted her body, and slashed her palm like a knife. Of course, these were all fake moves to divert attention. The real move was to directly hit his neck artery with her other hand.

Vincent was delighted to see her movements. He struck down her wrist with one hand, then grabbed her other hand and pressed her body against the wall. He lowered his head and stared into her eyes.

The guards chose not to see this.

Rex remained silent.

"Not bad huh, that's some progress." Vincent pinched Emily's earlobe. His palm was extremely hot, and everywhere he touched was all burning with heat.

Emily touched her hot earlobe and thought to herself, 'He's got some nice lips.'

They were so close that their breath intertwined.

She felt that what she was breathing the air he exhaled. It was cold and unique, with a mint and faint nicotine flavor, filling her entire body to form his unique aura.

Therefore she couldn't help but stare at his lips, and it made her thinking the scene of the two people kissing. She got shy. Every time Vincent reached out to pinch her earlobe, she only found that her earlobe was burning like fire. Later, she realized that Vincent should be making fun of her. Therefore, before Vincent could reach out to pinch her earlobe this time, she dared to stand on tiptoe to pinch his earlobe.

"Well, that makes two of us." she said arrogantly.

Vincent was amused and immediately chuckled, "What?"

As he smiled, his rolling Adam's apple and slender neck in a straight collar made her spellbound. He tilted his head slightly, revealing his sexy curved lower jaw and thin sliced lips.

Emily had probably been being with the guards for too long these days and thought that all men looked very ordinary, but after seeing Vincent, she felt that he was the most handsome guy in the world.

Not even Eliot. (Sorry Eliot)

"Keep practicing and I'll check tonight." This time, instead of touching her head, he lowered his head and dipped her lips. His voice was a little hoarse, "And stop looking at me like that."

Her hand was still on his earlobe, a posture that looked like two

people snuggling in a corner and kissing each other to their heart's content.

Emily was stunned for a moment before letting go. Then, when Vincent turned around, he gently touched his lips.

Strangely, she seemed to be looking forward to his touch.

...

'What was I thinking.'

Emily shook her head. Ah, yes, Vincent's birthday. What birthday present was she going to get him?

Vincent didn't need anything, what can she get him?

"Miss Emily." Outside the door came Rex's voice, "There is a game tonight, are you coming to observe?"

Emily replied, "Sure."

What game?

Competition?

She rushed to the arena, and saw no one. When she walked towards the study, she saw a few guards and Rex sitting in a projection room.

They sat upright in their seats with 3-D glasses on their faces. Seeing Emily enter, the guard waved to her, "Come, this is reserved for you."

Emily looked at the remaining dozen or so empty sofas and smiled awkwardly, "Appreciated."

She found a seat to sit down, Rex handed her a pair of glasses, the guard brought milk tea and popcorn over.

Emily, "..."

She went to the cinema once. Eliot took her, he brought milk tea and popcorn as well. She was sitting at the front. That night, she almost cried her tears dry. After she came out, she cried out that she would never go to the cinema again.

However, this was not a movie.

"It's on! It's on!" The guards said excitedly.

The big screen in front of them was playing the match. Emily looked at it for a while and finally found someone familiar. It was Randy, Vincent's brother. He was wearing a white team uniform and was sitting in front of a row of computers with other members. The camera pulled in front of him several times, and it could be seen that his expression was very serious.

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A few of his team members were also very serious. It seemed that one of them wasn't particularly serious. He was rotating a pen and occasionally looking out of the arena. Finally, a staff member came out of the arena with a cup of milk tea. In the crowd's astonished gaze, the person in Randy's team who wasn't particularly serious stood up and took it.

"..."

After a few seconds of silence, the barrage went crazy.

"Holy crap! This is a competition! Why are you drinking the dam milk tea! It's already picking heroes! You bastard!"

"Do you think it's in your house?! Do you know how much we bet on your team?! Pull yourself together!"

"Forget about milk tea. Just tell me if you can win tonight."

"If you lose, then you're finished."

"If you lose, stop drinking milk tea, drink my urine!"

"That bastard must be bribed!"

"If they lose this game, that bastard must be fired."

"???"

Because it was a live broadcast, after a few rolling comments, filthy comments were handled. And the camera was switch back to Randy' team and their opponent.

Both sides were choosing heroes, but the team on this side was well-prepared. There was almost no dialogue. Each of them knew which lane they were going, so they chose heroes without hesitate. Then, they calmly waited for the other side to choose. When the camera sliced into Randy's team, it was unknown if the cameraman was deliberately targeting the teammate who drank milk tea. The entire camera shot locked at him. As he drank milk tea, he muttered something. The subtitles were followed up in real time below.

"I'm hungry, and I want to eat a chicken wing..."

The barrage exploded again.

"Holy crap! What the hell did you do before the game?!"

"F\*\*\*\*\*!!!"

"Calm down, don't get excited. He's new. Besides, the other old members are here. He should be a support."

"I hope he doesn't drag Randy down."

"I hope so."

One of Randy's team chose to go top. When it came to Randy to

pick, he looked at the one drinking milk tea and sighed as he chose a support.

The barrage went crazy again.

"Damn it! Damn it! Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!"

"WTF? What did Randy pick?!"

"... support."

"The captain picked a support?! What the hell are they doing?!"

"I don't care. I'm going to refund the money! I'm out. I want my money back."

After the opponent had finished picking, it was finally the last member of Randy's team, Milk Tea Bro, to pick a hero. There were already a top, an AD Carry, a mid and a support.

Logically speaking, that Milk Tea Bro ought to play jungle.

However, this bro seemed to be blind. He picked an AD Carry which couldn't take much damage. (Female role)

Randy's team was famous for not playing female roles, but he seemed to exist specifically to defeat this team.

Randy probably didn't expect it, and he was chocked. He even glared fiercely at Milk Tea Bro. Who knew that he would still turn the pen in his hand and occasionally lower his head to suck a mouthful of milk tea? How comfortable for him.

The barrage went insane.

"..."

"..."

"Kill me." \_\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 119 Milk Tea

Emily was at a loss. Rex beside her explained in real time. Plus the comments from the guards, she came to realize that this was a professional competition. Randy would participate in this competition. As long as he won the first place, he would receive a prize of five million yuan.

Wow, five million.

But the money was not as important as reputation.

"Why are they making these faces?" Emily asked.

Rex frowned and said, "There are usually five players on a team, who are allocated into three paths. The top, mid and bot paths have been selected by three players. The rest two players play

jungle and support. It's all set. But they don't have a jungle."  
To make it easier for Emily, the guards added, "It's just that there's an extra bot player but no jungle."

Emily said vaguely, "Then just let one bot player go jungle, is that ok?"

The others nodded heavily, "This is the only way."

"However, this person is new." Rex added, "We don't know his style, and I bet he has not fit in the team yet. The most important thing is teamwork, and few people dare to have a rookie to play professional games..."

Only then did Emily feel the tension here. The game had begun. As expected, Milk Tea Bro controlled his female Martial God and directly ran towards the rival's jungle. Alone!

The screen was bombarded with exclamation points, and the audiences were nervous.

"!!!!!!!"

"!!!!!!!"

"!!!!!!!"

"Damn it! I'm having a heart attack!"

On the other hand, their rival's jungle had his own support with him, while Randy followed his AD Carry. He did not follow this unreliable Milk Tea Bro. But Milk Tea Bro was alone in the enemy's jungle area. The support was probably worried that he would be slayed, so he finally decided to follow him.

However, before he could get there, he heard 'first blood'.

Then, they found that Milk Tea Bro had already slain two enemies.

"..."

The barrage was filled with a series of ellipses. Rex and guards' eyes widened. After all, the camera was fixed on the support which Randy was playing, and they didn't see Milk Tea Bro. At this time, the host replayed the scene just now.

Everyone saw that the rival jungle and support was killing a creep, and was just about to take it down. Then Milk Tea Bro showed up and took it down before they could.

Then he hit level 2. Afterwards, he kept shooting at the rival jungle, who fought back together with his support. But he did not hold on for a few moments before dying. When the support saw that the situation was going wrong, he immediately turned

around but was still slayed by Milk Tea Bro.

Milk Tea Bro bit the straw and smiled. Then, he swung his mouse, went to the bot lane and took all the line. Then, he flew to the mid lane and took all the line too. After successfully hitting level 4, he entered the enemies' jungle and killed all the creeps.

The mid and bot couldn't go to the jungle with him. However, Milk Tea Bro met the rival jungle and his support in the enemy's jungle. This time, the rival jungle didn't dare to fight him head-on. He just harassed Milk Tea Bro a few times before leaving. Thus, he watched as his own creeps were taken down by this shameless man. Before leaving, he attacked Milk Tea Bro.

As a person who didn't understand anything, Emily could only watch Rex and the guards' reactions and judge what was going on in the game.

Then she saw the guards and Rex went like this, "Damn it! What the!"

Emily didn't know what was going on.

Were they losing?

Although she didn't understand the game, she still hoped that Randy would win because he was Vincent's brother.

She involuntarily took a sip of milk tea, then, someone suddenly grabbed her hand. She was so shocked that she trembled. She turned around and saw that it was Vincent. He was dressed in a pure black suit and walked in from the darkness. His sharp face slowly emerged from the darkness. His slender eyebrows slightly twisted above his cold eyes. He had just come back, and his body still carried a bit of coldness. The temperature of his palms was suitable. The screen light divided his face into two sides, one half dark and the other half light.

He sat beside Emily and looked at the screen before asking her, "Can you understand?"

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Emily shook her head, "Not really."

Vincent chuckled. His slightly curved lips could be seen in the dim light. "I'll teach you."

Emily nodded, "Alright."

The two of them sat there, Rex and the guards moved to the front row silently, afraid that the existence of the two would affect them watching the game.

Emily lowered her head and took another sip of milk tea. She saw that Milk Tea Bro had been controlling his champion and knew that he didn't die. She said, "That guy's got something. He hasn't died."

Vincent didn't care about others. He tilted his head and asked her, "What are you drinking?"

"Milk tea."

"Let me try some." Vincent reached out to her.

Emily handed the milk tea over. Who knew that the big hand did not take her milk tea, but instead pulled her arm to the front and took off her glasses. He kissed her on the lips.

"Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!" The guards were screaming.

Emily heard heart beating wildly, she didn't know whose heart it was. She clenched the cup of milk tea in her hand tightly and her heart trembled when Vincent stuck his tongue between her teeth.

The lights were turned on.

The game was over.

"Mr. Randy won! OMG! That guy is awesome!" Emily was led out of his seat blankly, and she heard the guards shouting in her ears. "I almost had a heart arrest when I saw the last scene. That guy went alone against 5 enemies!"

"Yeah, I thought they were gonna lose. All four of them are dead. Only he survived. I can't believe it! He did it! No, I want his autograph. What's his name again?!"

"Lord Top."

"I remember that Mr. Randy's ID was Top of the Tops?"

"Oh, I smell affair."

"..."

Emily was brought to the dining table downstairs before she regained her senses from the kiss she had with Vincent.

"Emily, what are you holding in your hand?" Mr. Rolando smiled as he looked at the two holding hands. His grandson was not an outgoing boy, and he never thought that he had the chance to see his kid get married in his lifetime. And now, here they were. Mr. Rolando was relieved.

Emily lowered her head and saw that the milk tea in her hand



had already been squashed. Fortunately, she had almost drank it up.

Seeing the milk tea, she remembered the kiss in the shadows.

It was a lustful kiss.

It was hard to believe, but, indeed, she could truly feel Vincent's desire from that kiss, his red eyes, his burning aura, and...

"Eat." A voice interrupted her thoughts.

A small rib fell into her bowl, and Vincent's voice was hoarse and magnetic, just like the whisper he had made when he had just kissed her.

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Chapter 120 Cost

Emily couldn't help but look up at the other side.

When Vincent ate and worked, his expression was somewhat indifferent. She observed him and occasionally felt that he was a little cold. But these days, she saw him busy in the study, often working until the latter half of the night. He only slept two hours before getting up. Immediately, she felt that his other kinds of expression had been exhausted by work. Perhaps indifference was the most suitable expression for him.

Probably sensing her gaze, Vincent suddenly looked up at her.

His eyes showed an inexplicable surge of emotions.

Emily immediately regained her senses. She picked up a pork rib with chopsticks. Her lips were still stained with his aura. She reached out and wiped her lips with all her strength before biting the rib.

The sound of gnawing on the ribs coincided with the sucking sound coming from her cochlea, forming a duet. From time to time, the duet rang in her mind and her ears gradually turned red.

When Vincent saw her blush scarlet, a faint smile lifted the corner of his mouth.

Rex considerably turned on the phone calendar and handed it to Vincent.

Vincent didn't know what he meant.

Rex pointed to New Year's Eve and then to the current date. He showed the number with his fingers. "There are 73 days left.

Mr. Vincent, hold on."

"Get lost."

Before Rex left, he showed Vincent the rainstorm warning on his phone.

"Mr. Vincent, there will be a rainstorm tonight."

Vincent nodded and looked at Emily calmly. Emily was chewing on her ribs with her pink lips stained with oil. She looked up, thinking that Vincent had something to say to her. Her big eyes were clear, as if they were filled with boundless galaxies and sparkling stars.

Emily waited for a long time. But Vincent reached out and wiped the corners of her lips with a tissue.

Then he went into the bedroom on the third floor and never came out.

A sudden heavy rain fell during the night. Emily listened to the sound on the window and was somewhat distracted. She thought that it would be very beautiful to draw the rain.

Rex came in with milk and said to her, "Mr. Vincent should go to bed early tonight. Miss Emily, good night. Don't stay up too late after reading."

"Alright."

Emily looked at the clock, finding that it was nine o'clock in the evening.

After she finished her homework, she did some research on stocks and noted down the recent gains and losses of the two stocks. Then, she turned off her computer and walked out of the study.

Three guards stood outside Vincent's room. They were holding blankets and medicine boxes in their hands. It looked like they were about to enter.

Emily asked in surprise, "What happened to Vincent?"

The guards replied in unison, "Nothing."

Emily suspiciously wanted to follow, but the door was closed by the guards who filed in.

Just as she was about to go inside, she saw the door was opened and Rex was standing by it.

She asked, "What's wrong with Vincent? Why did you take the medicine chest? Is he hurt?"

"No, Mr. Vincent just has a cold. He's afraid he'll infect you.

After taking the medicine, he's gone to bed." Rex said.

"Got it."

Emily left doubtfully.

Why did Vincent suddenly catch a cold? He was fine during the meal.

Emily touched her lips. If he was afraid of infection, why did he kiss her so violently today?

After confirming that Emily left without looking back, Rex closed the door. The room was in total darkness, and the guards stood in the dark, blending into the night. Something in their hands emitted an ice-cold light.

Vincent was lying on the bed. The veins on his forehead and neck bulged, as if he was enduring great pain. His voice was hoarse. "Retreat!"

"Miss Emily has left." Rex whispered, "Mr. Vincent, take an injection. You're in too much pain."

"Take it away!" Vincent's expression was ferocious.

Rex had no choice but to wave at the guards. They looked at each other and finally left with the medicine chest in their arms.

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The guards' hearts sank. On every rainy day, that scene would be on. They put the things back into the warehouse, stood there in a dull manner, and sighed.

Guard B said, "We should have let Emily in."

Guard A replied, "What are you talking about?"

Guard D said, "Mr. Vincent has his reason for being unwilling to take the injection. Doctors have said that relying on painkillers for a long time will produce side effects. Over time, he may lose his right leg."

Guard B returned, "But he took the injection readily on last rainy day. And last time at Tea Manor...."

Guard C explained, "He just came back from abroad at that time and he was in a hurry to see Emily."

Guard B said, "If we had allowed Emily to go to his room this time, he would definitely get an injection."

Guard C retorted, "Can you catch us? It's not good to get an injection!"

Guard B said, "Then do we have to watch him suffer like this?"

...

They fell silent.

A moment later, one of them said, "Wait, that TCM doctor had

been making up his prescription."

"Is it true that Emily said that Mr. Vincent would die?" Guard B asked again.

No one answered him.

The crackling sound of the heavy rain falling on the windowpanes mixed with the rolling thunder in the distance. They seemed to be beating drums constantly so that people got irritated and felt uneasy.

At the corner, Emily stood there barefooted, staring blankly at the ground. Only when the thunder rang did she turn around and walk to her room, thinking of the night when Vincent came back.

Sitting beside the bed, he stared at her and asked, "Where's my present?"

However, it turned out that he had to pay a price for his appearance.

\*\*

Hospital.

Eliot was reading on the hospital bed.

Elsie whispered, "Eliot, do you want some fruit?"

Eliot didn't say anything, so Elsie didn't disturb him anymore.

She just sat quietly beside him.

She came over to talk to Eliot after class these few days. Then, she would stay until night and wait for Maury to take her home. However, today, her father didn't come but some policemen did.

"Who is Eliot?" A policeman pushed the door open and came in, looking at the person on the bed first.

Eliot closed the book. "I am."

The policeman winked at the person behind him. Two policemen went forward and cuffed Eliot on the hospital bed.

Elsie shouted, "Why are you arresting him? Let go of my brother!"

"Stop shouting." The policeman brushed off the rain on the brim of the hat. "Someone reported that you were suspected of intentional assault. He provided a diagnosis certificate issued by the hospital. It suggested he was seriously injured. We need to take you to the police station. Please cooperate."

"Intentional assault?" Eliot laughed and said self-deprecatingly, "I want to ask. Who else can I hurt given my current condition?"

Eliot had a splint on his neck, and his face was bruised. When he got out of bed, he seemed to be unable to stand normally and he needed to lean against the wall.

The policeman glanced at him and said, "We only believe in evidence. The other party reported you and provided all kinds of evidence against you. No matter what, you have to go with us and cooperate with the investigation."

"Alright." Eliot said to Elsie, "I'm fine. Tell Mom and Dad not to worry about me."

Elsie was extremely anxious. "Eliot!" \_\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 121 A Nightmare

Eliot was carried out by two policemen. It was late at night, but the hospital hall was still packed with people. It was raining heavily outside. Eliot looked up at the dark sky. The sound of the rain was mixed with thunder. Lightning tore a hole in the sky, leaving the people below looking so pale.

Previously, Eliot was certain that Marquise was taking revenge on him. Eliot now had a second thought. Marquise had been injured by him. Even if he wanted to take revenge, he needed to recover from his injuries. How could he be so impatient?

However, the police said that Marquise had been seriously injured. Eliot suspected that Marquise was acting. Marquise might ask his own people to seriously beat him so as to send Eliot into the police station.

Eliot couldn't figure it out.

He looked out of the window. Under the thunder and lightning, he saw something flying through the rain from afar. He was somewhat surprised to see it carefully, but it was so fast that it disappeared without a trace in the blink of an eye.

\*\*

At eleven o'clock in the night, the little robot flew back to the garret and charged itself.

Trevor got up and got off the bed barefoot. Because he had not seen the sun for a long time, his skin was morbid pale. He was slender. When he squatted down, one could see his backbone bulge.

He touched the little robot's head, and a burst of light flashed across the wall. Then, a series of images appeared.

It was afternoon.

Noah probably went out, and Christy was alone in the room. Wearing glasses, she was tapping on the computer. She leant on the chair and waited for a while. Then paper came out from the printer.

She took off her glasses, picked up a picture and blew it. Then, she walked to a wall and torn off a poster on it, revealing the pictures and colorful markings underneath. Then, she took out a pen and re-circled a name, Ferne.

She then pinned Ferne's picture to the wall.

After everything was done, Christy lay on the sofa and involuntarily fell asleep. In the afternoon, she fell into a nightmare. She revealed fear on her face and she went into convulsion as she straightened up. Then, she randomly grabbed something beside her. Having reached a cup on the coffee table, she smashed it onto the ground. The glass let out a crisp sound. She finally woke up with tears.

She trembled and walked to the computer. She picked up a cigarette and a lighter. After taking a puff of the cigarette, she seemed to be freed from her nightmare. She opened the window and bathed herself in the afternoon sunlight.

Her beautiful eyes were filled with many emotions, such as despair, sadness, hesitation and confusion.

Suddenly, she glanced at the little robot in the room. She probably didn't know why there was such a doll in this place, but she didn't care. She just glanced at it casually and took a few more puffs of cigarettes. After the smoke dissipated, she closed the window.

Noah came in with some food. Having found the broken glass in the trash can, he swept gazes over the coffee table and saw that the cup on it was missing. Then he went to check his cigarette case and found that a cigarette was missing as well. He walked up to Christy and asked, "Did you have a nightmare?"

Christy did not deny it.

"Have something." Noah took out the food and placed it on the coffee table.

Christy did not move.

Noah sighed and walked over to hug her. "It's fine. It's over."

Trevor heard a noise and pressed the pause button.

"Mr. Trevor, are you hungry? I am here to serve you some food." A voice came from the door. A crack appeared at the side corner of the door. A tray was sent in. It was filled with all kinds of nutritious meals.

Before the servant left, he added, "It's raining outside. It's cool at night. Tuck in yourself and don't get a cold."

Trevor played the video again. Christy started to eat with a smile on her face. The action was frozen as the little robot looked up at Trevor.

Although Trevor and the little robot did not communicate, Trevor understood.

Trevor walked over to the tray and placed it on the bed. He looked at the girl who was eating with a big smile on the screen. He dug out a mouthful of rice with a spoon and stuffed it into his mouth.

The little robot on the ground automatically played the picture of Christy's eating. She was more beautiful than Arabella. But she did not eat like a fair lady. The picture gave people a good appetite.

When Trevor put down the spoon in his hand, the rice in the tray had been eaten up.

This was the first time he ate so much.

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He put the tray back where it was and then went back to bed. The information on the computer was changing non-stop. He copied the information and then located it. Later, he typed in keywords to find more information. After screening it, he copied it, located it and sent it.

In the middle of the night, the siren of the police car mixed with the sound of the rain.

\*\*

Emily had another nightmare that night. Beverly embezzled public funds, Eliot was injured and hospitalized, her father and Harold died in a car accident, the Britt Group went bankrupt, and her house was mortgaged. In the end, she was stabbed to death by Elsie.

She opened her eyes, panting heavily at three o'clock in the

morning.

She could not sit idly by and wait for death. She had to let Christy take the initiative to cooperate.

Thus, at three in the morning, she sent a message to Harold.

"Find an opportunity to kidnap Noah or Christy."

Harold, who had been woken up by the text message, looked at it silently.

'Is Miss Emily dreaming?'

"Go to the Dalton Hotel and wait for him." Emily added.

Harold was certain that Emily was serious.

"Keep an eye out for highly skilled doctors." Another message was sent over.

Harold looked at it for a long time and failed to understand it.

He only replied, "Alright."

The rain outside the window had stopped. Emily lay back on the bed, but she was no longer sleepy. What the guards said rang in her mind. Finally, she got off the bed barefoot, opened the door, and walked through the corridor to the opposite of the study.

She twisted the handle gently.

The door opened.

The air was hot and dry. The curtains were completely drawn. It was pitch black all around, and Emily could not see her fingers.

She carefully closed the door and stepped into the endless darkness.

She groped forward and finally reached the bed. She continued to touch the quilt, and then the long arms which were placed outside. Emily held Vincent's wide, slightly cocooned hand and felt his body temperature. Then she gently pressed her face against it.

In her nightmare, she dreamed that Vincent was dead for the first time.

Emily didn't know that the owner of this hand was watching all of this with his eyes open.

After Emily confirmed that Vincent was still alive, she turned around and walked out. Halfway through, she was held back and carried onto the bed.

Emily covered her mouth and did not make a sound. Vincent carried her into his arms and tucked her in. Then, he did not make any other movements. Emily pillowed on his long arm,



and his aura surged into her nose.

After realizing that he was awake, she silently turned to face him. However, the room was too dark for her to see his face. She could only feel his breathing on her face. It was so hot. She stretched out her hands gently and wrapped them around his neck.

Vincent stiffened slightly. In the next moment, he grabbed her back.

It was unknown how much time had passed. Vincent heard the sound of even breathing and realized that Emily had fallen asleep with her arms around his neck.

Vincent chuckled and tilted his head to kiss her earlobe.

What an adorable woman!\_\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 122 Be Responsible for You

When Emily woke up, she was the only one left on the bed. She quickly washed up and had breakfast. When she entered the training room, she saw Vincent standing on the arena.

After observing, she discovered that Vincent did not use his legs very often.

Previously, she only knew that Vincent died after drinking traditional Chinese medicine, but she didn't know why Vincent took it.

Only now did Emily understand that Vincent had injured his leg, and the pain would be unbearable on a rainy day.

"Come up." Vincent threw a towel at her.

Emily subconsciously caught it. Then, she went up and wiped his sweat with the towel. The guards at the side looked at them embarrassedly while rounding their eyes wide open.

Emily looked at Vincent with only one thought in her mind. She could not watch him die.

After Emily wiped away his sweat, she stared fixedly at him.

Because she was short, she had to look up at him.

Men always liked to wear black clothes. Vincent was in black, setting off his distinctly outlined face. Under his eyebrows, there was a pair of beautiful eyes. His eyelids slightly drooped and the outer corner of his eyes slightly raised. When he narrowed his eyes slightly, he looked extremely dangerous and charming. His nose was tall and straight. His boldly nasal bone

extended to his thin cut lips, as if it were carved.

Due to the sweat on his forehead, he loosened his collar slightly, revealing his exquisite collarbone and Adam's apple. He looked so manly.

Since Emily stared at Vincent for a long time, he couldn't help but ask curiously, "What's wrong?"

Emily said softly, "Vincent."

"What?"

"I slept you last night. I will be responsible for you." Emily stared at him and said seriously, "You are mine. You can't date other women, and you can't betray me."

The guards were shocked.

God! What was Emily going to do?

Rex was thrown into great shock.

Given the situation last night, how could Vincent be so horny?

Vincent said with a smile, "Alright."

The guards were in astonishment.

Vincent's and Emily's roles were reversed! 'Vincent, be tough!'

Vincent put his chin on Emily's shoulder and said in a husky voice, "Support me in the future."

Everyone present was overwhelmed by shock.

"Alright." Emily returned seriously, "I'll hold the purse strings.

You should be more careful with money."

Vincent smiled, "Yes, madam."

The guards were startled.

Rex had a look of surprise.

Vincent must have been possessed.

The butler shouted outside the door, "Someone wants to talk with Miss Emily."

A bad premonition flashed through Emily's mind. Before she left, she held Vincent's hand and whispered, "Vincent, don't interfere in my business."

She was talking about her family's affairs.

Vincent understood her concerns and nodded.

They had just arrived downstairs when they saw Elsie, who seemed to be on the verge of tears. As Elsie saw Emily, her eyes turned red. "Emily! Eliot has been taken by the police!"

Rolando sat on the sofa and interrupted with some confusion, "Your brother has been taken away, and you should turn to

your parents. What can Emily do for you?"

Elsie instantly turned pale.

Of course, she wanted to use this opportunity to test whether Emily was really retarded. Eliot had been hospitalized for so many days, but Emily did not pay a visit. She obviously didn't know that Eliot was hospitalized. Now that she heard that Eliot had been captured by the police, Elsie wanted to see how Emily would react. Moreover, Elsie wondered about Vincent's reaction. She couldn't believe that Vincent had allowed Emily to stay in the Scavo's for so many days.

Emily noticed that Elsie wore delicate makeup. After the rain, the weather had already turned cold. She was in a thin coat with knee-high boots, revealing a small part of her fair thighs. Seeing Emily, Elsie said again anxiously, "Last night, a group of policemen rushed to the hospital and directly took Eliot away. Dad and mom went to the police station early this morning, but the police had to verify it before releasing Eliot."

Emily rounded her big eyes, as if she was frightened. She did not move for a long time.

Elsie didn't see her react and took another step forward, "Emily, follow me to the police station. We'll go home...."

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
Emily suddenly moved. She hid behind Vincent, as if she was especially afraid of Elsie.

The guards were impressed by Emily's act.

Elsie awkwardly stretched out her hand and smiled embarrassedly. "Emily?"

This scene was too familiar. Elsie vaguely remembered that Emily hid behind Vincent at the family banquet hold by the Scavos.

However, Vincent, who was not close to women, did not throw Emily out. Vincent was surrounded by guards and his assistant.

It seemed that this group of people had invisibly formed a barrier and put Emily under their protection.

But how could this be possible? How could Vincent protect Emily?

Rex went forward and said to Elsie, "You have scared Miss Emily. Please go back."

Elsie glared at Emily. "Emily, Eliot is so kind to you. You won't just sit there and watch him suffer, right?"

If Elsie weren't worried that she would give Vincent a bad impression, she would have pointed at Emily's nose and asked her, "Are you acting?"

Rolando was a little angry. "You are obviously older than my girl. As her elder sister, why don't you think of a way to solve the problem? Instead, you try to call your sister back. What ability does my girl have to save your brother from the prison?" It took Elsie a long time to understand that Rolando referred to Emily as 'my girl'.

Elsie flushed red and she could not refute. She could only hurriedly say, "Sorry for my interruption. I'm going back first. I shouldn't have been so anxious."

As soon as Elsie left, Emily came out from behind Vincent. She frowned as she pondered. She thought that if the Buckleys were behind it, they would take revenge. However, she never expected that the Buckleys would take the most disgusting method-- to call the police.

Marquise was beaten up in the hospital.

Emily almost forgot that Eliot definitely wouldn't be so impatient to payback. In other words, a third party got involved. This one beat up Marquise and framed Eliot.

They framed Eliot so as to send Eliot into the police station.

What was their purpose?

To punish Eliot?

No, no, no.

Emily thought she must have missed something. There must be something more important than this. Otherwise, the other party would not have implemented this plan at such a tight time.

Rolando suddenly interrupted her thoughts. "Emily, if you don't like your sister, we won't let her in."

"I'm fine." Emily came back to her senses and said, "Thank you, Grandpa."

Rolando could tell at a glance that Emily just pretended to be scared in front of her sister. It had been a long time since Rolando met such a funny child. He waved his hand and said, "Don't worry, Emily. As long as you enter my house, you are my family. The Scavos will protect you. If you get into trouble, go

home. Grandpa will protect you!"

Emily smiled at him. "Alright. I'm so happy that you will protect me."

She turned around and walked upstairs. After she entered the bathroom, she was about to call when she saw Vincent next to her. She raised her eyebrows in surprise. "Vincent, why...."

Vincent's kiss stopped her from saying anything else.

After they separated, she whispered, "Haven't you left yet?"

Vincent threw his wallet to her and said, "I have been waiting for you to give me loose change."

...

Emily took his wallet seriously and flipped through it. She took out a hundred-dollar bill and handed it over. Then she muttered, "Don't waste money."

Vincent let out a chuckle. "Alright."

He left with the hundred-dollar bill.

On the way, Rex noticed that Vincent was in a good mood and asked, "Mr. Vincent, why are you so happy?"

"I received my living expenses." Vincent raised his eyebrows.

"Where?" Rex looked everywhere.

Vincent shook the hundred-dollar bill at his hands in the wind.

Rex was greatly shocked.

He watched Vincent carefully folded the hundred-dollar bill and put it into his lining pocket. Finally, he patted it lightly.

Feeling like jelly, Rex took a few steps and then cried while supporting the wall, "Please save him!"

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 123 I Can Bear It

Emily called Harold in the bathroom. "Beverly is about to make a move."

Harold was surprised, "How did you know?"

Emily exhaled, "I've been wondering why the mastermind was anxious to put Eliot in jail, and now I figure it out. That guy must be in league with the person behind Beverly and Christy. If I guess right, they're probably the same person!"

Harold was shocked, "Then what should I do?"

"I'm not going to stop Beverly, but I want to trick her into transferring the money to my account." Emily stared at herself in the mirror, her eyes shining with determination, "So we have

to go after Noah and Christy now."

"Miss Emily," Harold suddenly said in amazement.

"What's up?"

Harold said, "Nothing. I just want to say you are awesome."

Emily asked, "What?"

Harold lowered his voice, "Noah really comes to the Dalton Hotel."

Emily whispered, "Stall him. I'll be right there."

"Alright."

After hanging up, Emily quickly changed her clothes. These days, she had been in her room and seldom went out. Thus, the winter clothes that Rex sent to her were just lying idle. Now they came in very handy. Emily threw some clothes on and walked out.

She remembered something halfway and said to the guard behind her, "I might not be back this afternoon. Ask the three teachers to take a day off."

The three men were all old, so Emily would like to call them teachers.

The guard nodded, "OK."

Emily wore a mask and told Rolando that she had to go out before leaving the villa.

By a happy coincidence, a taxi just stopped at the gate. Emily jumped into the car. Luckily, the guard was agile enough to catch up with her. Otherwise, he had to run after her in the cold winter.

Emily stared at him, "Why are you following me?"

The guard answered, "Mr. Vincent told me to protect you."

Emily nodded and didn't ask again.

The guard felt it strange that her vibe totally changed after she left the villa. She turned frosty and radiated coldness. It was like she involuntarily armed herself with indifference when she was out, preventing others from seeing her tenderness.

She was exactly the same as Vincent in this respect.

Emily got off the car and dashed to the Dalton Hotel, leaving the guard to pay the bill. Worrying that he couldn't catch up with Emily, the guard threw the driver a hundred yuan and said, "Let me use your car when we meet next time. This is the fare."

The driver smiled, "Alright."

However, he didn't believe that he would meet the two people again in such a large city.

Upon arrival at the hotel, Emily headed straight for the back door to meet Harold. They greeted each other and directly went down through the corridor to the lobby.

Noah was here to dine with his client. Last time, Noah had taken off his mask and showed Ferne his face. Thus, Ferne recognized Noah when passing the lobby. However, he didn't step up to say hi but just instructed the waiter to serve them some dessert.

It was only nine o'clock in the morning. Noah's client was probably staying in the Dalton Hotel, so he made an appointment with Noah to have breakfast there. They were eating and chatting, seeming to have a good time.

Emily frowned and was trying to think of a way, "You deceive him into the private room and tie him up."

Harold was startled. He didn't dare to say that Emily was a cute and simple girl anymore.

"Take a cloth with you in case he shouts." Something just occurred to Emily, "Can you defeat him?"

Harold shook his head, "I don't know, but I'll try my best."

A voice suddenly sounded, "Just knock him out when he's not looking."

Emily and Harold turned around.

Ferne smiled, "Hi, Emily."

Emily was surprised.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
She didn't expect that Ferne could recognize her.

Today she was in a coat with a pure white sweater and pencil pants. However, she covered her face with a scarf, so how could Ferne recognize her without efforts?

It was because Ferne recognized Harold. He had seen Harold standing at the back door, so he guessed that Emily would come over too. He was right, but he didn't expect her target to be Noah.

He squatted down and stared at Noah, hiding the doubt in his eyes and asking, "You want to tie him up? It's simple."

Emily eyed him dubiously.

Harold asked, "Mr. Ferne, what do you got?"

Ferne fixed his hair and said, "It's a piece of cake." Then he stood up and gestured to them, "Look."

He walked a few steps to Noah and asked if he and his client enjoyed the breakfast. Then he stared at Noah and said in shock, "It turns out that you're a regular customer here. Hope you like our food. Well, I've got a nice bottle of red wine. Do you want to have a try? I'll be in the private room. Just come to me later."

Noah politely nodded with a smile.

Ferne walked straight to the private room without looking at Emily and Harold. Emily silently gave him a thumbs up and appreciated his wits.

Not long after, Noah got up and walked towards the private room. After he entered the room and closed the door, Emily stood up and went through the lobby to the private room with Harold. As she put her hand on the doorknob, the door was open and Noah was lying on the ground.

Emily was thunderstruck.

She goggled at Ferne with admiration.

Ferne coughed, "I'm not bragging. I'm far better at Sanda than my friends."

Harold respectfully said to him, "Let's have a friendly competition later."

Ferne said, "You'd better not. I'm afraid that you'll get injured."

Harold replied, "It's fine. I can bear it."

They quickly entered the private room and closed the door.

Harold squatted down to check Noah's belongings and confiscated his phone, wallet and ID card.

Ferne swallowed his saliva and changed the topic. "Why do you kidnap him? I won't do anything illegal."

"We won't do illegal things."

"Is there a basement?"

Harold and Emily said at the same time. Ferne was silent for a moment and glanced at Harold, who was astounded. Then he turned to look at Emily, finding that she remained cool and calm.

"You want to keep him in the basement? Hold him ... prisoner?"

Ferne scanned Emily suspiciously and finally couldn't help but say, "Emily, Vincent is nice to you. You can't do this behind his



back. Although this guy looks handsome and has a good figure, but...."

Emily interrupted him, "Not as handsome as Vincent. Actually, Vincent is in better shape."

Ferne was confused.

He suddenly regretted having helped Emily, and now he couldn't stay out of it. He nerved himself to ask, "Then what are you...?"

"I want you to lock him up for a few days," Emily said.

"Me?" Ferne pointed at his nose in surprise.

"Yes, it's safer to let you do this."

Ferne waved, "No, it's not okay. People will misunderstand me."

"Misunderstand what?" Emily looked up at him.

Ferne didn't know how to explain it.

After a while, he said, "If my wife finds out...."

Emily said, "Then you can take the chance to divorce her."

Ferne was astonished.

He was at a loss for words now. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 124 Dazzled by Your Beauty

After checking Noah's belongings and taking his phone and wallet, Harold gave those things to Emily and then searched further. However, he found nothing more.

Emily took the phone and unlocked it with Noah's fingerprint. Then she deleted the code on the phone and decisively put it into her pocket.

Ferne was dumbfounded as he watched her do that dexterously.

He almost couldn't help but ask whether Emily was so experienced.

"Are you sure you can lick him?" Emily asked again before leaving, "How did you knock him out?"

Ferne was embarrassed to answer that.

Just now, he quickly held Noah and struck him as soon as Noah came over and opened the door.

Ferne hit him fast, hard and accurately.

That was the key to win a fight.

Although his behavior was shameful, he had no choice in that he seemed to be weaker than Noah. When Noah fell on the

ground, it made a loud sound. This meant that Noah was strong, though he looked thin. Ferne felt that he couldn't hang on for very long if he really fought with Noah.

Seeing that Ferne kept silent, Emily didn't ask again but instructed Harold to get a rope. Afterwards, she asked, "Ferne, is there a basement?"

Ferne sighed, "Yes, there is a wine cellar."

"It's okay, as long as no one goes there," Emily said.

"..."

Ferne couldn't help but ask, "Emily, what are you trying to do? Do you have a grudge against him? Just tell me your plan. I can lock him here, but I don't know how to treat him."

"It's up to you. But remember not to let him get away." Emily looked down at Noah and then gazed at Ferne, "I don't think you can beat him even with a stick."

She could tell from Noah's broken eyebrows that he wasn't a pushover. Moreover, she had seen his sturdy chest when Harold searched Noah's inner pocket.

On cue, Harold whispered to Emily, "It looks like Noah works out every day. He is muscular."

Ferne felt hurt.

He silently looked at his flabby tummy and took a deep breath, holding his stomach in. He tried to get himself some abs, but in vain.

Finally, he gave up.

Harold found a rope and tied Noah's hands and feet. Then Ferne got a serving cart and put Noah at the bottom, transporting him to the cellar.

Before leaving, Emily looked around and took a picture of Noah who had been tied. She saved the picture and said to Ferne, "I'll come to take him away a week later at the latest."

Ferne was disappointed.

He regretted having asked her that question just now!

After Emily and Harold left, Ferne sat in the cellar and looked at the red wines gloomily. "Damn it! How should I explain to him if he suddenly wakes up?"

"How do you want to explain?" A voice came from behind.

Ferne slowly turned around and found Noah waking up and sitting on the floor. Even though his hands and feet were tied,

he was still graceful and handsome. He was smiling with a dimple in his cheek. But in the meantime, he raised his broken brows and looked a little aggressive.

He had been thinking about how to trap Ferne in the past few days, but he didn't expect himself to be kidnapped by Ferne now.

Good.

Very good.

Ferne didn't speak.

He suddenly had a bad feeling.

...

After Emily came out, the guard hiding in the shadows followed her again.

"I'll go to the police station. You can go back now," Emily said to Harold.

Harold nodded and quickly disappeared.

Soon, the guard got a taxi. When the taxi stopped, Emily and the driver sitting in the back seat looked at each other in shock.

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

The guard sat behind the wheel and smiled at the driver through the rearview mirror, "Hello, what a coincidence!"

The driver was speechless with anger.

He was the one who had sent Emily to the Dalton Hotel just now. The driver had been avoiding to get close to the hotel, but he saw a man in white standing at the entrance and waving at him for several times. However, he couldn't find that guy every time he drove over.

Just now, the driver finally found the man in white, but then he discovered that the guy was actually in black after taking off his coat.

The driver was mad.

Soon, they arrived at the police station. Emily didn't get off and said to the guard, "You go in and check on my brother. His name is Eliot."

Then the guard walked in.

Although he was just a guard, many people in City Y had seen their uniforms. Thus, people could tell that he was from the Scavo family with a glance at his clothes.

The moment he entered the police station, everyone turned to look at him.

An incoming policeman didn't know him and wanted to shout at him, but a senior policeman quickly stopped the new police.

Then, the captain came over and asked, "May I help you?"

"I want to see Eliot," the guard said.

The policemen looked at each other and then pointed at a large cell full of people. The guard walked over and found Eliot sitting on the ground. Eliot was probably a little tired and was sleeping with his eyes closed.

The guard took a picture with his phone.

The policemen got nervous, "What is he doing? Why would Mr. Vincent interfere with it?"

After all, the Britt family was going under. That was why the policemen dared to snub Eliot. Now that Vincent sent his guard to visit Eliot, the policemen all became nervous and uneasy.

The police chief immediately instructed, "Give Eliot a private cell with a bed."

Then Eliot was woken up in a daze and felt himself lifted onto a bed.

He looked at the policeman in puzzlement and asked, "What's happening? When can I leave?"

The policeman thought that Eliot asked the question just on purpose, for Eliot should know the answer.

Even so, the policeman still answered seriously, "After we investigate it and make sure you have an alibi."

Eliot closed his eyes again.

The guard gave the phone back to Emily. She took a look at the photo and said, "Let's go home."

The guard was a little confused.

Emily looked fragile, but sometimes she was stronger than anyone else. She was more mature and stable than people at her age.

The guard sat in the driver's seat and drove to the Scavo's.

When he got off the car, he looked at the meter and saw that the fare was sixty.

Before he could speak, the driver hastened to give him twenty yuan, "Here is your change. Goodbye."

With that, he got into his car and sped away.

'Damn it! I've heard that one of my colleagues was robbed of

the car and was stuffed into the trunk. The robber was in black and gave him fifty yuan in the end.'

Cool but stingy.

The driver thought about it and felt the person he had just met was the same as the robber.

What a bastard! That guy even tricked a little girl into helping him deceive people! Damn it!

Emily looked at the guard in confusion and asked hesitantly, "Why did the driver look at me with a strange expression?"

The guard answered, "Maybe he is just dazzled by your beauty."  
"..."

Emily said, "But I feel he's scared...."

"There is a saying that the prettier a woman is, the more dangerous she is. So his fear is understandable," the guard lied and complimented Emily calmly.

Emily was startled. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 125 Backing Rex Up

Rolando was waiting for Emily at the door. When he saw she was back, he immediately turned around and walked towards the hall, "I'll go check if lunch is ready."

Emily didn't know how to react.

The butler whispered, "Mr. Rolando has been waiting for you at the door since the moment you left. He's worried that you won't come back after getting out."

In Emily's memory, Matthew never waited for her to come home, nor did he try to make her laugh when he saw her.

He only talked to her on New Year's Day like doing his job, "Here's your lucky money."

She learned everything about emotions from her mother and Eliot, as well as her father, and even Sydnee and Kamron that she knew later. But then Kamron tricked her, and Sydnee passed away. Eliot had to be hospitalized, and her father also died.

All those things happened one after another.

In the end, her feelings were completely taken away when Elsie stabbed a knife into her chest.

"He has lost both his son and daughter." The butler sighed, "He has almost lost Mr. Vincent, too. It took Mr. Rolando half of his

life to get Mr. Vincent back."

This was the first time Emily had heard of Vincent's childhood. However, the butler realized that he had said too much. He patted his lips and said, "I also heard about it from others. The previous butler died when I came here. I heard that he had worked for Mr. Rolando for half his life."

Emily did not say anything. She nodded and walked into the hall.

Rolando waved to her, "Come here, Emily. We'll have crabs for lunch today."

"That's great." Emily smiled at him at a distance.

Rolando was Vincent's last family, so he was also her family.

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In the President's Office of the Scavo Corp.

Rex came in and asked, "Mr. Vincent, should I order food from that hotel like usual?"

Vincent, who was sitting in front of the computer, replied without raising his head, "No."

"Then what do you want to eat today?" Rex took out a tablet, "There are only five hotels in City Y which you have given five stars. You have ordered food from four of them in the past few days, so there is only one left today."

After typing on the computer, Vincent tilted his head and asked, "Can you find meals that are fifteen each?"

Rex was confused.

He suspected that he had got it wrong. He even picked his ears. Vincent was reluctant to take out the one-hundred banknote from his chest, "Give me one of those."

Rex was even more confused.

Mr. Vincent! Was that really necessary?

"My wallet." Vincent held out his hand and Rex quickly handed over the wallet to him. And then he watched as Vincent took out a one-hundred banknote and handed it over to him, "I'll lend you a hundred."

Rex was confused again.

"I have to save up." Vincent rubbed the bridge of his nose, smiling with his eyes narrowed, "After all, I will have to rely on her to support us in the future."

Rex thought he was going to die as he heard that.

So Rex, the special assistant to the president of the Scavo Corp went downstairs with the one-hundred banknote in his hand.

On the way down, he met a lot of employees of the company. All of them greeted him and asked, "Rex, are you going for lunch now? Where are you going?"

Rex smiled and asked, "Could you please tell me where I can get a meal that only costs fifteen?"

All the employees were shocked.

They all wondered whether their company was going to go bankrupt, since Rex could only afford to eat a meal for fifteen now!

An employee showed him the way and told him, "There is a small food stall there. They probably offer inexpensive meals, but takeout costs extra money. A box costs two."

Rex frowned, "Two for a box. That's over budget." Because Vincent's budget was fifteen.

The employee was speechless with surprise.

Rex couldn't even afford a meal that only costs fifteen! The employee thought it was going to be the end of the world and that she was going to be jobless soon.

Hoping to accomplish the mission, Rex ran to the food stall with a sad face. The decoration of the food stall was no match for other restaurants at all. Rex hesitated for a long time before getting closer.

**Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions**

The lady owner was a perceptive woman. When she saw that the white-collar man was wearing a nice suit, a tie, and a pair of leather shoes, she knew he was definitely an elite in the CBD. And judging from his appearance, he must be a member of a middle or upper management team. The way he glanced through the menu also showed that he was rich.

The lady owner hurriedly came up to Rex and said, "Young man, what can I get you? We have all sorts of food here, but it's cheaper than outside. Their food is more expensive, but their food is not better than ours. So, what would you like to have?"

Rex pointed at the menu, "Stir-fried noodles." He whispered, "Can you make it cheaper without shredded meat?"

The lady owner went blank.

She thought the young man must have just been fired.

"Can I just pay one for the box?" Rex asked, trying not to blush.

The lady owner was dumbfounded.

She thought the young man's company must have gone bankrupt!

When Rex went back with the box of stir-fried noodles without shredded meat, he felt he didn't have the courage to face the other employees there. He went to the entrance of the building.

A group of employees were sticking their noses on the glass wall, "Hey, what's this on the wall? Why can't I wipe the stain away?"

They were peeking at the meal box in Rex's hand while pretending they were cleaning the wall. They were convinced that Rex had gone to the small food stall!

A receptionist had just returned from lunch when she saw Rex, so she asked casually, "Rex, where did you buy this meal box? Quite expensive, isn't it?"

Good Heavens! She was so good at flattering Rex. She asked that question without even looking at the meal box.

Rex adjusted his collar, trying to make himself look like an elite, "It costs fifteen."

The receptionist was stunned.

So did all the employees who had been peeking.

They wondered whether the company was going to reduce the staff.

Rex carried the meal box to the President's Office, put the box and the change on the desk, "Eighty-five left."

As he turned around, he saw a few hairy crabs and a food box on the tea table.

A guard was taking out the dishes in the food box one by one, "Miss Emily said she will be responsible for Mr. Vincent's three meals in the future because he doesn't have a lot of living expenses. She also said that you can only eat half of a crab. She had got the meat out and put it in a bowl. The other crabs are for your assistant, Rex."

Rex was overjoyed, but then he saw Vincent point at the stir-fried noodles that he had bought and heard him say, "Don't waste the food. You can have my noodles."

"What about those crabs for me ..." Rex wanted to tell Vincent that he should let him eat the crabs first, since Emily said those



were only for him.

"Oh," Vincent said, "you can have them after you finish eating the noodles."

Rex didn't know how to react.

A heated discussion was going on in the internal WeChat group of the Scavo Corp's.

"Big news! Poor Rex is hiding in the tea room eating 15-buck stir-fried noodles alone with a said face!"

A photo was uploaded.

In the photo, Rex was sitting in the tea room, eating stir-fried noodles in despair. He looked occasionally back in the direction of the office. As he thought about the crabs, he couldn't help but slobber. But when he looked at the stir-fried noodles, he regretted not asking the owner of the food stall to add some eggs for extra money. The fried noodles didn't even have shredded meat in it...

"Sobbing. Is Rex going to be sacked?"

"Our president is really too ruthless! I'm crying."

"It's so difficult to be in the president's company. Sigh. I felt sorry for Rex!"

When Rex returned to his seat with a face full of despair after eating the stir-fried noodles, he discovered that there was a lot of food on his desk, including bread, nuts, other snacks, and even a cup of coffee. And there were a few sticky notes on his computer.

"Rex! It'll be okay!"

"A red heart for you! Rex! Eat well!"

"Hang in there! We will always back you!"

Rex felt confused once again. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 126 His Mysterious Mistress

Noah did not return or send a message even in the afternoon. Christy turned on her phone to check where he was. Only then did she find out that Noah's phone was not located in the Dalton Hotel, but in.... Two words, "the Scavo's", were shown on the screen.

The Scavo's?

He was at the Scavo's?

No, if he changed his plan temporarily, he would have told her

in advance for sure. Why would he go to the Scavo's without saying a word?

Christy immediately prepared herself for the worst. Noah might be under someone's control. That person took away Noah's phone and was waiting for her to contact him.

Noah had never failed in so many years. It seemed that he had encountered a strong rival this time.

The "strong rival", Ferne Dalton, was cursing in his heart while trying to maintain the smile on his face.

He looked at Noah and said, "It's not me that caught you and took you here."

Noah smiled sinisterly, "Oh?"

Ferne didn't know what to say.

Well, it seemed that the misunderstanding would remain.

He sat on a wooden bench by their side and said, "You should have seen it in the news."

The organizer of the bachelors' party had already been sent to a trial. Since the materials of the case were submitted in time and Ferne had been helping them, that organizer would be convicted for sure. People behind him had probably abandoned him, too. However, he still refused to withdraw his previous remarks or admit his guilt. He still pretended that he did not know about the girl who had died and been founded in the trunk of his car, even when both witnesses and material evidence were there.

The police had worked hard for several days, but they only caught a scapegoat who refused to admit his guilt in the end. The guests who had gone to the party also covered for each other, saying that with everyone wearing masks, they did not know who the organizer was, who the other guests were, or what had happened to the girl in the trunk.

In their words, "Everyone comes here to have fun. Who cares who the others are? We just want to enjoy ourselves!"

The girl's death was also like a joke. No one knew why a girl had died there, or what it had to do with them. Most of them repeated the same sentence in the police station, "Why on earth would I know?"

In order to avoid causing an unnecessary panic, in the news the group of people arrested in the middle of the night were described as gamblers.

The world always preached beauty and wrapped ugliness and dirt under a beautiful cover. As a result, people were tricked by the beautiful appearance and then fell into an abyss all the time.

Noah didn't say anything, because all of those were within his expectations.

There were bugs all over the world. They crowded together and flourished by reproduction like maggots in a cesspool.

What the police had destroyed was just one of their dwellings. But the police didn't know that their dwellings were everywhere in the world.

Ferne turned to look at him. "I know what you're thinking, but if you really know something, I hope you won't act alone. I hope you can trust us this time."

"Trust you?" Noah curled up his lips slightly, smiling ironically, "Are you also a police officer?"

"I used to be."

"Why are you not now?"

Ferne didn't answer. He wanted to say that he quit because he went home to get married and to inherit his family's property, but he knew that was just an excuse. In his heart, that was not the real reason.

Noah suddenly said, "Three years ago, in the Fortune Jewelry case, a robber escaped through the back door. The captain chased him because he was too eager to get a reward. But he was taken hostage by another robber hiding at the back door in the end."

Ferne glared at him with his eyes widened, clenching his fists subconsciously.

"Letting the two robbers run away was no big deal, but you didn't want to give up that opportunity to seize them. In the fight, your team member sacrificed himself to save you." Noah raised his eyebrows with a cut slightly, and his rough gaze was cast on Ferne's pale face, "And you, out of anger, shot four bullets into a robber's head."

Ferne suddenly exploded and punched Noah, "You did that on purpose!"

Noah dodged his punch by a few millimeters, but right after that, Ferne's second punch came, "You could have warned me

that night, but you didn't! That girl could have lived!"

The second punch was landed exactly on Noah's face. As his arms and legs were tied up, Noah couldn't dodge the second punch at all.

Ferne rode on Noah's body to punch his face with all his strength as he roared, "But you want that girl dead, so you can provoke me! Is that right?"

"So that I would willingly send that trash to prison!"

"So that I would go all out to dig out their hiding place guiltily!"

"Is that right?"

His eyes were bloodshot, and tears almost welled up. Lying on the floor, Noah pressed the tip of his tongue against his cheek. Although his boldly outlined face and straight eyebrows made him look upright, his eyes were filled with disdain. As if he was trying to provoke Ferne, he said something irritating again, "I thought it would take you some time to realize that."

"You bastard!" Ferne punched him again, "Bastard! That's a life!"

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
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"I know that's a life!" Noah's hit Ferne on the forehead with his head, "But many people have lost their lives and you didn't even notice them!"

Ferne was knocked dizzy. He was not knocked over only because he had immediately grabbed Noah's collar tightly. Noah swept his teeth with the tip of his tongue and he tasted blood. His cut eyebrow was raised high and his eyes were filled with violent rage as he said, "You want a fight? Untie the ropes and let's have a fight!"

The two of them did not notice that the door of the wine cellar was opened. A waitress walked down from outside and saw them after a few steps.

The eyes of the three of them met.

Ferne was silent.

So was Noah.

And so was the waitress.

The waitress hurriedly lowered her head and headed out, and then she closed the door again tightly. A waiter who was waiting for her outside asked, "Where is the wine the guest

wants? Why didn't you bring it out?"

The waitress hemmed and hawed with her head lowered. The waiter sighed, "Forget it. I'll go get it myself."

"No, there're people inside."

"So what?"

The waitress blushed and didn't know how to explain.

The waiter suddenly thought of something. He could tell there was gossip, "What did you see?"

"I saw our boss."

"With a girl?" The waiter was convinced that their boss didn't like his wife and was hiding a mysterious mistress somewhere, but he could never have thought that their boss would hide his mistress in the wine cellar! How exciting!

"With a man." The waitress recalled the scene she had just seen and blushed again.

The waiter was dumbfounded as if he had eaten something disgusting, "What?"

"Our boss is riding on a man."

The waiter was shocked as he thought that was some kind of game in sex.

"That man is tied up. He can't move, and he seems to be struggling."

The waiter's jaw dropped.

He could never have thought that their boss was a player!

"Untie the ropes. Let's have a good fight." Lying on his back, Noah felt his neck was stiff because he had been raising his head for a long time. He lay back on the floor and said angrily, as if his voice was also stained with blood, "Untie them."

"Do you really think I'm that stupid?" Ferne stood up and looked down at him, "How can I be any match for you?"

Noah didn't know what to say.

Ferne took a photo of Noah's face and then walked out with his phone.

"Hey! Aren't you afraid that others will come in and find me?"

Veins appeared on Noah's forehead as he knitted his brows. At that moment, the rough outline of his face was somewhat frightening, and he was surrounded in an aura of anger and hostility.

Ferne nodded, "You do have a point."

He found a lock from the cabinet and smiled at Noah, "Don't

worry, no one will find you now."

Noah kept quiet.

He pressed the tip of his tongue against his cheeks again as he watched the door of the wine cellar close. He only had one thought in his mind.

If he could caught Ferne in the future, he would teach him a lesson.

After Ferne got out of the wine cellar, he immediately made a call, "Help me look up a guy. The name is Rodney Patrick. It might be a fake name. I have sent his photo to you on WeChat. See if you can get his file. Also, erase the record. Don't let anyone discover that we are looking for his file. And don't tell anyone, including the captain."

Not long after, Ferne got the information.

Ferne could tell at a glance that the information was fake.

Fortunately, at least he knew his real name was Noah Sachs.

After saying thank you and his warning to the informant again, Ferne went to the garage, got out his car and headed straight for the Pecker's.

It seemed like he must ask Trevor for help. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 127 Steamed Buns

At exactly four o'clock in the afternoon, Trevor got out of bed barefooted. The heating in his room was on all the time since it was fall. The temperature in the room was kept constant all year round, and the humidity there was controlled by a humidifier.

He looked at his computer and saw a location sent by Eleven. Christy had left for the Dalton Hotel. She probably didn't find Noah, so she went back.

He clicked on the video and the video was projected onto the wall. Christy was eating on the sofa. It was a bun which she had probably bought on the way. She took one bite and the stuffing was exposed. The bun was a little too hot, so she blew on it. She ate it while staring at the location information on her phone. She saw that Noah's phone was still shown to be at the Scavo's. Somehow, Trevor felt hungry as he watched her eat. There were snacks in his room. If the servants did not bring him food in time, he could eat those snacks or ring a bell to remind the

servants. But he had never rang the bell.

Christy bought five buns with different stuffing in total. She had eaten three, and put aside the rest two. And then she made herself a hot drink and curled up on the sofa, holding the cup. When she was in a trance, she could just sit there for a whole afternoon, looking quietly at the curtains. Even though she lived in a high-end villa, she still didn't dare to open the windows at any time for fear of being discovered.

It was as if she was living in a gorgeous palace. Everything around her was perfect except that she herself was rotten. Noah had lost contact with her, but she had to wait. Perhaps he had just lost his phone, so she shouldn't panic now.

Waiting was her strongest suit.

She picked up the unfinished buns and ate them up bite by bite. The servants at the Pecker's heard the sound of the bell for the first time. Many of them crowded under the garret in surprise, "This means ... Mr. Trevor is hungry?"

Another servant was overjoyed as he ran down from the garret, "Hurry up! Mr. Trevor wants to eat steamed buns!"

"I'll go buy some! Let me go! What kind of stuffing does he want?"

"I'll go too!"

The butler rushed over. When he figured out what was going on, he immediately asked, "Wait a moment. How did you know that Mr. Trevor wants to eat steamed buns?"

The servant immediately took out a piece of paper and said, "I took this out from the garret. That's Mr. Trevor's handwriting. This is the first time Mr. Trevor has ever said he wants to eat something! What are you all waiting for! Hurry up! Go and buy steamed buns!"

The note was passed through the hands of more than a dozen servants and was finally passed to Mr. and Mrs. Peck. Mrs. Peck cried as she held the note.

"Our son has written something! He wants to eat steamed buns!"

"This is a good thing. Stop crying." Mr. Peck tried to comfort her.

"Hurry up and buy some buns!" After Mrs. Peck saying that to the servants, she cried again as she read the note carefully

again, "I wonder how delicious those buns are."

Mr. Peck was not sure what to say.

When Ferne arrived at the Pecker's, he saw a group of servants waiting under the garret, chattering about something.

"He ate it! He ate it!" Suddenly, a voice came from above, "Mr. Trevor likes custard buns!"

Ferne was confused.

Only then did those servants see him and invite him up hurriedly, "Are you here to see Mr. Trevor? He is eating at the moment."

Ferne nodded and waited there for about ten minutes as he was told before knocking on the door.

The garret was still filled with the smell of steamed buns.

Normally, Ferne would definitely joke about it, but he was not in the mood at all today. He spoke as soon as he entered the garret, "Trevor, I would like to ask you to look up someone for me."

As soon as he pushed the door open, he saw a pile of paper on the carpet.

That was exactly Noah Sachs's information.

"Holy shit, you're amazing! How did you know I want his information?" Ferne was shocked. He picked up the paper and looked around nervously, "Don't scare me."

Although it was afternoon, it was dark in the garret since the curtains there were completely closed and light could only get in from the door. And Trevor snuggled in his bed in the dark, motionless.

Ferne took a few steps towards the bed, "Why don't you speak?" He glanced around, "Where's Eleven?"

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
Trevor remained silent, so Ferne could only put down the two boxes of chocolates he had brought with him, took the pile of paper and turned around to leave.

Apart from Vincent, and perhaps Arabella as well, no one dared to lift the curtain in Trevor's room.

Trevor's eyes were fixed on the computer screen. In the pictures transmitted back by Eleven, Christy had a nightmare again. She covered her neck with her hands painfully, kicked her



legs with her eyes shut. She grimaced as she almost suffocated in her own dream.

It had lasted for 30 seconds.

If she didn't wake up, she would die in her dream.

Trevor took over the control of the robot temporarily by typing on his keyboard. He typed in a series of codes, and on the computer screen, the little robot began to climb onto the tea table. And then it picked up the cup of hot drink and threw it to the floor.

There was a loud bang.

Christy, who was lying on the sofa, finally woke up from her dream. She panted and coughed for a long time while covering her neck with her hands. When she finally calmed herself down, she raised her hand to wipe the sweat off her forehead and stared blankly at the broken cup on the floor.

She couldn't remember if she had smashed the cup herself.

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Ferne took the pile of paper and headed straight back to the hotel.

But something happened in the hotel. A guest had left his valuables in the pocket of his clothes, but they were gone when his clothes were sent back from a dry cleaner.

Those clothes had gone through six people's hands, even excluding Ferne's hotel's own staff. The dry cleaner was just their cooperative partner, so it was not situated inside the hotel. Ferne checked surveillance cameras' footage, interrogated the waiters, and then communicated with the guest.

He didn't remember that he hadn't read the information until he finally sat down for dinner.

However, as soon as he began to read the information and saw Noah's name, he clapped his hand on his thigh and said, "Damn, I forgot about him."

From morning to night, Noah had not drunk anything, let alone having any food.

Ferne hurried to the wine cellar.

As expected, Noah was lying on the floor with his eyes closed when Ferne opened the door.

Harold was a veteran, and the ropes he had used were field ropes which were extremely difficult to untie. Noah could not

untie the ropes after trying for a whole afternoon. He had grazed his wrists, and the ropes were soaked in blood. Ferne brought in a tray with food and a hot drink on it. He had to walk down the stairs, but he staggered because he missed one step. He could only rush down, but the cup on the tray tipped over. He was anxious to mend his way, but the hot drink was spilled at a speed faster than he could walk.

"Holy shit!"

Noah opened his eyes and squinted at Ferne. Noah's voice was filled with anger, "It wasn't spilled on you. Why are you shouting?"

Ferne didn't know how to react.

He hurriedly put the tray down and turned around to wipe the water off Noah's chest with a wiping cloth, and then he pulled him up from the floor, "Come on. Eat something."

The way Ferne had treated Noah made him so annoyed that he even wanted to kill Ferne. But Noah cooled off a bit and squinted at Ferne when he heard his words, "How should I eat?"

Ferne looked at his bleeding wrists and said, "I won't release you in any case. You can find a way to eat by yourself."

The wine cellar was filled with an intoxicating smell. Noah had been lying there for a long time, so he felt dizzy and drowsy. When he was pulled up, he couldn't help but asked Ferne while leaning against the stone wall beside him, "You should at least tell me why you tie me up, right?"

But Ferne really couldn't tell him it was Emily's idea.

"You want money or my life?" Noah looked at him disdainfully and said, "Don't tell me you've taken a fancy to me and want my body."

Ferne was dumbfounded.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 128 Entertain

Ferne rolled his eyes at Noah and got up to leave.

Noah frowned as he saw the dishes on the ground. Feeling thirsty, he could not help shouting, "Come back!"

However, Ferne left without turning back.

Noah was so angry that he imagined strangling him again and again.

After a few minutes, Ferne returned with a pair of scissors and handcuffs in his hand.

Noah said nothing but silently closed his legs tight.

Seeing that, Ferne smiled, "Hey, you need to show some respect, otherwise..." He threatened by taking the scissors to Noah's crotch.

Noah glared at Ferne immediately, which seemed like he would chop him if Ferne dared.

Ferne snorted. He handcuffed Noah's arms and legs, and then cut the rope with a pair of scissors.

"Just stay here! I will bring you food and drinks."

Ferne looked at the time. It was time for him to go back to audit and check the reports. There was no time to waste.

When he returned, he could no longer find Noah's information and even forgot where to put it. Checking the security video, he found that his information was lying on the table and a cleaning lady accidentally knocked over those papers into the cleaning bucket, so she poured them into the sewer...

Ferne was speechless.

He held his head in agony.

If he asked Trevor for information again, would he ignore him?

Meanwhile, Christy received a picture message. There was Noah lying on the ground with his eyes closed, not knowing whether he was alive or dead.

From: Emily Britt.

She called right away, "What do you mean?"

Emily had just finished bathing. Now, she was standing in the bathroom, wrapping a towel around herself and saying, "I told you before that I want to cooperate with you."

"Where is he? Let me hear his voice first." Christy put out the cigarette and walked into the living room in bare feet. However, her foot was hurt by shards of a wine glass that she broke and did not clean up in the afternoon. She took out the shards with pain, turned on the light, and then walked to the computer.

The location of Noah's Phone was still at the Scavo's.

Emily was living in the Scavo's, so what was her relationship with Vincent?

"Christy, I hope you know my purpose." Emily said huskily. She drew this afternoon as usual. After dinner, she had classes and

reviewed, and then studied finance with Vincent at nine o'clock. When she returned to her room, she continued to do a series of exercises, which got her sweaty and consumed a lot of energy. So, she seemed a little tired. "I won't harm you. I am just looking for your cooperation."

"Miss Emily, I have seen many ways to cooperate except in this special way." Christy calmly looked for tissues and wiped off the blood from the soles of her feet.

You still have time to consider it." Emily said.

Christy shouted, "Wait! Are you sure he's fine?"

"I'm sure. He is living in a nice place with food, drinks and air conditioning. He is enjoying."

"What should I do?" Christy asked.

Emily said, "Tomorrow at 10:00 am, stay away from the people behind you and come see me alone."

After hanging up, Emily walked out of the bathroom. A cold chill went down her neck as her body was not dry enough, which reminded her that Noah was staying at the wine cellar now, and Ferne was perhaps taking good care of him.

Only at midnight did Ferne remember and awaken. "Hell, I forgot to get him a quilt!"

Noah, who was crouching in a corner to keep warm, carved seventeen Ferne's names in handcuffs on the wall, and every name has followed the DEATH.

Ferne, who was running towards the wine cellar with the quilt in his arms, rubbed the back of his neck and confused that why did he always feel chilly?

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People The Britt's house.

Elsie quietly entered Beverly's room. "Mom, what do you want to talk to me about so late?"

Recently, Maury has always been worried for Eliot. He didn't sleep in the company tonight, but in the study. Now that the lights of the study were off, so he should be asleep. Only after that, Elsie dared to come out because Beverly told her in the message, "Don't let your father see you."

After Elsie closed the door, she saw Beverly took out a card.

She said in surprise, "Mom, where did you get it? It can't be five million, right?"

"It is from the company, and we can use it to invest in two months." Beverly said. "I have calculated that this project will start in at least three months later, so I withdrew that funds first."

Eliot was detained, so the company was in a blind panic. Also, Maury was always distracted and kept contacting lawyers to see if he could bail Eliot out. Since yesterday, he has hardly had a rest.

Therefore, the company became Beverly's world.

In the chaos of the company, she ordered the Finance Department to take a few days off, and then got the money orders from the finance supervisor to transfer the funds. As long as the account book remained unchanged, who would check where this money had gone?

Uncovering the mask, Beverly said, "we can invest a bit less now, but once the company has more clients and funds, then mom can get you money for anything you want to invest."

"Mom! That is awesome!" Elsie hugged her and said, "I will go to find Christy tomorrow."

Beverly walked to a chair and sat down. She began to apply lotions and essence. "Oh, you just visited the Scavo's today and what did you find?"

"That retard was scared to death when heard me say Eliot had been detained." Elsie curled her lips with some embarrassment. "Rolando was on her side and kept mocking me. I can't stand it anymore, so I came out."

"What's the attitude of Vincent?" Beverly stopped and turned to look at her. "What did he say?" She asked.

Elsie frowned as she recalled, "Vincent... He said nothing."

Beverly also got lost in her thought with a concentrated face.

"Mom, do you know what he means?" Elsie asked.

Beverly thought for a moment and said, Rolando should be drawn to the retard and Vincent will not care about her. "

"You're right." Elsie suddenly became happy again.

Although she was with Marquise before, she still dreamed of getting married to Vincent. If she could, she would have no more regrets in life.

"I don't know why that retard was so lucky. She can live in the

Scavo's in so many days!" Elsie said bitterly. She would never know that the retard that she was talking about was sitting at the table reading and taking notes. Rex sent a cup of coffee to the study and came out. He found the lights in the little Hulk's room still on. In the corridor, only the lights in the study and her room were on. Although the little Hulk was younger than Miss Arabella, she could be steadier than a man. Even more, she demanded more of herself than Arabella did. They have not known each other for a long time, but he could feel that magic accountability of hers. She never pretended to cry out when injured in the arena, and even never fawn on Vincent for getting something. She seemed to have known what she wants, so Vincent was just like a passer-by in her life and she just stopped to admire him. Wait, it looked like Vincent always clung to her. But that seemed to be true. Rex shuddered and thought why he would think so. Vincent was handsome, even without his status, his appearance alone could make at least 90% of women in city Y fall in love with him. When he was analyzing why the little Hulk would fall for Vincent step by step, he saw the door of Emily's room being opened. Emily slightly bent over and looked at him, "That..." Rex confused. Emily said, "Do you have tampons?" Rex was in shock. 'Isn't this only for women? Does the little Hulk also have it?!' geous Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 129 Courageous

Emily had a menstrual disorder. If she drank cold water, she would have an amenorrhea. Her next period would last for two months or three months. It was very serious. It might be because she often ate ice cream during her period. Every time she was in her period and didn't feel well, Eliot asked the doctor to give her an analgesic. Thus, she hadn't suffered from the pain. This time, Emily was squatting on the ground. Her face twisted in pain slightly. She almost forgot how painful it was....

When Rex returned with two large bags of tampons, Emily was wasn't in her room.

Rex walked to the study room and didn't see Emily. Then he went to the bedroom where Vincent moved into, but Emily wasn't there either!

A guard walked out of the shadows, pointed to the bathroom, and hid again.

Rex understood the guard's meaning, knocked on the bathroom door, put down the things and left. He was curious. "Does Mr. Vincent know how to use it? No! Does the little Hulk know how to use it?"

In the bathroom.

Vincent walked over with two large bags, took out a box, opened it, and put it in his hand to study.

Emily was in the wooden bucket and only revealed her head. Seeing this scene, she smiled.

Vincent raised his eyebrows. "Why are you so happy? Do you feel much better?"

Fortunately, he took a look. She trembled with cold and almost lay on the floor.

Emily nodded. He fed her painkillers and she was in warm water. She felt much warmer.

She stood up and stretched out her arm to get the towel.

But the towel was taken over by Vincent. He wrapped her up and toweled her dry. Then he helped her put on clothes.

As the towel fell, she was naked in front of him. His gaze was calm and frank.

Emily looked into his eyes and reached out to cover them suddenly.

Vincent smiled, pulled another dry towel to wrap her up and carried her to the bed. The heating had been turned on outside.

Rex brought in a glass of brown sugar water.

Emily had drunk this. Eliot had asked someone to cook it for her.

She took it and took a sip. It was a little hot and she hissed.

Vincent took the brown sugar water and blew on it. His eyelashes were very long. When he lowered his head, his eyelashes cast a shadow on the water. His lips were very thin.

Emily still remembered his burning thin lips when they kissed. She licked her lips.

After it was not that hot, Vincent handed it to her. She drank it all in one gulp.

Then she changed her clothes under the blanket, occasionally stuck her head up and commanded Vincent, "Pass that to me."

Vincent gave it to her.

Emily stuck her head up again after changing clothes. She drank the brown sugar water and stayed under the blanket for a long time, so she broke out in a sweat. She lay on the bed and looked at the watch on the table. It was twelve o'clock.

Vincent stood up and went to the bathroom to take a shower. Then he walked out and threw back the blanket, but he did not approach her. After he warmed up, he reached out and covered Emily's belly. He pressed his palm against her belly.

Emily turned around and hugged his neck.

"Mr. Vincent, may I have a kiss?"

She turned Vincent on and his voice suddenly became a bit hoarse. "Why?"

Emily kissed his lips lightly, leaned against him and closed her eyes contentedly.

Vincent was disappointed.

Was that all?

He turned around to give her a French kiss and sucked her tongue. She breathed so heavily. He held her soft waist tightly and almost broke it.

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The next day, Emily woke up and her waist hurt badly. When she examined herself in the bathroom mirror, she found that her waist was covered with his fingerprints. The bruises on her fair skin were very eye-catching.

She thought for a while and blamed herself.

When she brushed her teeth, her lips hurt. Her lower lip was split.

She kept silent for a moment. It was still her fault.

This morning, Vincent canceled Emily's Sanda class, but she still took the class. She only trained her upper body and did not move her legs. She finished the class and left.

After Vincent changed his clothes, he came out and met Emily. Only then did Emily realize that Vincent also had split lips.

...



She felt shy and was about to leave.

Vincent chuckled and grabbed her collar, "Why are you hiding?"

He held the medicine in his hand. "Open your mouth."

Emily opened her mouth meekly. Vincent sprayed the medicine on her lower lip wound. "You will have to fast for a while."

"OK."

They walked out together. Emily heard Vincent's husky voice coming from above. "Don't be naughty. Otherwise, I will finish what I haven't done."

Emily shook her head firmly. She wouldn't have the guts to do so anymore. She was scared.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

When they went downstairs, Emily saw Arabella unexpectedly.

Arabella wore autumn clothes and sat on the sofa demurely in the living room. When Arabella saw Emily, Arabella revealed a friendly smile.

"Good morning."

Emily also greeted her, "Good morning."

Recently, Emily was very hungry after she finished practicing.

Thus, the cook would make a nutritious breakfast for her again.

Normally, Rex would bring it to her, but she would like to go downstairs and have breakfast with Rolando.

It was pitiful for Rolando to eat alone in such a big house.

Although her lower lip was split and she needed to fast temporarily, she still went downstairs because she would like to see Vincent out.

Rolando sat on the sofa and stood up when he saw them.

"Come here. Enjoy yourselves. I'm old and have different hobbies with you. I'll get out of your hair."

Rolando was very satisfied with Arabella before. Later, when he noticed that Vincent didn't have any feelings for Arabella, Rolando didn't express his thoughts. If Vincent and Arabella didn't get married, they would be very embarrassed.

As expected, Vincent didn't like Arabella. Even so, she was pretty. But she wasn't as beautiful as Emily.

After comparison, Rolando felt that Vincent had a good taste and went to feed the fish happily.

"Vincent, what's the matter with your lips?" Arabella didn't care

about Emily. When Emily and Vincent went downstairs, Arabella only stared at Vincent. She noticed that his lips seemed to be split and approached him to take a closer look.

Vincent said casually, "A kitten bit me."

Emily was embarrassed.

She looked down and covered her mouth in case Arabella saw it.

However, when Arabella turned around and saw Emily covering her mouth, Arabella guessed what had happened.

Arabella became awkward and realized that she was wrong. Her previous guess was totally wrong. If Vincent regarded Emily as someone's substitute, why did Vincent kiss Emily?

She was deluding herself.

Arabella forced a smile, "Vincent, Randy won the race and invited us to climb mountain this Sunday. He asked me to invite you."

Vincent frowned slightly. "Tell him, we won't go."

"Why?" Arabella was surprised.

If Randy came to invite Vincent, Vincent would go. Arabella hadn't seen Vincent for many days, so she found an excuse to visit him and Emily.

'It's impossible for Mr. Rolando to accept Emily. He liked me very much, but I find that he also likes Emily very much. When I chat with him, he mentions Emily many times. He says, "Although Emily is young, she is sensible and considerate. She always brings lunch to Vincent. Oh, youth!'"

When Arabella saw Emily and Vincent going downstairs together, Arabella was heartbroken.

'Randy is right. I'm here for an insult. I shouldn't have come.'

She just wanted to see it clearly so that she could completely give up.

However, it had been fifteen years. It was not fifteen minutes or fifteen days. It was fifteen years!

What could she do to forget Vincent?

Emily looked up at Vincent and felt confused. Randy won. They should celebrate for him. Why did Vincent refuse?

After thinking about it, Emily thought that it might be because she didn't feel well.

She whispered to Vincent, "Go."

Vincent saw Emily pouting and puffing out her cheeks like a

goldfish. She was so cute.

He touched his forehead and said, "OK. Let's go."

Arabella was staring at Emily all the time. Vincent, who never changed his mind, changed his mind when Emily said "go".

Did Arabella feel Jealous?

Arabella almost lost her cool. She strained to make small talk and left in a hurry.

Vincent walked to the dining table and stroked Emily's chubby face. "Today, be good and stay at home."

He knew all about her schedule.

Emily had to go out today, but she didn't want him to worry, so she nodded.

Vincent noticed that she was hesitating. He looked down and said, "Be careful."

Emily reached out and touched his face, "You too."

Vincent held her hand and said, "Courageous."

Emily said, "You too."

This was what Vincent had said when they met for the second time.

Vincent had a big grin on his face.

"I have to go." He stood up and took a few steps. Then he walked back and kissed her lips.

Emily covered her mouth and clarified, "You kissed me.

Everyone saw it. I didn't touch you."

Vincent was awkward.

The guards were confused.

Rex was also confused.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 130 Misunderstand

The Dalton Hotel was located in the best location of City Y. To its left was the CBD and to the right side was a street of real estate companies. There was a large water park nearby. Next to its location were the famous commercial streets of City Y.

Occupying such a good location, Dalton Hotel had been growing steadily since its opening. The hotel's service system and culture had been steadily developing toward standardization.

But the hotel's owner, who never missed a morning meeting, didn't show up today. The staff waited for five minutes quietly.

But no one came out from the elevator.

Was he go home last night?

The lobby manager went upstairs to the Ferne's room and saw the door open, the air conditioner on, but there was no one on the bed.

So, he immediately gathered all the employees for an emergency meeting.

"Mr. Ferne is gone! The air conditioner in his room is on. If he goes out, he will never forget to turn off it. Moreover, the lights are on. This means that he is planning to come back, but he is unable to do it!"

"What? Was he kidnapped?" The employees were frightened. The lobby manager said with a serious expression, "I guess that he is being locked at home by his wife."

The employees felt they were fooled.

After all, Mr. Ferne stayed in the hotel almost every day. They were used to it. So, they were a little worried about his absence.

A female staff member asked softly, "Then what should we do? Should we go to his house and have a look?"

The lobby manager immediately responded, "Then you go."

She regretted asking the question.

She'd better not go.

The lobby manager said again with a serious face, "Although Mr. Ferne is not here, we should work hard as usual. Don't be lazy. Alright, the meeting is over."

Only then did the staff go back to work.

A round-faced staff member A dragged the other long-faced staff member B to the entrance of the wine cellar.

"What are you doing?" staff member B asked.

Staff member A stared at the cellar door and whispered, "I'm afraid that Mr. Ferne didn't go home."

They looked at the cellar at the same time. They both knew that Ferne was with a man in the wine cellar yesterday. Staff member B was excited for a while, and she pointed at the door, "But the door is locked."

"Right. Mr. Ferne won't lock himself in." Staff member A pondered.

At this moment, a 60-year-old man came over with a key. He lived nearby and was in charge of looking after the wine cellar.

Normally, he was only responsible for opening and locking the door. Yesterday, Mr. Ferne told him not to bother about it, so he didn't come. But when he got up in the late night and went to the bathroom, he saw that the door was opened, and he locked it.

He was thinking about to report to Mr. Ferne today. If anything happened when the door was opened, who would be responsible for the loss?

However, Mr. Ferne was not in the hotel today, so he could only wait for him to come.

When staff member A saw him, she immediately greeted, "Mr. Hartman, are you going to open the door?"

Mr. Hartman was a little deaf. People should raise their volume when talking to him.

"Any guest orders wine in the morning?" Mr. Hartman asked.

Staff member A nodded, "Yes, a foreign guest."

Staff member B looked at her and then at Mr. Hartman, "Yes, a foreigner."

Hartman answered and took out the key to open the door. As he opened it, he said, "You guys go in and get it. I'll lock it when you come out. Last night, I came out and saw that the wine cellar door was still opened."

Hartman kind of lost the two girls. Their eyes wandered to the cellar and they went downstairs, but suddenly stopped before they reached the last step.

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

On the ground right in front of them, two men snuggled tightly together. They were covered with blankets and sleeping soundly. But one of them opened his eyes vigilantly the moment he heard the sound.

Then, he raised his head and saw two little girls on the stairs.

"....."

"....."

"....."

What a familiar scene. They looked at each other.

Noah lowered his head and looked at Ferne, who was sleeping in his arms.

Then he lifted his arm and pushed Ferne out.

Ferne was shivering from the cold air, and opened his eyes and looked around. He then moved towards Noah and curled up in Noah's arms.

He had to sleep for six hours a day or he would be sleepy the next day. In the latter half of the night, he was kind enough to bring blankets to Noah. But before he could leave, the door was locked. Hartman could not hear his shouts coming from the other door, either.

In the late night, the two men fought for the quilt. Though Noah was restrained by handcuffs, he was on par with Ferne. At last, they decided to share a quilt because they were both sleepy and tired.

Noah kicked Ferne and said in a hoarse voice, "They are coming for you."

"Who?" Ferne opened his eyes in a daze. He looked at the door. But the sun light was too strong, he couldn't open his eyes fully for a while.

Mr. Hartman also came down, "Hurry up, girls. There haven't been cleaned for several days."

Before he could finish his sentence, the 60-year-old man trembled. Perhaps the scene was too much for this old man. He couldn't finish speaking for a long time, so he could only turn around and climb upstairs quickly. He even staggered halfway, and he finally remembered to pull the two girls out as well.

Ferne finally looked recognized Hartman and shouted, "Wait!" However, the three of them ran even faster when they heard him. In the blink of an eye, they disappeared from the door. One of them closed the door thoughtfully. This time, they did not lock it.

Ferne was relieved.

He turned around and felt that something was wrong, "Gosh, why are you in my arms?"

Noah glanced at him coldly and said, "Are you blind?"

Ferne lowered his head and saw that he was the one who slept in other's arms.

He quietly distanced from Noah, tidied up, and wanted to leave.

Noah leaned on his right arm and gazed at Ferne, "Give me a room, I won't escape. But if you still lock me up here, your employees will misunderstand."

Ferne had just woken up, and he couldn't think clearly yet.

Hearing this, he subconsciously retorted, "We are both men, what will they misunderstand?"

Noah sneered and closed his eyes.

Outside the wine cellar, Hartman's hands couldn't stop trembling. He knew that some rich people had some disgraceful habits and secrets. He didn't expect that he would see such a scene just now.

His expression was not good. First, he was afraid; second, that scene was too startling; third, he was worried that he would lose the job. Fourth, he still hadn't recovered from that shock. As he walked out, he warned the girls, "Remember, you didn't see anything. Don't say a word when you go back!"

The two girls nodded repeatedly.

Hartman hurriedly returned to his small room. He turned around anxiously. There was only a picture of his wife in his room. He usually talked to this picture when he had nothing to do. At this moment, he completely lost his mind. Holding the picture in his hand, he said, "Oh my God, why would I see such a scene? Will Mr. Ferne fire me? My dear, what should I do? Maybe I'll pretend I didn't see him, I didn't know that Mr. Ferne likes men, I didn't see him sleeping with a man in the wine cellar."

Ferne, who had just arrived at the door, was completely stupefied.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 131 Cooperation

When Emily arrived at the Dalton Hotel, Christy had been in the private room for a long time. Different from when Emily saw her last time, she dressed down in a dark grey hat and a light grey coat. Besides, she tied a grey scarf around her neck. Hearing the door open, Christy looked up. With an exquisite makeup, she looked extremely beautiful.

Emily closed the door and politely said, "Sorry that I'm late."

Christy cut to the chase, "How do you want this to happen?"

Emily said without hesitation, "Elsie will invest in you and you need to transfer the money to my account."

Christy thought of the rumors on the Internet and figured out what Emily was going to do, but....

Christy picked up the black tea in front of her and took a sip of it

gracefully, "You can only have 30%. I will transfer the money to your account after you release Noah."

Emily suddenly said, "One more question. Who is behind you?"

Christy replied without hesitation, "No one."

"You'd better reconsider my offer. As for Noah, I can't let him go for the time being," Emily stood up and said.

Christy said in a cold voice, "Elsie is on her way here. If you want our deal to go well, then let Noah go. Otherwise, you won't get anything in the end."

Emily said indifferently, "No, I got Noah."

"...."

Christy did not expect that Emily would be not easy to fool and all her methods didn't work. Emily was calm and steady, not like most of her peers.

"Emily," Christy frowned slightly and said, "This 30% is from me, because Elsie's money won't end up in our hands."

Emily asked again, "Who is behind you?"

"Let Noah go and I'll tell you." Only then did Christy realize that Emily didn't want money, nor wanted to put Elsie into trouble. She merely wanted to know the person behind her.

"OK."

As Christy expected, Emily agreed without hesitation.

This time, Christy was the hesitant one because she had never seen that person before.

"I have no idea who it is. I don't know if he's a man or a woman either," Christy pondered for a moment and told Emily all she knew, "I report to an assistant on the phone, and the assistant used voice changer. I haven't seen the assistant, let alone that person."

Emily had thought that she could get some useful information from Christy. However, to her surprise, Christy indeed didn't know anything.

As Emily looked disappointed, Christy considered for a while and continued, "If you want to know more about that person, you can ask Noah for help. He is well-connected, so he probably could help you."

"You are partners. Why haven't you tried to check that person out?" Emily asked.

Christy said, "No. It's Noah's idea. He is afraid that person would



stop cooperating with us. We don't want to lose the good business."

That sounded reasonable.

Emily pondered for a moment before asking, "Will Elsie transfer her money to that person's business account?"

"Yes."

"Christy, you have to transfer the money to my account," As Emily spoke, she stared at Christy with determination, "I will ensure the safety of you and Noah."

Christy knew what she planned to do and asked, "Is that your trick?"

Emily didn't hide the truth from her and said, "Yes."

Christy looked at Emily with her pretty and cold eyes, "You shouldn't put us into danger. We still have things to do and we can't die."

Emily served herself a cup of hot tea and gently stroked the teacup to get warm, "Do you think you can stay away after destroying the Britts? You and Noah will become the scapegoats of that person and be responsible for the loss of the family. You will be put into prison. That person must have thought of it, and therefore you have never seen that person before."

She looked up at Christy and finally changed her expression, "Christy, I come to work with you because I want to save you and Noah."

...

After leaving the private room, Emily accidentally bumped into a waitress. The waitress apologized and then hurriedly walked forward with a phone in her hand. She said on the phone, "Do you know what happened in the wine cellar? Our boss hid a man there...."

**Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!**

**Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App**

As soon as Emily heard the waitress mention the wine cellar, she followed the waitress and listened to her words hard.

The waitress let out a sigh and said, "I never thought that he is a gay. No wonder he has never thought of sleeping with us for so many years. Many woman wanted to have sex with him, but he rejected them and kicked them out of his room. It turns out that

the boss doesn't like women at all. Everyone was shocked at the news. However, half an hour later, I see all men have their hairs sprayed.... What's wrong with them? Even if the boss goes insane, he won't sleep with them! They are ugly! I heard that the man in the wine cellar is handsome ... Hello, how may I help you?"

After speaking for a while, the waitress turned around and saw Emily. She hung up in horror and asked what Emily wanted in a respectful and friendly manner. She couldn't help but wonder whether or not Emily had heard her words.

Emily asked, "Where's your boss?"

The waitress didn't say anything.

With her shoulders hanging down, she pointed in one direction. After Emily left, she continued to talk on the phone with a sad expression, "I made a mistake...."

When Emily arrived at the private room where Ferne was, she saw him looking in the mirror. He had bruises on the corners of the mouth and eyes. Besides, he had dark circles under his eyes. Obviously, it was a remarkable night last night.

Emily asked in surprise, "Did he run away?"

With a snort, Ferne said, "How is that possible?"

"Then what's wrong with your face?" Emily felt bitter when seeing the bruises on the corner of his mouth.

In fact, Ferne got injured because of having a fight with Noah for the quilt. And Noah was handcuffed and only had one free hand and foot. Ferne hid the truth from Emily and bandaged his wounds, "I accidentally had a fall last night and hit the corner of the table."

Emily remained silent.

She could tell at a glance that he got a punch in the face.

Ferne ignored her gaze and cleared his throat before saying,

"Mrs. Scavo, what happened? Do you want to see Noah?"

"Yes."

"OK. Follow me."

Just as they walked out of the room, they saw Kamron. In an instant, Emily frowned. Ferne noticed her expression and asked, "Do you have a conflict with him?"

"No."

"Then why...?" Ferne wanted to ask her why she looked at Kamron in disgust.

Before he finished speaking, Emily said, "He is ugly."  
Ferne was puzzled, "Is he ugly? Then how about me?"  
Emily glanced at him and said, "You look much better than him."

Instantly, Ferne became happy. He even sent a message in the group chat, "Mrs. Scavo said I'm good-looking."

Because of what had happened before, Kamron learned the importance of protecting his testes and even bought insurance for them. His underwear could also protect him. However, he was afraid of getting hurt again and unconsciously walked in a strange way. He looked around and made sure there was no one suddenly appearing and giving him a kick.

Then, Kamron saw Emily.

She went out of the private room with Ferne. When seeing him, Emily frowned and quickly looked away from him, as if she didn't want to see him at all.

It seemed that Ferne was asking her something about him.

Kamron took a few steps forward and heard Emily's merciless words.

"He is ugly."

Kamron was shocked and stood immobile for a long time with his hand on his chest.

He didn't regain his senses until his assistant came over and asked, "Mr. Kamron, are you alright?"

"Am I ugly?" Kamron asked hesitantly.

The assistant did a double take before saying, "You are handsome."

Kamron became increasingly desperate and shouted,

"Nonsense! She said I'm ugly! I'm wondering why she hit me every time she saw me.... It's because I'm ugly! What the hell?"

The assistant didn't know how to reply. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 132 Iron Arm

Emily and Ferne walked towards the wine cellar together. Many workers gathered at the entrance. When they saw Ferne coming, they immediately ran away.

Before they disappeared, a few of them even turned to look at Ferne, then moved their gaze at his crotch.

Feeling their gaze, Ferne was confused.

He wanted to know why they looked at him like that.

Ferne unlocked the door of the wine cellar. He walked in and stepped down along the stairs, only to see lots of broken red wine bottles on the ground. Noah was holding a broken bottle and peeing at it.

When Ferne saw this, his eyes turned red because of anger. He roared as he came at Noah, "Holy shit! You bastard! What did you do to my wine?"

Noah dodged his attack. He lifted his chin towards the wine bottles on the ground and said indifferently, "The mouth of the bottle is too small."

Noah was furious.

The wines on the ground were not cheap, some of which were even treasures that could not be bought. Ferne stepped on an empty wine bottle. When he recognized what wine it was, his eyes sparked with fury, "Damn you!"

He raised the bottle and shouted, "Why don't you smash Lafite? This is Screaming Eagle!"

"I know," Noah answered as he glanced at him calmly.

Noah threw away the wine bottle and rushed forward, grabbing Ferne's collar and roaring, "Bastard!"

"You want to beat me? Are you sure?" Noah looked at him mockingly as he challenged, "I only use one arm and one leg. Come and fight with me." As he spoke, he put his face in front of Ferne.

Ferne took a deep breath.

He restrained his anger and yelled, "Piss off!"

If it weren't for the fact that Noah had saved many children, he would definitely beat him up!

Noah caught a glimpse of someone standing at the door, but he couldn't see clearly who he was since the man stood in his own light. Noah extended his left hand to Ferne and said, "Untie me."

Noah took out a key and released him. Then, he squatted on the ground and looked at his wine sprinkled all over the floor. He felt that his heart was bleeding. Next, half a bottle of yellow liquid attracted his attention. Ferne went crazy.

That bastard used the bottle of Cheval Blanc to piss!

Ferne really wanted to kill him!

But the wound on his face kept reminding him that he couldn't. He could only imagine that he had pressed Noah to the ground and forced him to drink his urine.

After Ferne removed the handcuff, Noah waved his wrists to relax his muscle. Then he zipped up his trousers and washed his face and mouth with another bottle of wine. After that, he walked up the stairs.

Only then did he recognize the person standing at the door was Emily.

"It's you." Noah didn't feel surprised to see her.

"Christy is waiting for you at the back door." Emily said as she handed him something, "This is your phone."

"What did you ask her to do?" Noah took the phone and turned it on.

Emily looked petite standing in front of him, but she was perfectly composed. "You know what I want," she said.

Hearing this, Noah smiled. But his smile was rather cold. "We have underestimated you."

Emily didn't say anything more. She just watched him walk out. Though Noah experienced being imprisoned in the wine cellar, he didn't look scruffy. Instead, he walked with a stride, keeping his back straight. He was just like a warrior who held eternal faith and would never submit to failure.

Emily turned around and saw Ferne go upstairs with a miserable expression. She asked, "How did you knock him out?"

Ferne was overwhelmed by the question.

He replied, "Emily, didn't you see the wound on his face? He was hurt more seriously than me, okay?"

"Didn't you beat him while his hands and feet were tied?" Emily asked with a surprised expression. Then she added, "Could it be that you hurt him when he only used one arm and one leg to fight you? If so, you are indeed powerful."

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
Ferne was lost for words.

He didn't think she was praising him.

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Elsie sat in a coffee shop next to the Dalton Hotel. When she raised her head, she saw the signboard of the hotel. She sat by

a window and saw workers wearing clothes printed with "Dalton Hotel" occasionally came out to take out the garbage. Because of the last incident, Elsie didn't want to have anything to do with the Dalton Hotel any more. Christy probably had considered this, so she chose the coffee shop next to the Dalton Hotel.

After Elsie waited for a while, Christy finally arrived. Her clothes looked common, but Elsie knew that they were not cheap. Even the scarf on her neck was limited worth tens of thousands.

After Christy sat down, she waved to the waiter and ordered two cups of hot milk. She then said to Elsie, "It's a little cold these days. Drink some hot milk. By the way, your skin looks so good."

When Elsie heard this, she was complacent. But she pretended to be surprised and asked, "Really?"

After some polite greetings, Elsie said, "Christy, I can only make this investment for two months. My family needs the money for something else."

"Sure." Christy smiled. As they talked, a waiter came over to serve the hot milk. Christy gracefully thanked him. "But of course, the longer you invest, the more profit you would get." Elsie looked at her, wondering how she could become such an elegant woman.

"I wanted to, but something came up recently," she explained. "Alright, I understand. It's up to you," Christy said with a smile. Her smile became even brighter. She was a knockout in the coffee shop. The waiters coming and going couldn't help but secretly take a look at her.

Elsie noticed those gazes. She thought that meeting Christy was the luckiest thing in her life. She sincerely said to her, "Thank you."

Christy took a sip of hot milk and uttered, "Don't mention it. In fact, I should thank you because you were willing to pay for me when you didn't even know me."

Elsie covered her mouth and smiled, "It was a long time ago. And it was just a small case."

"To me, that wasn't a small case."

"Anyway, aren't you helping me now? I'm also grateful to you. So we're even now," Elsie said with relaxation. She took out something in her bag and handed it to Christy. "Here, this is the

card."

"Tomorrow, I'll ask my assistant to give you a simple contract. You can sign it after you check it." Christy didn't take the card, she just added, "You may pay it after we go to the company tomorrow."

"It doesn't matter. I trust you." Although Elsie said that, she withdrew the card. Then she asked, "Where's your brother?"

"He is busy recently and he barely has time to go out." After Christy answered, she teasingly asked, "Do you have a crush on him?"

"No, don't talk nonsense." Elsie's face suddenly blushed. Christy had heard the tidbits about Elsie. Not to mention other people, there was already lots of newspaper about her and that playboy Marquise.

She sighed for Noah. Then she said to Elsie, "If you indeed have a crush on him, it's not impossible for you to marry him."

"Stop! Stop!" Elsie was embarrassed by her words. She looked at her watch and said, "I'm pressed for time. We'll talk next time."

"Alright."

After Elsie left, the smile vanished from Christy's face. She took a sip of the hot milk before she stood up and left. A group of waiters beside her watched her leave along the way.

She was so beautiful that people didn't dare to approach her. The waiters were all ashamed of themselves and they could only stand at the side and watch her from afar.

They saw the goddess walk to the back door of the Dalton Hotel. Not long after, a man came out. They hugged each other for a brief moment before walking out side by side.

The waiters thought their goddess had an eye for men. First of all, he was tall. Second, though they couldn't see his face clearly as his head lowered and the suit on his body was wrinkled, his fine presence made him unusual.

As they walked forward, the man suddenly smashed his fist towards the wall of the Dalton Hotel. The waiters were shocked. Luckily, the wall didn't fall down.

Later, when the waiters had a break in the noon, they walked to the wall and found four marks on it. The blood had dried up and the surface smashed by that man sank one centimeter. The wall was made of marbles.

The waiters were horrified. They wondered, 'Does he have an iron arm?'\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 133 Negligence

It was noon when Emily returned home. After having a simple meal, she filled the food box. She asked the guard to send it to the company before returning to the studio.

Although she was a little tired, she didn't want to stop. Time was running out, so she had to hurry.

When the three old men entered, they saw Emily sitting in the middle surrounded by the easels. Her long hair was tied up high, revealing a small face. Her pair of big eyes was focused on the painting in front of her. Hearing the footsteps, she turned around and smiled, "Good morning."

The three old men were stunned for a moment at the same time before they stammered, "Hey, kid, you came so early today."

Emily stood up and prepared them three stools, a plate of sugar-free biscuits, and three cups of hot tea. Then, she sat down in front of the easel and continued her unfinished painting.

The three old men did not argue like usual. Emily noticed that they seemed to have something on their mind, so she stopped painting and said to them, "I'm a little tired today. I'll go take a rest first. Goodbye."

"Alright."

After Emily left, the three old men sat there and stared at her painting.

Finally, one of them opened his mouth.

"If that child is still alive, she should be about the same age as Emily."

"Older than her. That child is only two years younger than Arabella." Aaron Peck said.

Carl Geller said, "That child is very talented. It's a pity."

Benson Mosby used to be a soldier, and he was straightforward. Hearing this, he frowned, "It's been so long. Don't mention that anymore."

Aaron looked at the seat where Emily had just sat and sighed, "As soon as I entered, I felt like I saw that child again."



"Yeah, I feel the same way."

Although Benson did not say anything, his expression showed that he thought the same.

"I thought that Vincent invited us to teach her drawing. I was wrong. He wanted us to get over the past." Carl stood up and pointed at the painting on the easel. "Although Emily hadn't been trained before, she is talented. I thought that the one I met in my life with great talent was that little girl from the Scavos. I didn't expect that I would meet the second one in my lifetime..."

Emily did not know what the old men were talking about. She went to the bathroom and drank a cup of water after returning. Then she sat at the table and began to read and take notes.

She was now very sure that the person behind Christy and Noah was trying to use Elsie and Beverly to destroy the Britt family. Although she had reached an agreement with Christy, it was possible that Christy cheated on her and kept working for the person behind her. Emily couldn't stop her if Christy did so because there was only one chance to kidnap Noah, and she had already used it.

This man would never come to the Dalton Hotel again.

\*\*

"How dare she!" Only after returning to the villa did Christy burst out, "How dare she hit you! What a bi..."

"Not her." Noah walked straight into the bathroom and turned on the tap of the bathtub. Then, he came out and looked in the mirror. He looked at the injuries on his face and hands, licked the corners of his injured mouth, and said, "It's Ferne Dalton."

"Why?" Christy asked in confusion, "Didn't he..."

Noah interrupted her, "It's fine. Don't worry about it."

He went into the bathroom and closed the door.

Christy no longer asked. Then, she went into the kitchen and began to cook. Not long after, Noah came out wearing a bathrobe. He took the vegetables in Christy's hand and started to cook.

They cooked a few dishes together and ate them up.

Christy tidied up the table as she asked, "Then ... can we go to him for that matter in the future?"

"Don't worry. I'll find another way." Noah lit a cigarette and

held it in his mouth. As he spoke, the cigarette was obediently clamped to his lips without the slightest tendency to fall off.

"Alright." Christy no longer asked.

When she returned from washing her hands, Noah sat in front of the computer and asked, "Did you tell her?"

Christy knew what he was referring to and nodded, "Yes."

Noah put the cigarette butt in the ashtray, his voice somewhat exhausted. "It was my negligence."

"Didn't you go to the Dalton Hotel? Why did you run into Emily?" Christy asked. She couldn't believe that Noah would be captured. If it weren't for the fact that the GPS showed that he was at the Scavo's and Emily threatened her with the photo of him, she probably wouldn't believe it.

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Noah thought of Ferne's face and ground his teeth. "I didn't expect that I would be plotted."

It was the afternoon after Ferne finished cleaning up the mess in the wine cellar. He finally had time to check his WeChat and wanted to vent his miserable mood in the group. However, he was moved out of the group again!

For God's Sake!

Ferne angrily sent a message to Randy and questioned, "What did I do? Why did you move me out of the group again?"

Randy sent over a screenshot not long after, and Ferne clicked on the big picture.

"Mrs. Scavo says that I'm good-looking!"

In front of the message box was Ferne's portrait.

"...."

Ferne hugged himself with heartache.

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Eliot was released at 4 p. m. Strangely enough when Marquise was beaten, Eliot had just entered the washroom of the ward. Because the surveillance of the ward could only take pictures of the bed and room, the washroom was a blind area. Therefore, the police searched for his alibi with some difficulty.

The Buckleys, on the other hand, unanimously believed that Eliot had beaten up their son!

Eliot's injuries made people feel that he could not retaliate. It

was just a cover. Marquise had indeed been beaten by Eliot! However, the police had already found a certificate from Eliot's attending physician. Eliot could not beat people and walk for such a long distance. The testing result of the fibers from Marquise's body had also come out and showed that the person was not Eliot.

No matter what, Eliot had been released, but the Buckleys hated the Britts since then.

Beverly and Maury were busy dealing with the company's affairs, so when Eliot left the police station, there was only Elsie at the entrance.

"Eliot, are you alright?" When Elsie saw him, she supported his arm and thanked the policeman who had escorted him out.

The policeman waved his hand and went in again.

Even though she was dissatisfied with her brother, Eliot beat Marquise for her. Elsie supported him and couldn't help but cry, "Eliot, I'm sorry. It's all my fault..."

Eliot still had wounds on his body. He struggled down the stairs and said, "Why are you crying? I'm already out."

He's hurt in his chest, lungs, and ribs. He needed a lot of time to recover. He had never thought that he would receive preferential treatment when he entered, but for some reason, he was taken to a private room with a bed, air conditioning, and a desk.

He maliciously thought that Marquise wanted to prevent him from recovering. However, it seemed that Marquise wasn't that vicious.

But who showed up and gave him preferential treatment?

If he stayed in the cold holding cell for an entire night, he probably wouldn't be able to stand up at this moment.

"Eliot, I went to find Emily and asked her to find Mr. Vincent for help, but she ignored me..." Elsie complained, "Why are you treating her so well? She is an ungrateful and vicious person. If something happens to you, she will only shrink back in fear and won't be able to help at all!"

"You went to the Scavo's?" Eliot suddenly stopped.

Elsie suddenly regretted saying those words. It seemed that Eliot still wanted to protect Emily. She felt indignant, "Yes. I was worried about you. I wanted to save you, but I couldn't do anything. I just wanted to beg Mr. Vincent..."

"I know." Eliot nodded.

It turned out to be Mr. Vincent. It made sense.

Elsie's eyes widened. "Eliot, what do you know? That retard is now enjoying her life, not caring about your life at all! She doesn't want to come back from the Scavo's anymore!"

"Mr. Rolando likes her and treats her like his own granddaughter. Of course she likes it there." Eliot glanced at Elsie and said, "How did you treat her? Why does she want to come back?"

"Eliot, I..."

Elsie wanted to say something else, but she was interrupted impatiently by Eliot, "Alright. Stop it. Let's go home."

Elsie lowered her head in displeasure. In Eliot's heart, Emily could do nothing wrong. She must let him know that Emily was indeed a retard!

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 134 Something Happened

When Emily opened her eyes, the sky was gray. She fell asleep while reading the book. Probably afraid of waking her up, someone put a blanket on her body.

She took off the blanket and moved her numb legs and arms.

Then she put on her coat and went out. The study room and the bedroom were all empty. Vincent had not returned yet.

She wanted to go into the training room to hit sandbags.

As soon as she got to the door of the training room, she heard a few guards chatting inside.

"Mr. Vincent is indeed very charming!"

"That girl sends him 99 red roses every month. So romantic...."

"Who is she exactly?"

"She is the daughter of the president of Zayne Science and Technology. She is a real beauty."

"I've seen her before. She's about 173 cm in height. She looked pretty cool in high heels when she's with Mr. Vincent."

"It's all Mr. Vincent's fault. He dated her last month and now told her he had a girlfriend already. How could she believe it?"

That's why she chased after him now. People always say that it's the easiest thing for a woman to chase after a man. But I guess she would never know that she was defeated by the little Hulk!"

Emily didn't know who the little Hulk was while someone

answered her question.

"I think the little Hulk and Mr. Vincent are a perfect match. When I went out with her, I discovered that she was as cold as Mr. Vincent when she was outside. People wouldn't dare to get close to her."

"Don't you think that when they were in the study room, handling their own business, the scene was beautiful?"

"They also match up on the arena! The height difference between them is quite cute, isn't it?"

"Also, in that battle with Miss Arabella, the little Hulk was so cool! I love her so much!"

Emily didn't know what to say.

Now she knew that the little Hulk was her.

"Mr. Vincent came out barefoot every day because he didn't want to wake her up..."

Emily was a little touched. Her phone vibrated, she walked to the bathroom on the side of the corridor and answered it.

"Mr. Eliot is now released," Harold said.

"Okay."

"Beverly is in charge of the company's account books."

Emily turned on the faucet and stretched out her hands under the cold water, making her mind clear. "Let her."

It was also at this moment that she suddenly had a bold idea. If the Britt Group went bankrupt as that person behind had expected, would that person show up?

But no, she couldn't risk the company.

Harold said, "The price offered by the decoration company is quite high. Sydnee said that she would look for a few more to compare them with. She also asked her classmates from the design institute to help design the room. It's gonna take a few more days to finish the draft."

Emily rejected the thought in her mind and whispered, "It's fine. Just let her decide." After thinking for a while, she said, "I'll contact the decoration company."

"OK."

Before hanging up, Harold said, "Miss Emily, take care of yourself."

"Thank you. You too."

When Emily went downstairs, Vincent had just returned home.

When the car entered, Emily saw another red sports car at the door with two high-beam lights. Then, the engine rumbled, and after a beautiful drift around the door, it drove away.

When Vincent got out of the car, he saw Emily expressionlessly staring at the door, so he took a few steps to her and looked at her with deep eyes, "Upset?"

In the past, many women secretly followed him to the house or blocked him at the entrance of the company. All of them were thrown out by the guards and no longer dared to follow him anymore. This woman was the daughter of Zayne's president and Vincent didn't want to ruin their cooperation. However, if Emily was not happy about that, he would draft a contract tonight to dissolve the partnership with Zayne.

However, Emily looked at him in confusion, "You are very outstanding. Many people like you. Why would I be upset?"

"Why do you trust me this much?" Vincent leaned against the door with one hand, enveloping her under his arm. He deliberately teased her, "No sense of danger?"

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
"I will try my best to be outstanding." Emily hugged his neck with one hand.

Vincent was surprised.

Emily whispered in Vincent's ears, like the latter always did, "So other women won't dare to get close to you."

The girl's warm breath was sprayed to his ears. Vincent's body stiffened as expected. By the time he realized what had happened, Emily had already drilled out of his arm and raised her eyebrows at him provocatively.

This girl was getting bolder.

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The next morning at ten o'clock, when Emily was still reading a book, she received a picture from Harold. It was a screenshot of the receipt information. Five million.

Christy had transferred the money into her card.

Emily exhaled a sigh of relief. Very good. This meant that Christy was willing to cooperate with her, and Noah was also willing to help her investigate the person behind them.

She was aware of the risks involved.

But she never thought that the risk would come so quickly that she was almost caught off guard.

Emily was reading in the bedroom at night when she received an unfamiliar phone call. She hesitated for a moment and pressed the answer button. However, no one spoke on the other end of the phone. She felt strange and suddenly asked, "Trevor?"

The phone was hung up, and then two text messages were sent to her phone using the same phone number.

One was the address, the other was, "Save her."

She almost forgot that the little robot was still following Christy, and she also forgot to tell Trevor that he didn't need to follow her anymore, so this message was...

She immediately called Noah. She had written down his number while confiscating his phone.

But no one answered.

Emily prepared for the worst. Noah had been captured by the person behind him, and the little robot happened to see the scene of Christy being captured, so it tipped off Trevor.

Emily immediately forwarded the address to Harold and then called him, "Bring a few people over. Christy might encounter an accident. Quickly go save her. I promised her. Harold, I can't go back on my word."

"Understood!"

Emily hurriedly called the unfamiliar number again. A moment later, the phone finally went through. Emily immediately asked, "Are you Trevor? If so, just knock on anything beside you."

A knock sounded. The dull sound of the wood chilled Emily.

"Did something happen to Christy?" She asked.

There was another knock.

"The address you sent me. Is that where they took her? Can we find her when we get there?"

There was a knock on the other end.

Emily immediately walked out and said, "Alright, thank you, Trevor. I understand. If anything else comes up, please call me."

After a final knock, the phone was hung up.

Vincent came out of the study and asked her with a frown,

"What happened?"

Emily did not know how to explain to him, just saying, "I'm going out."

Vincent did not ask further. He took the coat from the guard and draped it over her. He hugged her and said, "I'll go with you."

Noticed that she was nervous and anxious, Vincent held her and walked down the elevator. The guards had already jumped out of the window and drove the car out downstairs. They also turned on the heating and opened the car door.

While they were rushing to that place, Christy was being chased where they were heading. \_\_\_\_\_ Billionaire's

Reborn Baby

Chapter 135 Hypocrisy

This was an underground warehouse.

She went shopping at the supermarket at night, and on the way back, she was watched by this group of people. Taking advantage of the dark night, they pulled her into the car and brought her here.

When she came down, Christy recognized them. There were always workers in charge of cleaning the entrance of the high-end villa, and they were obvious the group of garbage cleaners. They were all around forty or fifty years old and had the faces of outsiders.

Christy had been living here for half a year. She saw them a lot and even sometimes greeted them and smiled at them. She never thought that they would bring her here.

It went without saying what they wanted to do.

Christy was in a light coffee coat, with a pair of slender heels and a silver handbag.

Worried she would run into previous clients, she would dress delicately even when she was just out for the market. The market was 10 minutes away from home and the security guards at the entrance were very professional. Every five minutes, a group of security guards would come out to patrol. However, she did not expect that she staggered the patrol time when she returned. For some reason, a street lamp was off and those people watching here hid in the darkness. When she came out, they rushed forward and covered her nose and mouth, bringing her into the car.

Christy was beautiful, so beautiful that no one dared to look at her for too long.



She was taken to the warehouse. There was no expression of fear on her face, only a mocking smile that penetrated everyone else's mind. She was too calm, so calm that no one dared to speak for a while.

Seven or eight men stood in front of this beautiful woman, yet no one dared to step forward for a moment.

Christy was not in a hurry either. She slowly looked at the warehouse beside her and reached into her pocket to send Noah her location with her phone.

Finally, a man couldn't wait. He stood up and said, "Why did you smile to us?"

Another person continued to ask, "Do you look down on us?"

These words seemed to ignite the anger of the crowd. They all started to accuse Christy.

"You're dressed beautifully and don't need to work every day, but we have to clean up and pick up endless trash!"

"It's all garbage created by you people! Why don't you throw it in the garbage can! You never stop littering even if living in such a luxurious villa!"

"And dogs! You guys never put a leash on your dogs! The last time I was bit by a stupid dog and there's no apology! The owner just threw his dirty money on me like I'm a beggar!"

"We are humans too! Why do you think of us like this?"

"We don't have money but everyone is equal! Why don't you treat us like humans?"

"Without us cleaning up, how could you live such a nice life?"

"You are all hypocritical!"

"Especially you. You don't like us, yet you smile at us!"

"Yes!"

Christy nods, "I'm sorry to treat you like that. I'm sorry. I won't next time."

Those people were so shocked by her attitude. They lowered their head and didn't dare to accept her apology. They stammered, "You...."

However, they couldn't complete the whole sentence.

"I have no money." Christy suddenly opened her mouth with a perfect smile.

The workers were completely shocked at her words.

"Then how did you get your money?" Someone couldn't help

but ask.

...

When Emily and Vincent hurriedly arrived at the warehouse, they saw Christy sitting on a plastic bucket of the warehouse. There seemed to be a male worker's coat on the bucket, and seven or eight middle-aged men sat around to listen carefully.

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
Someone would raise his hand and ask a question. That's when Christy would toss out a sentence, "Good question."

"..."

Harold had just arrived with quite a few bodyguards behind him. Everyone rushed over with a fierce look on their faces. However, when they arrived at the door, they were confused seeing this scene. Harold looked at Emily blankly as well.

Didn't she supposed to be in danger?

Emily stroked her forehead and didn't understand what was going on. However, everyone in the warehouse noticed them at the entrance and immediately stood up nervously.

Christy stood up and raised her eyebrows in surprise, "I didn't expect you to come first."

At first glance, she noticed Vincent in the crowd. This fierce-looking man stood out amongst the bodyguards. He was more handsome in person than in magazines. Although his facial features were gorgeous, they carried a freezing coldness that sent out an unapproachable aura.

Christy nodded at him. Noah said that it was best not to get close to Vincent unless she wanted to die.

However, she had to. It was obvious that this man fell in love with a little retard, as the gossip magazine had said.

However, the news magazine made a mistake. Emily wasn't actually a retard.

Although Emily was standing beside Mr. Vincent, she wasn't nervous or uncomfortable at all. On the contrary, she was calm, as if that she was born to stand there.

After confirming that Christy was fine, Emily waved her hand in one direction and a small robot flew from the shadows to her palm.

Christy found it familiar and asked, "Is this yours?"

"It's not mine."

Emily touched the little robot's head and said, "Trevor, thank you. She's fine."

The little robot obediently sat on her shoulder. The workers in front of her stood there uneasily, "We.... We just...."

Without waiting for them to explain, Christy waved her hand and said, "Goodbye, I hope what I said just now is useful to you."

"That's it?" Emily asked.

Christy's identity was special, and she couldn't call the police.

That's why Emily brought a group of people to deal with it, but she didn't expect things would go beyond her expectations.

Christy looked calm, "It's fine. They didn't do anything to me."

Emily looked at the group of people again and left with them.

The workers stood there in panic, thinking, 'Goodness.

Fortunately, I didn't do anything bad just now. Who are they?

Those men in black looked so terrifying, especially the handsome man at the front...

Christy grabbed the robot on Emily's shoulder. She stared at it with her beautiful eyes for a while, then looked into the robot's eyes and asked, "Can you hear me?"

On the other side, Trevor, who was in the attic, pushed the computer away in an instant and fell from the bed onto the carpet.

When the servants heard the sound, they all panicked and asked,

"Mr. Trevor, what happened?"

"What was that sound just now? Did you fall?"

The yellow light in the pavilion was on. Servants knew that it meant Trevor was okay, so they did not continue to ask.

Trevor climbed back to the bed from the ground. The suddenly enlarged lips on the computer screen were now in a distance.

Only a pair of beautiful eyes would occasionally look over, revealing the curiosity of a young girl.

PROMOTED CONTENT Adkeeper Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 136 Help

"Noah, don't come back tonight. I'm going to stay somewhere else tonight." Christy called Noah.

Noah seemed to have just noticed the location she had sent. He

soon figured what was going on, so he didn't ask any further and just said, "Send me the location when you're there."

"Okay."

Hanging up, Christy asked, "Where do I live?"

Emily said, "The Scavo's."

Christy looked at the cold-faced man in the back seat through the rear-view mirror and asked, "Do I have any other choice?"

Emily asked, "Where do you want to live?"

"His place." Christy pointed at the robot in her palm.

"..."

Emily refused, "No."

"Alright then." Christy sat in her seat, her eyes gently closed after she looked out the window at the pitch-black streets illuminated by the lights.

The little robot sat obediently in her palm, tilting its head as if it was looking at her sleeping face.

On the other side.

Noah hung up the phone. He was half lying on the ground, his back against the wall. He kicked the person beside him and asked, "Did you call the police?"

Ferne, who was half lying on the side, blew on his skin and bloody joints and replied exhaustively, "Yes."

More than twenty people were lying in front of them. They didn't die but all fainted. Some of them woke up because of the pain. Unfortunately, they couldn't walk. They could only drag their broken legs and crawl forward.

An hour ago.

Noah spent the entire afternoon in front of the computer. He kept the remittance bill, from Elsie to a company. It was a fake company and he used his own card. Afterwards, the money was transferred to Emily. He also kept the second remittance bill. He erased the transaction record on the computer and sent a message to that person.

"It's done."

Previously, he and Christy had fabricated a financial company, an online transaction, and a complete set of online product introductions using a computer to earn some money. Christy was responsible for contacting all male clients and Noah captured the hearts of all female clients. If the product lost money, no client would be unhappy if they made a phone call.

However, most of the customers only invested 40, 000 to 50, 000. Few would invest more than 100, 000 or fewer than 10, 000.

One day, he received a phone call.

"Five million down payment. There will be another five million after this is done."

The other party did not say anything but arranged for Christy and him to stay in a luxury villa. The wardrobe was filled with high-end clothes, followed by business cards, the company, and a stack of photos of Elsie.

It wasn't difficult to deal with Elsie, but it was the first time they made such a big deal. If they were caught, he knew how many years he would be sentenced for this crime. Therefore, the moment he accepted this deal, he had already prepared for the worst.

However, if the Britts did not call the police, they would be able to avoid a calamity.

If the person behind him wanted to kill them after the thing was done, he had to take precautions in advance. He planned to take the money invested by Elsie for himself, but he didn't expect that Emily would come out halfway. He underestimated the little girl, and he didn't expect that there was such a strong backer behind her, Mr. Vincent.

He would rather cooperate with the Scavos than contend against them.

Moreover, he guessed that the person behind this was trying to destroy the Britts. He didn't care about the five million. After all, that person paid a commission of ten million, and as a mercenary, whether he could survive and get that money was also a problem.

However, as long as the Britts did not discover, he and Christy were both safe. If that person found out that the card in the company account was empty and the money had already been transferred... that man could only endure because Noah and Christy could not die yet. If it happened, he would remember it such a stuffy loss.

Of course, if he asked, Noah had the right to speak. After all, there would be five million after the thing was done.

Noah copied all the important information on the computer,

then formatted the computer, pulled out the USB drive, and walked out with his wallet and phone.

He had to hide the USB drive.

Coincidentally, he saw Ferne almost as soon as he finished hiding the USB drive and was about to go to the Dalton Hotel to "negotiate" with him.

At dawn, Ferne appeared in a dark alley of a bar street. He held a cigarette in his mouth and watched quietly as a group of hooligans forced a little girl wearing a long sweater skirt to a corner and asked her to hand over her phone and wallet.

"If you're men, rob a man. Don't bully women. All of you have mothers, right?" As soon as Ferne opened his mouth, the group of hooligans stopped moving and turned back.

The punk-look man didn't understand what he was talking about. He could only show the knife in his hand and shout to him, "Give me your wallet!"

"That's right. That's how you should behave." Ferne slowly took out his wallet.

The punk-look man still didn't understand. He tilted his head and asked. His brother heroically repeated, "He praised you for being good."

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

"Holy shit!" The punk-look man angrily slapped his brother in the face.

"It's not me. It's him. He said it!"

Ferne looked up blankly, "What? What did I say?"

Noah said, "..."

The punk-look man walked towards Ferne with his brothers and snorted coldly, "You like this girl, right? Do you want to save her?"

The little girl was frightened to death. Suddenly, she saw Ferne's handsome face that looked like a good person. She immediately hugged his arm and shouted in fear, "Help me..." Ferne had just pulled out his wallet. Before the punk-look man took his wallet, Ferne changed his wallet into another hand and showed everyone his ring finger. "Sorry, I'm married."

"Who wants to know if you're married or not!" The punk-look man reached out impatiently to snatch his wallet. "Give me the

wallet!"

"Wait a moment." Ferne stuffed his wallet back into his pocket. He carefully took off his ring and said to them, "Take off all the things on your hands."

The punk-look man was confused.

As well as his brothers.

Ferne took off his ring and put it in his pocket. Then, he pushed the little girl stuck to his arm and said, "Wait by the side."

The little girl didn't know whether she was frightened or not, but when she heard this, she became even closer to Ferne.

Ferne sighed helplessly and said towards Noah, who had been standing across the street for a while. "What are you looking at? Why don't you come over and help?"

Noah said, "..."

What a joke. Ferne should thank him for not beating him up with those men. Why should he help?

Noah bit the filter tip of the cigarette. Although he was reluctant, he came over step by step. His face was stinky and cold. It seemed that he was not here to help Ferne but to chop him down.

The little girl nestled in Ferne's arms raised her head and saw Noah. In contrast, Noah made people feel more secure. Furthermore, he looked stronger than the man beside her. She immediately relaxed her grip on his arms and ran towards Noah anxiously.

Ferne was wordless.

Holy shit!

Noah changed his cold expression as he comforted the woman gently, "It's fine. Don't be afraid."

Ferne was wordless again.

Holy shit!!

The punk-look man was on guard while seeing that Noah brought that girl to the side and waved at them, "You guys continue."

Ferne said, "..."

The punk-look man said, "..."

Although he didn't know what the hell was going on between them, at this moment, it was many-for-one. The punk-look man looked at Ferne arrogantly and said, "Hurry up and hand over your wallet!" After thinking for a while, he said to Noah, "And

you! Hand over your wallets!"

There was only a dim yellow lamp in the dark alley. The autumn wind was bleak and the shadows were hazy.

Almost at the moment when the punk-look man turned to look at Noah, a younger brother beside him suddenly fell to the ground without any warning.

"What's going on?!" the punk-look man pulled out a knife and looked around, guarding against both Noah and Ferne.

A younger man behind him pointed at Ferne with trembling eyes and said, "It's him. He's too fast, I can't see him..."

Noah's expression changed.

Damn it. The move this guy used was the one that ambushed him in the hotel last time.

Ferne recalled something after he had finished fighting. He shone eight teeth at Noah as if he was going to endorse Colgate in the next second. His fair teeth shone brightly in the dim light. The punk-look man moved his brother to the side, kicked another brother beside him, "Go!"

Many of his brothers surrounded Ferne. Although Ferne had indeed slacked off a lot in the past two years and hadn't trained much, he was still more than enough to deal with this group of hooligans ... My hat!

The six of them clamped down on his hands and feet, pressing him against the wall in a large shape. The punk-look man walked over with his knife. He smiled sinisterly and said, "Go on!"

Ferne was now aware of the feeling of being unable to move. He couldn't help but look at Noah, "What are you looking at! Hurry up and save me!" \_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 137 Bear Grudges

With this shout, the punk-look man defensively glared at Noah as well.

Noah said in a loose tone with a cigarette in his mouth, "Don't you want to protect women?"

Ferne was embarrassed. No one liked to be exposed as a weak mouse while showing off. Let alone he said it so straightforward.

Life is already hard, so don't expose the truth!



Time was running out. The punk-look man's knife was almost at his neck. Ferne closed his eyes and shouted, "OK! I'm pretentious!"

It was indeed a bit humiliating. However, Noah didn't want to stop at the right place. He just wanted to be insatiable.

"I'm a vengeful person," he said with a long tone.

Ferne's eyes were burning, "You broke my wine! It's worth millions of!"

Noah lowered his head and lit a cigarette. "You guys continue."

The punk-look man approached Ferne's neck with the knife and took out his wallet.

Ferne struggled hard, but he didn't break free. He could only shout at Noah, "OK! OK! OK! I was wrong! You can do whatever you want with me, ok?! Can you save me now?"

Noah took a sip of his cigarette and raised his brows. His smile revealed his evil nature. "Deal."

"I'm warning you. Don't come over. As soon as you come over, I'll ..." The punk-look man held his knife pointing at him.

Before he could finish his sentence, he was kicked away by Noah and hit Ferne's body, knocking out three people who were clamping down on Ferne.

Ferne almost spat out blood. As he slid down the wall, he desperately wondered if this bastard had deliberately used so much strength!

Afterwards, Noah pressed down on the heads of two men who rushed over and knocked them down. They fainted on the ground. There was still one who shouted at Noah with a knife in his hand, "You, you, you... Don't come over. I, I, I, I..."

Noah still had a cigarette in his mouth. He raised his eyebrows and grinned at the man. There's a dimple on his cheek. It was a resolute and upright face. However, this man was full of banditry's aura. He was wearing a suit and calmly maintained himself like a social elite, but when fighting, he was better than a street gangster!

He walked towards the man with the knife and took away his knife. Then, he flipped his fingertips and used the knife to give him a haircut. Then, he handed the knife over and smiled.

"Fifty."

That man was stunned, "What?"

"I said, the cost of cutting your hair," Noah patiently repeated, "Is Fifty."

The man took out the money from his pocket trembling and pressed it flat before handing it over. He didn't dare to imagine how he looked like. He only saw the shadow on the ground. The knife almost circled around the man's hand and he didn't dare to move. He was afraid that his neck would be cut in the next second.

The punk-look man had already stood up again. He quickly took out Ferne's wallet and approached Noah. "I was wrong. Here's your wallet."

At this moment, the little girl suddenly rushed over and hugged Noah's arm, "Help me! I'm so scared..."

She hadn't even rushed forward when Noah grabbed her chin and lifted her face.

"You came to this place alone at night, dressed like this," he said, glancing indifferently at her face, the corners of his mouth curved, the dimples on his cheeks shallow, and his eyes full of ridicule. "Put on makeup and sprayed cheap perfume..."

With a change of tone, he turned to look at Ferne and said, "It's a trap. You are so foolish to save her." Noah raised his eyes to glance at the punk-look man and said in a light tone, "They're from the same group."

The girl's expression changed as expected. She instantly retreated into the encirclement. At this moment, a new batch of hoodlums surged in from outside.

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
The dim yellow street lamp illuminated this dark alley that no one had noticed. For a moment, they could only see the vast crowd. They walked over to the punk-look man and shouted at the little girl who had just pretended to be weak and afraid, "Karen, we're coming!"

Ferne got up from the ground. Only now did he realize the truth. He, a policeman, was not as perceptive as Noah. He glared at the little girl called Karen and asked, "You're the one who took the lead?"

Just as Karen was about to reply, Noah suddenly said with a faint smile, "I won't hit a woman."

Ferne turned his head to look at him and saw Noah suddenly jumped up. He punched out, and the moment his waist bent down, he suddenly bounced out again. The second punch went in the opposite direction. His punch was fierce and accurate, and the person who was hit almost couldn't stand up in an instant. Ferne immediately joined the battle.

A group fight with more than twenty people which should have been chaotic was turned into a one-sided crushing battle by Noah. The anger and dissatisfaction of being detained by Ferne in the wine cellar were all vented on this group of people.

Until the end, when everyone fell to the ground, Ferne stretched out his hand and pulled him. He was also smashed by Noah's fist. Fortunately, Ferne dodged quickly and Noah's strength was almost exhausted. That punch wasn't too heavy either, and it missed. Noah frowned and felt unhappy. He changed the hand and prepared to launch a second attack. "Holy shit! You fool! It's me!" Ferne pushed him. Noah was pushed so hard that he staggered and sat down beside the wall. He leaned against the wall and looked up at the sky. A few stars were flashing in the dark sky.

Ferne sat beside him and gasped heavily.

Just my luck to have this happen!

It was not easy to show off himself while being exposed in front of so many people. It was not easy to save a beauty like a hero, while the hero was almost beaten to death. The weak little girl even turned out to be the big boss!

Ferne almost had a myocardial infarction.

Noah picked up the phone after a while. It was Christy. "Noah, don't come back tonight. I'm going to live somewhere else."

Noah frowned as he looked at the location she had sent him. He immediately understood that he couldn't go back and live there anymore.

Did they attack so quickly?

He hung up the phone and looked at the punk-look man lying all over the place. He then looked at Karen who was tied up motionlessly and asked, "Did you call the police?"

"Yes."

Noah finally stood up. There was nothing else for him to do next.

"What are you doing?" Ferne grabbed his leg.

Noah glanced at him. He was a little cold, but more tired. "Find a hotel to sleep in."

"Go to my place. For free." Ferne patted his butt and stood up. His back was aching now. It was as if he had been hit by someone on the ground. His entire body hurt. He took a step and grinned. Fortunately, he was pretentious enough and didn't change his expression at all.

Just as he took a step forward, he saw Noah ripple with a smile, revealing a dimple on his cheek, "My face finally came in handy."

Ferne was speechless.

Such a poker face...

Noah knew what Ferne was thinking. He stared straight at Ferne as if he would kill Ferne if he dared to say it out.

After all, Noah saved him, so he gave him a thumbs-up unconsciously, "Good-looking! Handsome!"

Such a pretentious man had succumbed to another man's force. \_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 138 Go Climbing

After taking a bath, Christy casually put on a bathrobe and went in the guest room. The room was heated. On the table were a bowl of porridge and hot milk. Beside them on the sofa was a large bag of snacks she had bought in the supermarket. She opened a bag of potato chips and tossed one into her mouth.

When she turned around, she saw the little robot standing there, charging itself. It stood upright and looked ahead, similar to a doll in size. But Christy felt it was special. She believed that it was conscious, able to think and communicate.

She changed the band-aid on the sole of her foot, then walked to it. She squatted down to asked, "Why are you here?"

Emily forgot to tell Trevor that he didn't need to follow Christy anymore. Probably, its program hadn't been changed yet. Now that it was discovered, it naturally stayed in situ.

The robot stared at Christy for a long time before it suddenly turned its head.

Christy felt it strange, "What's wrong?"

She forced it to turn back and smiled at it, "Emily said that it is

you that told her my address, so you can speak, right?"

This time, the little robot lowered its head, as if it was bowing down, its head pressing against its legs.

Christy raised her eyebrow and then put it on the bed.

Just as she sat on the bed, she realized when she was squatting there, the bathrobe could barely cover her body. She folded her arms and remembered she didn't wear anything but this bathrobe.

"You saw it?" Christy didn't care. She just picked another photo chip and tossed it into her mouth, "It's okay. I don't care."

The little robot hesitated and raised its head. But it only raised a little, seemingly doubt the truth of it. Christy was amused, "You really can get my words."

However, Christy didn't know that it was not that this little robot could understand her words. It was the man on the garret that could hear her. The little robot was under the control and could transmit images to the computer on the garret.

So, Trevor was shocked to see her sexy appearance and fell off the bed again.

The servants quickly ran out, "What's wrong? What happened to Mr. Trevor?"

"He seemed to have fall down! Does he hurt?"

"The yellow light is on. It's fine."

"How could this be? Mr. Trevor had fallen down twice. Did he get a fright?"

"I guess so."

There were clamors under the garret while the young man in the garret groped onto the bed and operated the computer with his eyes closed. Then, he saw that beautiful woman lying on her side, talking with potato chips in her hand. Though it was an image on the screen, he felt her gaze seemingly landing on his face.

Finally, Christy received a call from Noah.

She briefly recounted what happened in the warehouse and then continued after a pause, "The workers told me that they had seen a man lingering on the corner for a long while. And he left after they noticed him."

"You should not go back now. It's safe of you to stay in the Scavo's." Noah said.

Christy asked, "What about you?"

"I'm in the Dalton Hotel."

"I remember Ferne had...?" Ferne had set him up. The two of them were reconciled again? She did not believe it. With Noah's vengeful nature, it was more likely for Ferne to be dismembered.

A miserable cry came from the other end of the phone. Then, seemingly someone had been punched while his mouth was covered. His shrieks got muffled. Only then did Noah's voice come.

"My face helped."

Christy was confused.

But Noah just hung up.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

He took a glance at Ferne, who was tied up with his mouth covered. Then, he curled his lips, "Good night."

He took a sip of the wine, clapped his hands to turn off the lights, and then lay down on the king size bed with pleasure.

Ferne stared at him with anger.

He wished he had been robbed that those punks!

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"Miss Emily, we might have to stay there for a few days. I've already prepared clothes and other daily necessities for you. Do you need anything else? I'll pack them."

Early in the morning, just as Emily finished her breakfast, Rex showed her two large suitcases.

In one suitcase were two black suits and in the other were sweaters, sneakers, toothpaste, a toothbrush, a towel, a comb, slippers and so on.

Emily was confused, "We are going climbing, right?"

"Yes."

Emily felt it strange.

Why should they bring so many things while going climbing?

Rex was putting a USB cable and a charger into a sealed bag. He explained with his head lowered, "There is only a guest house on the foot of the mountain. And it has only one bed. We need to get prepared."

"I got it." Emily nodded. She took her sketchbook and a few

pencils from the desk and then put them in the suitcase.

"Done."

Rex nodded and took the two large suitcases downstairs.

Emily walked to Christy's room and knocked twice. But no one responded. She opened the door and saw Christy sleeping on the bed. Lacking sense of security, she was facing the door with her arm tightly folded. In her arms was that little robot.

Emily had wanted to give the robot back to Trevor, but now she changed her idea and said, "We're going out for two days."

Christy opened her eyes and gave a slight nod before falling asleep again.

Maybe she didn't sleep well in new surroundings. Emily walked out and gently closed the door. She said to the guard, "Keep her safe."

"Yes!"

Meanwhile, Christy got up, took off the bathrobe and began to change her clothes. But the little robot stayed motionless. She walked over and stroked its face, smiling, "Are you still sleeping?"

Her voice was somewhat husky since she had just woken up. And her husky voice was transmitted into Trevor's ears through the loudspeaker.

Trevor, who usually slept till the afternoon, was wakened. He opened his eyes in a daze and met Christy's pretty face.

Her smile was bright.

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Phoenix Mountain was in State Z. When they arrived, it was already two o'clock in the afternoon. The moment they reached there, Emily was overwhelmed by the fresh air. There were lush plants on the foot of the mountain. And three houses with black bricks and tiles were surrounded by bamboo forest. A wooden board was hung there. It read "Mount Phoenix Guest House". But they were surrounded the moment they got out of the car. Randy, in a white sweatshirt with an image of a pretty girl, came over. He wore a wireless headset around his neck and held a folding fan in one hand. As he opened the fan, there were showy words on it: Top of the Tops. He cried, "Vincent, you're finally here!"

Then, he turned to Emily, "Emily's here, too. It's been a long journey. You must be tired." \_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 139 Special

Emily replied with a smile.

Behind Randy were those eight players in casual clothes. They followed and extended their greetings one by one. But Emily only noticed one of them. He was that Milk Tea Bro. He was in a loose black fleece and wore a cap. Fixed his eyes on the phone, he seemed to be playing the games. And he only followed the others and didn't notice what they are saying. He just murmured "hello" and didn't even raise his head.

From afar, Emily could only see his long eyelashes. He ... really looked like a girl.

"What are you looking at?" When she regained her senses, they had left for the guest house. Vincent stood in front of her, blocking the warm sunlight.

Emily looked up and saw the man standing backlighting. He was tall and straight as the shadow on his face highlighted his handsome features. He tilted his head slightly, and his straight and dark eyebrows were under the sunlight. His strong profile was laid over with golden light. And needless to say, his lips must be tense, like a blade.

"The guest house." Emily pointed at the guest house built by black bricks, "I've never seen a house like this before."

Vincent slightly bent down and met her gaze. Just as he was about to say something, a voice came, "Vincent!"

It was Arabella.

She had headed for them as soon as she got off the car.

However, even the knockings of the high heels didn't make her noticed. Vincent was always staring at Emily. It was so long that Arabella even suspected if he was going to kiss her in public....

Therefore, she immediately called him. Then, she strode over.

She was taller than Emily and with high heels, she was now much taller. It stirred up her confidence and she stood up straighter.

She stood beside Vincent and smiled, "Vincent, I didn't expect you to come so early."

Vincent nodded.

However, he glanced over Arabella and gazed at Jaquan, who



had just got off.

Jaquan opened the trunk, took out two suitcases and pushed them over, joking, "Mr. and Mrs. Scavo."

Arabella immediately shot him a glare.

How dare he call Emily Mrs. Scavo? They didn't marry yet! How old was the little retard? She didn't deserve it at all!

Randy happened to run out since he had finished allotting the rooms. He shouted at Jaquan, "Hurry up! Everyone is waiting for you!"

Jaquan looked around and asked, "Where is Ferne?"

Randy glanced at his phone, "I don't know. He didn't answer the phone. I guess he's busy."

Just as they talked, another car arrived. Armando got out of the car and opened the rear door gallantly. Janessa, Emma and Stony got off one by one.

Jaquan slightly frowned at Emma. Thinking of the calls from his mother these past few days, he felt annoyed.

Randy whistled in amazement, "Holy shit, Armando, what did you do? Is he your child? He's so grown up!"

"Stop talking nonsense." Armando blushed. He stole a glance at Janessa, and then turned to Emma, "This is my neighbor who lives in the Tea Manor. Her name is Emma." He then pointed at Stony and said, "This is her son, Stony."

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change  
Stony was dressed in a child's waterproof jacket, his eyes brimming with radiating vigor. He greeted everyone present with his cute little voice. Annoyed as Arabella was, she couldn't help but relax and put on a smile.

However, she felt Emma familiar. After thinking for a moment, it hit her that she was exactly the one she had met in the Cox's. So she had married and had a child.

Randy observed Stony for a while and poked Jaquan in the ribs with his elbow. "Holy shit. It's far-fetched to say he's Armando's son. But I'll be convinced if you tell me he's your son. Look. He looks quite like you."

"As handsome as me." Jaquan nodded.

Randy closed his fan and hit his arm, "Scram."

Emma hadn't seen Emily. She nodded at her and then smiled at

everyone.

Emily replied with a smile.

Janessa headed to Vincent and asked with curiosity, "I heard you've made a girlfriend?"

She directly ignored Arabella and turned to the shorter Emily. Emily wore black coat and blue trousers. Her face was small and her eyes were clean and bright. She didn't need to pretend to be lovely for she herself was lovable enough. She also was calm and aloof. When she looked at someone, they wouldn't even feel it.

As a tour guide, Janessa had seen all kinds of people. This was the first time she had seen a girl like her. She was quite different. If Emily were a middle-aged woman, Janessa wouldn't be surprised at her gaze and aura. However, Emily was obviously a few years younger than Arabella.

Thinking of Arabella, Janessa took a glance at her and then compared the two of them. Although Arabella was more outstanding and prominent, Janessa didn't like her. She was a typical spoiled girl. Though Janessa herself was raised in a rich family, she went against wealthy ladies like herself.

According to the position in the family hierarchy, Arabella should call her aunt.

But Arabella didn't greet her. Instead, she turned a cold shoulder to Janessa. As her elder, Janessa had long since she heard that Arabella would marry Vincent sooner or later. But she didn't think so.

Besides, she once said that if Vincent was really a superficial man, then the marriage of them would be a heaven-made match....

Unexpectedly, Vincent had got himself Emily. Anyway, her first impression of Emily was quite good.

Ignored by others, Armando opened the trunk and took suitcases out. Stony went to help him and took a small backpack. Emma walked over as well. Her leg was not recovered yet, but she was in a much better condition than before. At least, now she could walk steadily.

She took her own suitcase and pushed it over with a limp.

Armando had carried two suitcases, his and Janessa's, so he couldn't spare a hand to help her. Except women, there were only Randy and Vincent who were free. Randy immediately

strode to Emma, "I'll carry it."

Janessa had observed Emily for long, but Emily just remained calm. She stood there, quietly and frankly accepting her gaze. Emily only reached to Vincent's shoulder, but she didn't appear inferior or shy at all. The moment their gazes met, Emily gave Janessa a decent nod, "Hello, I'm Emily."

"My name is Janessa." Janessa blinked at Emily before she left.

"You're special. No wonder Vincent likes you."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 140 Fare

Hearing Janessa's words, Arabella clutched her bag tightly.

Vincent gave a rare smile. His smile was so imperceptible that Janessa thought it was just her illusion.

"Let's go." Vincent held Emily away and walked to the guest house.

They looked like a perfect match and the height difference between them was quite cute. Janessa opened the camera hanging on her chest and shot a photo for them.

Arabella's face darkened for she was ignored by them. After people took their luggage and went to the guest house, she finally followed in her high heels.

There weren't many rooms. Two people had to share a room. As soon as Arabella walked in, she saw Emily and Vincent went in the end room. She looked at Randy with confusion and asked, "How can you put them together? What if...?"

Before Arabella could finish her words, Randy shrugged his shoulder and said, "It's Vincent's decision and none of my business."

Hearing this, Arabella went silent.

Jaquan didn't know what to say. He just handed Arabella the key and said, "Take it. Yours is the single-room. I've put down your luggage."

"Thank you." Arabella smiled again.

Jaquan nodded and then walked towards Armando's room with his luggage.

Armando was stunned, "Aren't you gonna sleep with Arabella tonight?"

Jaquan glared at him. "I'm gonna sleep with you tonight."

Armando, "...."

He didn't mean that.

Armando tried to explain, "I mean..."

"When you and Janessa... Damn!" Before Jaquan could finish his words, Armando stopped him by covering his mouth. Jaquan patted Armando's hand disdainfully, "Why do your hands smell so disgusting? What did you put you on?"

Armando smelled his hand and then looked to the ground, "The suitcase."

"Well." Jaquan sighed with relief.

Armando hesitated a while and said, "But on the tire...."

Jaquan kicked him off and said, "Get out of here."

Armando dodged him nimbly. Then he had the reason to go to the washroom and to see if Janessa needed any help.

Randy planned to stay overnight at the guest house and then climbed the mountain the next day. Therefore, his team members all stayed in their rooms and played mobile games.

Armando passed by several rooms. His teammates were all playing games. Finally, he walked to Janessa's room. The door was closed.

He raised his hand and knocked.

Janessa didn't open the door. She probably knew it was him and shouted, "Go and hang out with your friends. Leave me alone."

"Fine." Armando felt depressed and was about to leave.

Janessa sighed helplessly. She opened the door and said, "Come in."

Then, Armando immediately walked in with pleasure.

Janessa took the camera and adjusted the focus. After shooting some pictures, she adjusted the brightness and color saturation.

Armando was standing beside her quietly. They enjoyed the scenery together.

There were two beds in the room. Emma was making the bed.

Stony took out the slippers in the suitcase and put them in order. Then, he took out a cup. "Mom, I'll go to get a glass of water."

"Ask someone to help you. Don't touch the hot water switch by yourself." Emma instructed.

"I know." Stony replied and ran out with the cup in his hand.

After making the bed, Emma saw Janessa and Armando standing by the window. Although she knew their relationship,

she still left quietly.

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

There was a resting area in the hall of the guest house. She slowly walked to the hall and sat down. It was already the middle of November, but the weather was just right. The breeze brought her the fresh air of the trees.

Jaquan saw Emma after washing his hands in the bathroom. He was curious about her appearance here.

No one was at the front desk, nor in the corridor. Jaquan walked over and sat on the chair opposite Emma and asked, "Why are you here?"

"Enjoy the hot tub." Emma said concisely. Then she took out three hundred yuan from her pocket and placed it on the table. Jaquan had forgotten about the thing. He was stunned about Emma's action and asked, "What do you mean?"

"The fare that I borrow last time." Emma looked at him helplessly.

"..."

'This woman is really annoying.' Jaquan thought.

Stony came out with the thermos. After seeing Jaquan, he said, "Mr. Jaquan"

Jaquan thought Stony was not that close to him now. He didn't know if this was his illusion. Although they hadn't been that close in the past, Stony should be more familiar with him than with the others. But now the way Stony treated him was not different.

After greeting Jaquan, Stony walked to Emma. He put the thermos cup on the table and whispered, "Mom, can I go watch they play games?"

Emma caressed his head and said, "Sure, but don't disturb them."

"I see." Stony left happily.

The resting area fell quiet again. Jaquan also left. Armando didn't come back yet and Arabella was not in her room. He walked a few more steps and heard Arabella's voice from the end room.

"Vincent, it turns out that the public-interest ad of RH Company is our joint project. I watched the video yesterday and felt that

something was missing. I recorded it on my phone. Just have a look of this..."

The door was open. Jaquan could see that Arabella was standing beside Vincent. They got so close to each other. Emily was playing her phone on the bed. She seemed to totally ignore such a scene.

After backing to the resting area, Jaquan found that Emily was not there. Randy and his teammates were playing mobile games. He couldn't find Armando and Ferne didn't answer his call. As for Vincent...

Jaquan sighed and walked out. He saw Emily and the owner of the guest house chatting at the mountain foot. The owner was a man in his forties with whiskers, dark skin and red cheeks. He smiled plainly and pointed at the mountain, "It will take you an hour. It's too late for you to go now and it will be dark two hours later. Go there tomorrow. It's really dangerous at night since there has no lights."

Emily thanked him and then looked at the mountain in front of her.

Jaquan walked out and followed her gaze. Then he asked, "What do you want to do?"

Emily didn't answer him. The owner was still there. After seeing Jaquan, he smiled and said, "She wants to see the Dragon Spring. It's halfway up the mountain. You can enjoy the spring there if it's summer. The water is so clean that you can even drink it after you take a bath in it. But I heard that she is injured. It's dark now. You'd better go tomorrow."

After saying this, the owner left gladly.

Jaquan held his shoulders and looked at Emily strangely, "Are you going to take a bath?"

Emily didn't want to answer him. However, she couldn't help correcting him, "A foot bath."

Jaquan looked at her injured leg and suddenly realized it, "So it gonna help you recover?"

"No."

Jaquan was confused.

He finally drew a conclusion, "You came all the way here for a foot bath?"

"Yes." Emily looked at him as if what she did was completely normal.

"...."

Jaquan didn't want to talk to her anymore. He'd rather be bored to death.

He found a bamboo stool at the entrance of the guest house and sat down. Then he called Ferne.

Still nobody answered. Jaquan felt very bored and hung up the phone. Then he thought, "Could it be that Ferne is kidnapped?"\_\_

PROMOTED CONTENTAdskeeper

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More More...

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Chapter 141 Leg Hair

In the Dalton Hotel.

The waiter went in the presidential suite with the dining cart. He placed the steak on the table and poured a glass of red wine respectfully. Then he glanced at the bedroom but the door was closed.

When the staff didn't see their boss at the morning meeting, they all had the same guess. It was said that their boss had brought a man to the suite last night. The man was exactly the person be confined in the wine cellar.

What did this mean?

Their boss went gay!

It was said that their boss was the top and the other guy was a cute little bottom. However, when the waiter went in the suite with the trolley, he only saw a masculine man with strong chest and beautiful abs. He had just finished a shower with bathrobe loosely cloaked over his body, exposing his hairy legs.

Those rumors were wrong!

He was not a cute little bottom!

He was no little!

The waiter cast a few glances at him and met the man's gaze.

The man looked quite gentle with dark brows. However, the slit in his eyebrow made him dangerous and sexy.

The waiter asked in a soft manner, "Is Mr. Ferne still sleeping?"

Noah was enjoying his steaks and answered in a blurred voice,

"Yes."

The waiter was shocked by his words and asked, "Hot night, right?"

Noah did not hear him clearly and frowned, "What?"

The waiter immediately shook his head, "I mean Mr. Ferne must be too tired recently. Just call us if he wakes up."

Tired?

Sleeping on the cold floor was really a tough thing.

Noah smiled faintly, "Alright, you can leave now."

Then the waiter left reluctantly. As soon as he came out, his colleagues rushed to him. Waitresses were excited about the fact that their boss was gay, and the waiters were all eager to find about the truth. They quickly encircled the man and asked him all sorts of questions.

"How is it?"

"Did Mr. Ferne look satisfied?"

"Which step are they in? Is the bed a total mess?"

"Just say something! Why are you not saying anything? What's going on?"

The waiter hurriedly walked to the elevator and sighed with relieve, "I only know that Mr. Ferne is still on the bed now. Besides, the bottom is in good shape with strong chest." The waiter lifted his trousers and showed his leg hair, "His leg hair is thicker than mine."

Waitress all covered their mouths and said, "Does that mean Mr. Ferne...?"

The waiters lifted their pants and looked at their leg hair at the same time.

Was it too late for them to shave their legs?

However, in the presidential suite. Ferne was lying on the floor with his mouth taped. Both his hands and feet were bound by ties so he couldn't move at all. He could only sleep in a curled manner and couldn't yell out even if he wanted to pee.

Damn it. The whir of the steak emanated from outside.

Although he had eaten many steaks in the hotel, it was the first time he had such a strong desire.

It smelled so nice!

He kept wriggling and kicking the foot of the bed. Then he heard the footsteps. Noah walked in with a torn shirt in his



hand. He was wearing a bathrobe and said "Sorry, it's too small. I tried to wear it."

Although he said he's sorry, there was no trace of guilt on his face.

Ferne kicked the bedside again. He was wailing as he wanted to speak.

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

"Do you want to talk?" Noah stepped forward as if he would rip off the tape.

Ferne was stunned by his action. If Noah really did this, then his mouth would suffer.

Noah smiled, "You are really a coward."

He found a wet towel and put it on Ferne's mouth. Then he began to whistle.

Ferne felt the urge to pee and struggled with an anxious expression. He curled up his fingers and toes and tried his best to prevent himself from peeing.

However, Noah intended to fool Ferne. He kept whistling and then poured wine for himself. The sound almost drove Ferne crazy. He shook his head crazily and whined. The tape was even torn off by him. As soon as he could speak, he quickly shouted, "Hurry up! I can't control myself. Let me go!"

Noah leaned against the wall and said, "Beg me."

Ferne was furious, "Don't push it!"

Noah whistled again.

"Please!" Ferne closed his eyes and begged, "Please!"

Noah finally let him go. Ferne said nothing and rushed directly to the bathroom.

After holding his pee for such a long time, Ferne felt quite relaxed when peeing, so he closed his eyes. However, at this moment, he heard a cracking sound.

The moment Ferne opened his eyes, he saw Noah closing the phone. And the phone looked familiar. It was his phone!

Ferne was furious.

Bastard!

Ferne rushed to grab his phone without zipping, "Who did you send the photo to?"

Noah didn't want to have physical contact with Ferne when he's

half-naked and quickly walked backwards. "Your friends said that they would call the police if you don't reply their message. I just send a message to reassure them."

"Them?" Ferne was very furious.

"Sure. Group chat." Noah stood still for Ferne had grabbed his bathrobe. However, Ferne suddenly jumped up to grab the phone. Noah was pushed down with his bathrobe widely opened. His thin waist and strong chest were exposed in the air. Ferne's pant was fallen too. He sat on Noah's body with one hand grabbing the phone and the other hand holding Noah's neck. Then he shouted, "Bastard!"

The door behind them suddenly opened. The waiter didn't expect to see such a scene. He was so frightened and stuttered, "I come to take the cutlery."

Other waiters peeking outside also saw this. They were all shocked by what they saw. The waiter in the room was probably dumbfounded for he kept standing there for a long while. Finally, a waiter outside pulled him out and closed the door.

They hurriedly returned to the elevator entrance and couldn't calm down for a long time.

After a while, someone said,

"Mr. Ferne's butt is so fair."

Immediately after, people all joined the discussion.

"The man had big feet with long toes. I heard that people with long toes...."

"It is said that the longer the distance between one's fingers to his wrist, the...."

"His leg is really hairy!"

"His leg is really hairier than Sam. It is said that someone with hairy legs..."

"Who said he is the bottom? He is absolutely the top!"

"...." \_\_\_\_\_ Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 142 Epilepsy

The guest house.

After sending the message to Harold, Emily messaged Sydnee back on WeChat. She had to go back to school and do her graduate work these days, so she would be a little busier than usual. Therefore, she had to ask Harold to keep an eye on the

Tea Manor and the renovation. Probably because she was too busy these days, she had lost five kilograms of weight. After sending him the photo of her weight, she received a message which said, "A woman weighs lighter than a hundred kg is either flat-chested or short."

Emily replied, "Don't worry. You are very tall."

She then handed over the work to Harold and started to ask about Eliot. When she looked up, she saw Arabella was still talking to Vincent. Arabella looked adoringly up at him, and said, "Vincent, I think we should change this. We'd better put the videos of the children at the end. Some of them cried, so I think their tears can make the advertisement full of emotion. Do you think so?"

In fact, Vincent just glanced at her when she was talking. His tone sounded plain, "Just show me the plan when it's done."

Then he turned around to answer the phone.

When he hung up the phone, Arabella was still here. He stood there patiently and listened to her repeat her idea. This time, Vincent wasn't as cold as just now. Instead, he gave it a thought.

This was just a three-minute PSA, in which two companies, children who was donated to, the meaning of charitable donations, a summary should be included. Moreover, it must catch the eyes of the audience in three minutes.

Women were always emotional, and Arabella was no exception. Her proposal that the PSA should end with the videos where the children cried, to some extent, was advisable, but Vincent didn't like it. In order not to discourage her, he said after pondering for a moment, "Your idea is good. You can make a video for reference."

Arabella got delighted, "Really?"

Vincent nodded.

He walked to the edge of the bed and asked Emily, "Are you sleepy? Do you want to sleep for a while?"

Arabella never heard him speak so gently to someone.

Therefore, she got overwhelmed by jealousy.

Emily was indeed a little sleepy, but it was almost five o'clock. If she slept now, it would be hard for her to fall asleep tonight, so she was a little hesitant. However, in Vincent's sights, she was just being bashful.

'She wants to sleep, but she is a little shy with Arabella here.'

Thus, Vincent turned around and said to Arabella, "You can leave us. We want to sleep for a while."

Arabella stared at him in shock. What Vincent said just now was "we".

However, Vincent did not feel something was wrong. He walked to the bed and helped Emily take off her coat as well as her shoes. He was as attentive as a babysitter.

But even the buttons of his suit and trousers were buttoned by the assistant. How did it end up like this? Arabella couldn't accept such a change, so she staggered out of the door.

Emily was so sleepy that she was like a snake laying half on the bed. When she saw Arabella go out, she tilted her head and asked, "Why did you ask her out?"

Vincent turned around and said, "Then, should I ask her in again?"

"No." Emily grabbed his arm at once. Seeing Vincent turn around, she looked at her mischievously and gave a smile, "Vincent, you've gone wrong."

Vincent pinched her nose and said, "You're getting bolder and bolder."

"If you lay down with dogs, you get up with fleas." Although Emily was sleepy, she was as lovely as usual. She blinked at him, and her little face looked adorable and cute.

"Then lay down with me." Vincent caught her chin softly and kissed her lips.

She had just drunk water with brown sugar, so he could feel something sweet in her mouth. And when he stuck his tongue down her throat, he tasted something sweeter.

"Oh my God!"

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City  
He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

When Randy rushed in and saw this, he cried out, "Vincent, why didn't you close the door?"

Emily also got stunned, so she pushed Vincent away and got under the blanket right away.

Vincent slowly stood up from the bed, adjusting his cuff links and rubbing his lips with his right index finger gently. With

afterglow shining through the window onto his shoulder, he was like an angel. When he looked up at Randy, his eyes were as cold as a robot's.

Randy almost knelt on the ground.

He hurried to take out his phone and said, "I want to tell you Ferne was philandering everywhere. I'll knock on the door next time!"

Vincent frowned, but he didn't snap at him. Instead, he looked toward the phone.

It was a photo taken at the entrance of the bathroom. It only reached Ferne's upper body. He stood in the bathroom with his hands grabbing something. He raised his face with his mouth slightly open, and he looked very cozy.

"Look at his face." Randy added, "I knew this guy couldn't help cheating outside. Look, as the boss of a hotel, he felt at home even in a hotel. Nobody will know what he did. To my surprise, he should play with two women and even send us the selfie. I wonder who he wants to show off to."

After Randy finished his words, he looked up into Vincent's eyes. Only then did he recall Vincent had the principle that he wouldn't have sex with Emily before marriage!

It was Vincent who Ferne wanted to show off to. He must be crazy!

"I remember I still have something to do, so I should go."

Randy ran away with phone in hand at once. When he rushed to his room, the others were playing games with their eyes fixed on the phone. It was a single-player game in which the player needed to distinguish between colors and numbers. In order to train their fingers and speed up their reaction, he set a goal that all his teammates could attend tomorrow's mountain climbing only after winning the final.

The others didn't expect he came back so early. They held their phones and wailed, "Lord Top, can you help me with it? It's too difficult. I can't do it."

"Lord Top, I also need your help!"

"He needs rest. He's been playing for four hours."

"This is because he is helping you. Urchin, Carrot, and Aug, only you have won the final now! Lord Top even hasn't done it himself. How dare you pretend before Captain Randy."

Before Wink could finish his sentence, he froze when he looked

up and saw Randy.

The others who were playing the game didn't notice Wink stopped. Instead, they stared at their phones and said, "Okay, let's play by ourselves. Lord Top has played for so long, so he must be tired now."

Wink then coughed to remind them.

"Wink, what's wrong? Are you not feeling well?" The others finally looked up at him, and then they looked down at the phones again.

Wink coughed again and turned his neck towards the door as he said.

"A neck spasm?" A player walked to him and tried to help him. Someone asked, "Could it be an epileptic seizure? Wink, do you have epilepsy?"

Wink had no choice but to shout, "Captain."

Only then did the others see Randy was standing at the door.

They stood up and said, "Captain Randy...." \_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 143 Captain

Randy walked in with a gray face, not saying anything. He just stretched out his hand.

Everyone was stunned for a moment, and obediently handed over their mobile phones. Wink couldn't help but say, "We really want to go climbing tomorrow, that's why we...."

Randy raised his hand and stopped him from speaking. He walked towards the person in the back. The person was wearing a jacket and a hat, only revealing his chin. Randy knew how unruly his eyes would be when he raised his face.

This person was Milk Tea Bro, and his Game ID was Lord Top. Generally, team members called each other by their IDs. But no one wanted to call out his ID, as their Captain's ID was Top of the Tops. Obviously, Milk Tea Bro was stealing their Captain's thunder. He was also arrogant, independent and unruly. He always played on his own and never joined the group. Many players thought that he would not be able to survive the probation period. However, Milk Tea Bro broke the Captain's record and injured the Captain's face shortly after arrival. The Captain did not fight with him. Instead, he endured it! This was unbelievable, just as if Hitler came back to his life and

began to preach world peace!

And the Captain actually took him to a game. Generally speaking, all the members had to go through rounds of selection before joining the big family, and also needed to pass the assessment within one month to participate in the small-scale competition. However, Milk Tea Bro did a big job from the start. That was, he participated in the international competition with the Captain. And what more incredible was that the Captain provided support for him...

The Captain was actually helping a rookie?! No, no, no. The Captain was willing to assist the rookie?! For these years, there were few opportunities for the Captain to be others' support! Unless he wanted to practice his familiarity of a specific hero, who would dare to let him be the support?!

But the rookie did it!

Not only did he do it, he also succeeded in making support---the Captain completely unable to keep up with him. He also made the audience feel that support was dispensable. And he was the leader of the game ... He was the main character!

There was far too much unbelievable stuff about him to say. But it was in this match that everyone realized that some people could turn the tide by themselves.

So, was there a problem with his arrogance?

Not at all! That was because he was too good!

After he finished the game, all the team members were convinced and shouted, "Lord Top!"

He upstaged the Captain. So what? He had the strength!

"You, follow me out." Randy finished his sentence and walked out to the next room.

Milk Tea Bro, the Lord Top did not raise his head but continued to play the game on his phone. As there was still one final stage to go, he lowered his head and walked forward. The players on the side knew that he never looked where he was going when playing games. So they all supported his arms and guided him to the door of the next room.

After Lord Top left, one of the teammates couldn't help but look at his own hand and mutter to himself, "Lord Top is very thin.

He doesn't have much flesh on his arms, and his arm is soft..."

The rest of the team didn't pay attention to what he said.

Instead, they were all eavesdropping on the door frame.  
"You think you are best, aren't you?" Randy glared at him angrily before the door closed. "You wanted to show off? Now I'm telling you, it doesn't count, and neither does what you're fighting right now!"

Hearing this, the players on the doorframe wept.

Milk Tea Bro lowered his head and was still moving his fingers. He quickly made some calculation and dialed nine. Then, he quickly lit up the green color represented by 9.

This game wasn't that difficult, but the shortest amount of time was needed to clear the double SS. Therefore, many players only got a B, or A, or a single S.

After Milk Tea Bro stopped playing, settlement showed on his phone. From E to S, they piled up one after one. A ribbon burst out in the end. Then, the double SS was displayed in front of him.

He made it.

He held the phone in his hand and finally looked up at Randy, "Captain, why are you here?"

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

Randy was lost for words.

So did the team members.

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At 8:30 pm, everyone sat at a long table in the lounge area, with ten people on each side. The meal in the guest house was very special. It was packed in wooden bucket, similar to rice served with pickles, fried eggs and pieces of sausage on top.

Randy liked sausages very much, so he decided to ask for more. When he was coming to the boss, the lights of the guest house suddenly stopped and the rest area fell into darkness.

Randy said, "Screw it."

Jaquan laughed, "Randy, who are you going to screw?"

"Screw you." Randy placed the bucket on the counter and shouted, "What's the matter?"

"It's fine! The power went out all of a sudden. I'm going out to check it out. The electric wire was probably bitten by some animal. I just replaced them last month. I don't know what animal it was. It probably ground his teeth by that. I hope



everything was fine..."

The owner of guest house hurried out with a flashlight. Just as he stepped out, he turned back, as if he thought of something. He took out a few candles and lighters from under the counter. "You guys light the candles first. It won't be long."

The group took the candle and lit it, then looked at each other. Of course, it would be romantic to have candlelight dinner with your beloved. But now, the team players were all sitting face-to-face, and they had seen each other all day long. It was very awkward now.

They all had such thoughts, except the ones on the side.

Armando raised the candle and helped Janessa pick her pickles in the wooden bucket out. Then, he handed her his fried eggs. Janessa frowned and said, "No, eat it yourself."

Jaquan sat in the opposite of Arabella. He wanted to pick pickles for Arabella, but Arabella looked at the wooden bucket and frowned. "Eww, I don't want it. You guys enjoy."

Stony finished chewing the corn kernels before looking up at her, "Arabella, it's yummy."

Arabella was untouched.

She sat there, staring at Emily and Vincent who sat face to face. There wasn't much interaction between the two of them. Emily and Vincent lowered their heads and ate slowly. Occasionally, Vincent took a sip of soup, with his three bony fingers holding the bowl. Under the candlelight, his every move was indescribably pleasing to the eye. His imposing manner made Arabella suspect that he was not holding a bowl, but a high-grade wine cup.

Emily probably finished her dinner. She took out a napkin and wiped her mouth. She supported her chin with her hand and watched Vincent eat with a faint smile on her face.

Vincent was good-looking. He had thin black eyebrows, and high straight nose. The candlelight cast a shadow over his half of face. Although one could sense his indifference, he was incomparably handsome.

He was a figure born in the spotlight. He would shine even in the darkness.

Vincent looked up at her and saw that there was still some left in her wooden bucket. He asked, "Full?"

"Yeah." Emily nodded.

She left two pieces of sausage and some fried rice mixed with corn and carrots. Vincent took her wooden bucket to himself. He took a spoon and stuffed the leftover into his mouth. Arabella was shocked at his behavior, got up and said, "Vincent, eat mine. I haven't touched it."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 144 Marriage Apartment

"No need." Vincent did not raise his head.

He even didn't ask her why she didn't eat.

Arabella was somewhat embarrassed. She flushed in her cheeks, full of sadness, awkwardness and grievance. Mostly, she was jealous towards Emily. Why did Vincent prefer to eat Emily's leftovers rather than her untouched food?

She couldn't figure it out, for sure.

Jaquan pulled her arm and had her seated on the stool. "Hurry up and eat. It is getting cold. No other food available in the kitchen, as the power is out."

Other people almost finished eating. Only she had a full wooden bucket. She deliberately said, "I'm on diet. I don't wanna eat."

However, hearing this, Vincent didn't even raise his head.

Emily looked at her instead and said, "It's delicious."

The more Emily said that, the more Arabella didn't want to taste it. She got up and was about to leave, but Stony grabbed her arm and said, "Arabella, do you want chocolate?"

Arabella squeezed out a smile, "No, thank you."

When she turned around, she saw Vincent feeding Emily with a spoon. His cold handsome eyes were full of caring and tenderness.

Wasn't she full? And now what? Show off?

Arabella flashed with jealousy in her eyes.

As the team members over there were chatting in the darkness, no one noticed what happened here. In addition, Emma, Stony, Jaquan and Arabella happened to be blocking the shocking scene. Mr. Vincent, the legendary figure of City Y, known for his indifference and ruthlessness, actually condescended to feed a little retard!

Never took interest in women? It was totally a lie!

In fact, Emily was just staring at Vincent. However, Vincent mistakenly thought that she was still hungry, so he fed her.

Furthermore, Vincent took the initiative to feed her, how could Emily refuse him?

After seeing that, Arabella left. Since the surroundings were dark, Jaquan was worried that something would happen to her, so he took his phone and followed her.

Janessa was happy with this result. She hated the person who complained about the taste of food most, as it would greatly affect her mood. She had no idea what the hell Arabella learned abroad these years, as Arabella became impolite and jealous.

After Arabella left, Janessa was a little happier. She knocked on the wooden bucket with her chopsticks and said to Randy, "Randy. What's next?"

Randy roared, "It's Randy! Janessa, you are my elder. How could you call me by nickname?"

After he finished speaking, Janessa did not react. Armando frowned unhappily, "Randy, watch your words."

Randy, "What?"

That was the so-called best friend?

Just for a woman, this best friend turns himself against him?

Janessa added, "You know I am your elder? Why didn't you say hi to me when we met? I was going to tell your grandfather that you didn't care about the elders but games?"

...

Randy covered his chest with his hand, "OK. I am sorry."

Janessa didn't continue arguing with him, as she was happy for now. She played with the wooden chopsticks in her hand, "I am sick staying in City Y. The scenery here is amazing, but it isn't a place to stay for long. I want to sneak back to Inner Mongolia. At least there is prairie..."

Armando said, "Randy, didn't you prepare a lot of activities?"

Randy was confused and said nothing.

Janessa was interested. "What activity?"

Now that Randy was put onto the shelf, he had to think about it. Finally, one idea came to his mind, "Poker?"

Janessa rolled her eyes.

Randy said, "Roll the dice?"

Janessa closed her eyes, indicating his ideas being boring.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

"What do girls like to play?" Randy asked a member from the side. The teammate was also at a loss, "I don't know..."

Someone said, "Truth or Dare?"

Janessa's eyes lit up, "That's it!"

Randy slapped on the head of the person who said it, "Good idea!"

The person was Lord Top. He straightened the hat on his head and said somewhat disgustedly, "Captain, don't touch my head."

Randy was silent.

If that bastard hadn't won the match, he would have been pressed to the ground and got kicked.

"Put the tables together. Everyone sits around." Janessa gave the order. Everyone quickly prepared. Stony stood by the wall, supporting Emma. Emily and Vincent were also there, looking at their phones, as if they were checking the real estate news.

Emma didn't want to disturb them. Just as she was about to change her place, she heard Emily say, "I bought two apartments. The price offered by the decoration company is quite high. Do you know any friends who work in decoration industry? I need a discount."

"A bridal suite?" Vincent raised his eyebrows.

Emily shook her head. "No."

"Then I don't know any."

Emily didn't say anything.

Vincent put on a cold face. He leaned against the wall and extended his slender index finger and thumb to pinch the tip of her nose. "Why didn't you tell me that you bought two apartments?"

Emily pursed her lips and looked at him, "To earn money for you."

Vincent curved his thin lips, "Let me see. I think there is."

Emma rolled her eyes.

Originally, Emma thought that Vincent was overbearing, and Emily was petite, but she didn't expect ... Vincent was actually a bit arrogant and cute.

The table was set. The boss lady of the guest house saw they gather together, so she came out to ask what was going on.

After knowing that they were going to play games, she brought

out two boxes of beer. "Do you need dice?"

Randy waved his hand, "No need. We are going climbing tomorrow, so we won't drink much. Do you have any better red wine?"

The lady boss shook her head, "Only beer is available here. We don't dare to stock red wine, as it has high purchasing price and fewer customers to buy."

Randy sighed, "If Ferne come, he would definitely bring a bottle of good red wine."

Janessa brought out a bottle of beer. "How? Spin the bottle? How do you do it?"

"Spin the empty bottle?" Randy shouted to the lady boss, "Please ... sixteen cups."

Whether Jaquan joined them or not, it was a good idea to prepare his cup first, in case he wanted to play later.

Lord Top in the crowd said, "Turn the empty bottle. If someone doesn't want to choose 'truth' and 'dare', then he should drink three glasses of wine as punishment."

Janessa nodded, "Okay."

The team member raised his hand and asked, "Captain, everyone has to drink?"

Smoking and alcohol were banned during the competition. But no rule told they were not allowed to drink outside. Randy asked, "What? You can't drink?"

The team member smiled awkwardly, "One cup of beer gets me drunk."

As expected, the others laughed, "Are you a man or not, dude?"

Just as the team member was about to speak, Randy slapped him on the back and said, "Don't say you are not!"

That team member could only say, "I am...." \_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 145 Mobile Phone

The game got started. Who would be the first to spin the bottle drew a heated discussion.

"Captain, you first!"

"No, he can't be the first one, as he's too cunning!" Janessa said.

"Holy shit! Me? Cunning?"

"Janessa, why don't you do it?" Armando asked.

Randy slapped the table, "No way! She is tactful, resourceful, sophisticated..."

Janessa chuckled, "I heard you, little brat. You said I am old in disguise..."

"No, just a slip of the tongue."

"...."

Everyone argued endlessly. Lord Top stood up. He held the beer bottle on the table. With a thumb up, the bottle rotated.

Everyone sat on their chairs, holding their breath and waiting for the bottle to stop.

Randy praised Lord Top in his heart. But when he turned around and met Lord Top's gaze, his heart skipped a beat for no reason.

Damn it, he and this brat were completely at odds!

Just as he was thinking this, the bottle on the table slowly stopped. Randy raised his eyes and saw the bottle mouth facing him.

Words failed him.

Did this brat mean it?

Janessa clapped her hands and laughed, "Truth or Dare?"

Randy didn't dare to take the big risk, so he could only take the second place, "Truth."

Janessa smiled and looked at him, as if everything was under her control. "Alright, how many women have you slept with since birth?"

Randy didn't know how to answer it.

Although Randy looked dissolute, he was purer than Armando. He loved games and cartoons, so much so that he couldn't find a woman he liked in the real world. So, he was still...

"I will drink!" Randy took the bottle and poured the beer into his own glass. He drank three cups in a row.

The team clapped their hands and Randy unconsciously revealed a trace of pride. 'Though I couldn't answer the question, I am awesome in drinking.'

"Who's next?" Randy asked.

The team members looked at him and said, "You."

"Oh, Okay." It seemed that Randy hadn't played the game before. He wasn't a party person. Even he had to join that, he didn't play any games. He just occasionally played poker with his bros.

He twisted the bottle so fast that it almost flew off the table. Fortunately, it finally turned back. When the bottle stopped, it was aimed at a member of the team. The member was obviously a little nervous. He was holding the cup, getting ready to drink.

Randy, "Who will ask the question?"

"Of course it's you." Lord Top looked at him, as if he was talking to a fool. "Who spun the bottle asks the question."

Randy finally understood the rule and glared at Janessa who was laughing. "Why didn't anyone tell me just now? You actually asked me questions! Are you kidding me?"

The team members were silent.

Armando held his tongue.

Janessa laughed crazily, "How would I know that you should follow my order? You're a good boy. I misunderstood you ... "

Perhaps he was angry at Janessa or alcohol worked, Randy's entire face turned red. He gritted his teeth and looked at his teammate with hatred. "Truth or dare?!"

The team member was so frightened that he picked up his glass and poured the beer to his mouth, "I will drink!"

"...."

In the game, the empty bottle was all turned toward Randy's team members. After all, there were a total of nine of them, accounting for more than half. Meanwhile, Stony was sleeping, lying in Emma's arms.

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People Emily sat on the table and drew a sketch. Vincent stood outside, answering the phone. His voice was very low but could be heard vaguely. Every time, he looked back at Emily. Emily would also look at him, as if they have some telepathy.

It was past nine o'clock. Finally, a bottle turned to Armando.

Janessa stood up and said, "You should choose 'Dare'."

Armando nodded, "Okay. Dare."

"Armando! Man should be brave! Pick 'Truth'!"

"You didn't tell the truth just now." Armando glanced at him.

Randy didn't know how to retort him.

What kind of friend was he?

Janessa looked at the member who spun the bottle. "The

mission is to let him carry Stony onto the bed."

"Why are you telling my team what to do?" Randy was pissed off and rolled up his sleeves. "Urchin! Don't listen to her! I order you!"

Urchin was dumbfounded.

Before Urchin could say anything, Armando had left. He walked to Emma, took the child from her embrace, and then walked forward. Janessa handed him the flashlight.

Randy was sort of angry.

Bastard, let's break off the relationship.

Janessa laughed maliciously, "Continue."

Randy encouraged his team members, "Turn, aim at her! Fight her crazily!"

The teammate, trembling, happened to turn the bottle to Randy.

Words failed Randy.

What was an incompetent teammate? This was.

Janessa cracked up.

Emma had planned to take the child back to sleep, but she didn't leave as she was totally attracted by the game. As a result, Stony fell asleep in her arms, as he was probably tired. And she couldn't carry the child back by herself, as her right leg was not cured and the lights in the room hadn't been fixed yet. The group of people was playing games, so she didn't interrupt them. Emily came over and asked her, "Do you want me to help you carry the child back?"

The man at the door also looked over. Emma knew very well that as long as she nodded, that man would do it.

She shook her head. Vincent was well-known, thus she didn't want to be involved with him. Moreover, he was Emily's man. She didn't want to cause any trouble for others because of her own affairs.

Now, Armando left with the child in his arms, and Emma also followed. She did not have a flashlight, so she only walked forward, relying on the light in front of her. Armando probably noticed that, he turned around to look at her, and slowed down his pace.

After arriving at the room, he put down the child and waited for Emma. And then he turned around and left.

The room fell back into darkness. After Emma took off Stony's



clothes and shoes, she took out a wet tissue and wiped his hands, face, and feet. After tidying him up, she covered him with the blanket and walked out of the room. Then she went to the bathroom.

Just came to a door, it was suddenly opened. Emma did not say anything, but Jaquan in the room was shocked. "What the hell! Are you a ghost?"

The corridor was not near to the hall, but she had gone half way. She could see the hazy light ahead, as the candlesticks were muffled by the shadows of the crowd gathered round the table.

Emma ignored him and walked straight forward. Jaquan watched as she went forward step by step, supporting the wall. He was so upset that he frowned and asked, "Don't you know how to turn on the flashlight on your phone?"

"No."

Emma was annoyed with him, too. She looked at him with a frown, indicating that he should leave her alone.

"What?" Jaquan raised his eyebrows in disbelief, "What are you? You don't have a cell phone?"

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 146 Substitute

Emma didn't feel like talking to him. She leaned against the wall and went on again without turning her head back.

Jaquan turned on the phone light, lighting up the road ahead of her until he entered the hall.

"Jaquan! Come here!" Randy was surprised and delighted to see him.

Jaquan had a bad feeling. He was pulled over by Randy and sat down on the chair before he could move a step. "Substitute for me! We are playing Truth or Dare. You should be good at that!" Randy whispered in his ear, "Janessa did so well. Help me to dismay her!"

Janessa's gaze swept over when Randy started talking. She smiled defiantly at Jaquan, "A substitute? Rany, you really leave me a deep impression."

Randy fell silent.

Jaquan too.

Unfortunately, Jaquan was unable to beat Janessa. He

accidentally beat Lord Top.

When the bottle turned to Lord Top, he was slightly stunned.

Then, he heard the players asking him, "Truth or dare?"

He decided not to drink.

He said resolutely, "Truth."

They were affected by Janessa, and since they were all from the same team, they wanted to ask something unknown before.

They asked, "When did you have sex for the first time?"

Lord Top was reluctant to answer this question, but he finally answered it seriously, shaking his head and saying, "No."

They didn't believe, "How could it be possible?"

"I really didn't."

Janessa was also surprised, "I doubt is there any innocent boy except Armando?"

Armando rolled his eyes.

No one would be happy after hearing this.

Randy muttered, "What's wrong with this? Neither do I..."

However, his voice was too low for anyone to hear.

They were still talking about this,

"I don't believe! It's a lie!"

"I heard a woman call you last time!"

"That's right! I heard too. She even said that you were not considerate at all after you slept with her!"

"..."

Lord Top didn't know how to explain, "I will drink, but I have answered, so I only drink one glass."

He looked at the glass, took a deep breath, and drank up.

"Great!"

Lord Top spun the bottle again. His head lay on the table as the bottle stopped.

Everyone, "..."

Was he the kind of person who can only drink one cup?

Janessa couldn't stop laughing. She wiped tears from laughter,

"What an honest boy! Do not drink if you can't. Why don't tell us at first? Oh yes, is there a guy who said that he can't drink more than one cup?"

The one who said that smiled bashfully. There were three empty bottles at his feet.

Randy was counting on Jaquan to dismay Janessa. He didn't

expect that the one on his side was out first. He did a facepalm and sighed, "Shit!"

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

They wanted to send Lord Top back. Randy waved, "You guys continue to help me fight against her! I'll send him back."

He walked over and pulled Lord Top up. Lord Top wasn't as heavy as he thought. He tried to drag Lord Top towards the corridor. Janessa couldn't stop taunting, "Randy, are you a real man? Is that all you can do? Can't you take him up? I'm ashamed of you."

Randy, "...."

To save face, Randy exerted all his strength and carried Lord Top up. He felt strange when holding Lord Top in his arm. He wondered. 'This guy is too light and too soft!'

"See?" Randy successfully saved his face. He turned on the phone light after he showed off to Janessa. Then he carried Lord Top to the room. He didn't know which is Lord Top's room, so he randomly put Lord Top in one room. Anyway, every room has two beds. Randy put Lord Top on the bed and tucked him kindly.

Great!

Lord Top's hat dropped halfway. Randy picked it up and put it on the bedside. He then saw the limited edition headphones on the bedside cabinet.

He surprisingly found this is his room. What the hell?

He lifted the quilt and wanted to carry Lord Top to another room. He lowered his head and came face to face with Lord Top. Lord Top's breathing sprayed on his face, and the lip can also be touched.

Randy took a few steps back as if he was frightened by this, and wiped his face by hands.

What the hell?

All right, leave it at that. Randy wiped his face hard and walked out. He even went to the bathroom to wash his face, and finally vented that strange feeling.

He cherished his face a lot. If he had to choose between death and disfiguration, he would definitely choose the latter.

The owner of the guest house came back to take the tools and

went out again. They were still playing in the resting area. One of the two cases of beer was drunk up soon.

Janessa ordered another two cases.

They all got drunk except for Jaquan who sipped. He can drink a lot. Randy was about to compliment him, but he saw Janessa still sitting there soberly. When seeing him, she even waved, "Rany, come here. They just gossip about you..."

Randy was completely shocked by her words before he can think why she was still sober, "What? What did they say?"

"They said that you use a facial mask every day, moisturizing your skin with skin lotion in the morning and the evening, and you even wear a radiation-proof mask when playing games..."

Janessa propped up her chin and looked at him, "I think this is a bit too exaggerated. It doesn't seem to be true."

Randy, "...."

He thought, 'Thank you for your approval. I am sorry to tell you that they are all true.'

"They also said that you like small breasts." Janessa looked at his facial expression and said, "So this is true."

Randy, "...."

He couldn't help doing a facepalm, "It's too dirty to say that."

"Why? Is this a problem?" Janessa looked at Armando in confusion, "What do you think?"

Of course, it was a problem! Every single word was extremely pornographic.

Randy felt hopeless. Armando would surely be on Janessa's side, caring nothing about him at all. What a so-called 'good friend'! They got drunk one after another. Only one or two of them stood up trembling and said that they were tired and wanted to go back to rest. Janessa approved, and then they went back. Randy was unable to think why they listened to Janessa. He just sat on the chair and looked at Jaquan, asking, "Why you are here? Where is Arabella?"

"She locked herself in the room." Jaquan sipped his beer and said in a muffled voice, "I don't know how to help her, because we are in the same situation."

Janessa sat opposite and did not interrupt. She just listened quietly. She knew that Jaquan liked Arabella. Although she did not like Arabella, she still blessed them. After all, it's their business. It's no need to be nosy.

Randy chinked glasses with Jaquan and said, "So what did you do there?" \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 147 Take the Shower in Vain

Jaquan gulped it down before he said, "The client of my previous case called me, and he discussed the update with me. Randy said nothing anymore, because he knew his advice wouldn't matter to him. Emily was drawing. Except the sound of her pencil on the paper, it was silent.

Vincent was sitting beside Emily after answering the phone, watching her drawing. The peaceful and warm picture of the two of them stopped Janessa from disturbing them.

"Shall we continue?" Janessa turned the wine bottle in her hand. Only the four of them were left in the game. Emily and Vincent could be ignored, since the two of them had never taken the game seriously during the entire process.

Randy put down his glass and said, "I quit."

Jaquan heaved a sigh, "I'm in."

Randy was mute.

The power supply was finally restored at half past ten.

The landlady of the guest house said, "We can heat up the water for a bath now. Someone who wants to have a bath can go to the bathroom in ten minutes."

Several of them were lying along the long table drunk. Emily looked around, only to find that Armando was sitting there sober and he seemed to worry about something.

"Let's go to sleep. It's late." Vincent led her to the room after taking the toiletries. The two of them went straight to the bathroom, and they met the landlady on their way. The landlady asked them with a smile, "We have bathrooms. Do you need it?"

"...."

In the lounge area, Armando finally brought himself to reality. Patting Jaquan and Randy on their shoulders first, he then carried Janessa in his arms and went to their room. Janessa had drunken too much alcohol, so she was about to throw it up when being carried by Armando. After cleaning her vomit up in the restroom, he continued to take her to the room. But Janessa asked for some water on their way to the room.

Then Armando took her to the lounge area, and he asked the landlady for some soup to sober her up. And he also fed her some water.

When he finally carried Janessa to the room, it was almost midnight.

There was no separate bathroom in the room. So everyone had to go to a bathroom or a public one when they needed a shower. Armando went to the bathroom with his clothes. When he was standing under the shower with his eyes closed, he could think of nothing but the words of Janessa. She said she couldn't wait any longer.

On the other side of the guest house, Lord Top suddenly sat up from his bed in the room. He touched himself and felt relieved after knowing he wasn't naked. Then he intended to change his clothes when sensing the smell of alcohol all over his body. He was looking for his suitcase in the dark, only to find the clothes there weren't his. Actually, the suitcase wasn't his.

He wasn't in his room?

It was dark in the room. He could hardly figure out who was on the bed next to him. So he randomly took some pieces and left. The landlady of the guest house hadn't gone to bed yet. When she saw him coming with some clothes, she said, "A young man is taking a shower inside. Tell him to hurry up, because I want to sleep."

Just as Lord Top wanted to give up the thought of taking a shower, he saw a bathroom for women over there. He sneaked into that bathroom without turning on the light after the landlady left. He took off his clothes quickly and turned on the shower. After a few minutes, the stinky smell of alcohol disappeared.

Lord Top was at a loss the moment the light was on. Then he abruptly covered himself with a towel and turned to look at the door.

Emily was so surprised to see a man there that she turned the light off immediately.

The voice of Vincent came from the door. He asked, "What's up? You didn't find it?"

"Nope. I think I didn't leave it in the bathroom. It should be in my room." Emily explained in a low voice.

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"Okay."

It went back to silence outside the bathroom.

Lord Top continued his shower gingerly. After that, he found the clothes he took were both sweaters. He didn't take his trousers.

The trousers he wore earlier smelled stinky, so he wouldn't put it on. He thought no one would be outside at this time. He put on one of the sweaters and tied the other one on his waist to cover his butt. Then he quickly went back to his room and closed the door.

He breathed a sigh of relief. Fortunately, no one found him. But he saw Randy right behind him when he turned around.

What was more, the light in the room was on.

Randy was a little thirsty. He shouted for a while, but no one answered. He could only get up. When he turned the light on, he found no one was on the bed next to him. He was sitting on the bed to sober himself up. When he was about to go back to his sleep again, he heard the sound from the door. And then two long and straight legs, the skin of which looked pretty fair, appeared in front of him. 'What perfect legs!' Randy thought to himself.

He looked up along the legs, trying to find out who was the one in front him. Just as he was about to see the face of the person, he was knocked unconscious.

Lord Top quickly took out a pair of loose trousers from the suitcase and put it on at once before Randy woke up. Then he went to the next room and asked one of their members to change the room with him. When he finally lay on the bed, his forehead was covered with sweat. He took the shower in vain.

\*\*

"That mouse was charred. The smell can be sensed far away from the place it was charred."

"I told you to change a better cable, but you didn't listen to me. There're mice and squirrels everywhere. Even a man would die when touching a cable, not to mention such a small animal."

"I got it. I've contacted the worker and asked him to add another layer outside the cable."

The rooms in the guest house weren't that soundproof, so everyone woke up amidst the quarrel between the owner and his wife. It was eight in the morning.

Everyone gathered in the lobby after dressing themselves up. Some of them yawned heavily while the others were dizzy because of a hangover. Everyone wasn't ready for a climb anyway.

Randy looked the most terrible as if he had been struck by lightning. He kept massaging the back of his neck, glancing his members back and forth. He asked them one by one, "Who the hell hit me yesterday night?"

A hangover always caused a trouble. He could hardly remember what happened yesterday night, except that he was playing Truth or Dare with Jaquan, Armando and Janessa, and drank a lot of alcohol. His neck hurt that much, and he suspected it was Janessa who hit him. But he got to know she was also drunk last night.

The member in his room was the biggest suspect. When he was defending himself and was about to tell Randy the truth, Lord Top was making a gesture towards him as if he would give him a lesson.

The team member rubbed his neck gingerly and lowered his head without saying anything.

Janessa didn't feel that bad when she woke up. She thought it was because of her good physical condition. She didn't know how heavily she had vomited on Armando and how thoughtfully Armando had taken care of her. He even washed her face and feet for her.

Armando, on the other hand, didn't get a good sleep and the shadows under his eyes looked so obvious.

Janessa even asked him with concern, "You didn't get a good sleep? You can't sleep on a bed except your own one?"

Looking at her, Armando nodded slightly.

He was always like that, and Janessa was used to it. So she didn't ask him anymore and began to apply sunscreen. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 148 Appearance

The owner of the guest house brought them breakfast, saying, "You young persons are here to exercise, so you should have



got up early. The air here is fresh. Have a good time here after finishing your breakfast."

The landlady also brought some porridge to them. "One of you did get up early, but it was too early. She asked me what to eat for breakfast at about five in the morning. She must have wandered around for long."

Looking at each other, they finally realized that Arabella wasn't here.

Why she got up so early was that she didn't have dinner yesterday and woke up due to hunger. Everyone knew it clearly, so none of them said a word but enjoyed the porridge. Sitting opposite Vincent, Emily was eating porridge. She suddenly found someone was staring at her. She looked up, seeing Lord Top look at her as if he wanted to tell her something.

Emily knew what he wanted to say, so she made a gesture to ease him.

Lord Top felt relieved and let out a grateful smile towards her.

Emily thought to herself that no wonder he rarely smiled.

Maybe she should say she rarely smiled.

Her smile was so attractive, and so were her fair and slender legs.

Emily admitted that Lord Top did look cool without a cap after looking at her for a while. Her shoulder-length hair was combed backwards and fixed with a little gel, showing how delicate she was. When she was enjoying her porridge, her eyebrows were slightly up. Her nose was high and her mouth...

A big hand appeared in front of her eyes. The joints of the hand were distinct, and there were some thin calluses on its palm.

The fingers were long and slender. Most importantly, it almost could the whole face of Emily.

She retracted her gaze and raised her head to see Vincent raising his eyebrows to look at her. He followed her gaze and saw that the group of members eating porridge. One of them looked very cool and just smiled at Emily.

Vincent did say anything else but to remind her, "Have your breakfast."

After having a sip of the porridge, Emily glanced at him while biting the spoon, "I can explain."

The aura between them was a bit weird. Emily looked like a cheated wife who was about to explain to her husband.

Vincent raised his head and looked at her with magnanimity, "Okay."

Emily felt that Vincent didn't just look cold, and he was literally cold. She muttered, "Vincent, everyone will place more of their eyes on beautiful things. And you also told me last time that the desire to look the attractive was universal. And I'm just an ordinary person."

Her explanation didn't work at all. And it even annoyed Vincent. Emily should say something more to fix this.

"But..." Emily added as she was looking at Vincent's poke face that was way too attractive. She reached out to touch the corner of Vincent's mouth. "After sizing up his appearance, I think good-looking face doesn't matter that much. Instead, inner beauty matters. Besides, none of them is more handsome than you especially when you're smiling."

What a perfect explanation!

Emily would like to thumb up for herself.

Vincent held her hand that was about to touch his face and said in a helpless tone, "Stop, please."

It was just a short sentence, and his tone wasn't that gentle and seductive but helpless. However, it sounded so attractive to Emily. How she was feeling was like a stone thrown to a lake, and her ears turned red quickly for no reason. She pulled her hand away and touched her earlobe.

Lowering her head, she continued to eat her porridge while casting a peek at Vincent every once in a while. She wasn't flattering him. Instead, she was quite serious. Vincent really was the best-looking one in her eyes. Especially when he stared at someone with his eyes narrowed, he was so affectionate. He was indifferent and he always buttoned up his shirt tightly, sort of like a celibate. The contours of his face were as clear as those of a model in a magazine.

He was about the same age as Randy, Jaquan and the others, but he wasn't as lively as the people of his age. What others could sense was only his calmness and reserved temperament cultivated in years.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
Vincent was really nice. Not to mention anything else, he contacted a boss of a decoration company last night, and offered a ninety percent discount which was almost free of charge.

What could Emily do? Of course, she could only accept his kindness.

Sizing up the situation, Emily believed she would get more if she was with Vincent. Biting the spoon, she thought she would have to send something valuable to him.

After everyone finished their breakfast, the landlady of the guest house handed each of them a bottle of water and cheered them up, "Come on."

The game otaku spent most of their time in playing games and they barely exercise, so Randy would organize this team-building trip as a celebration for their victory. Who would have thought it to be a mountain climb? Quite a lot of them thought that they would take a cable car to the top of the mountain.

It turned out that they had been too naïve.

Mount Phoenix was also called Mount Phoenix Forest Park. The top of the mountain still maintained its original state, since it had not been developed. The mountain was covered with branches and leaves, even in autumn.

Randy took the lead and shouted, "Let's go."

They met Arabella at the door the moment they set out. She wore a khaki wool skirt, a fur coat, and knee boots. She also put on some makeup, looking so delicate in the sunlight.

"You intended to climb a mountain in this pair of boots?"

Looking at her with a frown, Randy was critiquing Jaquan in his heart. What was more, he didn't like the way Arabella acted, especially in front of him.

He threw his bag which was full of snacks onto his back. "Don't think about asking Jaquan to carry you on his back just after a short-time climb. It'll take us at least four hours to reach the top of the mountain. Okay? Go change your boots, otherwise it would either exhaust or starve you."

Arabella was a little embarrassed, "I, I only brought this pair of shoes here."

There were only three girls in their team, Janessa, Emma and

Emily. Emily's feet were far smaller than Arabella's, so she wouldn't be able to wear Emily's shoes. While the size of shoes of Janessa and Emma seemed to be similar to that of Arabella. When Jaquan was about to ask Janessa for a favor after a glance at her, she took the camera and said, "Wow, the scenery here is good. I'll take a picture. Armando, come here."

"..."

Janessa didn't refuse him directly, but everyone could know it clearly that Janessa didn't like Arabella at all, and she wouldn't lend her shoes to Arabella.

At this time, Jaquan got to believe Randy's comment on Janessa. He said she felt very strongly.

He turned to Emma. Fortunately, Emma didn't refuse him.

Leaning against the wall, she said without hesitation, "I'll go get it."

Arabella waved her hand, "Forget it. I can wear my own boots."

Jaquan said to Randy, "You guys go first. We'll follow you later."

He followed Emma into the guest house.

Rolling his eyes, Randy acted like he had known what Jaquan would do long before. Then he waved at Stony, "Come on, boy, follow me."

He refused after hearing that, "Nope. I'll go with my mom. She needs me."

"Even a kid is more sensible than the adults. What the hell is going on here?" Randy led his team up the mountain after a sigh.

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Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 149 I Don't Like You

Arabella wore an ugly look on her face. She directly took a step forward and walked ahead of Randy. Clearly, she wanted to prove that she can climb the mountain in boots.

Seeing that, Randy and others shrugged their shoulders. On the way to the mountain top, Randy would occasionally have casual chats with other team members. Emily and Vincent followed behind. Rex wasn't with them. This time, Vincent only brought a guard with him. And that guard was also the driver today. Right now, the guard was following closely behind with a bag full of bread, chocolate, and other snacks.

Janessa, who had just pretended to be taking pictures, put away her camera and waved to Armando, "Let's go."

"Show me the photos you just took." Armando reached towards the camera. He thought just now he was modelling for Janessa. He wanted to know what he looked like in Janessa's photos.

"What photos?" Janessa asked Armando. Soon she figured it out. "Oh, I know what you mean! But I didn't even take off the lens cover. How could there be any photos? Just now, I said that on purpose to avoid lending my shoes to that 'princess'."

"..."

Emma's suitcase was very neat. The clothes on the left were hers, and the right was Stony's. There was a shoebox in the middle compartment. Emma took out a pair of shoes from the box. The moment Jaquan saw it, he was somewhat stunned.

"Aren't these my shoes?"

Although Emma had worn it once, based on the fragrant smell of that shoes, Jaquan knew that she must have washed it. The shoes smelled of washing powder.

"Yes, these are the shoes that I borrowed from you last time. Now I return them to you." Emma closed the suitcase again. Then she took the key, preparing to lock the door.

"There are the shoes you just talked about?" Jaquan frowned. It was hard for him to accept that.

Emma raised her head to look at him. Her expression silently answered his question.

"..."

Jaquan asked again, "Do you have any other shoes? These must be big for her."

"Yes, the shoes I am wearing." Emma pointed at her feet and said, "Will she wear my shoes?"

"..."

Jaquan knew Arabella was like a princess who was hard to please. He knew she would never wear shoes once worn by others. He could only walk out with his shoes.

Apart from the Stony, there was no one else at the door. Looking at the road ahead, Jaquan estimated that Randy and others have climbed about fifty meters. Jaquan was about to catch them up with the shoes. Then he thought of Emma, who was behind him.

She was limping. She walked rather slowly. Stony supported her and they moved up step by step.

The road to the mountaintop was paved with tree trunks.

Further up was a stone staircase. A child like Stony would definitely not be able to hold up the weight of an adult.

Jaquan walked over and said, "I'll do it."

Without waiting for Emma's reply, he walked over and grabbed one of her arms to support her. However, he overestimated his impression in Emma's heart.

Emma frowned slightly, pulled back her arm to avoid his touch, and said politely and distantly, "Thank you. But there is no need to do that."

Jaquan found himself unable to understand Emma. He put the shoes in the corner of his arm and directly grabbed Emma's arm. After being rejected, there was some awkwardness on his face. "Why are you so hostile to me?"

Stony walked forward, pushed Jaquan away and said, "Let go of my mother!"

Jaquan could only loosen his grip. "I just want to be nice. Has your mother been hurt by a man before? Why she treated me..."

Emma smiled, "Yes, I was hurt by a man. So I don't like you."

"..."

Before Emma admitted, that was just his guessing. But now Jaquan knew that was the truth, which made him somewhat feel complex. Emma was indeed been abandoned by a man and raise her child on her own. No wonder she was holding a wary attitude towards men.

Jaquan was trying to change his attitude and help her in a more comforting way. Then he saw Armando running down from above. Armando directly supported Emma and said, "There's a stone staircase ahead. It was hard for you to pass that. Let me help you."

Emma nodded, "Thanks."

"..."

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
Jaquan watched Armando support Emma to pass the staircase.  
And it was she who said that she was once hurt by a man!

Jaquan was a little angry. He thought in his heart, "Her hostility is only aimed at me! Shit!"

Up the stone staircase, there was a lush bamboo forest.

Halfway up the mountain, there was an observation deck. A waterfall was spraying out from a stone lion's mouth in front of the observation deck, forming a rainbow in the air.

Janessa couldn't wait to take the camera to record the beautiful scenery. Then she saw a woman holding water to ... wash her feet.

Shit!

Janessa cursed in her heart and put down her camera. Then she saw Arabella standing by the stone lion. Holding her shoes in one hand, Arabella was finding a napkin from her bag to wipe her feet. She was indeed a princess. Perhaps she figured out climbing the mountain in her boots was a bad decision. So after finding the mountain path was quite clean, she directly took off her boots.

Randy and the rest of the team were all indoorsy. They didn't exercise much. Besides, they would occasionally stop to discuss even argue over some issues. On top of that, they often stopped to drink or eat. As a result, Arabella was ahead of them. When they arrived at the observation deck, they saw Arabella sitting by the stone lion, with her face indicating she had been waiting for them for a long time.

Janessa ignored Arabella. She took the camera and found a place to sit. Following the stone steps, she could see Armando supporting Emma to walk up. Stony was walking in front of them with his little schoolbag on the back. And he would occasionally turn around to make sure his mother was okay. Further ahead were Emily and Vincent. They were here to travel. Watching the scenery all the way, they would occasionally discuss with each other and take pictures with their mobile phones. But romance eluded them. They only took pictures of the scenery. They didn't take selfies, nor did they take pictures of them being together.

Janessa adjusted the focus of her camera and couldn't help but take a profile of them. In the camera, Emily found a rare insect. She called Vincent to look at it. Emily looked surprised. And Vincent was looking at her dotingly.

Janessa had always felt that Vincent was too distant. He had the

power to let people not daring to come close to him. He looked too cold and indifferent. But now, this arrogant man was standing on the stone staircase, looking at the girl in front of him dotingly.

They didn't do anything intimate. But they gave people such an illusion that the air suddenly became sweet because of them. Jaquan, who was in front of them, quickly rushed to the observation deck. He held the box and said to Randy, "You should slow down and walk behind Vincent."

"Why? What's the matter?" Seventh was about to stuff a piece of chocolate into his mouth. He glanced at the stone staircase as he asked.

Jaquan snatched his chocolate and said, "This way, you will feel that you shouldn't be on the mountain."

"..."

Emily took a lot of photos. She has not climbed a mountain before. The most impressive view of her previous life was that of the Britt's and the Tea Manor. These two places gave her a lot of inspiration. Now that this place was so full of scenic spots. She had many interests. Not only did she take a lot of photos, but also introduced the plants she didn't know to Vincent with Wikipedia. They didn't feel much tired. After finding a place to sit down, the guard took out two bottles of water and handed the water to them.

Emily took the water and thanked the guard.

On the other hand, Vincent did not receive the water from the guard. He unscrewed the bottle cap of Emily's water and then handed it to Emily.

Emily took a sip of water and asked, "Aren't you thirsty?"

Vincent did not answer Emily directly. Instead, he took the water in Emily's hand and poured it into his throat before saying, "What do you say?"

His voice was a little hoarse. Because of the thirst, his voice was a little low. His voice landed by Emily's ears. Emily felt it was so hot. She thought perhaps this was because the surrounding air was a little stuffy.

Emily rubbed her ears and pushed Vincent, "Don't speak to my ear."

"What's the matter?" Vincent let out a laugh.

Emily glared at him. She knew that he was doing it on purpose,



so she purposely blew into his ear and said coquettishly,  
"Vincent.... Vincent.... Vincent..."

She was purposely blowing her breath to Vincent's ear. She didn't have any intention to do something romantic. But her breath stimulated Vincent's nerves. Opposed to them, there were many people. So they couldn't act without scruple. Vincent tilted his head slightly and his thin lips brushed past Emily's mouth and cheeks. His fiery breath landed by her ear again. He did not say anything. He only gently touched her ear bones with his teeth.

Emily didn't know what to do. She felt her limbs unable to support herself.

Looking from afar, they seemed to be whispering to each other. This was what Arabella saw when she came over. She twisted her fingers and turned around unhappily. As she walked away, she often turned around. Vincent had never noticed, even when she was less than three meters away from him.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 150 Take Pictures

Jaquan brought his shoes over and handed them to her. "Put them on. My shoes are spotless."

"Your shoes?" Arabella asked confusedly, "You even took a pair of shoes?"

Jaquan nodded and put the shoebox on the ground. He took the pair of shoes inside and was about to change them for Arabella. Arabella retracted her feet, sniffed her nose and asked, "Don't your shoes all have perfume on them? Why does this one have the smell of washing powder?"

Jaquan was a little dumbfounded. He grabbed his hair and didn't know how to explain it. If he said that these shoes were worn by Emma, Arabella probably wouldn't wear them anymore. However, just as he was hesitating, Arabella had misunderstood it. These shoes weren't his. It must belong to one of Randy's team members.

But she didn't say it clearly. She just lowered her head and looked at the shoes. "These shoes are too big. It doesn't fit the feet perfectly. Put it in your backpack."

"Then tell me if you're tired, these shoes can be worn as slippers for you."

"Alright."

Jaquan didn't force her. He just put away the shoes and found a place to sit.

Armando and Emma finally came. Everyone rested on the spot for more than ten minutes. It was already autumn. But, everyone had taken off their jackets. After all, they had climbed the mountain for so long and had eaten something. The heat squeezed their stomachs and was transmitted to the surface of their skin. It was endlessly hot.

Everyone finished resting and was about to go up the mountain when an old lady came down with a bamboo basket on her back. Seeing their group, she shouted loudly, "Do you have empty bottles?"

Randy and the rest of the team members hurriedly took out the empty bottles from their bags and handed them to her.

The viewing platform didn't have a garbage can. Alright, it was really unsightly to put a garbage can in such a purely natural place.

The old lady took all the bottles and thanked them. Then, she threw bottles into the bamboo basket on her back. Then, she picked up the trash with pliers. Randy and the other members dropped some snacks and wastepaper from where they had just eaten. The old lady did not say anything and came up to clean it.

Randy found a napkin and was about to wrap up the garbage when the old lady swept the garbage and put it into the bamboo basket on his back. The viewing platform was restored to its original cleanliness.

Before leaving, the old lady said, "Don't throw rubbish around." Randy agreed and gave her two bottles of water that he didn't open. The old lady waved her hand and said, "There are springs on the mountain. It's clean and safe to drink. You guys can go up and drink some to strengthen your body."

Although this old lady looked very old, her movements were vigorous. She was in good health.

"Lady, do you get paid for this?" Janessa suddenly asked.

The old lady did not understand, "What play?"

Everyone understood. Jaquan asked, "Do you have a duty to do this? We mean, you came to pick up trash and no one gave you

money?"

The old lady nodded. "Why do I need to be paid? I just come over to climb mountains to exercise and pick up garbage every day. The scenery is good here and it can't get dirty."

Janessa took the camera and asked, "May I take a picture of you?"

"No. You young people are good-looking. Why do you want to take a picture of me?" The old lady smiled. Although she was old, her clothes were neat and tidy, also her shoes. She was obviously old but enjoyed her life.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

Janessa looked at the lush mountain in front of her and said, "We can let your descendants remember you. You are the guardian of this mountain. In the future, if there are photographs kept, everyone will remember you. They will also remember to learn from you and protect this mountain together."

The old lady was swayed. She fixed her hair and asked, "Should I put my things down?"

Janessa suddenly smiled, "Sorry. I actually had taken a picture. I was worried that you would disagree, so I asked. Also, I was afraid that I won't capture the right moment if I notify you first. So I took the picture first."

The old lady heaved a sigh of relief, "Great. Then I can leave."

"Okay."

Arabella, who had been silent all this while, suddenly took a few steps forward and gave a stack of money to the old lady. She said, "Lady, thank you for your work."

The old lady seemed to be frightened, "Hey! Don't! Please don't give me money. I don't want money."

"Your work is not easy. I just want to..."

Before Arabella could finish her sentences, Janessa interrupted her. She took the money and said, "She thought you were paid for the work. Sorry."

The old lady finally smiled again. "Oh, I'm not. It is free. I work voluntarily. I can also exercise at the same time. It doesn't matter. You young people should be careful when climbing the mountain. There are snakes on it. Just don't disturb them."

"Alright, take care!"

Janessa threw the money to Arabella and took another photo of the old lady's back view going down the mountain.

Many notes fell to the ground. Arabella stood there alone, her eyes filled with grievances, anger, confusion, and unwillingness. She gritted her teeth and looked at Janessa, "Although you are older than me, you can't represent me. Why do you take my money back on your own initiative? That's what I'm willing to give to old granny."

After Janessa finished taking the photo, she was in a good mood. She looked at Arabella's eyes almost calmly, "Arabella, she loves this mountain. This love can't be measured by money. Of course, you might not understand that."

Jaquan came over to pick up the money on the ground and said to Arabella, "The old lady will not accept your money."

Randy took out his aggressive fan from somewhere and said, "If the old lady wants money, the people sitting here all have. She treats the mountain as her own. Of course, she doesn't want the guests, like us, to dirty her territory. If you come and give her money, it will give her the feeling that the mountain is at your disposal. Of course, she would not agree."

Among the brothers, it was hard for Vincent to open his mouth to Arabella. Armando did not want to say something to Arabella. Jaquan was obedient to Arabella, while Ferne behaved in a noisy. Only the way Randy treated Arabella could be called flogging education.

Arabella finally sunk in and realized that he had just done something stupid. He whispered to Janessa, "I'm sorry..."

Janessa smiled at her. She was a beautiful girl with a cold and intelligent temperament. When she smiled, she was even more free and easy. "I don't need your apology. Did you harm my interests? No, so you don't need to apologize to me."

Arabella's eyes were slightly red. Losing face in front of everyone made her feel ashamed but more aggrieved. "If you don't like me, just say it. Don't beat around the bush."

"Sorry that you could only get that." Janessa looked at her.

Arabella had very little aura in front of Janessa, which seemed to be crushed to pieces. "I'm not beating around the bush.

Arabella, I didn't like you before. Now, I don't like you even more. It was just like when I saw you using the water from the

waterfall to wash your feet. I don't like it!"

Arabella couldn't imagine that the scene of her taking a foot bath was seen by others. And Janessa even brought it up in front of so many people. Her face looked even worse. She felt as if someone had roasted her on a stove and poured cold water over her body. She pushed Janessa away, turned around and then run down the mountain. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 151 Warning

Jaquan was worried about her, so he hurriedly blocked her way. "Arabella! It's fine. No one saw it. She was joking.... Don't take it seriously. You did that out of kindness. We can all understand. You ..."

However, Arabella could not listen to any words. She managed to run, but the path down the mountain was blocked by Jaquan. She turned around and ran up the mountain. Jaquan was just about to catch her up, but Randy pulled him away.

"Are you stupid? Wait here until she is tired of crying. When she thinks of you, you can go over then. In this way, she would get a good impression of you."

Jaquan frowned, "Randy, I don't want to earn her a good impression. I'm just worried about her."

Randy undid him and said to his back view, "Oh, wait for her to snuggle into another man's arms. You can continue to care about her like this."

"..."

Jaquan paused and came down the stone steps. "Then I'll just wait."

He picked up the money on the ground, also the shoes he had taken with him. Then, he sat down on the stone to ponder.

Armando walked over to Janessa and took out Ferrero from his pocket and gave it to her. "You did right!"

"I know." Janessa peeled one and stuffed one into her mouth.

Armando lowered his head and held her hand for a long time.

"You're upset."

Janessa was stunned for a moment. She quickly pulled back her hand and suddenly looked in the direction of the mountain.

Then, she sighed softly and said in a faint voice, "Oh, after all, it's on the mountain. I could endure it for a while. If something

happens, the people of her family will keep me in trouble. Besides, she is the heir of the Pecker family. I won't get away with that."

Jaquan was quite close to her. Hearing her saying, he stood up immediately with his expression tightening. "You knew that saying this would hurt her self-esteem. Why did you do this on purpose?"

"Jaquan! I'm warning you!"

Armando stood up and came in front of Janessa. He was a tall man, but he was usually dull and inarticulate. Wherever he went, he would always nest in a place, so he was always not the center of everyone's attention. Standing behind him, Janessa had a proud feeling as if he was her son that grew up to a real man.

"What did you want to warn me about? Don't think I have to respect her just because she's my aunt!" When it came to Arabella, Jaquan behaved as if he was a totally different person. He was impulsive and irritable.

"Jaquan!"

If Armando were to be sent to a debate, he would definitely drive his teammates crazy because he really didn't know how to speak. He would only shout the other party's name.

"She clearly knows Arabella's temperament. If something really happens, who will take the responsibilities?"

Armando was about to repeat Jaquan's name when Janessa pressed down on him with one hand and pulled him behind her. She was at least four years older than him. How could she hide behind him? She should be the one to protect him.

"Did I ask her to come?"

As soon as his teammate Janessa stepped on the stage, she dominated the entire scene.

Jaquan calmed down a little. "Yes, she wanted to come. But wasn't it because of you?"

Janessa picked up a piece of money in her hand and shook it. Her eyes and brows were full of smiles, appearing to be casual and carefree. "You like her and I bullied her. So, you put your anger at me. Then why don't you help her give the money to that lady? If you did it, I wouldn't be involved in this."

Jaquan also knew that he had gone too far. He just couldn't

accept that fact that many people didn't like Arabella. He put himself in her position. How sad would she be, being hated by so many people?

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

He lowered his eyebrows. "What she did was not appropriate." "Not appropriate?" Janessa smiled. Her eyes were bright. She didn't seem to put Jaquan's anger in her eyes. She only felt that this was a hilarious thing. "Jaquan, you are a lawyer. You can't utter words that do not hang together. If it's my fault, then I will naturally take the consequences. If it's an unfounded crime with mere words of mouth are imposed on me, do you think I should bear it or not?"

"Janessa. A great man rarely stoops to pettiness or harbors grievance for past wrongs. Forgive him this time." Randy came over to be a peacemaker, then pulled Armando's hand and shook Jaquan's. Then, he let the two hug.

"Alright, friends shouldn't hold grudges. We can't let women ruin our friendship, right?"

Armando's expression was still unsightly as he said in a buzzing voice, "He can't bully Janessa."

"..."

Randy did a facepalm. "Armando, you are really something. All you think about is Janessa! Why about your friends? Don't you remember how much you enjoy yourselves when we hung out? Don't you remember last time we...?"

Armando abruptly covered Randy's mouth, "Stop. I do remember. Friendship."

"..."

Janessa asked curiously, "What did you do?"

Randy was just about to say something when Armando covered his mouth again. Armando, who had always been a good liar, had unleashed his potential. "Nothing, just Ferne's hotel."

"..."

Randy opened his hand and nodded with a smile, "Yes, Ferne's hotel."

Janessa felt that Randy's smile was a little wretched. It was not a decent place to go. She was just curious. Her unenlightened nephew had actually thought of a way to find a woman? Could

it be that he is already not a virgin?

Anyway, she had been trying to fix him up with Emma. Since this brat had his own thoughts, then she would not interfere in the future.

Just now, the stressful atmosphere was stirred up by Randy. The group of people was ready to go back on their way, but Emma and Stony parted ways with everyone. "I won't go up anymore. The Dragon Spring is over there. I'll take Stony there."

"Let's go together. You are still hurt. Armando, help her."

Janessa said, "We can take a look at the Dragon Spring together. Didn't granny just say that we should drink some spring water to strengthen our body?"

"OK, let's go together." Randy agreed.

Armando walked over to Emma, held her arm, and walked in the direction she pointed.

Jaquan walked behind the two of them and stared at Emma's back. He couldn't help but wonder where he had made her upset. Why would she rely on Armando rather than him?

He was much more handsome than Armando. Even Randy didn't dare to claim to be the hottest in front of him. Besides, Armando was not into dressing himself up.

Armando's family was not bad. Although the Mosbys was engaged in porcelain art painting and carried forward the cultural and historical heritage, feudal thoughts still existed. They did not prefer the dressy or foppish styles and thought that men should put their careers and families first. They should have a strong sense of responsibility. They should know how to respect the old and love the young. Appearance was not that important! A real man did not care about dignity and appearance. It did not matter what he wore. The important thing was that no matter what he did, he should follow his conscience. Armando was nurtured and grew up in such a family, so he now had a serious face of an old professor. He would look more like one if he wore glasses. However, he was not short-sighted.

After everyone took a few steps, Randy suddenly turned around and asked in surprise, "Holy shit. Where's

Vincent?" \_\_\_\_\_ Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 152 Not Dead



They looked around and discovered that Vincent disappeared. Even though they were otaku and didn't know much about the business world, they were aware that Vincent was well-known. They not only respected him but also stood in awe of him. Despite this, they were slow to notice that he was not around. Perhaps the scene between Arabella and Janessa grabbed their attention just now. When they couldn't find Vincent, they shouted right away, "Mr. Vincent..."

"Vincent!"

"Mrs. Scavo!"

Janessa frowned slightly. "A bunch of sycophants..."

It must be hard for them to address a girl who was several years younger than them as Mrs. Scavo.

The guard walked unnoticed behind them and said, "Mr. Vincent is changing."

"Holy shit!" Randy covered his mouth and exclaimed, "Just a while ago, they...?"

"Scram." Vincent happened to come out from behind a boulder, and his face darkened when he heard this.

Emily followed behind him with a smile on her face. When she smiled, her eyes twinkled with liveliness. With her palm-sized face and black hair over her shoulders, she was gorgeous. Many of them were mesmerized by her.

"What's the matter?" When Emily looked up, she found them dumbfounded. Confused, she stopped smiling and looked at Randy.

What made her more charming was that she didn't find herself beautiful.

All of them were hit by Cupid's arrows. Thinking that she was Vincent's woman, they instantly pulled out the arrows in their imagination and begged Cupid not to do it again.

Randy flipped his fan open and covered half of his face. In an annoying tone, he asked, "Nothing. I'm just curious. Just now ... what did you guys do?"

Although the others weren't gossips, they couldn't help but prick up their ears when they heard him ask.

"Nothing."

Vincent held Emily's hand and walked forward.

"Really? Was this place okay for you? Do you like a natural

environment like this?" Randy continued.

"..."

Turn back the clock.

The moment Vincent bit Emily's ear bone, she swooned in his embrace and knocked over the bottle in his hand with her arm.

The little water left in it spilled onto Vincent's trousers.

The soaked part of his trousers made his erection visible.

Her eyes bugged for a moment before she took off her coat and blocked it for him.

"..."

Vincent looked embarrassed as he unhappily patted on her shoulder and said, "Put it on."

"But..." Before Emily finished her sentence, the guard already opened his backpack, took out a clean suit sealed in a pack, and respectfully presented it to Vincent.

"..."

She wondered why he brought a suit here and it was a full set.

Emily couldn't figure it out and walked before Vincent as a cover. They made their way into the back of the observation deck. The guard handed the suit to Emily.

His trousers were wet, so was his underwear.

Emily took out a pair of black shorts from the pack and handed it over. She was at a loss, not knowing where to look. Finally, she stared at the ground. She could see Vincent's straight legs out of the corner of her eye. Looking up, she saw a bullet-sized scar on the inside of his right thigh. The skin surrounding the scar was dark purple.

Standing there, he let her size him up with her burning gaze. His voice was slightly hoarse. "Are you satisfied?"

"What?" Emily was somewhat confused by his question.

Detecting affection in his eyes, she understood what he was asking. She glanced there and flattered him, "Strong and majestic."

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"..."

Vincent let out a laugh. He reached out and took the trousers in her hand. He put his palm on the top of her hair. "Turn around."

"Okay." Although Emily didn't say much, her eyes lit up because

she found that Vincent was actually shy.

"If you keep staring, it will be excited." Vincent lowered his head and said. These erotic words came from such a straight-faced man.

"..."

The group laughed and had fun along the way. A moment later, they arrived at the Dragon Spring that Emma was looking for. Rows of stones were stacked on top of each other. The spring water shaped them into a dragon pattern. Or perhaps the pattern was manmade and quite lifelike.

But obviously they were not so interested in the spring. They looked up and saw the trees beside them. There were a lot of bright red fruits. They asked curiously, "Are these red fruits here edible?"

"Don't eat them. What if they are poisonous..." Before Randy could finish his sentence, he saw Janessa pick one and wipe it with her clothes before stuffing it into her mouth.

Armando was so scared that he reached for her mouth.

"Janessa!"

After finishing it, Janessa said, "It's fine. I just taste it. If I don't die from it, you can eat some."

"..."

It was already noon. The sun shone on everyone's face through cracks between leaves and their sweat glistened. They all squatted beside stones and cupped their hands to get water to wash their faces.

"It's quite refreshing."

"After all, it's spring water, all-natural. You can take some with you."

"I'm hungry. Are there any rabbits here?"

"You wish. Even if there are, you can't find a barbecue rack here."

"..."

Their topic started to drift, but much of their talk was about pheasants, rabbits, and barbecues. Apparently, they were starving.

Janessa felt nothing after eating the red fruit. Just as she was about to persuade others to try it, Armando stopped her. "What if you feel sick after half an hour?"

Janessa shrugged. "Forget it. I'll eat alone. Anyway, I had one."

Armando could not convince her, so he could only pick a few and wash them by the spring before handing them to her. Janessa encouraged him, "Don't follow me around. Go and help her."

She was referring to Emma.

Emma was opening her backpack and taking out a cup for water. Because her foot was injured, it was not convenient for her to stoop down, so she half knelt on a stone and leaned out to get the water.

Armando silently took her cup and filled it for her. Emma turned to him and thanked him.

Jaquan shot an unpleasant look at her and found a place a little far away from them. "Randy, didn't you say that the owner would bring us food?"

"I asked him to bring it to the top of the mountain." Randy kept fanning himself fast. "It motivates us to climb."

"..."

After saying that, Randy looked up at the top of the mountain and sighed, "Damn, now I regret it."

"Scram."

Jaquan only had a few bottles of water in backpack, unlike Randy who brought snacks like a child. Jaquan had thought that the owner would prepare lunch for them to bring along and Randy's plan surprised him. He only had a little porridge in the morning because the hangover spoiled his appetite. Now, he burned many calories and was hungry now. He took off his coat and held the shoe box in his hand. Glancing up, he caught sight of the owner.

"Hey! Sir!" he cried out immediately.

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Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 153 It Works

Randy and the rest of the team saw the owner as well. They started shouting. The owner had intended to turn a deaf to them as he went up the mountain, but now their shout gave him a headache. He had no choice but to walk over with two bamboo baskets.

"Why are you only halfway up now?" He swiftly flipped the baskets over and put them down.

"Sir! Do you bring any food? Hurry up! I'm starving!" Randy dashed forward like a monkey.

"Yes, of course." The owner smiled and looked honest with the beard on his face. "The mountain is leased to you guys. How can I not prepare food for you?"

The team members were a little surprised to hear this.

"Captain Randy, did you take the whole mountain?"

"How much?"

"You rent all the guest houses as well, right? We were the only guests yesterday."

"I also feel strange. I haven't seen any other visitors..."

"Captain Randy, I wronged you. We even complained behind your back, saying that the climbing only cost less than a thousand..."

The owner smiled honestly, "This mountain usually has many tourists."

"It's not expensive, only tens of thousands." Randy took out a few lunch boxes and passed them to the others. "Ladies first."

Janessa was impressed and saw Randy in a different light.

Janessa handed a lunch box to Emma before taking another from Armando and opening it.

The owner was busy with giving out spoons. "You just happen to be sitting by the spring water, so drinks are unnecessary, right?"

"No!"

Although it was mid-November and cool, they were still sweating after climbing the mountain for such a long time. They only rested for a dozen minutes. At this moment, they needed cold drinks to quench their thirst.

The owner took out the top-grade drinks that Randy had ordered, and the team members jumped up happily. "Captain Randy! You're awesome!"

Randy flipped his fan open and half of his face was hidden behind. He flashed a charming smile and said, "Don't be too infatuated with me. I'm just a ... Holy shit! Don't slap me in the face!"

Something hit his face. Scared, he hurried to cover his face with the fan. He heard Janessa's laughter coming from ahead. Randy finally had a chance to play cool but failed. He looked down. It

turned out to be a red fruit.

"It's edible. It's sour and sweet." Janessa sat cross-legged on the stone, holding a spoon in her hand and stuffing it into her mouth.

Randy was worried that he would be allergic to the fruit and swollen. He picked it up and gave it to Armando. "Armando, eat it. It's a fruit with her love in it."

Hearing this, Armando wiped it carefully and stuffed it into his mouth.

Randy cried out, "I'm telling you, if you're allergic, don't blame me." With that, he carried his lunch box and squatted behind a stone on the other side.

The owner walked over to Emma and said, "There's a boulder over there. It's enough for the two of you to sit on. You can sit there and put your feet in the water. The spring water is about as deep as your calf."

"Thank you." Emma thanked him, and Stony raised his head from the wooden bucket and also said, "Thank you."

The owner waved his hand and said, "It's nothing."

Jaquan looked up at her and thought to himself, "So she really came here for her feet."

The owner was an honest and observant person. He knew who wanted to chat and who liked to be undisturbed. He sat there quietly and waited. After everyone to finish the meal, he said, "You guys can leave when you're done. I'll take care of it."

He went to tidy up the baskets and discovered a lunch box left. "Give it to me." Jaquan walked over. He ate very quickly and almost finished his drinks in one gulp. After handing the bottle and lunch box to the owner, he turned around and carried his shoe box coat and the extra meal in his hand up the hill.

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"I have to go."

Randy waved the spoon in his hand at him. "I wish you success in one go!"

Jaquan said, "..."

Randy chuckled, "Alright, I wish you win her heart!"

The owner looked at the crowd and suddenly said knowingly, "Oh, it's that beauty. Has she reached the top of the

mountain?"

"Perhaps." Randy squatted down on the stone again and shrugged. "She walks faster than us."

The owner sighed, "I can't tell. I thought she was a spoiled princess. I'm surprised that she gets up earlier and is fitter than you. You boys..."

"..."

The others felt ashamed, though the feeling didn't spoil their appetite and instead they enjoyed their food much more.

Emily also received a red fruit from Janessa. Emily smiled at her and then took a bite. Indeed, it tasted sour and sweet. There were seeds inside. Emily finished it and spat the seeds onto her palm and wrapped them in a napkin. She asked Vincent, "Vincent, will these sprout if I take them home?"

Vincent raised his eyebrows slightly and looked at the tree behind her. He said in a contemptuous tone, "You can pull this tree out and move it home."

"..."

She murmured, "Forget it."

A moment later, Vincent looked down and asked, "Is it that delicious?"

Emily nodded. "Do you want some?"

Before she was about to stand on tiptoe to pick one, in the shadows the guard took action. He jumped a few times and picked a handful of red fruits. Then he walked to the spring water to wash them clean and handed them in.

She picked up one and passed it to Vincent. Vincent lowered his back and leaned over to hold her fingers in his mouth.

Emily said, "..."

The tip of his tongue twirled around her fingers.

Emily quivered and withdrew her hand. She turned around and ran to the spring to wash her hands.

Vincent, "..."

As Randy saw the whole thing, he laughed so hard that he hiccupped and stammered, "Holy shit! Help... me..."

He was punished for laughing at Vincent. He choked and went teary.

Other team members all went to pat him on the back one after another, but it didn't seem to work. Lord Top finished his meal, put down his lunch box and crossed his hands to move his

shoulders and neck. Then, he walked behind Randy and waved the others away.

Randy was just about to ask why, but before he could, a powerful force came at his chest and almost sent his soul away from his body. He coughed a few times and turned around. The moment he saw Lord Top's face, he was enraged. "Are you taking revenge for something personal?"

"Any better?" Lord Top asked coolly. His face was very red, probably because he felt hot when having his meal. And his cheeks were dripping with sweat. He looked excited and energetic in a strange way.

Randy cried out in surprise, "Holy shit. It really works."

"..." \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 154 Heat Stroke

The owner seemed disappointed at young people. Shaking his head and sighing, he tidied up the dishes and got ready to go down the mountain.

After the meal, everyone stood up and decided to move on. They bade their farewell to Emma and left her and Stony near the spring. Then, they continued to climb up the mountain. There was no road up but steep rocks, which left them no choice but to support each other forward. Although they climbed up slowly, they all remained calm because it was very relaxing.

Janessa walked behind the others and took a lot of photos of them for free. She liked to take pictures of sceneries and seldom took portraits. However, since she had a good impression of Randy because of his politeness, she was nice to him as well as his team members and took some photos of them for their future exhibitions.

As for Vincent and Emily, they kept a low profile. Instead of holding each other's hands or arms, most of the time, they just walked side by side and enjoyed the scenery. Sometimes they showed each other unique scenery. Obviously, they enjoyed this journey more than the others did. And their enjoyment made their glances at each other look more affectionate.

Janessa captured several photos of them. In the photo, Vincent and Emily walked forward side by side. She was only as tall as



Vincent's shoulder, but she stepped forward firmly with her back straightened up, as if they were heading for a better future rather than the peak.

Future?

Janessa fell in a trance. Looking at the rocks, she thought, 'If we're heading for the future, where is the man who can do this with me?'

"Janessa?"

Janessa turned around. Armando was walking behind her. He always followed behind her. However, after growing up, he followed behind her not for fun, but to protect her from falling down.

As he spoke, he still opened his arms to prevent Janessa from danger.

Janessa was moved. 'Armando has become very thoughtful. Who will be the lucky girl that he loves and cares?'

At the same time, Jaquan carried many stuffs with a bag on his back. After climbing for an hour alone, he finally reached the top. However, he searched every corner of the mountain peak and couldn't find Arabella.

Jaquan got a little anxious and took out his phone from his backpack to call her. The signal on the mountain was really poor. There was no answer. He wasn't sure if the poor signal to blame or Arabella didn't want to answer the phone.

Then Jaquan called Randy and got through.

"Hey, Randy, I didn't see Arabella. Did you see her on the way?"

Near the top of the mountain, Randy panted, "No. Why? Isn't she on the mountaintop?"

"I can't find her here. I've searched everywhere but didn't see her."

"Why don't you call her?" Randy asked, still panting.

Jaquan scratched his hair and said impatiently, "I called her, but no one answered."

"Well. Maybe she is still mad at you and doesn't want to see you."

Randy's words somewhat relieved Jaquan from his concern that Arabella might be in danger. But then he felt worried again,

"What should I do?"

"Go down the mountain and wait for her." Worn out and

running out of oxygen while making the call, Randy took a few deep breaths and leaned against his teammate.

Jaquan asked worriedly, "What if she didn't answer the phone because she's been trapped?"

"That's just a guess. Be positive. Maybe she is enjoying the hot springs down the mountain now."

Jaquan didn't say anything. That made sense for him.

"Look, even though she didn't eat last night, she wasn't starved because she got up early in the morning to have breakfast. In my opinion, you should hang her out to dry. Only in this way will she be grateful to you," Randy said confidently.

After hanging up the phone, Randy shook his head. "Love makes one dumb. It's better not to fall in love."

He turned around, only to find that he was leaning against Lord Top who seemed sullen and looked at Randy. Just as Randy thought Lord Top would throw a fit, Lord Top fainted.

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'Seriously?'

Randy had to support him, because with rocks around, Lord Top would get injured if he fell down.

But Randy was exhausted. It was hard for him to support him Lord Top. So Randy got annoyed. "Come on. I just leaned against you for a while! Are you playing tricks on me so that I would carry you? No way!"

But lying in Randy's arms, Lord Top didn't even move his eyes. Randy wanted to put him down. But he didn't, because Lord Top was the trump card in his team. Finally, Randy chose to swallow his anger.

Other team members heard Randy and turned around.

"What happened to Lord Top?"

"Heat stroke?"

"It's so hot! Look at him, he hasn't even taken off his coat. He must have suffered from heat stroke!"

"Get him some water to cool him down."

"Captain, put him down. Good. Then put the towel on his forehead."

"And then?"

"Wait for him to wake up."

...

Emily and Vincent walked over. Seeing that Randy was trying to take off Lord Top's jacket, Emily took a step forward and pushed him away. "I got this."

Randy was dumbfounded.

Vincent fell in silence.

Janessa remained silent too.

So did Armando.

Everyone looked at her quietly.

Realizing that she had said something wrong, she added, "I know how to deal with heatstroke."

Randy immediately nodded, "Great! There you go."

The team members also nodded and stood aside. Only Vincent stared at her with his dark eyes, as if she was not trying to help him but flirting with other men.

Janessa looked at Emily in confusion. She couldn't figure out why Emily cared about Lord Top so much. Just then, Randy said, "Although Lord Top has a bad temper, he is an excellent gamer. Emily must have watched the live streaming, right? Rex even asked me for his autograph. I wanted to help him, but Lord Top just wouldn't agree."

Inspired by Randy's words, Emily explained, "Yes, he played very well. I like him."

But Emily was confused that Vincent's face darkened after she explained.

Emily unfastened Lord Top's coat, but didn't take it off. Then she pulled down his collar and placed the water bottle on his forehead. After that, he took Randy's fan and fanned Lord Top.

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Chapter 155 Scream

In her childhood, she had watched an ad about heatstroke treatment played before a TV show for many years. This was the first time that she put it into practice.

But Lord Top remained unconscious. Emily carefully touched his forehead and discovered that he was burning. It seemed that he had a fever. He must have been caught a cold when he took a bath last night.

Lord Top had worn many layers. Even though he had been

burning, he wouldn't take off the clothes. Obviously, Lord Top knew that he had a fever and wanted to recover by sweating. Emily looked at him carefully. Lord Top's face was pale out of illness at that moment. He frowned slightly, seeming uncomfortable.

Although she was not obliged to keep the secret for Lord Top, Emily still believed that all secrets should be kept under wraps, no matter whose secret it was.

One of the team members asked, "Should we give him mouth-to-mouth?"

Another member immediately raised his hand and said, "I got this. I've learned it."

'Seriously?'

Randy glared at him, feeling bewildered. Everyone knew how to blow into others' mouth. It was very simple!

Randy would not share his first kiss with a man, so he was happy that his team member was here to help. Randy patted his team member on his shoulder and said, "Thank you very very much. Go do it!"

"Wait," Emily immediately reached out to cover Lord Top's mouth, "he has a fever, not heat stroke."

...

This was even worse than a heatstroke!

Randy squatted down and reached out to touch Lord Top's face. Until then did he found that it was quite hot. During the meal, Lord Top still seemed fine. He even hit Randy hard with great might! Why did he fall ill suddenly?

"Hey, don't play tricks. We'll be at the top of the mountain soon. Don't hold us back. Do you hear me? Get up!" He said. Lord Top remained unconscious.

Janessa squatted down and touched Lord Top's face. Emily's hand was white, but she found that her skin was less bright than Lord Top's. Besides, as she touched Lord Top's face, she found that Lord Top's skin felt different from that of a man. She looked at his neck again and pretended to feel the temperature of his neck with her fingers, only to find no Adam's apple. She finally figured it out.

"What do you think? Is he playing tricks?" Randy asked. Janessa lowered her head and looked at Lord Top's face

carefully. It was actually a manly face that belonged to a woman! Lord Top, who was lying on the ground and was always cold, was actually a woman!

Janessa looked at Emily and nodded. "You're right. He had a fever. Some people might be able to bear it with high spirits. But after that, they can collapse."

Randy finally believed that Lord Top was ill. He rubbed his chin and asked, "Will you carry him down the mountain?"

The team members didn't answer.

After a while, they looked at the top of the mountain and asked hesitantly, "Why don't we carry him to the top of the mountain and then ask the owner of the guest house to carry him down?"

For Randy, it sounded reasonable. It was tiring to climb the mountain, let alone carry someone unconscious down the hill.

Randy thought for a moment and said, "Alright. Who's going to carry him up?"

The team members were all indoorsy. They did not exercise much. All they did was only to do sports that helped them develop their arm muscle. However, they still couldn't carry Lord Top up alone.

Someone suggested that they take turns to carry him in pairs, but Emily interrupted him, "I don't think we should carry him up the mountain. Just let him lie here."

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

"Then who will be with him?" Someone asked.

Vincent's guard stood up. He disappeared just as quickly as he appeared, so many of them didn't notice him at all. Everyone looked at him at that moment.

Randy clapped his hands and said, "Great! It's settled! Let's go."

He walked over to the guard and patted him on the shoulder.

"Bro, thanks."

The guard just bowed slightly.

Then the rest moved on. About ten minutes later, they successfully reached the top of the mountain. Apart from several snakes and squirrels, they didn't encounter any large animals.

Janessa was busy taking photos. Emily stood at the top and looked down. In the distance lay the highway, farmland, and houses.

It seemed reasonable that some people chose to live in the countryside, Emily thought. It was free from worldly affairs and schemes, made people feel peaceful and relaxing.

Suddenly, she felt a warm hand on her hand. She looked sideways and saw Vincent's face. His black eyebrows knitted slightly. His nose was very straight, and his lips were thin. Emily knew Vincent was gentle and caring, although he looked cold. She held his hand, turned around and put her arms around him.

Vincent was surprised that Emily hugged him. He held her back with his big palm and lowered his head to whisper her in her ear in a low voice, "What's wrong?"

She closed her eyes and did not say anything, but she held his hand tightly.

She felt upset that Vincent might die next year.

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As for Arabella, who stayed alone, she stepped barefoot on a rock. Her feet were blistered. Every time she stepped on a rock, it reminded her of the fairy tale of the Mermaid that the mermaid would feel as if stepping on a sharp knife after she got human legs and feet.

That was how Arabella felt at that moment. At first, she wanted to carry her boots. After all, she only had one pair of shoes. But it was difficult to climb up and down the mountain with the boots on. Even though she could climb up, she might fall down anytime while going down.

She was caught in plight.

Her clothes got dirty, and her makeup was ruined. More seriously, she was tired, hungry, and thirsty. Jaquan actually didn't catch up with her. Arabella felt upset. She occasionally glanced at her phone, only to find that no one called her. No one cared about me, she thought.

Finally, Arabella found a small waterfall, but she was unwilling to drink the water. After all, she washed her feet here. What if someone also washed his or her feet upstream? After hesitation, she decided to climb up to get some water.

However, she stepped on a slippery rock barefoot. As a result, Arabella lost her balance and fell backwards. At that moment, she felt desperate.

Her scream broke the silence in the mountain.

Emma sat up from the rock at once. Stony also stood up and listened carefully for a moment. Then he pointed in a direction. "Mom, the scream came from that direction."

"Yes, I heard it."

Emma put on her shoes and limped towards that direction. She didn't know who was screaming, but she was sure it was a woman. 'Is Janessa screaming? No. She wouldn't even blink when the sky collapses. Emily? Still impossible. She looked petite, but she was actually very strong.'

So, it must be Arabella.

Emma was quite close to her, so she got there within less than ten minutes after hearing her scream, but for Arabella it seemed to have been a century.

Arabella was stuck on a tree trunk at the edge of the waterfall. After she slipped down, she was washed to the middle of the waterfall and down and drifted downstream. Then she was washed to the trees. The water was over her shoulder.

Arabella cried in fear and grief. The moment she saw Emma, her hope was rekindled. "Help!" shouted she.

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Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 156 Help! Save Her

Arabella shouted with might and main. Her entire body was drenched, and she was trembling in the cold water. Tears flew down her face, which made her really miserable.

Emma looked around and could not find any long branches, nor did she have ropes or other tools in her bag. She was thinking about how to rescue Arabella when hearing Arabella's shout, who thought that she was going to die and no one came to save her. "Save me! Please don't go. I'll give you money."

"Mom, let's wait for that guy on the mountain." Stony pulled Emma's sleeves.

Emma didn't say anything. She was thinking about how to save Arabella. If her leg wasn't injured, it wouldn't be a problem for her to save Arabella by herself. However, she was a cripple now and could hardly walk on her own. Besides, if Arabella was left here alone, she would probably be scared and collapse.

Moments later, Emma made the decision. She took off her coat and said to Stony. "Take off your coat."

Stony obediently took off his coat. Emma tied their coats together and then took off her pants. She had given birth to a baby so she did not care about this.

Seeing that it was long enough, she tied the coat to a tree near Arabella and threw her pants towards Arabella. "Catch it!"

However, as soon as Arabella stretched out her hand, she was about to be washed away by the water. She could only shake her head in fear, "No! I can't catch it!"

Emma touched Stony's head and said, "Stony, stay here and shout for help as loud as you can. Don't stop, okay?"

Stony nodded, and then he began shouting, "Help! Help! Help! Help!"

Emma knew that Arabella did not think that she could be saved, so Emma deliberately asked Stony to shout "help" for Arabella, which would relieve her fear and let her stretch out her hands without any worriers.

Emma limped and went into the water. It was very cold and reached her waist. She moved very slowly, with one hand holding her pants and the other grabbing the rock behind her. Finally, when she moved to Arabella, the water already reached her chest. She reached out to take Arabella. "Hurry up and come here. Don't be afraid."

Arabella was trembling and gave her hand to Emma. When she walked out, she was almost taken away by the water. She quickly grabbed Emma's arm due to survival instinct, which almost made Emma fall over. Emma then handed the pants to Arabella, "You go up first, and then throw me the clothes."

Pulling the clothes, Arabella tried to climb up little by little. Her limbs were very stiff and she was uncoordinated due to the coldness. When she finally climbed up, she stumbled to a big rock and sat on it. She looked so weak.

She immediately picked up the pants and threw it towards Emma, but the clothes might have loosened a little as she climbed up just now. The moment she threw it over, the pants was flushed away by the water. Arabella cried out in alarm, "No!"

She still wanted to reach out and catch it, but she failed.

The rope made of the clothes was not long enough. Emma was trapped in the encirclement where Arabella had stayed.



Fortunately, there was a tree trunk behind her, so she wouldn't be flushed away.

Stony rushed over and shouted in fear, "Mom!"

"I'm fine. Don't be afraid." Emma comforted him, "You see? The doctor says that soaking in the spring water is good for our health. Now I have time to soak in it. It's fine."

Stony cried out, "Mom, you can't leave me..."

"What are you talking about? I still want to see you get married and take care of my grandson." Emma smiled. She was always patient and gentle when facing children.

Stony finally believed that she would be alright, so he stood to the side and began to shout for help even harder.

Arabella wore a skirt, instead of pants, so it was impossible to tie the skirt to the rest of the clothes at all. She seemed to have sprained her ankle and limped. She had just survived and at the same time, she was scared and worried about Emma. "I'm sorry! I'm going to find someone to save you now!" She shouted at Emma with a trembling voice.

On the other side, Randy also heard the scream. After all, the scream in the mountains echoed everywhere. When Jaquan heard the scream, he immediately rushed down.

They ran towards the scream and they were quite sure it must be Arabella.

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When they rushed over at their fastest speed, more than ten minutes passed. They met Arabella halfway, who was crying and shouting, "Save her! Hurry up and save her!"

Seeing that she was safe and sound, Jaquan heaved a sigh of relief. Arabella was shivering from the cold, so he hurriedly took off his coat and put it on her. "What's going on?"

Arabella directly pulled him forward, "Stop asking! Hurry up and save her."

Her feet were bleeding and tears were flowing down her face. She was in an unholy mess. But at this moment, no one laughed at her. Everyone just followed behind her to the waterfall.

"It was all because of me that she..." Arabella said a few words and then she started crying, "I'm sorry. Jaquan, please. Can you save her?"

The large waterfall above gathered downwards and smashed the rocks below, which turned into another waterfall that was a hundred meters long. Emma was blocked by a few trees within the encirclement a hundred meters away. The cliff was just a few steps away from her.

Looking at the clothes tied to the tree, everyone present immediately understood that Emma had probably put herself in it to save Arabella. They couldn't help but shake with fright.

"Mom!" When Stony saw them coming, he immediately walked to Armando and said, "Mr. Armando, please save my mother!"

Armando nodded and took off his coat and shoes.

Emma's hair was soaked in water. Her face was pale and her lips were purple because of the cold. However, no one could see fear on her expression. She was still trying to comfort Stony.

"It's fine. Don't worry. I will be up soon."

Armando was about to go down when he saw that Jaquan had already gone down first. Armando stood there holding hands with Randy and others to form a shape of rope. He pulled Jaquan's belt and prepared to pull them back together when Jaquan took Emma.

Jaquan walked step by step to the encirclement. When he got closer, he saw Emma only wearing a sweater. Her entire body was soaked in water, and her legs were exposed. Her white underwear could be vaguely seen underwater.

Seeing his hesitation, Randy cursed, "What the hell are you doing? Save her!"

Jaquan took off his last shirt. He lowered his head and tied his shirt to Emma's waist. Then, he hugged her and shouted to the people behind him, "Pull!"

Emma paused for a moment before saying, "Thank you."

Jaquan had just stood in the water, so he was still warm. When Emma leaned against him, the piercing coldness made him shiver. What exactly was this woman made of? How could she still thank him calmly when she encountered such a danger?

Normally, a woman should be like Arabella, right?

She should be weak and helpless, and in urgent need of a man's protection.

"Please ... please let go." Emma pushed him. She was too cold and kept trembling as she spoke.

They had already been pulled up. Jaquan regained his senses

and let go of her. Seeing that Emma was trembling from the cold, he felt somewhat worried. "Well, thank you for saving Arabella. Let me know if you need anything in the future."  
"No need." After Emma said this, she limped to Stony. Stony hugged her and cried, "Mom, you can't do this next time. I'm so scared..."

Jaquan felt complicated when looking at her back. Randy took a tissue from his bag and wiped Jaquan's body. He patted Jaquan's muscles and said, "Hey, young man, you're not bad. It seems like you're exercising every day."

Jaquan didn't want to chat with him. He just replied with a few words. Someone had a coat in his bag and handed it to Jaquan. Jaquan thanked him and was about to give it to Emma when Emily took off her coat and put it on Emma.

Jaquan looked at the coat in his hand. He did not go over, but wore it himself. Only then did he feel an icy chill out of his heart. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 157 You Did That On Purpose

The warmth of the coat instantly drove away the chill on Emma's body. She looked at Emily gratefully and said, "Thank you."

Just as she said that, another coat was put on her. Janessa reached out and held her hands. "Come. Hold my hands. My body is hotter."

Emma didn't usually get too close to other people, so when Janessa held her hands, she felt uncomfortable and withdrew her hands, "No need."

Janessa had stayed in the Tea Manor for a few days and was familiar with Emma. She knew that Emma did not like to talk and tended to be indifferent, but actually, she was very nice and kind.

She held Emma's hands tightly. "Come on. Let me hold your hands. Who can take of Stony if you get sick?"

Hearing this, Emma stopped and let Janessa hold her hands. Armando silently approached and wrapped his hands around them.

Janessa said, "..."

Arabella limped to Emma and thanked her, "Thank you for

saving me. Whatever you want, as long as I can do it, I can do it for you. I...."

Janessa did not know what to say. She could only look up at the sky and showed that she was speechless.

When Arabella saw Janessa's expression, she also realized that she was too selfish and arrogant by saying those to Emma.

Suddenly, she stood there and didn't know what to say.

Emma waited for her to warm up. Then she looked at Arabella and said, "Thank you for your kindness, but I don't want anything. It's a little thing for me to save you. Don't feel burdened. Even if I don't know you, I will still save you. Besides, I'm also saved by them."

As she spoke, her expression was gentle. She had fallen into such a cold place because of saving Arabella and had been soaked in piercing cold water for so long. But after being rescued, she did not reveal resentment or dissatisfaction at all. Arabella suddenly cried out, "I'm sorry...."

Her grievances were nothing compared to life and death. She just didn't know how to express her feelings at this moment, so she just wanted to cry.

Jaquan patted her back and comforted her softly, "Alright, stop crying."

Arabella turned around and hugged him. Her entire body was trembling as she cried.

Finally, everything was settled.

Jaquan hugged Arabella, but his gaze was still focused on Emma. A slender cut was made on her face by a branch, and blood oozed out. She probably didn't notice it.

Even if she noticed it, she might not care.

Emma withdrew her hands. She blew on her hands to warm them up and then put them on her ears. When she looked up, her gaze met Jaquan's. The smile in her eyes subsided. She pursed her lips and smiled at him. Then she looked away.

Emma deliberately kept herself apart from everyone. And in front of him, she even treated him as a stranger. Was she doing this on purpose?

Why?

Jaquan had countless questions in his mind.

"My feet hurt...."

Only when Arabella in his arms screamed in pain did Jaquan regain his senses. What was wrong with him? Arabella was injured and he was actually able to think about another woman...

Arabella's feet were stabbed with pebbles, and there were also several blisters because she climbed barefoot. Previously, she didn't feel any pain because she was focusing on saving Emma. However now, when she stopped, the heart-wrenching pain came from her feet.

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Jaquan helped her sit down on a stone and wear the pair of shoes he had brought with him. "I'll carry you down later. Are you hungry? I have food in my bag, but I guess it's already cold." Jaquan took out the lunch box from his bag and handed it to Arabella. Arabella did not refuse him this time. She lowered her head and ate the dinner that she hated last night. She chewed a few mouthfuls and tears slowly rolled down from her eyes.

"What's wrong? Is it not good?" Jaquan asked.

Arabella sniffed and shook her head. "It's too delicious." Her voice was nasal.

"..."

The owner of the guest house finally came. He also brought a medicine chest and a water kettle. Originally, he only heard from Randy that someone had a fever. However, when he walked halfway up the mountain, he found a group of people standing there wet and shivering from the cold. He thought maybe Randy had told him the wrong information. But when he asked them, he realized that there was still someone who got a fever and lay there, waiting for rescue.

Hence, the owner continued to climb the mountain.

After all, the guard was quite capable. He carried Lord Top to the shade and let Lord Top lie on his suit.

Lord Top did wake up once and he only said, "Water...."

The guard did not dare to leave. He could only feed Lord Top the fruit in his pocket. Lord Top was probably in a muddle due to fever. He did not spit out any kernel, but directly swallowed it.

Therefore, the next time, after the guard removed the kernel,

he would then stuff it into Lord Top's mouth.

The guard naturally heard the scream. Just as he was about to get there with Lord Top, he saw Jaquan rush down the mountain. He instantly felt that he was unnecessary. So he didn't go there and continued to guard Lord Top.

The owner of the guest house finally arrived.

He was tormented by these young men. Not only did he come to deliver food, but also he still had to deliver them medicine. They just came here to climb a mountain. How could they get a fever and get injured? God! The physical fitness of the young generation was really getting poorer.

He first fed Lord Top with medicine and water, and then let the guard carry him down, because there were still people injured. When they finally gathered together, it still took a long time for the owner to take care of them. When it was almost dark, they hurried down the mountain and stayed at the guest house for another night. They decided to return the next morning.

Lord Top woke up after arriving at guest house, which made Randy so angry. He pointed at Lord Top and cursed, "You absolutely did it on purpose, didn't you? I almost broke my waist to carry you!"

Lord Top calmly said, "It's because you are so weak." As he said that, he glanced at Randy's waist and said, "A man can't be this weak, especially for his waist...."

Randy was so angry that he almost fainted when hearing this. Furthermore, other members suddenly sat straight and showed their waist to Lord Top, "Lord Top, what do you think of my waist?"

Randy, "..."

Arabella experienced so many hardships, like tiredness, hunger, and coldness. After taking a hot bath at the guest house, she went back to her room and slept. She didn't even treat the injuries on her feet probably.

Emma experienced the extreme coldness. She drank the ginger soup and tried to warm herself up. Then she went to bed with Stony.

Janessa and the others sat in the hall and listened to the landlady's "ghost stories."

"I was still young at that time, about ten years old. Once I went to the lake to mow grass. The lake was very long and wide.

Usually we had to row a boat to get to the opposite side of the lake, but we usually didn't go there, because there was a mountain on the other side of the lake. At night, there would be wolves on the mountain, so our parents wouldn't allow us to go there. We could only mow grass around the lake. There was plenty of grass by the lake, so I would take a bamboo basket there. However, there was something hiding inside the grass." In order to create the thrilling atmosphere, someone turned off the lights and only lit a candle in the hall. The door of the guest house creaked, and the flames of the candle flashed in the wind. A terrifying atmosphere spread throughout the hall. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 158 So terrifying

Everyone couldn't help but get goosebumps, but they still couldn't suppress their curiosity. Someone asked, "So what is it?"

"I was also curious about it, so I removed the grass and looked at it. Then...."

Someone couldn't wait to ask, "Then what?"

"I fainted." The landlady only said this.

"You fainted?"

"When I woke up, I was lying opposite the lake. The lake was so big. No one could walk across it, unless you rowed a boat." The landlady drew a simple picture on the table with her hand. Everyone was quite curious.

"What? Why?"

"I didn't know. It wasn't until dark that my families came to find me and found a boat to bring me back. They thought I was swimming to the opposite of the lake to get rid of the work. But my clothes were clean and there wasn't a drop of water on me." The landlady laughed helplessly.

Janessa asked, "Then what do you think you've encountered?"

The landlady shook her head, "I didn't know. I wasn't sure about it."

The curiosity of others was completely aroused. After the landlady left, they still discussed the story. "What do you think the landlady encountered?"

"Could it be a weasel?"

"I think it might be a snake."

"Isn't it a 'ghost story'? Could it be a ghost?"

"..."

Randy looked at Janessa and asked, "Do you believe in ghosts?"

Janessa glanced at him through the candlelight and said, "Well, I'd rather believe it than not."

"I thought you were an atheist." Randy took the fan and knocked on his palm with its handle. The candlelight illuminated everyone in the hall. Their shadows were reflected on the wall and swayed along wind like many ghosts.

"I've seen it before."

Janessa's voice suddenly sounded. Many people's eyes popped in surprise and the got goosebumps again.

"Holy shit! Is that true?" Randy almost dropped his fan.

"Guess what?" Janessa blinked at him.

"..."

Jaquan was a complete atheist. Hearing this, he stood up and left. He needed to meet his client tomorrow afternoon. His assistant sent him the information to his email, but he hadn't had time to read it.

Janessa knocked on the table and asked, "Are there any more ghost stories?"

She liked this kind of stories very much, but Armando was not a good storyteller. So he could only wait for others.

"A female student went back to the dormitory in the middle of the night. In order not to wake up her roommates, she did not turn on the light. After washing up in the dark, she went straight to bed. However, when she woke up, she found that there were a lot of people in the dormitory." A team member of Randy began to tell stories. He was obviously one of the more active members of the team. He knew that atmosphere was the most important when telling stories, so he tried to keep his voice low and pretended to be solemn.

"A lot of people?" The other members couldn't help but ask him.

"Who are they?"

The storyteller's gaze swept across everyone present. "Her roommates who lived with her were killed and dismembered. And there was a line written on the wall of the room...."



"What is it?" Someone asked.

"Are you glad you didn't turn on the light?" The team member said in a frightening tone.

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City  
No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
..."

"Well," said one of the team members. "It's not scary at all."

"Then you tell it!"

"I can't."

"Then why do you say that?"

..."

Lord Top, who had been sitting there and listening, suddenly said. His voice was slightly hoarse, for that he just recovered from his illness. "One night, a woman was followed by an unfamiliar man. She kept running and ran to a nearby public toilet. Then she immediately ran into the innermost one, not long after, she felt that the man also followed in. He began to kick the toilet door from the first one. One by one, he kicked them forcefully. As the sound of kicking the door got closer and closer, the woman became more and more afraid. She almost cried out. She covered her mouth hard and did not make any noise. Finally, there was only the compartment that she was hiding in left. However, the man did not move. After a long time, it was almost dawn. The woman did not hear anything. She felt that the man should have left, so she heaved a sigh of relief and decided to come out...."

Lord Top paused for a moment and picked up the cup on the table to drink water. His voice was flat and there were no ups and downs in his tone, but he did arouse everyone's curiosity. The team member asked, "Then what?"

"Then she felt like there was something above her head. She looked up and saw the face of that strange man. He had been looking at her from the beginning to the end. He had been staring at her until dawn." Lord Top put down his cup and glanced at the person opposite the table.

The candlelight swayed. For no reason, everyone felt a cold wind on their necks, which made them tremble involuntarily.

"God! So terrifying!"

"It's really scary if we think about it...."

"Yeah, I feel like I have to check if there's anyone above my head when I go to the public toilet next time."

"..."

Another team member asked, "Lord Top, where did you hear the story? Why is it so terrifying?"

Lord Top took out his phone and handed it over. "There are a lot of such stories on the Internet."

"..."

It was very late. Everyone was exhausted after climbing the mountain for a whole day, so after chatting for a while, they stood up and prepared to wash up.

There were public bathrooms in the guest house. Probably because they were a little frightened after hearing the ghost story, all of them went to take a bath together. Only Lord Top went straight back to his room. He was sick, so he didn't need to take a bath.

Janessa was still sitting there. She occasionally poked at the guttering of a candle with her index finger on the table

Armando asked, "Have you seen it?"

"What?" Janessa looked up and was stunned for a moment before smiling, "Well, you mean that."

She tilted her head and happened to see Emily, who was drawing on the other side. Her eyes popped, as if she could not believe it. Her black eyes were so bright. It was only at this moment that Janessa realized that Emily was a curious and innocent girl at her age. Her face was soft and she looked adorable.

Janessa stared at Emily for a moment before replying, "Yes, I have."

Armando did not continue to ask. He sat there quietly, as if that he was waiting for Janessa to start talk.

However, Janessa didn't want to talk about it today. Noticing Armando's silence, she stood up and said, "Alright, I'm pretty tired today. Let's wash up and sleep."

It was time to say goodnight and go to sleep.

However, Armando still followed behind her. Janessa felt a little helpless and asked, "Why are you following me?"

Armando looked at her and said word by word, "Don't be afraid."

The respect and envy in Armando's eyes had long disappeared.

Instead, there was something in his eyes that even Janessa could not understand. Armando also grew much taller than her. So when she looked back at him, she had to raise her head. She was gratified and thought to herself, 'You've finally grown up.'\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 159 A Power Outage

Although Emily had come out to climb the mountain these days, she hadn't slack off in her studies at all. In the morning, she practiced martial arts with Vincent in the room. During the day, she climbed the mountain and occasionally discussed stocks with Vincent. In the evening, she was totally occupied.

Others sat there chatting. She found a sketchbook to draw lines carefully. Vincent occasionally went out to answer the phone, listen to the report from the assistant on the work and make corrections. They didn't disturb each other. After finishing their own business, they sat here to listen to others telling ghost stories. Of course, Emily did not listen much at the beginning. She didn't raise her head until she heard Lord Top's voice. She was just curious as to why his voice ... was not as soft and exquisite as a girl. She suspected that he was wearing a voice changer, so she stared at him absent-mindedly.

When Lord Top told the last paragraph, he glanced at her.

"Then she felt something above her head. She looked up and saw that strange man's face. He had been watching her all the time ... and staring at her until dawn."

Emily suddenly got goosebumps all over her body. With a tremble of her hand, Vincent held her hand in his palm and turned to ask, "What's wrong?"

The warm breath reached her ear. Emily's hair was almost standing on end. She shook her head and hurriedly focused on her painting, adding a few more strokes.

Yeah, she's scared of ghosts.

Especially when Janessa stared at her saying word by word that she had seen ghosts, Emily was about to explode. She refrained herself very hard from immediately standing up and fleeing in an awkward state.

When Emily went to the toilet, Janessa was in the bathroom.

Emma and Arabella had already gone to bed. In the whole guest

house, among women, only the landlady and Lord Top who was taken as a man were available. Emily had no choice but to go into the toilet alone. She then turned on her phone to play the music. She closed her eyes and didn't dare to look up. She rushed to the door after using the toilet quickly.

As a result, she rushed out and bumped into a man. Emily covered her painful nose and raised her head with streaming eyes.

"Why are you running?" Stared by her watery eyes, Vincent felt that his evil factor inside was about to come out and cause trouble. He wished that he could make Emily in front of him cry until she was out of breath....

He tilted his head slightly and exhaled to suppress the evil fire that had come out for no reason.

Emily didn't know what he was thinking in front of her. She only felt relieved the moment she saw Vincent. She went to the other side to wash hands. Then, she turned and said to Vincent, "There's a mouse in the toilet."

Vincent did not expose her and only echoed "Yes."

After they finished washing together, they went to the room. Suddenly, a room door was opened and Lord Top came out with a card in his hand. When he saw Emily and Vincent, he paused for a second and nodded at them. Then, he handed the card to Emily.

Just as Emily was about to receive the card, a long arm stretched out from the side. It was a dark ... guard with a dark arm, and a dark face that took the card. He grinned at Lord Top, revealing perfect white teeth, "Thank you."

"..."

Lord Top waved his hand, seemingly a little shy, "It's fine. Good night."

After the door was closed, Emily looked at the guard perplexedly. The latter took out his phone and took a picture immediately without noticing her, and then he sent it to the group chat.

"I got the autograph! Smirking face. jpg!"

Emily, "..."

Probably apart from him, most of the others in the group chat were too busy to reply. When Emily stuck her head to look over,

she saw a message sent two minutes ago.

"Mr. Vincent just got hard again."

Emily, "..."

She looked at Vincent silently and wondered what had happened a few minutes ago. She went to the bathroom and Vincent met a woman outside?

During that period, the only woman awake ... was the landlady?

Emily was shocked by her thought. She involuntarily thought of seeing them standing together and gave a shudder.

Wait, two minutes ago, she was just out of the bathroom!

The light in the corridor suddenly went out. Emily stood frozen on the spot. She couldn't see anything, but wasn't afraid because Vincent was by her side. While thinking it, a warm hand grabbed hers. Vincent turned on the flashlight on his phone and tilted his head, "Go take a look."

The guard replied, "Yes."

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

She had just washed her hands, so they were ice-cold. Her hand is held in Vincent's warm and broad palm absorbing steady warmth. She could not help but hold him in return.

She seldom took the initiative. Vincent tilted his head to look at her. This glance coincidentally met Emily's peek. They looked at each other, and the light from the phone seems to be hazy, as if it had been covered with voile.

He caught her smiling. He stopped, turned and asked, "Why are you smiling?"

"Nothing." Emily shook her head.

"Nothing. Really?" Vincent lowered his head to approach her. His face was almost in front of hers. The flashlight on his phone was turned off. She could not see anything, but sensed his warm breath released on her face.

The doors along the corridor were opened one by one.

Someone asked, "Sir, why is there a power outage? My phone is dead. I'm playing games. When the power will be restored?"

"We're playing games. Why is there no electricity?"

"Could it be a power outage again?"

The landlord shouted at the top of his voice, "The breaker tripped. Wait a minute."

The members of Randy's team then stood at the door and chatted with each other in the darkness.

Vincent grabbed Emily's hand and pulled her into the room. He put her against the door and said in a slightly hoarse voice, "Don't look at me like that."

Emily immediately covered her eyes. At that moment, the electricity was restored. The room became bright in a sudden. Emily in front of him covered her eyes. Under the tip of her curved nose were pink lips. The seductive bead of her lips shone with luster.

Vincent's eyes darkened slightly. He bent down and gently kissed her lips. Originally, he only wanted to touch her lips, but later, he felt a little irrepressible. He kissed her hungrily and fiercely, almost swallowing her into his stomach.

Emily had already removed her hands from her eyes. The light made all the small movements clear. Her palm slightly pressed against his chest. She raised her head to breathe and catch a glimpse of the strong lust in his eyes.

"..."

Vincent turned off the light, carried her to bed, took off her shoes and coat, and said in an extremely hoarse voice, "Go to sleep."

He went out again.

Emily touched her swollen lips and stared at the door with the quilt wrapped around her. After a while, Vincent came back wet and went to another bed. He turned off the light. His voice returned to a cold and deep tone in the darkness. "Why did you smile?"

"..."

He still remembered that smile.

Emily looked in his direction. She could not see his face, because the light was off. She only whispered, "I just feel that your hand is very big. It reminds me of my father's."

"..."

Vincent didn't respond for a long time.

"Vincent?" Emily said softly.

Vincent's voice was slightly heavy, "Go to sleep."

Emily muttered, "You brought up the question."

"Let's do something else if you're not sleepy?" The man's voice was very deep.

Emily thought to herself that he wouldn't do something else, but of course, she was unsure. She quickly turned around and said, "I'm going to sleep."

After what Vincent did, she had long forgotten about those ghost stories. The moment she touched the pillow, she fell asleep.

Vincent on the other bed, however, tossed and turned, unable to sleep. He went out to take three cold baths. \_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 160 Good Looks

At nine the next morning, they got up one after another to wash up.

This was probably the first time the owner of the guest house had seen such lazy tourists. He deliberately prepared breakfast at seven, but the group of people did not get up until nine o'clock. It was already nine thirty when they finished washing and sat down, so he had no choice but to keep the breakfast warm all the time.

Because it was the last meal, they had a sumptuous breakfast. There were small steamed buns, uncongealed tofu, deep-fried dough sticks, soybean milk, as well as red dates and pumpkins porridge, which were all common snacks.

Everyone finished their breakfast and began to prepare for the return trip.

Since Arabella got up, she had been wearing a mask to cover her face. She didn't come out until finishing her meal in the room alone. Probably she was embarrassed about what happened yesterday, in retrospect.

She didn't ride in Jaquan's car, because her driver came to pick her up after breakfast. Before she left, she just said goodbye to them through her mask.

However, everyone noticed that she was wearing Jaquan's sneakers.

Randy smiled meaningfully at Jaquan as he fanned himself, "A major breakthrough!"

Jaquan didn't have any joy on his face. He knew that Arabella was wearing his shoes for nothing but the fact that she didn't have any shoes to wear. He just happened to pass his shoes in front of her.

Armando Mosby was carrying his luggage. Emma and Stony said goodbye to everyone before they got into the back seat.

Janessa put on her sunglasses and sat in the passenger seat.

Armando Mosby closed the trunk and said to Vincent and the others, "I must go now. I have to rush to the hospital."

Hearing this, Jaquan slightly raised his eyebrows as if he failed to understand, saying, "Janessa is sick?"

The car left.

Randy opened his fan and said in a respectful tone, "No, it's that woman in the back seat. She's quite tough. I heard that her legs hurt all night but she endured it without a word. It was her son who woke up in the morning to notice that his mother was in a sweat and called Armando Mosby to send her to the hospital..."

Jaquan couldn't help but frown when he heard this, saying, "Why doesn't she take her body seriously?"

"You are so emotional!" Randy glanced at him and said, "But there's nothing wrong for her to do so. She doesn't know us very well after all, so it seems to her no one will be willing to drive her to the hospital at night."

Jaquan opened his mouth to say something, but stopped after thinking it over.

After Emily and Vincent left, the others also parted ways. Randy chartered a tour bus for the nine of them, which was so many that at least three cars were needed otherwise. And they could also enjoy the scenery along the way after optionally seated near the window.

Jaquan's car followed behind the bus. Occasionally, they ran side by side. Through the window, he could see they were chatting in twos and threes, and that Randy, standing there with a fan in his hand, was quarrelling with someone with his eyes nearly popping out of his head.

Jaquan sometimes envied Randy, for Randy always lived a carefree life. He dared to say over and over that game was his life. He dared to run away from home for months for a game. He dared to challenge his family. He dared to say that he didn't care about what kind of woman he would marry in the future, as long as she would not hinder him from playing the game...

The car crashed into the one in front.

"I should have concentrated my attention when driving."



Jaquan said.

The bus behind him stopped. Randy got down in shock and walked to the front of the bus. "What the hell are you thinking about when driving?!"

Jaquan opened the car door and got down. He rubbed his head and said impatiently, "You."

"Serious?" Randy was shocked.

After his car was towed away, Jaquan got on the bus. Because of a mild concussion, he seated himself immediately. Randy was very far away from him, sitting in the last row.

"..."

Jaquan couldn't be bothered to explain, so he just closed his eyes for rest.

In the back seat by the window sat Lord Top. He leaned against the window, listening to the music. His head occasionally bumped against the window as the bus jolted.

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Randy was worried that such bumps might make Lord Top "a dull boy". If so, he was probably not able to be an e-sports player!

Randy patted Lord Top on his arm, "Hey! Hey! Wake up!"

He slept like a log." What did you do last night?" said Randy.

Randy wanted to play an extremely exciting music to wake him up. As Randy took the phone and unlocked it with Lord Top's finger, an album cover of the song he was listening stood out on the interface.... On the picture a man was kissing another man, and one of them looked very similar to Randy.

What?

Randy trembled, and the phone fell onto the platform floor with a clang. Even the headphones were pulled off. Lord Top, who was leaning against the window, finally looked up unhappily to see the captain Randy who was in a state of panic.

"..."

Pretending to know nothing about it, Randy uneasily picked up the phone and returned it to him and said, "What song is this? It sounds good!"

Lord Top took his phone and put it back into his pocket. Then, he put on his headphones and leaned against the window. He

completely ignored Randy!

Before this, Randy would definitely stamp with fury, pointing at him and cursing, "You have no regard for me! You're completely unscrupulous!"

Now Randy breathed a sigh of relief, however, when he saw Lord Top's conciliatory attitude. He silently went back to the empty seat at the front. He looked at Jaquan in front of him, and then Lord Top in the back. He couldn't help but mutter under his breath:

'My friend likes me. My teammate likes me, too. Why? Why me?'

Maybe ... that's for his good looks.

\*\*

It was afternoon when they arrived at the Scavo's.

Emily was still wearing a mask when she got out of the car. Mr. Rolando saw it and asked, "What's wrong? Did you catch a cold? Care about your health. Put on more clothes. How did he take care of you? You get thinner!"

Emily answered, "I didn't get a cold, but..." Her mouth was swollen. When she woke up in the morning, she realized that there were still some cuts. "'He's just like a dog. He always hurt me!' thought Emily.

She randomly gave a reason, without thinking over what she had said. She saw the butler and some guards standing at the door staring at her.

Vincent felt embarrassed by her side.

Rolando cried out, "What? Bitten by a dog?"

"..."

Emily finally realized what she had said just now. She hurriedly explained for it, "No! No! I mean..."

However, Rolando didn't listen to it at all. He just pulled Vincent and asked, "Dog? Did you bring her to get the rabies vaccine?"

Seeing that Vincent was more and more impatient, Emily quickly grabbed Mr. Rolando's sleeve and said, "Grandpa, I was not bitten by a dog. Look..."

She took off her mask. "I just lied to you."

Rolando was far-sighted. He carefully looked at her from a distance and frowned. "But you must be bitten by something, not a dog?"

Emily didn't know how to answer.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 161 Kindness

Upon arriving at the second floor, Emily went to the study to apologize. She stood in front of Vincent's desk meekly. She looked up at Vincent. Seeing that he still wore a long face, she went to him and said flatteringly, "Mr. Vincent, let me massage your shoulders."

He hadn't exercised for two days. Although mountain climbing was intense for many people, it was just like a hike for him. Emily massaged his shoulders. She felt that his muscles were so hard and she didn't have the strength to relax them, so she massaged softer spots like his neck. Her hands were small and they looked even more petite and soft when placed on his shoulders.

Vincent stretched out his hand to cover hers and pulled her into his embrace. Emily took the opportunity to hug his neck. Her eyes were so bright that it seemed to have shining stars in them.

Vincent covered her eyes with his big palm. He picked up the medicine on the table with his other hand and sprayed it on her lips. After that, he got her up and said, "Go."

Emily would turn around every three steps she took. "Mr. Vincent?"

"What?" Vincent tilted his head to look at her. His face was still emotionless, and she was unable to tell whether he was happy or not. His eyebrows furrowed slightly, making his eyes look bewitching.

The words 'Are you angry?' that Emily was about to say were instantly replaced by 'Yesterday, I smiled because every time you held my hand, I couldn't help but want to hug you.'

"..."

Vincent's eyebrows relaxed, and his lips curved.

Emily smiled until her eyebrows curved. Rex pushed open the door and came in. Seeing them smiling at each other, he was shocked. Only after Emily left did he ask, "Mr. Vincent, was Miss Emily really bitten by a dog?"

"Get lost."

"..."

Rex, who had just rushed back from the company, was so

distressed. He never expected that Rolando would trick him... Emily returned to her room and received a call from Harold before she could rest.

"Noah is at Dalton Hotel."

Emily finally remembered Christy, who stayed in the guest room. She asked, "Anything else?"

"Eliot already knows that he was released because of Mr. Vincent's help."

"Yeah." Emily knew that. That day, she deliberately let the guard in to take a look for her in order to relate herself to Vincent.

"Recently, Beverly has been in the company for longer than Maury." Harold said.

"It's fine. Let her enjoy herself." After Emily finished speaking, she suddenly remembered something. In her previous life, the Britts had gone bankrupt, but Elsie and Beverly still lived smoothly. There might be support behind them. The person behind Beverly wanted to destroy the Britts and would never help them, so...

She paused for a moment and said, "Check if she has any frequent contacts, especially with men."

"I see." Harold said, "Miss Emily, pay attention to your health. Don't catch a cold."

"Alright, I will, and so should you. Find an excuse and come to me several days later. Take my painting and frame it and send it to the Dalton Hotel."

"Yes."

After hanging up, Emily went straight to the guest room. Christy was not there. When she passed by the training room, she heard a sound. She pushed open the door and saw Christy standing on the arena kicking and waving her fists incessantly. Her entire body was drenched in sweat as if she had just come out of water. She did not wear makeup, but her bare face was also beautiful.

"You're back?" Hearing the sound, Christy turned around.

When she got down, the little robot next to the wall immediately stretched its legs and politely handed over a towel. She reached out to caress its head and smiled at it. "Thank you." Emily was surprised that the little robot hadn't returned. She

also squatted down and stared at it. She asked, "Trevor? Are you there?"

Christy, who was wiping her sweat, paused and asked in surprise, "Isn't it called Eleven? Why do you call it Trevor?"

"Its owner is called Trevor." Emily said.

"Oh."

Christy went to the dressing room, took a shower, and went out naked to change clothes. Emily did not expect that she could be so open in front of her, so she did not stay away. She directly asked, "How is your stay?"

"Good, this place has everything in it. There are food, drink, and clothing." Christy put on a man's sweater as she speaks.

"..."

Forget about the sweater, even her trousers were sweatpants for men. Emily couldn't help but ask curiously, "Are you wearing your brother's clothes?"

"No, Rex's."

### He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

"..."

After Christy changed her clothes and came out, she picked up the robot on the ground and placed it on her shoulder. Then, she bid farewell to guard, who battled with her, and came out. Emily asked, "Did that person contact you?"

"No." Christy stretched her arms and turned her neck, "I'm curious. How did you know that there was someone behind us?"

The robot massaged her neck with its fists. Christy enjoyed it and closed her eyes. Occasionally, she would point at her shoulders and said, "Here, here."

It seemed that she had long since gotten used to the robot's attentive service.

If Emily remembered correctly, the little robot was connected to Trevor's computer. If the little robot acted on its own, then it would be reasonable, if not, did it mean...

However, it seemed unlikely. Trevor was not even willing to speak, so how could he manipulate the robot to massage Christy?

"Our family is very poor." Emily said.

Christy opened her eyes and was confused.

"It's real." Emily looked at Vincent's room on the corridor. It had been almost two months since she had arrived in this world. She felt as if she just returned yesterday. She got out of the pool and saw that she was still alive ... Then she entered the room and fell onto Vincent...

"In the beginning, they wanted to use me to rip Vincent off. They were sure that he wouldn't make things difficult for a retard."

Emily knew that it was Beverly who came up with that plan, but Elsie didn't follow it. Elsie just wanted her to lose her reputation, so she drugged her and sent her to Vincent's room. She wanted Vincent to throw her out, but Vincent didn't do that. He called a doctor, dressed her with a new dress and sent her home.

Christy asked, "But nobody would have expected that Vincent wouldn't let a retard go."

"..."

Emily was dumbfounded and then smiled, "Vincent is a good man."

Christy did not refute, but nodded when she heard this. "I can tell that he is very good to you."

Although she didn't witness it, guard, who battled with her, often browsed WeChat, and Christy had a chance to get closer and took a few glances. Without exception, it was all about Vincent and Emily.

There was a photo of Vincent and Emily at the entrance of a farm stay. The man was tall and had long legs. He looked noble and aloof. He lowered his head and leaned close to the girl as if he wanted to kiss her.

The scene was beautiful, and the background was vibrant green mountains.

The guard group was in chaos, all they were talking about was how envious they were of the picked guard who went with Vincent.

Christy asked curiously, "You drew the prize for that?"

"No."

"Battling?" She asked.

"No." guard smiled embarrassedly and stretched out his hand and said angrily, "We played rock, paper, scissors."

"..."

Then, it was a photo of the farm stay taken at night. Vincent and Emily were standing in a dark corner with candles lit on the table. The two looked down at their phones with their heads close to each other. There were many people in the photo, but it seemed that no one could fit in and no one had the heart to disturb them.

Then there was a photo taken on the mountain. The two hugged each other. From the photo, they seemed to be whispering. Christy saw that Vincent's seemed to be biting Emily's ears while Emily was in his arms.

The sweetness almost overflowed from the screen.

...

When they were almost at Christy's room, Emily stopped. She looked at her and said, "If you don't have money, I can give you some. Can you please quit that job? I can offer you a new one." Christy walked into the room and turned around, smiling at her. That smile was so mild and it was gone in a flash. She seemed to just casually pull the corner of her mouth. Then she said, "There may not be a job for me."

"Of course there is, what do you want?" Emily asked.

After a long time, Christy's voice sounded from behind the door, "I've killed people."

She said it in such a casual manner as if she was talking about the weather.

Emily was astounded. She saw Christy looking at her with a calm expression as she said, "Thank you for your kindness." \_\_\_\_\_

+

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 162 Exercise

The door was shut.

Emily stood there for a long time before she could calm down. When she first came into contact with Christy and Noah, she only thought that they were two liars. After several rounds of conversations, she did not feel that they were impulsive and irritable. On the contrary, they were mature and steady with meticulous thoughts. They took their time and endured loneliness when conducting their plans. How could they ... kill people?

In the blink of an eye, however, Emily could understand her.

After all, when facing Elsie, she sometimes couldn't help but want to kill her. No matter whom Christy killed, she must have her reasons. Moreover, Christy told her so frankly about this secret. Did this mean that ... she had befriended Emily, besides their alliance relationship?

Emily wasn't sure. She thought that she would only make friends with Sydnee and Harold in this lifetime. She was worried about exposing too many secrets to others and didn't dare to make friends with them.

Thinking in Christy's shoes, she might have the same situation too.

Emily could see that Christy had no friends at all. Otherwise she wouldn't tell her this secret.

Emily knocked on the door and said to Christy, "I know."

When hearing this, Christy was confused.

Normal people should be shocked when they heard what she just said, and then run away from her quickly. But Emily seemed to be stupid enough to knock on the door and say such words.

What did she know on earth?

Christy suddenly laughed with her arms around the little robot, "She is really strange."

This little robot obediently lay in her arms, occasionally looking at her with a pair of gray jewel eyes. Its cold fingers gently leaned against her shoulders, as if it was trying to placate her. However, Christy did not notice that. She dialed Noah, but he did not answer the phone. She muttered, "What are you doing now? Why don't you answer my phone?"

\*\*

Noah had been enjoying himself at the Dalton Hotel for two days while Ferne had suffered for two days. He never thought that Noah would be so vengeful. He had been tied up and slept there for a whole night. He had no choice but to endure it as this was his reckoning for kidnapping Noah before.

But he never thought that Noah would come here and do the same to him the next night!

Ferne couldn't stand this anymore.

The two of them fought inseparably from the inside of the presidential suite to the outside, and from the outside to the inside. Occasionally, a waiter knocked on the door and asked,



"Mr. Ferne, what ... happened?"

The waiter's voice was so little with fear. Ferne only heard the knock and replied angrily, "Nothing! I'm doing exercise!"

Hearing this, the waiter suddenly realized Ferne was in a compromising situation, so she quickly ran away with a red face.

Noah did not exert his strength during fighting. Otherwise Ferne would be knocked out already.

Ferne was deeply exhausted at this moment. He was too disappointed with his body. He gasped heavily in just a few rounds. But Noah still looked energetic in his suit. How could Ferne not hate him!

The two of them rested for a while and continued their fight after having a meal. Occasionally, Noah even only used one hand to fight with him while the other hand making a phone call. He simply didn't take Ferne seriously. Ferne was so angry that he bit Noah's arm. Noah was forced to change the other hand to fight him and continued answering the phone.

Ferne was speechless.

There were lots of dirty words he wanted to say, but finally he lay on the sofa obediently because of exhaustion.

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Noah also paused the phone and found a tie to tie up Ferne's hands and feet. Ferne cursed him exhaustedly.

Noah's face carried a mischievous smile and said, "You can curse me as you like. I don't care."

"When are you going to release me?" Ferne asked, panting. He really regretted agreeing Emily to lock Noah up in the wine store. He was genuinely a demon!

"When I feel like it." Noah lit up a cigarette for himself.

This was damn outrageous.

Ferne glared at him, "F..." Before the word could be spoken, his mouth was covered violently by Noah's hands. He was strong enough to pinch Ferne's cheeks, causing his bones to ring.

Noah took the tablecloth and stuffed it into Ferne's mouth. He spoke without expression, but his eyes were gloomy. "Don't swear."

"Oh, oh, oh!" The tablecloth in his mouth was driving Ferne crazy.

At this time, his phone on the table rang. The caller had no alias. There was just a string of numbers. Ferne almost instantly bounced up. However, his hands and feet were tied up and his mouth was stuffed. He could only make noises like "oh, oh, oh" so that Noah could untie him.

Noah answered the phone and turned on the speaker. A calm voice came from the phone, "Cool Bar. The informant said that he saw one there, but that person didn't ask for help. Be careful if you want to go. That place isn't under our control."

The man hung up the phone after he finished speaking.

Noah was confused. He raised his head and looked at Ferne who was calmly sitting on the sofa and seemed to be thinking about something. Noah untied Ferne's hands, took off the tablecloth in his mouth, and asked, "What did he see?"

"It's exactly what you think." Ferne lowered his head and untied his feet. He walked to the coffee table, poured a glass of wine and drank it. Then, he asked the waiter to bring two suits.

Ferne handed over the suit to Noah, his face looking a little gloomy, "Noah, you're smarter. Tell me what to do."

Noah was stunned for a moment before realizing that he was asking for help.

"Tell me what you know." He crushed the cigarette butt, pulled off his bathrobe, and walked into the bathroom to change his clothes.

Ferne also pulled off his wrinkled suit and went in the bathroom with the new suit. Two men were standing naked in the bathroom. Although the scene was a bit strange, they did not feel it at all.

Since what happened last time at the villa, Ferne, who was already a commoner, found an opportunity to go to the police station and bring some gifts as consolation. Then, he talked privately with one captain he trusted. No one knew what they were talking about. However, after that, the missing child case was entrusted to this captain. But no one knew whom that the captain assigned this case to because nobody in the team had received any order.

After Ferne explained the whole thing simply, Noah opened the door and said, "Let's go. Follow my order when we go out."

"As long as you can save lives, I would give my life to you let alone following your orders." Ferne gulped down a mouthful of

cold air.

Noah glanced at him with his broken eyebrows slightly raised, and he curled his lips with a naughty smile, "No problem."

Ferne trembled from the cold wind, but he didn't notice the strange atmosphere when Noah said those words.

At the same time, an unknown small group in City Y was rapidly approaching downtown. They were like cold air ambushing the city in secrecy. \_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 163 Refined

It was late when Jaquan arrived at the hospital. The moment the car stopped, Randy sitting in the back shouted at him without raising his head, "Jaquan, you're here. Get off the car!" Jaquan was speechless.

He was a patient who got hit in the head! Why did Randy hurry him?

Jaquan held his head and got out of the car. He wanted to wave at Randy, but Randy closed the curtain at once.

"..."

What was wrong with him?

He called Collin before he came in. So as soon as he entered the hospital, he saw Collin in his white coat. He had a slight concussion. After taking a CT scan of his brain, Collin looked at the CT report and said, "No big problem, but you'd better go home and rest for a day."

"OK." Jaquan held his head and took out his phone. He called his client and apologized to him to reschedule.

Collin asked, "Have you eaten yet?"

"Not yet." Jaquan looked at his watch and asked, "Are you on duty tonight?"

"Yes, I can't eat with you. I still have a patient to see."

"Go." Jaquan patted his shoulder.

Not long after the two parted, Jaquan saw Stony in the hall. The kid was asking the nurse, "Miss, my mother has finished infusion. Can we leave now?"

The nurse probably remembered him. She squatted down as soon as she heard what he said and replied seriously, "I'm afraid not. Didn't Doctor Mueller tell you? Your mother needs to be hospitalized for a week. If she is discharged from the hospital

now, her leg might not be able to walk in the future. Do you hope so?"

Stony's face was obviously a little conflicted. He lowered his head and thought for a moment. He shook his head seriously and asked, "Can we leave here and come back tomorrow?"

Jaquan was very curious about why his mother could not stay in the hospital for just one night.

The nurse shook her head. "No, it's better for her leg if she don't move as much as possible. She just stayed there for a week. Try to get over with it" Although the nurse did not know why Emma was in such a hurry to leave, she naturally thought that she was unaccustomed to the hospital and wanted to go out and live alone.

Stony seemed to be discouraged and went back with his head down.

Jaquan followed him and watched him walk up the second floor to a ward. The door was open, and he saw Collin standing in front of the bed and asking, "How do you feel?"

Jaquan thought, 'It turned out that the patient he needed to see was her!'

Stony walked in and obediently greeted Doctor Mueller, "Hello, Doctor Mueller."

He walked to Emma's bed and held her hand. He shook his little head gently. His meaning was obvious that they couldn't leave hospital.

Emma then looked at Collin and asked, "Can I live outside the hospital?"

"Why?" Collin had a fair skin with his eyes long and narrow. His white coat even made him better-looking. He had become a so called female killer in the hospital because of his warm and gentle attitude towards all his patients, both the young and the elderly.

But Emma's expression was still indifferent when facing his gentleness, "I don't want to live here."

Collin asked, "Don't you like hospitals?"

Emma did not answer.

"Where do you want to stay? A hotel?" Collin observed her expression and asked.

Emma shook her head.

"Where would you like to stay if you don't want to stay at the hotel tonight?" Collin raised his eyebrows slightly, "Could it be that you want to live in..."

Jaquan knew that this woman would definitely agree to live in Collin's house without any hesitation. But he would not let this single mother disturb Collin's life. What if he could not find a girlfriend in the future?

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
Jaquan hurriedly stepped in and interrupted Collin. He said to Emma, "You can live in my house, the one you stayed last time." Collin glanced at Jaquan and said, "Didn't you leave?"

"I suddenly remembered that I needed to look for you to ask something, and then I found you here. What a coincidence ... I met her again."

Jaquan was talking nonsense.

When Emma saw him chatting with the doctor, she realized that the two of them really knew each other and this was truly a coincidence.

Collin did not believe him and directly asked, "What is it?"

"Huh?" Jaquan did not realize what he was saying.

Collin reminded, "Didn't you say you were looking for me?"

Jaquan suddenly realized, "Oh, that's right, is my CT going to need to be re-examined tomorrow?"

"CT only needs to be done once a month. Have you forgotten this common sense?" Collin gave him a quick glance which meant obviously that he should stop pretending.

"..."

Jaquan really wanted to say, 'Forget it, and let her stay at your house'.

He must have been possessed by a ghost just now. Otherwise he would not sacrifice himself to save Collin. But he didn't expect that Collin was so ungrateful and dragged him to the bathroom.

"Didn't you say you weren't interested in her?" Collin questioned him with an indifferent expression.

Jaquan was shocked, "Are you crazy? Are you interested in her?"

Collin said with a look of righteousness, "Yeah, she happens to

have a child. It can just save my time on babysitting."

"..."

Jaquan was unable to understand his thoughts, so he could only ask indirectly, "Can your parents accept it?"

Collin took off his mask and took a deep breath before saying, "Doctor, among all professions, has the highest sudden death rate in the country. Do you want them to accept me as a loner or a good wife with a child?"

"This is really ridiculous!" Jaquan was completely shocked by his words, and he immediately felt that the heroic sacrifice he had just made was too wise!

Collin shrugged, "What's wrong? What do you think?"

"Marriage is supposed to be happy for a couple. Having a child is also the same. When two people love each other deeply, they will naturally yearn to have their own kid. This is life." Jaquan pointed at him and cursed, "You're simply a gentle scum!"

Jaquan still couldn't relieve his anger. He then heavily pounded Collin on the shoulder and entered the ward. Emma was already sitting in a wheelchair. Jaquan directly pushed her out and glared at Collin before he left.

Collin didn't know what to say.

Why did Jaquan suddenly get so angry? Did he say something wrong?

Jaquan took Emma to go through the discharge procedures first. He didn't expect that Armando had paid a lot of money and even found a care worker. After Jaquan explained it to the hospital staff, he took the money back. Then, he pushed Emma to the door and called a taxi. His voice was somewhat solemn in the cold wind. "My friend, he is nice to everyone. Don't think too much about it."

Emma nodded.

Just a nod?

Jaquan was speechless. After the taxi arrived, Stony quickly stepped forward and opened the door. He was small, but his had strength. \_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 164 Respect Yourself

Jaquan glanced at Emma who was just about to stand up. What the nurse said popped up into his mind. He sighed. As a nice

person, he was supposed to help her through. After all, Emma saved Arabella, so it could be said that he owed her a favor. He bent down slightly and carried Emma to the back seat of the taxi. Then, he patted Stony and said, "Get in."

Then he pushed the wheelchair to a nurse with one hand and said, "Please. Thank you."

Although Jaquan liked to play cool and looked unreliable, he was careful and polite. Sitting in the back seat, Emma looked at him quietly with a smile touching the corners of her mouth.

"Mom, are you happy to stay at Mr. Jaquan's place?" Stony suddenly asked, "Look, you're laughing."

Emma touched his little face and tilted her head, "A little bit."

When Jaquan got in the car, he saw Emma and Stony sitting in the back seat smile warmly at each other. After telling the driver address, he silently looked at the rearview mirror and guessed that Emma only smiled so gently at her son.

Perhaps he was thinking too much. Even if Collin saw in Emma, she might not like him because she was a strange lady....

"Are you hungry?" Emma's soft voice came from the back seat.

"Of course, I'm hungry." After Jaquan answered, he realized that Emma didn't ask him.

Stony in the back seat laughed and whispered, "A little bit, a little bit hungry."

Jaquan was embarrassed.

He coughed softly to cover up his embarrassment and asked, "What do you want to eat?"

"I want Mom's fried egg and rice." Stony looked at Emma expectantly and winked his big eyes.

Emma thought for a moment and asked Jaquan, "Do you have rice and eggs in your place?"

Jaquan said to the driver, "Go to the supermarket please."

After living in this neighborhood for so many years, this was the first time he went to the supermarket to buy food such as rice, vegetables, eggs, oil, and various seasonings. After buying food, he had someone delivered those items to his house. And then he carried Emma into the neighborhood.

The security guard of the neighborhood was quite familiar with him. His eyes widened at the sight of him carrying a woman and a child beside him, "It's only been a few days since we met each

other. This child...?"

Jaquan interrupted helplessly, "This is not mine."

Seven and eight o'clock in the evening was the time for old men and old ladies in the neighborhood to go for a walk after their meals. Jaquan met a lot of people on the way to the elevator. He had lived here for so long, so everyone was close to him. Seeing him carry a woman back so late, they started gossiping, "Hey, you guys are a perfect match. When will you get married?"

Then they saw Stony. Glancing from Jaquan's face to Stony's, they had to admit that this child looked just like Jaquan.

"Oh, how the kid has grown! You got married, right? Well, I thought that you were single and wanted to make a match with you and Miss Elva from No. 15 buildings...."

By the time Jaquan arrived home with Emma on his back, he was covered in sweat. He unbuttoned his shirt and went into the bathroom to get dressed. As he just unbuttoned it, the doorbell rang before he could take it off.

He had no choice but to open the door with his shirt unbuttoned.

Emma was sitting in the entrance and taking off her shoes. After putting on her slippers, she thought of the doctor's advice and decided to jump over with one foot. However, she jumped to the wrong side and hit her foot on the stool by the door.

Jaquan, who was opening the door, immediately turned around and quickly hugged her when he heard the sound.

His sweaty chest pressed against her face, while her cool hand pressed against his abdomen. The chill and the heat alternated between them. Jaquan frowned and looked at her, "Be careful." Emma looked up from his chest with panic. Only after hearing his words did she let go of him.

Jaquan turned around and realized that the person standing at the door was not the supermarket delivery man, but his mother.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App  
He was surprised.

"I heard from Randy that you hit your head because of the rear-end crash. I wanted to see you and cooked some soup for



you ... I put it at the door. You guys ... go ahead. I have to go."

As Mrs. Cox spoke, she made a gesture to Jaquan with her mouth shaped like "Go for it!"

Jaquan was completely in frustration, "Hold on, Mom! God! You misunderstood! Don't go...."

After using the bathroom, Stony saw Emma and Jaquan hugging each other. He covered his eyes and didn't know what to do because he could clearly feel that his mother didn't seem to hate Jaquan anymore.

\*\*

When Ferne and Noah arrived at the Cool Bar, there were five people over there. Noah poked Ferne with his index finger until Ferne was a meter away from him.

Ferne was puzzled, "What do you mean?"

Noah took out a cigarette and lit it with his hand covered. His rough gaze was outlined by the fiery blue flames, "Too many people know you. It's not good for you to do anything. I'll do the rest."

"Then what can I do?"

"Go see what you can get from the back door."

Ferne didn't say anything and was about to leave when Noah pulled his collar. He patted Ferne's neck and said, "Be careful, there are people guarding at the back door."

Ferne patted his hand away, "I know better than you."

"You can take them down just with your poor skills." Noah smiled. His smile was faint and quickly faded away. Then he turned to those five people and said, "Let's go."

Ferne saw Noah bring people who were all having flabby tummy into the bar. He didn't know where Noah found them, but they all looked like wealthy people with a look of boss and upstart.

Ferne caught a young girl at the front door and gave her five hundred to "flirt" with him at the back door. At first, the fat man who was guarding the back door did not look at them.

Seeing that they had been standing there chatting for so long, the man said unhappily, "Well, you guys can't afford a room? Why don't you book a room?"

Before Ferne could reply, the young girl in front of him hugged him and said to the fat one, "We like doing it outside. Are we in your way? I am thrilled to be outside. You don't understand because you have never tried it...."

Words failed Ferne. Actually, he didn't understand as well because he didn't try it before.

That fat man cursed and sat down on the chair at the other side of the door, no longer caring about them.

Ferne was about to listen closely to the noises when he heard the young girl in his arms said, "Hottie, I can give you five hundred. Will you stay with me for the night?"

Ferne seemed to hear it wrong, "I'm sorry? What did you say?" Although the young lady didn't know what he wanted to do, the dark couldn't hide the noble aura on Ferne. Moreover, she could tell that he was wearing top-grade clothes. For his shoes, it might cost tens of thousands because they were made of real leather.

He looked sunny and handsome. Looking from his suit, she could tell that he was a high ranking executive. It didn't seem like he would get near this red-light district at all.

The young girl guessed that he was probably here to broaden his horizons. If she did not seize this opportunity, she might not be able to meet a nice guy like him again. Then she immediately grabbed his hand and placed it on her waist. Wanting to hook him up, she bit her lips at him, "Isn't that what you want by bringing me here?"

Ferne said, "Lady, please respect yourself."

The girl who was wearing a smoky-eye makeup got closer to his arms with a charming gaze, "I don't mind if you like doing here. I just feel a little cold. Hold me tight."

Ferne was at loss for what to do.

He didn't expect that he caught a slut! What a gigantic mistake!\_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 165 Brightness

Sparks suddenly burst out from the Cool Bar, just like what happened in the villa last time. It seemed that Noah played the same old trick. Ferne hurriedly pulled the little girl aside and said to her, "It's on fire! Run!"

The little girl reluctantly blew him a kiss and ran away.

Suddenly, a group of people rushed out of the back door. Ferne rushed forward and was about to hit them. However, when he saw that Noah was inside, he immediately stopped and asked,

"Why did you come out?"

As he finished his words, he saw them taking several little girls with big eyes. Ferne quickly pointed in a direction, "Let's go! Follow me!"

The fat man from the back door had already rushed in when the bar was on fire. He ran out to follow them when he heard they had escaped. But the back door was blocked by a large trash can. When they rushed over from the front door, the car was whizzing past them.

"Black van! It has no license plate! Damn it!"

Ferne made a U-turn and took a breath, "How was it? Did you take them all out?"

"Yes." For some reason, Noah's voice was a little buzzing.

Ferne didn't care his voice too much and said with excitement, "I'll call the police station and ask the police to send them back. Where are you going?"

The others said their address and then got out of the car.

Noah also got out of the car. Ferne was about to say something to him but he stopped when he saw that he was not happy. He drove the car all the way to the police station and called the captain to get off. He handed over the persons and the car to him before taking a taxi back.

He changed his routes twice, went to the bathroom, took off his coat and wore it inside out, put on a hat, and then took a taxi back.

When he was a policeman, he knew it was a risky job. Not only would he be in danger, his family would also be affected. When he was young, he always felt hot-blooded. He thought that with a gun in his hand, he could kill all the bad people in the world.

Later on, he discovered that this world was far more ... disgusting than he imagined.

Noah did not come back. Ferne wanted to give him a call, but he realized that he didn't have his number. He waited at the entrance of the hotel for half an hour, but Noah didn't appear.

The waiters gathered together and whispered,

"Did they quarrel?"

"They are great when they went out. What happened?"

"How ugly Ferne's expression is!"

"He has been waiting for more than half an hour. Why hasn't

that man returned yet?"

"This is the first time I've seen Ferne waiting for someone so long."

"Me too ... Ferne is so patient to him! Damn, I'm so touched!"

"..."

At ten o'clock in the evening, Ferne lay on the bed in the presidential suite. He turned off the lights and closed his eyes. Noah's expression when he got out of the car was full of his mind. What happened to him? He was a little worried!

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"Thank you for your hard work today."

After Noah said that, he gave everyone a cigarette.

They took the cigarettes and lit each other's cigarettes up. "You are welcome. We are willing to help you."

The cars of fire brigade and police station whizzed past them, with the sirens screaming, which was very annoying to their ears.

"Alright, keep in touch." Noah said, and walked towards the same direction as he came from before.

One of them grabbed him and said, "Where are you going?"

Only then did the others realize that something was wrong.

They looked at Noah and said, "You want to go back, don't you? Are you crazy or what?"

Noah did not say anything. He lowered his head, looking gloomy and lonely.

"You can't change anything even if you go. That child is hopeless. He is willing to abandon himself. How are you going to save him? Don't put your own life in danger for nothing!"

One man grabbed him on his shoulder, "Don't forget that you have a sister with you! Christy is with you. Do you want to put us in danger? Please, think of us!"

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Noah took a deep breath, "I know."

"Oh, do you really know!"

Noah stooped, and his facial expression was somewhat dispirited. "I won't go back. I just want to go around and have some supper."

"Alright, you should go back as soon as possible."

They patted him on the shoulder one after another before leaving.

Noah walked along the street alone. The phone in his pocket was vibrating non-stop. He didn't want to answer it at all. He just kept walking along the street.

Until the suppressed youth was erased from his mind.

Those dirty and ugly scenes kept coming to his mind. He stopped in front of a tree and fiercely punched the tree trunk. The pain could calm his mind for a moment. He took out his phone and called Christy back.

"What's wrong? I'm fine. Yeah, go to bed early."

After hanging up the phone, he looked up at the sky, and it was black.

Just like the color of his past and future, he could never see the brightness.

\*\*

Two days later.

Emily woke up early but did not see Vincent in the training room. She neither saw him in the study room nor the living room downstairs. She quietly finished her breakfast and watched the competition between guard and Christy before she had a try.

Christy looked beautiful, but she wasn't weak. On the contrary, she was very strong. Emily's chance of winning was zero. Emily and Christy made a few moves and practiced with the guards. Only after sweating did they call it a day, take a shower and change their clothes.

Their attitudes were still as bland as before. Christy did not say anything but looked at Emily a few more times.

The little robot climbed onto Christy from the ground, sat on her shoulder, and gave her a back massage.

Although Emily was curious about why the little robot hadn't been given back to Trevor, she didn't ask. It was obvious that Christy liked the little robot very much and even slept with it. Since Trevor did not take it back, then why would she bother too much?

But Vincent ... where did he go?

Before, if he went to the company, he would definitely tell her. Now he left without saying goodbye which made her a little uneasy.

Rex wasn't here, and Emily was reading in the room. She picked up a phone call of Harold at ten o'clock and then went downstairs. She took out all the finished paintings she drew these days and put them next to the trash can at the entrance of the Scavo's.

After taking it away, Harold sent her a text message, "Get them."

What Emily noticed was not the content of the text message, but the time of the text message. The date on the text message was November 17th.

-- "You will be dead in the morning of November 17th next year."

She rushed out before she was stunned for a moment. The moment she opened the door, she bumped into a person. The person's body was wet, as if he was caught in the rain. It was a little cold.

"Vincent?" Startled, she raised her head.

"What happened?" Vincent faced her. He was preparing to walk forward, but he did not expect that she would bump into him just as he arrived at the door.

"Where have you been?" She asked. As the question fell from her lips, she was worried that it was his privacy. She waved her hand and said, "It's fine. Don't tell me. I'm just a little worried..." No emotions could be seen from his face. He just looked at her and said, "Today is the anniversary of my family's death."

"..."

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Chapter 166 A Car Accident

Emily was slack-jawed and did not make a sound for a long time.

I'm sorry for your loss? I'm sorry, I don't know that?

She didn't know what to say. She just instinctively went forward to hug Vincent. She didn't know why it was the same time when Mr. Vincent had the accident.

Was it a coincidence?

No, there was no such coincidence.

Emily's mind was in a mess. She couldn't help but hug the person in front of her tightly as if he would disappear in the next second.

"My body is cold." Vincent raised Emily's face with his index finger and pinched her cheek. "Go to the study and wait for me there."

His fingertip was cold, and he walked straight forward after saying this.

Emily read books in his study and then looked at his bookshelves. Normally, she seldom paid attention to the books on the bookshelves when she came in. This time, because she was not in the mood to read, she casually scanned them. She saw a row of sketch books at a glance.

She took one out and saw a black swallow on the title page. The painting was plain but vivid. It was about the size of a real swallow, and its eyes were lifelike.

Emily opened and flipped it. She was surprised. She vaguely guessed who this person was, but she did not expect that this girl's painting would be so perfect. It could be seen that she preferred oil paintings. Sometimes it was colorful, sometimes it was flashy, and sometimes it was dark. The style varied so much.

Finally, she found a portrait.

It was Vincent, no, little Vincent. He was young and naïve. However, his expression was still cold and he did not like to smile. He frowned while sitting on the table in a garden and was playing chess with a lowered head.

Although the painter was bad at details, she was good at demonstrating the object's personality. As time went by, with such painting skills, she would definitely become something.

As she flipped, she found a photo in the sketch book. Little Vincent and a beautiful girl of eight or nine years old were smiling at the camera. It should be the girl's birthday. She had a birthday cap on her head and both of their faces were covered with cream. The scene was so warm.

"It's my sister."

Unknowingly, Vincent had entered and was standing behind her. He took out the photo and stared at it while holding it with his fingertips. His voice was low and hoarse. "It is her ninth birthday."

In fact, Emily refused to get to know Vincent in the first place. She did not think that he would become her husband. She just

treated him as a noble that could be taken advantage of. However, he was a good noble and would not mind being used by her.

However, the development of their relationship was somewhat subtle. He saved her, protected her, and even got stabbed by her, but he never minded and kept staying with her. She decided to compromise and became his woman.

Now that she had been with him for so long, she had gotten used to his company and took him as her man. No, to be exact, she had taken him as her husband.

Therefore, she ignored Arabella's provocation, and she felt nothing when hearing the 'substitute' that Harold mentioned on the phone. She occasionally heard a name from the old men who were here to teach her painting.

Although she was confused about who this person was, she never asked because her intuition told her that this girl was gone. Moreover, this girl may be someone close to Vincent and a scar on him.

She didn't want to tear it.

Vincent sat on the chair, raised his hand and got her on his lap. He flipped the sketch book and said in a low voice, "She likes drawing very much. She started learning it when she was three. Later at a banquet, those old men took a fancy to her and fought to teach her how to draw."

Emily whispered, "She painted very well."

"Those old men said the same." Vincent held her hand with his face on her shoulder. He took a deep breath and said, "She had a car accident. She took my car and had an accident on the way home."

Emily did not say anything. She just looked down at the painting in her hand. It was a blue sea. The wave surged and white bubbles could be seen. There were four lines of footprints on the beach. Two lines were big and two lines were small.

### He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

She caressed the footprints with one hand and then reached out her other hand to stroke Vincent's black hair. She combed it like she did to a small animal. Her movements were so gentle. Vincent tilted his head and bit her neck. Emily raised her head in pain and her lips were covered by the man. He kissed her gently



and madly. There was a faint smell of nicotine emitted from his teeth. Mixed with his unique scent, he was domineering and cold. The aura struck straight at Emily's chest, making her hard to breathe.

"Vincent?"

His strength became heavier and heavier, and Emily felt a bloody taste. She pushed him away by force. The man's eyes were bloodshot. He lowered his head and for the first time, he revealed a different emotion in front of Emily. There were loneliness, pain and sadness.

"I regret letting her ride in my car."

Emily suddenly felt a pain in her heart. Her ring gave out a dark blue light and it was gone in an instant. She deeply felt Vincent's sorrow and sadness, but she could do nothing.

The raindrops hit on the window. Only then did Emily realize that it was raining. Rex's voice carrying anxiety sounded from outside the study, "Mr. Vincent, let's go back, okay?"

Emily got off Vincent's lap. The moment she got down, she saw that Vincent's face was distorted. His forehead was covered in sweat and his eyes were scarlet. He held it back and said to Emily, "Get out."

Emily shouted, "Rex, hurry up and come in!"

Then, she squatted down and grabbed Vincent's hand and asked, "How can I alleviate the pain?"

"I'll hurt you. Go." Vincent shook her hand off and stood up while grabbing the back of the chair. He was very strong, and the back of the chair was almost broken.

Outside the door, Rex and a few guards hurried over. They got him back to his room and then closed the door.

Not long after, the guards came out. They put the things in their hands away and then lingered at the door.

"What's going on?" Emily asked, "Is there no cure?"

The guards did not speak.

Emily was anxious. "Say something!"

This was the first time the guards had seen her get so pissed off.

They looked at each other but none of them dared to speak.

After all, Emily, who was standing in front of them, said that Vincent would die the first time she met him.

Rex happened to come out of the room and saw Emily's angry face, so he stepped forward and said, "Miss Emily, the doctor

said they couldn't cure Mr. Vincent."

"What disease?" Emily calmed down and looked at him as she asked.

"The bullet wasn't lethal." Rex lowered his head and said, "But that bullet was poisoned with a toxin of a frog from the rainforest."

Emily remembered the scar on Vincent's thigh when she was on the viewing platform. Rex continued, "Mr. Vincent will feel an excruciating pain every rainy season."

Emily faltered, "Is there any way to alleviate the pain?"

"It..." Rex looked at her.

Emily noticed hesitation in his eyes and grabbed him and asked, "There is a way, isn't it?"

Rex looked at her awkwardly. "Kind of."

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Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 167 The Base

A few minutes later, Emily opened the door and walked in. The room was dark and the furnace was lit. The room was dry and scorching. She sweated the moment she entered.

He arrived at the bedside. Vincent was covered with a quilt and was breathing heavily. Occasionally, he would smash his fist against the wall and create a deafening sound.

Emily turned on the light and saw Vincent sweating massively under the quilt due to the heat and pain. She took a few steps forward and heard Vincent panting heavily. "Get out!"

Emily shook her head, "I won't."

The man's eyes were bloodshot. He stared at her, gritted his teeth and shouted at the door, "Rex."

No one answered.

Emily stepped forward to wipe the sweat off his forehead and pressed her hand on his arm which had bulging veins on it.

Then, she bent down and kissed his lips. She drank wine, and there was a smell of alcohol in her mouth.

Vincent suddenly grabbed her back, but he didn't push her.

Instead, he took her into his arms and bit her lips crazily.

"Mr. Vincent has taken sleeping pills, but when the pain is unbearable, sleeping pills will be useless." Rex's voice sounded in Emily's mind. "As long as he is calmed down, he may fall

asleep, although it is unlikely."

Emily stretched out her hand to stroke Vincent's hair and comforted him. She did not notice that her lips were bleeding from his bite...

Rex and the guards waited for more than ten minutes at the door. They were a little worried and wanted to go in. Christy came out with a mask, followed by the little robot.

"Where's Emily?" Christy was in a hurry. She stopped and asked Rex, "Tell her that I will be out for some time."

Without waiting for Rex's response, she had reached the stairs and disappeared in the blink of an eye.

Rex was speechless.

She was really fast.

Christy took a taxi to her secret base-an Internet cafe in an alley. When she got off the taxi, she discovered that the little robot was following her. It was stuck to her bag. She sighed and then put the little thing into the bag and patted it. She warned it, "Don't run around."

The place where she got off was a distance away from her destination. When she arrived, she was soaked by rain, and her hair was stuck against her forehead. She run her hand through her hair and regretted not wearing a hoodie.

After entering the Internet cafe, the cashier did not raise his head and asked, "ID card?"

Christy tapped on the table. The cashier looked up and saw her. He smiled, "Christy! Would you like bubble tea or orange juice? I'll get it for you."

Christy walked to the private room on the second floor. "A glass of water is fine."

The first floor was shrouded in smoke. Even if there was a no-smoking sign, there were still people violating the rules. But this place was remote and there would be no business if smokers were chased away. Everyone just endured it.

There was a black iron door on the second floor. There was a lock on the door. Anyone who was accidentally here would turn around and leave when he saw the lock. However, Christy walked forward and opened the door.

Apart from sofa, there were about forty to fifty chairs on the second floor. At this moment, they were all taken and everyone

present lowered their heads and did not make a sound. The atmosphere was weird. Noah was standing by the window, smoking.

Christy walked over and greeted some people she knew, but none of them looked good and they did not respond.

Christy walked to the window and patted Noah on the shoulder.

"What's going on?"

"Do you remember them?" Noah extinguished the cigarette, closed the window and turned around. One of his hands was wetted by the rain. He took a piece of handkerchief from the table and wiped it. He pouted and signaled Christy to look at the sofa.

"Yeah." Christy looked at the people on the sofa. There were four middle-aged men and a middle-aged woman. They were the family members of the children saved.

"The children are dead." Noah threw the handkerchief into the bust bin and said indifferently, "The night before yesterday, they all died."

"What?" Christy thought she was hallucinating. She opened her eyes wide in surprise and looked at the people sitting on the sofa. She said in a daze, "How...?"

Noah faced the window. He had black circles, so it was obvious that he did not rest well these past days. Also, he had stubble around his lips. His clothes seemed to be the same one he wore the day before yesterday. He didn't change it. He had always lived a meticulous life. However, his sloppy appearance did not attract Christy's attention.

"Then they..." Her mind was still in a mess, and she couldn't accept what she heard just now.

"Don't you understand?" Noah stared at her with a cruel smile.

"All of them."

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No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

Almost as soon as he finished speaking, someone in the hall stood up.

"Mr. Noah, I regret joining you!" A man pounded his chest and said, "If we hadn't joined you, our child would be alive."

Someone immediately echoed.

"That's right."

"Now that the children are dead, who will give us an explanation?"

"The police took no actions. The murderer is in prison, so who killed my child?" A middle-aged woman said with a sharp voice. Christy walked over and tried to placate her, "Don't be anxious."

"Don't be anxious? My child is dead! She's dead!" The middle-aged woman shouted with a shrill voice, "You saved her, but she's still dead!"

One after another, people stood up. They all had worried and frightened faces. "I don't want to look for my child anymore. I want her to live well, not..."

"It's so painful. Have you ever felt the feeling of regaining what you lost but then seeing your child die in front of you?"

Someone cried.

The middle-aged woman cried bitterly, "My child disappeared for a year. I found her and stayed with her for less than a week before she died in her room. She was writing a diary at that time and she said that she missed us very much..."

All of a sudden, the hall was filled with crying. A middle-aged man walked up to Christy and asked, "I came here just to quit. Can you cross my name off?"

Christy's eyes turned red, but she didn't say anything. Noah walked up to the front and expressionlessly said, "Yeah."

Christy looked at him and burst into tears.

For five years, they had worked hard for these people, and all their efforts were in vain because they wanted to quit.

"I'll leave it to you." Noah handed her a handkerchief and patted her on the shoulder. "Why you crying? We have a long way to go."

Christy took the handkerchief and wiped away her tears, "Alright."

Noah walked in the rain all the way. He didn't know where to go. He couldn't go to the villa. He took money from someone and gave it to Emily as a favor. At this moment, he was on guard against the owner and didn't dare to go near the villa.

His suit was soaked by the rain. He remembered that he hadn't eaten for two days, so he decided to find a place to eat.

However, when he looked up and saw the food in the advertisements, the delicate cuisines turned into bloody

corpses.

He hugged his head, then raised it and shouted in the rain.

What did they get?

Over the past five years, he risked his life to save those children, but the result was that they all died overnight.

Were they wrong?

Noah lay on the ground and grinned. He couldn't tell whether it was rain or tears. His eyes were as red as blood as if someone had stabbed him.

Screeches sounded one after another, mixed with the sound of curses. Such sounds added a touch of restlessness to the bad weather.

"Holy shit! How can there be a madman lying on the damn ground?!"

"Are you blind?! Get out of the way!"

"Screw you!"

It was probably the last curse that aroused Noah's unpleasant memories. He got up from the ground, opened the door of the car that was parked behind him, and dragged the driver out. One after another, he punched the driver on the face until he was badly mutilated...

The surrounding people replaced their curse with fear.

"Oh my God! Someone's killing!" \_\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 168 Put Them on

When Ferne received the call, he was dealing with drunken troubles in the room. He put the call in his ear and answered the phone, "Ferne, the person you asked me to pay attention to, Noah, he is here."

"What?" Ferne didn't quite understand.

"He's been detained, because he hit someone on the street and committed intentional assault. He's sitting in the interrogation room without saying a word. It's all thanks to you showing me his picture. Otherwise, I wouldn't have recognized him..."

"I'll go over later. Help me keep an eye on him." Ferne was about to hang up when he added, "Bring some clean clothes, including shoes and socks."

After Ferne came out of the garage, he saw the rain falling from the sky through the car glass, and his mind was clear.

However, he couldn't understand why Noah had got himself into the police station. Was it a new plan?

When Ferne arrived at the police station and saw Noah in the interrogation room, he was impressed by Noah. If it was a new plan, then it would be freaking awesome, because he completely believed it!

Noah sat on the chair, with the mud and water on his suit. His face was bruised, caused by the crowd who came to stop him. His entire body was dripping. The police also knew how to do things. They put a big basin under his seat and his entire body was in it. If the water dripped down, it would only drip into the basin and not wet the floor.

He lowered his head, with his hair wet against his scalp. The joints of his back neck bulged as he lowered his head, and his two long arms drooped. He looked at the ground for nothing. The officer in front of him tapped the table a few times but couldn't get his attention. If it wasn't for the reputation of the police station, these policemen would have already hit him. Ferne walked into the interrogation room and handed a few packets of Marlboro to them before saying, "Sorry, he is my friend, and he is in a bad mood."

"Oh, he is your friend. If you had told us earlier, we would have found him a blanket..."

"Thanks. I brought some clothes."

After saying that, everyone in the room stared at the bag in his hand.

Ferne came here prepared, but it was clear that Noah didn't call him for help. Who told him?

Ferne saw that everyone's curious and suspicious, so he lied, "I've been looking for him on the streets. I'm afraid that he'll get wet so I take his clothes with me. Thanks to a brother in the police station recognized him..."

Ferne was acknowledged to be generous when he was in the police station. People didn't know where he came from, however, they were willing to be friends with him because he was bold and forthright. Although everyone on the team called him brother, they knew very little about him. Now, after he said that, they immediately forgot to think about which team had told him the information. Instead, they kept guessing which

team had such a good relationship with him that they actually knew his friends?

The people from the interrogation room came out and brought Noah out. Ferne punched him when he saw him, "You big idiot! Isn't it just a break-up? Ah! There are so many women in the world! Do you have to like that? Look at yourself, if I were that woman, I would break up with you, too!"

When Noah heard his voice, he raised his head and looked at him indifferently.

Ferne immediately felt that he must be thinking of revenge. He patted him on the shoulder as if he was trying to remedy the situation, "Go home. I will take you home and find you a new beautiful girlfriend."

Everyone finally understood, "That is why he caught a stranger and beat him up. The person's face was completely disfigured. Ferne, you have to compensate. His family member is still asking for compensation and apology..."

"Forget about apology. What if they start to fight again, don't you think?" Ferne took out a small bag from the bag and opened it. There were a few stacks of money inside. He stuffed the bag into someone's hand and said, "It's a cold day. I brought you some food." He whispered, "You guys can do whatever you want. I'll take him away. Thank you, guys."

He patted them on the shoulders before leaving, then pulled Noah out.

The car at the door had already turned on the heating. As soon as they got in, Ferne threw the bag of clothes to him. "Hurry up and put them on. Don't dirty my car."

Noah remained silent and lowered his head to take off his clothes. His joints and fingers were frozen stiff. It took him a long time to unbutton a button. After that, he tore the shirt when he frowned to twist the button. The buttons were everywhere, and one of them directly bounced onto the car glass.

Ferne cried out, "Be careful! That shirt cost me a lot!"

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
"Why are you still wearing these? You haven't changed your clothes in two days? Holy shit, haven't you? What happened to



you?"

Noah did not answer him. He took off his shirt and trousers. Finally, he sat naked in the back seat. It was warm inside the car, and he just sat there and did not move at all.

Ferne looked at the rearview mirror and said, "Damn, can you put on your clothes? There's a DUI driver not far away. If they see a naked man in my car, what do they think?"

However, no matter what he said, Noah remained silent.

Ferne took a shorter route and drove to the hotel garage. Then, he looked back and said, "What happened to you? What happened that night? Why didn't you say anything?"

Noah finally raised his head, but his gaze was not on him, but on the windshield.

Ferne turned around in confusion and saw a woman standing in front of the car, his wife.

"Holy shit!"

At this moment, Ferne felt that such a crazy thing happened to him was definitely because he had committed too many sins in his previous life!

He thought that it was almost dark now. Besides, there weren't many cars nearby, but he had forgotten about his wife. Her parking space was right next to his!

"Ferne, come down." Lili Jones knocked on the window of the car.

Ferne shouted at Noah, who was sitting in the back seat, "Hurry up and put on the clothes! Damn it!"

Lili stood in front of the car door and asked, "Who is he in your car?"

Ferne closed the car door and looked through the window. He never kept secrets, and his window did not have that kind of private protective film. As long as someone from outside looked at the window, they could see Noah's sturdy broad shoulders, thin waist, and straight and powerful legs.

"Listen, it's raining outside. His clothes are wet. Then he was changing in the car. He just took off his clothes and was ready to change..."

Lili interrupted him coldly. Her artificial face was pulling a gentle smile and her eyes were spitting fire, "I thought you were just frigid before, but I know that you aren't sexless but impotent after we married several years. But now I realized that I was

wrong. Turns out you like men."

Ferne, "What?"

Lili slapped Ferne, "You big bastard, you lied to me!"

"..."

Ferne grabbed her hand and said, "Wait a moment, you're being too dramatic. Really, I can explain."

"I won't listen!" Lili covered her ears.

Ferne released her hand and shrugged, "Forget it if you don't listen to me."

"..."

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Chapter 169 What Was the Matter with Him?

Lili's face was covered in tears, her lips were smiling, but her eyes looked angry, "You should grab me and explain it to me. Tell me that it wasn't like this, tell me that you love me, tell me!"

Ferne said in distress, "This is quite difficult. I really don't love you."

"Then why did you marry me?!" Lili stopped crying. She looked at him with a smile, but her face was so stiff that Ferne didn't want to look at it. He turned to look at the car beside him.

"I've told you many times," Ferne said helplessly, "My family wants me to get married, and you want to get married. So, I did what everyone wanted and married you."

"Ferne!" Lili raised her hand again, "You bastard!"

However, this slap did not land on his face. Ferne originally wanted to take it and was waiting with his eyes closed. After a few seconds, he opened his eyes and saw Lili walking towards the back seat, pulling open the car door and pointing at Noah, "You bitch, you must have seduced my husband!"

Noah coldly glanced at her. He sat there naked. His private part was covered by a shirt, but the muscles and male hormones were exposed in the air.

"You look like a...", Lili stared at his muscular chest and sniffed. She turned around and asked doubtfully, "Ferne, are you the bottom?"

"Why would you think so just by looking at him?" Ferne collapsed. He took a few steps forward and said, "No, I'm not the bottom. No, I don't have anything to do with him!"

Seeing that he was so anxious, Lili smiled miserably, "You really are a bottom. No wonder you don't want to have sex with me."  
"..."

His life was too difficult, Ferne thought to himself while covering his chest with a hand.

"Noah, say something!" He patted the car window.

"You want him to cover for you, don't you? You don't dare to admit what you did! What a hypocrite!" Lili pointed at him and cursed, "You are not a man!"

Ferne couldn't communicate with her. He pulled her aside and said to the person in the back seat, "Noah, I helped you a lot. How can you do this to me?"

Noah took his clothes out of the car and stood barefoot on ground and started to put on the clothes. As he got dressed, the movements of the muscles on his body could be seen clearly. Lili had seen many sturdy and majestic men. But this was the first time she had seen a man who looked sturdy naked and gentle with clothes on. The eyebrow slit made his face even manlier.

She was stunned for a moment. Noah turned around, zipped up his trousers, and looked at Lili. Then, he turned to Ferne and said in a hoarse voice, "This woman is so ugly that I can't even be aroused by her."

"..."

Ferne was shocked!

Although it was true, you couldn't say it in front of her!

Lili touched her face and took a few steps back before saying, "How can you call me ugly? Do you know how much money I have spent on my face? How can you say that?"

Noah took a few steps forward, but Lili followed him, "Stop! Who are you? When did you and my husband get together? How dare you say that my face isn't good-looking!"

The woman's mouth was like a machine gun as she shot out words non-stop. Noah turned around with an unhappy expression and hit her on the neck. Lili went unconscious and fell to the ground.

Ferne then remembered to help her and said to Noah, "You're crazy! You dared to hit my wife!"

Noah glanced at him.

Ferne gave him a thumbs up, "Good job!"

Noah, "..."

What was the matter with him?

\*\*

"Thank you for coming here on such a rainy day."

"It's OK."

Jaquan brought Collin to the door and said in a low voice,

"Seriously? It was only a intravenous infusion. Why did a surgeon need to come here?"

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Collin smiled and said, "We are neighbors. It's appropriate for me to come here because we live close."

"Come on, don't be a smart mouth with me. You are not for each other. Don't think about it anymore. Just give up." Jaquan opened the door and waved at him as if ready to see him out.

"Then are you for each other?" Collin didn't leave and glanced at Jaquan with his narrow eyes.

"Me? Can't you see I'm trying to save you?" Jaquan glared at him angrily.

Collin looked at him carefully, "I didn't see it. But I see that you are obstructing me, as if you want to compete with me."

"Compete?" Jaquan pointed at himself, "Me? Are you kidding?"

Collin shrugged, "It's nice that you don't want to compete with me. I'll come back tomorrow."

"Get lost." Jaquan pushed him out, posing to close the door.

"Wait a moment," Collin stretched out his hand and pushed open the door, "Remember not to let her out of bed and massage her calves before she goes to sleep...." Then he paused for a moment and said, "Forget it, I'll go ask her for her WeChat account."

"She doesn't have a phone," Jaquan shrugged and reminded him.

Collin nodded and retreated, "Well, I'll bring a phone tomorrow."

"..."

Jaquan closed the door and thought to himself that perhaps this idiot really meant it. He could not stop Collin, so he should remind Emma to stop dreaming. After all, it was not that easy to

marry into the Mueller family.

Jaquan heard another knock on the door.

He walked to the door and shouted, "She's already asleep. I'm going to sleep too. Don't come back again."

"Alright," A familiar voice came from outside the door.

Wait.

Was it Mrs. Cox's voice?

Jaquan opened the door and saw that there were boxes of food, heat preservation kettles, and a large bag of fruit on the floor.

When he looked up, he saw that his mother had already reached the corner. Seeing that he had come out, she turned around and gestured to him, "Come on, son! You can do this"

Jaquan, "..."

Mom, you misunderstood!

"Mom, you really misunderstood. It's not what you think...,"

Jaquan called Mrs. Cox after taking the items in.

Mrs. Cox was in the elevator, so she couldn't hear him clearly,

"What? Want some shrimp? What shrimp? Crawfish?"

"..."

Jaquan was tired, "Mom, don't come here anymore. I don't need you to bring me anything. I'll buy it myself. Besides, you don't have to worry about what she eats...."

"What? What do you want to buy? She likes to eat the things you bought?" Mrs. Cox asked.

Jaquan, "..."

It was too exhausting. He should just hang up.

Jaquan rubbed his eyes, "Mom, it's nothing. You can hang up.

Go to bed early."

"Alright, son!"

"..."

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Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 170 Difficult to Muddle Through

Stony came out of the room, and saw many fruits on the table.

He put the fruits on a plate and then put the bag into the cabinet neatly.

Jaquan thought he was so sensible and adorable. Other children at four or five were still playing around. But he already learned to put the fruit on a plate and put away the bags.

"Stony, serve yourself." Jaquan said.

"Thank you, Mr. Jaquan." The Stony did not take anything. Jaquan opened the thermos pot. It was porridge. He poured it into three bowls. Then he placed two of them on the tray and said, "Take this as well and give it to your mother." Stony tried to take the bowl carefully. Seeing that, Jaquan put down his bowl and said to him, "Alright, stay here. I'll take it for her."

"Thank you, Mr. Jaquan." Stony obediently replied. Jaquan picked it up and realized something was wrong. He could take a bowl. When turned around, he saw Stony squatting beside the table and drinking porridge. He could only sigh lightly. Alright.

When he entered the room, Emma was lying on her side on the bed with a drip on one hand. She might feel a little cold, so she was rubbing that hand.

When Jaquan came in, she thought that it was Stony. Her face was pressed against her arm, so she said in a muffled sound. "Baby, do you want pancake sold at the community entrance?" As Jaquan was about to speak, Emma continued, "Forget it. That would make a mess. But I can't get off bed and clean it up now. We'd better eat something else."

This was the first time Jaquan saw her like this. She was no longer cold, but very gentle, even like a spoiled child. "But it tastes good..." Emma moved under the quilt. "I didn't eat it for a long time. I really want to eat it..."

Jaquan pretended that he just arrived and knocked on the door. Then, he said, "I'm coming in."

Emma paused for a moment before turning around. She didn't see anyone else in the room. Then she looked at Jaquan with a weird expression.

Did he hear that?

Jaquan placed the porridge beside her bed and said, "My mother sent it over. Eat it before it gets cold."

Emma thanked him and asked, "Where's Stony?"

"He's eating porridge outside."

"Oh, I see."

Seeing that she was unwilling to talk to him, Jaquan immediately left.

Stony was meditating in the living room ... Yes, he sat there with

his eyes closed and legs crossed as if he was meditating. He sat straight as if he entered his own world.

Jaquan knew that after that, he still had to stand upside down against the wall for half an hour. Then, he would stand holding his legs. After all these practices, he still had to read for a while. He had already read more than twenty pages of the encyclopedia that Collin brought over. And he had to continue reading every night. Occasionally, he would tell Emma about it. Then, the door closed, blocking all sounds out.

Jaquan regretted when he brought Emma and Stony back. He was reluctant to do so because he thought he made a great sacrifice for Collin. He also wanted to repay Emma for saving Arabella's life. In short, it had nothing to do with himself. But when he came back from work, he could see Stony standing behind the door and politely handed over his slippers. He smiled and called, "Mr. Jaquan!"

At that moment, he changed his mind. He was happy and yearning for someone waiting at home. He enjoyed this feeling. Just a pancake. He would buy it.

It was still raining outside. Jaquan bought three pancakes on a takeout app. But he didn't know Emma's taste, and she probably didn't want to tell him, so he walked over to Stony and asked, "Can your mother eat spicy food?"

"Yes." Stony said as he suddenly opened his eyes. "My mother loves spicy food, but the doctor said that she can't eat it these days."

Jaquan nodded. Then he remarked no spicy and paid.

Just as he finished it, the phone rang. He walked to the balcony and picked up the phone. It was still raining outside. The sky was pitch-dark.

Randy's voice was deafening amidst the game background.

"Holy shit, is Arabella at your home?"

Jaquan did not react, "What?"

"My mother called me today and said that you have a girlfriend. And you live together now. She is Arabella, right? Things are going so well with you two now?"

"..."

Jaquan was speechless. He didn't expect Mrs. Cox told him so quickly. He sighed. "No."

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"So who is she?" Randy was probably a little dumbfounded as he walked out of the noisy game room and walked in a quiet rest room.

Jaquan didn't want to explain, but only said, "You don't know her."

"I know her?" Randy quickly got the point and guessed, "We have only a few common female friends. And I always stay indoors. I know even fewer..."

Jaquan interrupted him, "You haven't seen her before."

"I've seen her before?"

"..."

Jaquan was speechless. It was hard to muddle through.

"Randy, are you so bored?"

Randy watched the clock and said, "I found time to call you. I will hang up and leave for a game."

"Why are you so gossipy?" Jaquan said in a disdainful tone.

"You said you missed me when you got the car accident. I thought that I am more charming than Arabella in your eyes. Luckily, you're still normal. You already have a girlfriend, so I'm relieved..." Randy hurriedly hung up as soon as he finished speaking.

Jaquan stood alone on the balcony, reflecting on what he had said. When he understood, his face darkened.

Damn it, why was this idiot so confident?

A minute later, Randy called again and said, "I forgot to ask you, why did you suddenly have a girlfriend? And she is actually not Arabella!"

"..."

He was so troublesome that Jaquan hung up the phone directly. Not long after, Randy sent a text message, "I will tell Arabella." Jaquan was worried, so he explained why he brought Emma to his home and said he was just saving the elite and repaying her for saving his life.

Randy knew he loved Arabella, so he believed it. Before hanging up, he said, "Control yourself. Love will come in time."

Jaquan almost sneered, "You think too much. I would never love her."

The doorbell rang. It should be the food delivery. He hung up



the phone and opened the door. It was a middle-aged woman in raincoat. She smiled kindly and said, "I am the landlady. Since you are our neighbor, I send it by myself. I'll know who it is next time. Mr. Jaquan, right? I've seen you before. Here are your four pancakes."

"Thank you." Jaquan took it.

The woman looked at the women's shoes and children's shoes on the shoe cabinet and immediately understood. She said as she closed the door, "Then I won't disturb you. If you like, order it next time."

"Alright."

As the door closed, Stony walked over. He probably never ate this before, and he was a little curious.

Jaquan handed him one and pointed to the room. "Give it to her first."

Stony smiled and said, "Thank you." He took the pancake and went to the room. Soon, he ran back happily and asked Jaquan in surprise, "Mr. Jaquan, how did you know that mom likes this?"

"What?" Jaquan raised his eyebrows proudly.

"Mom is very happy. She sat up as soon as I got to the door."

Emma coughed for being choked. Then she shouted, "Stony!"

Stony quickly covered his mouth.

Jaquan rubbed his head and handed him the other bag. Then, they sat on the sofa and ate pancakes while watching the children's channel.

Jaquan ate half of it and thought seriously. This pancake looked normal, but tasted good.

He would also buy it tomorrow.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 171 He Was Shocked

At a presidential suite of the Dalton Hotel.

Lili woke up and found herself lying on the sofa. On the other side of the dining table, two men were eating. One was straddling there in a bathrobe. His powerful legs were hairy. Her husband, Ferne, was sitting opposite to that man. Lili never understood what was wrong with Ferne. He married her but kept distance. He did not go home or talk to her. However, neither of them asked for a divorce. It seemed that they were

waiting for each other to say that first. Or it made no difference for him to divorce. Just one more person at home would not affect him.

They had nothing to say even stayed together. She liked to dress herself up. Clothes, cosmetics and bags meant everything to her, while he seemed to only like hotels, and clients meant everything to him.

When she was shopping with her friends, one of them said, "Your husband seems to be in a hotel..."

She laughed, "That's impossible!"

She knew Ferne well. If he liked, he would have cheated on her several years ago. However, her friend teased, "It seems to be a man."

She was suddenly agitated.

Over the past few years, she boasted that she knew her husband well, but she did not even know his simplest preferences, and she even knew less about his habits than the servants at home.

She suspected that he had something wrong for many times. She could accept that, no matter he had been injured, or he was impotent. After all, she liked Ferne, not for anything else.

However, when she hesitated at the hotel entrance, she saw Ferne rush out anxiously. She did not chase after him. She just drove to the hotel garage and waited.

If he did not come back, she would forget it as nothing happened. She could convince herself. As long as Ferne did not divorce with her, she would never do so. However, Ferne drove back.

He even brought back a naked man.

That man could not be the bottom. At that time, she was shocked and suddenly understood, but she could hardly believe that. She got complex feelings in an instant. In fact, she was so sad that she wanted to cry. However, she couldn't because she had plastic surgeries.

At this moment, she sat on the sofa and looked at the two men eating face to face. Suddenly, she said, "Ferne, let's divorce." Ferne chewed on the steak before he said, "Why? Do you think it's easy to get divorced? Pre-and post-marital property. You could even get half my hotel..."

"I don't want your hotel. I have money." Lili interrupted him and said, "I will leave everything for you. Let's divorce."

Ferne stopped and looked at her seriously. "No. You should divorce with me when you find the next husband. It's not easy for a woman to find that after the divorce."

"Ferne!" Lili stood up. She was wearing high heels. She almost sprained her ankle by her sudden movement. She stood straight and glanced at Noah, who was still eating. She said with sorrow. "If you really cared about me, you shouldn't have done so."

Ferne felt aggrieved, but he didn't explain. So he continued to eat the steak and drank red wine.

This was cool.

Lili looked at him sadly, "You don't like women, but why did you date me? You're lying to me, to my family, and to your parents..."

Ferne finally understood where it was heading to. If his parents knew about this, they would want to kill him. He looked at the culprit in front of him. He was leisurely cutting the steak and tasting the best red wine.

Ferne was immediately upset, "I sacrificed a lot for you. Explain it yourself." He wiped the mouth and walked out. A drunk made trouble in the room. He didn't know how the manager handled this, so he had to go for a look.

There were only Noah and Lili in the room. She stood there and watched him slowly cut the steak. The aluminum knife made a sharp sound on the plate, making Lili uneasy. She was a little afraid of him...

Ten minutes later, Ferne met the smiling Lili in the hall. She waved her hand at him and took the elevator to the garage happily ... Wait, why was she so happy?

Noah, didn't you...

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Ferne calmed himself down. He shouldn't. Noah was so picky.

He went upstairs at ease. After entering the presidential suite, he asked, "What did you do? Why is my wife so happy?"

Noah was lying on the bed. His bathrobe was loose, revealing his broad and sturdy pectoral and abdominal muscles. His skin color was slightly black, which made him manly.

Even Ferne envied that. He looked away and sat down on the

chair to pour himself a glass of red wine. Noah said with his eyes closed, "I recommended her a plastic surgery hospital." He was choked.

Ferne spat out the red wine. He goggled at Noah in disbelief. He could only speak out one word.

"What?"

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The next morning.

The rain stopped in the midnight. The air in the morning was fresh and cool. Emily opened the window to breathe in the fresh air, and then she went into the bathroom for a bath. She looked through the mirror and saw there were many bruises on her neck. She touched it. It hurt, and it might disappear in at least two to three days.

She changed into a turtleneck sweater and went out. Rex was standing at the door and handed her an ointment. "Apply it twice a day. You will feel better soon."

"Thank you." Emily took the ointment and asked before walking in, "Where's Vincent?"

She got up at six o'clock to read medical books, taking good use of every second.

"Thanks to Miss Emily, Mr. Vincent is still asleep." Rex said thankfully.

Emily didn't know how Vincent had go through the rainy days, but hearing Rex's words, she felt somewhat uncomfortable. After applying the ointment, she walked in the training room. Christy was not here. She looked at guard and asked, "Didn't Christy come back last night?"

Guard lowered his head and replied, "No."

Emily took out her phone and sent a message to Christy.

"Why didn't you come back?"

A moment later, Christy replied, "I have things to do outside. I'll be back tonight."

Emily put away her phone. She did not join the tournament. She just stood under the arena and watched the guards compete. She wanted to join them, but she lowered her head and looked at her wrist. Because she was grabbed forcefully, there were a bruise and fingerprints on her wrist.

Thinking of last night, she recalled Vincent's suppressed expression and his hoarse voice. She also remembered that he

hugged her tightly under the blanket.

The guards suddenly got nervous. Then, they all jumped off the arena and quickly disappeared. Emily did not know what had happened. It seemed that they got some trouble, so she followed them.

Before getting downstairs, she heard a woman's voice from the first floor. " ... He is still sleeping. Is he sick?"

Emily had never heard this voice before. \_\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 172 It Doesn't Hurt

Emily took a few steps down and saw a woman at the end of the stairs. She wore a red overcoat, which was rather eye-catching. There was a look of pride on her face. This woman must have grown up in a wealthy and loving family. There was obvious arrogance in her eyes. She looked relaxed and elegant. She had a slender and enchanting figure with full breast and bottom. She wore a pair of cool black leather trousers that revealed the perfect curve of her legs. It made her look sexy. The woman raised her head and saw Emily. She was surprised. Then she turned around and asked Rex, "Hey, who is she? I heard that Mr. Vincent's sister have..."

Rex immediately interrupted her, "This is Miss Emily Britt. She saved Mr. Maury in the banquet last time. He quite likes her and has asked her to stay here for a few days."

Rex then looked at Emily and said, "Miss Emily, this is the daughter of the chairman of Zayne Science and Technology."

Emily remembered hearing of this person before. The guards described her as "the daughter of the chairman of Zayne, a beauty with a nine head figure."

"Miss Britt?" The woman seemed to know nothing about the Britts. She tilted her head and thought for a few seconds. Then she smiled at Emily, "Hello, my name is Irene Potter."

She had an air of sophistication obtained from frequent social engagement. She stared at Emily and asked, "Aren't you coming down? It hurts my neck to talk to you from here."

She didn't beat around the bush. It was a straightforward woman.

Emily stood there and said in baby's voice, "Nice to see you, Miss Irene."

Then she turned around and went upstairs.

Irene was a little surprised, "Hey, what does she mean?"

Rex didn't know why the little Hulk played dumb again, but he had to explain that to Irene. Therefore, he sighed and said, "When Miss Emily was seven years old, she had a high fever. It caused serious damage to her brain. And now her intelligence is equivalent to that of a seven-year-old child."

The guards twitched their eyebrows as they heard the nonsense.

"Oh... I see. She does look like a child, but she's pretty." Irene said sympathetically. But then she sat on the sofa and opened the mobile phone memo, "What's the color of Mr. Vincent's bed and quilt?"

Rex was shocked.

He cleared his throat, "Miss Irene, Mr. Vincent doesn't like people to ask about his personal affairs."

"Is it personal?" Irene was a little annoyed and said, "I am going to buy an apartment. I need to know his style so that I can ask people to decorate the bedroom. I am just asking. I didn't even get into his bedroom."

She wanted to buy an apartment for Mr. Vincent and herself?

"Miss Irene, Mr. Vincent rarely shows an interest in women."

After saying that, Rex recalled the bruise on the little Hulk's neck. He felt a little guilty for lying.

"Come on. That's because he doesn't like them." Irene smiled.

She stood up and walked to the stairs. She looked up and said, "A woman can succeed as long as she takes the initiative. He has turned down so many women. But I must be special to him. I have been trying for so long, and he hasn't turned me away."

Rex was speechless. No. You were the same with those women. He didn't turn you down just because your father was a business partner, Miss Irene!

"Forget it. I'll wait at the door." Irene picked up her gloves and walked out. When she got out of the door, she looked behind at the second floor. She saw a window open. It was the study room.

She did not know much about Vincent, but she remembered that he didn't open the window in the past a few days. Thinking of this, a shadow of smile touched her mouth.

Emily was checking the stocks in her room. She had registered an account with Harold's ID number and bank account. She bought two stocks recommended by Mr. Vincent. The prices were still falling and she saw a bright green on the phone. She put it down and began to practice handwriting. However, what popped in to her mind was Irene in her red overcoat. Red was indeed gorgeous and beautiful. Christy had impressed people when she showed up in red. She was so beautiful. No one compared to her. Naturally, Irene also knew the charm of this color, and she looked good in it.

Emily put down the pen and quickly rushed to the studio. She sat down, closed her eyes, and took a deep breath. Then she picked up the brush and dipped it with some red paint. She applied one brush of it on the paper.

It was the first time she had painted a full-length portrait. She had made several paintings of Mr. Vincent, but only his face. This time she didn't draw with pencil. She directly applied the paint. Emily drew Irene's slender waist and mixed pink and yellow for the arms. There was a diamond-embedded purse in her hand, and the golden eardrops were shining on her ears. The woman wore a pair of high heels and was striding on a red carpet. Her red lips made her even more glamorous.

Emily did not focus on the details of her face. She just tried to put on a sexy and enchanting air. Emily only painted her lips on the face, with the corner curled. The woman was smiling...

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Emily didn't stop until she finished it. She felt her waist and neck ache. She stood up and turned her head to relax. Then she saw Mr. Vincent standing behind her. She did not notice him until now.

Emily was startled. She quickly pulled down the sleeves of her sweater and lifted her collar. Then she greeted him, "Mr. Vincent."

Vincent had just got up because he had taken a high dose of sleeping pills yesterday. He still remembered what happened last night. He worried that he had hurt Emily, so he hurriedly came to see whether she was alright. He just stood there because she had concentrated on painting. The bright red on

the paper chased away the gloom in his heart. But he suddenly noticed the bruises on Emily's wrist and neck.

His eyes instantly darkened.

Emily saw his cold expression and got closer to him. Just as she was about to speak, Vincent grabbed her arm and stared at her wrist. He asked in a hoarse voice, "Have you applied some ointment?"

"Yes."

"Does it hurt?" He lowered his head and gently kissed her wrist. Emily felt itchy in the bruise. She quickly withdrew her hand and said, "No. It doesn't hurt at all."

"Let me check your neck." He reached out to her turtleneck sweater.

Emily quickly covered her neck and said, "There is ointment on it. You can't..."

Vincent was amused and curled his lips, but the smile quickly disappeared. He said, "I am not going to kiss your neck."

...

Emily put her index fingers on the corners of his mouth and curled his lips, "Mr. Vincent, you should smile more. I have read a poem by Bai Juyi (a Chinese poet of the Tang dynasty) this morning. And I thought it is exaggerating. But I just saw you smile. I think it has perfectly described your smile."

If the people outside saw Emily touch Mr. Vincent's face and squeeze a smile. They would be dumfounded. In their eyes, she was provoking a tiger.

However, Vincent just raised his eyebrows and asked, "What poem?"

"She was incomparably charming when she glanced back and smiled to me." Emily replied. And she gently slid her index finger on his lips.

...

Vincent's gloomy feeling was completely dispelled by her. He let out a low sigh and gently hugged her. He put his chin on her head and gently rubbed against her hairs. He said, "Are you trying to amuse me?" His hoarse voice sounded attractive to her.

Emily put her arms around his waist and deliberately said with jealousy, "A beauty came here just now. She wanted to see you. She is really beautiful and has a terrific figure."



Vincent smiled, "Just like you?"

"She's prettier than me." Emily raised her head and touched the tip of his nose. She warned him in a low voice, "I don't want you to like her."

Vincent lowered his head and nuzzled the tip of her nose, "OK." The guards at the door breathed a sigh of relief.

Mr. Vincent was upset on the anniversary of that person's death every year. He would get mad at trivial matters. If one of them made a mistake, all the guards would get punished. It might be to climb trees on rainy days, or even worse.

Now the little Hulk had cheered Mr. Vincent up with a few words. They felt relieved and started to like this girl.

She was the first person that made Vincent smile on the day after the anniversary. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 173 A Note

It rained yesterday, so the three old men did not come. There was no rain today. After lunch, the three of them came to the studio early.

As soon as they entered, they saw the picture of the woman in the red dress in the center and couldn't help but admire, "It's the first time I've seen someone paint a figure picture intentionally without painting the face, but it's more stunning than painting the face..."

"That's right. As soon as I came in, I was shocked by the red color. Taking a closer look, I find it absolutely amazing."

"Emily's pictures are mediocre. This is the first time she draws like this..."

"What do you mean?"

"She found something she was good at."

"That's right. I didn't see her drawing figures and thought she wasn't good at it. I didn't expect she was good at it. But why doesn't she draw the face of the figure? Is it because she doesn't know how to draw it or is it because she intentionally leaving it blank for attention?"

The three old men kept commenting on the painting, but Emily was half asleep at the moment. Rolando laughed when he saw her fall to the dining table. He said, "I've never seen a child fall asleep while eating in my life. This is the first time I've seen an

adult fall asleep when eating. What happened? Vincent last night..."

After Rolando finished speaking, he remembered that yesterday was the anniversary of Fiona's death. He immediately guessed that Vincent probably didn't sleep well all night. He suddenly stopped smiling and his face was instantly filled with melancholy and sorrow.

Emily understood the reason why he was sad and whispered, "Mr. Rolando, I'm full."

Rolando nodded and said to her, "Emily, I haven't known you for long, but I know that the girl my grandson likes must be the best. I hope that no matter what happens in the future, you must remember to protect yourself. Don't let my grandson down."

Emily looked at Rolando's serious face and nodded, "Alright. I won't let him down."

Although Rolando's words revealed some hidden information, Emily did not ask any further, nor did she mention it to guards. She packed the food for Vincent and put a note in the lunch box before going upstairs.

...

In the President's Office.

Rex handed the tablet computer to Vincent and said, "Mr. Vincent, this is the new advertising plan. Please take a look." Arabella acted as she said. She asked people to go there to take a group of videos of children crying, and put it in the end of the advertisement. After Vincent finished watching, he put it aside. Rex asked, "Mr. Vincent, Miss Arabella is still waiting for your reply. This plan...?"

"She just joined the company, it's normal that she wants to do something. Let the design department and the marketing department give her some references, and give this video and the one given by the advertising department a few days ago to her, and let them have a meeting to decide."

"I see."

A knock came from outside the door.

Rex walked over to open the door and saw Irene standing outside. She was dressed in bright red, carrying two large bags. She waved her hand at Rex and said, "Help me bring it in."

Rex didn't move, just looked back at Vincent.

Vincent raised his head and glanced at Irene, saying, "Thank you. Rex, take it."

Rex stretched out his hand to take two large bags and put them on the black jade table. They were filled with the special snacks of the major hotels, all of which were quite famous dishes.

"I'll leave after you finish it." As Irene spoke, she walked in.

When she walked to the sofa, she asked, "Can I come in and take a look?"

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"You are already in." Vincent looked at her indifferently.

Irene didn't care about his cold attitude. In her eyes, Vincent treated everyone coldly. When he faced her father, Vincent also pulled a long face. However, she and her father did not care.

Others flattered them and wanted to cooperate with the Potters. Her father did not consider it at all. Vincent always came to her home with a cold face. They knew that he came to the Potter's to cooperate, but those who did not knew thought that he came to kill and vent his anger.

Irene sat on the sofa and asked, "Aren't you coming to eat? It's getting cold soon."

Vincent did not respond and focused on the data on the computer.

Irene didn't feel sad when she was ignored. She just sat with her fingers interlocked under her chin to watch Vincent work. Then she said to Rex, "You're so lucky. You're able to stay with Vincent for so long."

Rex didn't know what to say.

"Don't you think Vincent is very handsome? I don't feel tired of watching him for a day." After Irene finished saying, she found a pillow behind her and hugged it in her arms. Then she asked, "Well, can I sit here all afternoon?"

...

There was a knock on the door. Then the door was opened from the outside. A guard came in with the lunch box in his hand. Seeing Irene sitting on the sofa, the guard's expression did not change. After putting down the lunch box, he turned around and left. However, Vincent, who had always been calm, stood up at this moment.

As Rex opened the lunch box, Vincent walked over. A note was lying in the lunch box. Rex quickly took the note and handed it to Vincent, "Mr. Vincent."

Sitting so close, Irene saw it as well. However, she didn't expect that Vincent would laugh after reading the note.

Irene stood up in surprise. She walked over to see what was written on the note, but was blocked by Rex.

"Miss Irene, you could leave now. Mr. Vincent doesn't like to be disturbed when having lunch."

Irene was still in shock. She asked curiously, "Vincent, who wrote you a note? What did it say? Why are you laughing so happily?"

Rex answered, "It was written by Mr. Trevor."

Irene did not know the Britts because in her eyes, the Britts was a small family. However, she knew the Peckers well. After all, the Peckers was an influential family. She knew a little about Trevor who had suffered from autism when he was just a few years old and had been locked up in the garret. She knew that Vincent had taken good care of Trevor over the years.

Hearing Rex's explanation, Irene was relaxed. She smiled and said to Vincent, "Alright. I'll leave now. I have something to do tomorrow, so I can only come to see you in a few days."

However, Vincent did not care what she said. Instead, he sat on the sofa with a smile. He took out his chopsticks and began to eat the dish closest to him.

These dishes were all personally packed by Emily, even the rice was personally served by her. Therefore, Vincent would always eat them up. Moreover, Rex also discovered something. Ever since the little Hulk took over Vincent's three meals, Vincent would always sit on the sofa and wait for food whenever guards delivered the lunch box. It was not the same as before. In the past, Vincent was busy until his stomach hurt before he remembered to eat the cold food.

Seeing that Vincent was eating heartily, Rex moved closer to him quietly and looked at the note that was spread flat on the coffee table. He only saw a line of words written on it.

"When she smiled, she was an extremely charming female."

Rex was speechless.

...

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

## Chapter 174 Help Her

Emily stayed in the studio for two hours in the afternoon. After she sent the three old men away, she finally had an opportunity to lie on the bed and sleep for a while. Last night, in order to appease Vincent, she did not sleep well. She held Vincent gently and combed his hair with her hand. She did not stop even if she was half asleep.

It was easy to have nightmares when taking a nap. However, Emily slept soundly because she had been exhausted recently. When she woke up, she found that it was already dark, and there was a missed call.

She took a sip of water before dialing it back.

Sydnee's voice came from the other end of the phone. She said, "Am I disturbing you?"

"No. I took a nap, so I didn't hear you. What's wrong?" Emily asked.

Sydnee sighed in frustration, saying, "I don't know who to talk to. After thinking for a while, I decide to talk to you."

"Alright. What's wrong?"

"Marquise said those words at the banquet hosted by the Scavos. My father and grandfather heard the news. They were worried that the Buckleys would do something to me. I've been comforting them. But this morning, the Buckleys suddenly sent some gifts over, which was worth twenty thousand. They are not particularly valuable but were meant to send a message. My father doesn't want me to marry Marquise. He quickly returned those gifts and introduced a man who was also from an aristocratic family to me. The man's family is also in the medicine business. My father told me to go on a blind date tomorrow. But I heard that that man has a bad reputation, but my father doesn't believe me. He thinks that I'm trying to find an excuse to avoid going on a blind date."

Perhaps Marquise had recovered from his injuries these past few days, and was worried about what Eliot had said at the banquet, so he took actions early.

Emily asked, "What do you think?"

"I don't want to marry Marquise, and I don't want to find a random person to get married."

"I'm sorry, my brother..." Emily felt like asking her brother for

help, but she didn't want to make him unhappy. Everyone said that marriage was the grave of love. Sydnee and Eliot were the two people closest to her, and she didn't want to hurt either of them.

Sydnee said, "Don't blame your brother. At that time, I was going to let Harold help me."

Emily said, "But this is a temporary solution."

"Do you also think I should find someone to get married immediately? What if that person and Marquise were the same kind of person?" Sydnee was a little worried, but she was more annoyed and uneasy.

"No." Emily walked to the balcony and looked at the sparkling light on the pool. After thinking for a moment, she said, "I want to do it once and for all."

"What do you mean?" Sydnee was surprised.

Emily had just opened the door when she saw Christy about to enter the room in the corridor. When Christy heard the door open, she turned around. Although she looked a little tired and haggard, she still looked pretty. Even without makeup, she was beautiful.

"Send me the time and place of your blind date tomorrow."

After that, Emily hung up the phone.

Christy also walked over and covered her mouth to yawn. The corners of her eyes were a little red, as if she had cried outside. However, it didn't look very obvious.

"What happened to you? May I help you?" Emily walked over and asked.

Christy glanced at Emily and shook her head.

"Did you have dinner?" Emily asked again.

Christy actually didn't have dinner. Apart from drinking some water, she didn't eat anything these past two days. However, she still nodded and forced a smile, saying, "Yes, I did. Thank you. I'm going to sleep. I'm a little tired."

The robot in Christy's bag poked its head and jumped onto Emily while Christy closed the door.

Christy was anxious, and she did not notice it. She went into the bathroom to take a bath, then dried her hair. It took her more than an hour to get out. When she came out, she was very tired and fell asleep as soon as she lay on the bed.

Emily carried the robot back to her room and asked, "What's wrong, Trevor? Do you have something to say to me?"  
The little robot didn't say anything, just faced the wall, and suddenly a video screen was projected out from its eyes.

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
Emily saw a table full of missing children's files and registration books. There were also many middle-aged women and men. There were also young people. There were too many people. It was noisy and chaotic. Immediately after, Christy's voice sounded. She was there maintaining order, but was pushed to the ground. Then she got up again.  
There were voices. Some were cursing, some were crying and the scene was chaotic.

"If it weren't for you, my child wouldn't have died!"

"So what? Even if you saved her, she was still dead! The police couldn't find any clues at all! Our child was died for nothing!"

"The murderer is at large, what's the use of me believing you! How many years have passed! Have you caught the murder? No!"

"Our child is dead, who are we looking for to claim the loss fee?"

"Who else can we claim from but you! Pay us for the damages!"

"Sorry, we don't have much money. I'm sorry about the baby, I didn't know this would happen, but I hope you could give us some time. I believe we will..." Christy was quickly silenced by people.

"Cut the crap!"

"Where is Noah? Does he not dare to come out to see us, or is he on the run?"

Christy was so angry that she trembled. She forced herself to stand there and said, "Everyone, at that time, we served everyone free of charge. We didn't care about any costs. We did everything we could to save your children. You cannot speak without conscience."

"Free? Who knows what you guys are trying to do? I understand now, you must be charging privately! Everyone must give you money privately. Otherwise, where did they get the money to help us find those children!"

"I don't care if you charge or not. I only care about my child now. My child is dead. I want you to compensate me! You have to give me 150, 000 in compensation! Not even a penny less!"

"Me too!"

"And me!"

...

Everyone in the scene showed greedy faces. Only Christy stood there and wouldn't give in. She bit her lips and nodded, "Alright. Here you go."

Then the screen was switched. Christy hid in the bathroom and bit the back of her hand while crying. After crying for a moment, she suddenly looked at the little robot and sobbed, "Thank you."

It turned out that the little robot handed Christy the tissue. Emily didn't understand, but her heart ached for Christy. She squatted down and asked, "Christy wants to save those missing children, right? But why are there so many people here asking her for compensation? Why are those children dead?"

The little robot cast its gaze on the wall once again. Emily saw that Christy used to live in a luxurious villa. In the villa, there were all kinds of photographs and newspapers on one wall, as well as notes and explanations.

The more Emily looked at it, the more shocked she became. These were the areas where the children had disappeared over the years, and the areas where the children should be located after their investigation. However, the areas that had been circled were all...

On the other wall, there were records of rescued children. From five years ago to now, they had saved more than a hundred children. Then, the scene changed again. The register recorded the death list. The day before yesterday, the children who had just been rescued had all died, and the children who had been rescued a few months ago had died for different reasons.

There were fourteen children in all. It had taken a lot of effort to save them. After the children died, Christy handed out another compensation of 150, 000 for each person, then tore the register and threw it into the bathroom. She squatted in the messy bathroom crying bitterly, not daring to make any sound yet.

"What do you want me to do?" Emily asked the little robot.



The little robot closed its eyes and the video was over. A moment later, the little robot spoke. It was Trevor's voice, "Ferne." \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 175 I Want to

"You want me to find him? What if he can do nothing about it?" Emily frowned and asked.

"I'll help him."

"You?" Emily looked at the little robot in shock and suddenly realized that she was overthinking it.

Trevor was a computer expert. Finding those missing children was easy for him. Moreover, Ferne was a policeman. If Trevor, Ferne, Christy and Noah worked together, they would definitely be able to catch those murderers.

Those children's parents struck a chill to Christy's heart.

Emily sent the little robot back to Christy's room and told a guard to send some food to her room. Then, she went to the bathroom and called Harold.

"Noah has been in the Dalton Hotel for so long. Has Ferne noticed that Noah is doing something else in private?"

Harold answered, "Emily, I almost forgot to tell you. Yesterday, Noah was sent to the police station for fighting in the street.

Mr. Ferne personally drove to pick him up."

Emily knocked on the washbasin. After thinking for a while, she said, "Then Ferne should have known about Noah. Otherwise, he wouldn't have saved Noah. Furthermore, Noah chose the Dalton Hotel. He probably knew that Ferne was a policeman and wanted to let Ferne help him save those missing children."

"If that's the case, they cheat money for..." Harold didn't go on, as if he had guessed wrongly about the two of them.

Emily nodded, saying, "These two people ... I didn't expect that they would do that."

"Miss Emily, what do you want me to do?" Harold asked.

Emily thought for a moment before asking, "How is Eliot?"

Emily knew that Eliot was injured, so she did not call him these days. She knew that Eliot would not call her on his own initiative. She could only know about his situation from Harold.

"Eliot has recovered quite well. He is able to get out of bed and walk normally. However, there are still a few serious injuries on

his face. However, no one could see his injuries with the gray powder covering his face."

Emily finally sorted out her thoughts, saying, "Alright. I want you to do two things. First, think of a way to tell Eliot about Sydnee's blind date tomorrow."

Although Harold had doubts, he didn't ask. He only replied, "Okay."

At the banquet hosted by the Scavos, it was Eliot who stirred up trouble, making it known that Marquise made a pass at Sydnee. Although everyone knew that Eliot hit Marquise for Elsie, many people saw Eliot hugging Sydnee and declaring that he was her boyfriend. Although she knew that Eliot and Sydnee didn't see much of each other, if Eliot knew that Sydnee had to go on a blind date to avoid the harassment of Marquise because of him, he would do something to compensate Sydnee.

Emily made two plans. If Eliot went to help Sydnee, she would leave this matter to him. If Eliot didn't go, she had a second plan to help Sydnee.

Emily drew a line on the mirror of the washbasin with her index finger, saying, "Second, take out the portrait of Vincent hidden under the bed in my room and frame it. Take it to the Dalton Hotel and give it to Ferne. Tell him that Vincent will come over tomorrow to buy the painting."

Hearing this, Harold immediately understood her plan and hesitated to ask, "Miss Emily, if Vincent found out, would he...?"

"No. When we make money, as long as we do not cross the legal and moral bottom line, it is a legitimate means."

"I see."

Emily thought for a moment and then said, "Send a gift to Jaquan. Although Vincent helped a lot last time, it was Jaquan who finished it. He worked hard and even personally shipped the new tea seeds. Sydnee sent him some gifts, but he didn't accept them. You inquire about what he likes, and then send him a gift that he likes. As for the money, I spent all money on the stock. You can do it after I sell a painting."

Harold nodded seriously, "Okay. With Vincent here, those paintings will definitely be sold out soon."

The silhouette on the mirror had been erased by Emily, and Harold was still asking, "What about Christy and the others?"

"When I'm strong enough, they will take the initiative to approach me, just like Noah approaching Ferne." Right now, the most important thing was to earn enough money to strengthen her own power, so that she could have the power to save those children.

Harold said, "But Mr. Ferne seems to have been beaten very badly."

...

'Forget it.'

...

Ferne sneezed four times in a row, saying, "Holy shit! Who scolded me?!"

Ferne had neglected to exercise all these years. He usually stayed in a hotel. This was his first time going out on a rainy day. The cold wind and the hot wind alternated, causing him to catch a cold.

After coming back that night, his throat started to hurt. Drinking loquat cream was useless. The next day, his cold got worse.

Ferne sneezed and the snot ran down his nose.

Ferne had been uncomfortable all day. He didn't finish reading yesterday's hotel bill until evening. He took out a napkin to wipe his nose and said in a low voice, "I feel unwell. Am I catching a cold?"

Noah was sitting there typing on the computer. He took the information he had copied and saved it on Ferne's computer. He also built a private file and set the password. Hearing Ferne's words, Noah looked up at him, saying, "Take the medicine quickly. If the medication doesn't work, get an injection."

"I don't like taking medicine, and I don't want to get injections."

Ferne was really unwell. His voice was soft, sounding not imposing at all, but a bit petulant, as if the one sitting in front of him was not Noah, but his mother.

However, since Noah wasn't Ferne's mother, he naturally wouldn't say anything considerate. He just chuckled and said, "Then just wait and see."

...

Ferne's snot ran down his nose again in anger, and he cursed, "I don't understand. You stood outside naked for so long that day, but you did not get sick. I was dressed, but why did I get sick? It doesn't make sense!"

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
Noah said concisely, "You are weak."

...

Ferne was really depressed. He lay gloomily on the table, his head rubbing against the table.

Seeing this, Noah asked curiously, "Your wife said that you don't sleep with her. Are you deficient in the kidneys or in all aspects?"

"Get lost! I'm just not interested in it." Ferne held a napkin and put it on his nose. His voice was a little hoarse.

Noah glanced at Ferne and his gaze fell on Ferne's abdomen. He raised his eyebrows and asked, "Is there really a problem?"

"Go away." Ferne glared at Noah with his legs together.

However, because he was ill, his gaze was really not deterrent, and it was as if he was eyeing Noah up.

Noah turned off the computer and opened the window. The air conditioning in the room was on all day long, making people feel dizzy from the warmth.

Ferne shrunk his arms, saying, "Holy shit! Didn't you see me wearing so few? Why did you open the window? Close it! It's freezing!"

Noah took a coat from the wardrobe. Ferne was just about to say that Noah was so considerate, but he saw Noah put the coat on his own body.

'Noah is too much! That's my coat!'

Noah walked over with Ferne's coat on. He pinched Ferne's arm and said disdainfully, "You are too weak. Furthermore, you are flabby. It is obvious that you lack exercise."

Ferne almost cried. When he heard this, he felt sad and said, "Noah, I'm a patient. Don't be so mean, okay?"

Noah lifted him up and said, "Let's go."

"Where are we going?" Ferne was weak and was held up by Noah.

"I'll take you for an injection."

Ferne was shocked. He quickly hugged his desk and said, "No! I don't want to go for an injection. I'd rather die!"

Noah gave a sinister smile and said, "Be good. I'll take you to the hospital for an injection. Or I'll give you an injection here."

"What do you mean?" Ferne, who was totally straight, was

stunned.

Noah loosened his grip and lowered himself two centimeters above Ferne's back. His lips brushed past Ferne's ears, carrying an inexplicable ambiguity. He said, "What do you think?"

...

Ferne was scared, "I'll go to the hospital for an injection!" Noah immediately stood up, as if it wasn't him who just molested Ferne.

Ferne hadn't been to the hospital for many years. When he arrived at the hospital, he was at a loss. Therefore, Noah was holding his ID card and filling in the information for Ferne. But Ferne noticed that Noah managed to jump the queue by his great looks!

When Noah just stood at the end, the girl in front of him took the initiative in giving her seat to him. When the people in front heard the commotion, they turned around and saw Noah who was dressed in a suit at night. Noah was a handsome man. When women suddenly saw such a masculine man in this hospital which was full of women, they were attracted by him. Those women almost forgot that they were here to see a doctor. They only stared blankly at the handsome man holding an ID card and registration form and walking towards another man!

Another man?

Ferne was suffering from a cold and forgot to bring some tissues. Just as Ferne was sniffing, Noah came over to return the ID card to him. Ferne was just about to receive it when the snot came out. Noah frowned and took out a tissue from his pocket to help Ferne blow his nose. Ferne looked up gratefully, but he saw that the group of women was looking at him with shock, disbelief, and regret.

Ferne thought the women might have misunderstood his relationship with Noah.

After seeing the doctor, the doctor said Ferne needed to take the medicine. If Ferne wanted to recover quickly, he should have an injection. Without waiting for Ferne to speak, Noah already said as if he was the owner, "Give him an injection." The doctor nodded and then began to prescribe the medicine. Ferne was dumbfounded.

He hesitated and said, "Doctor, maybe I could..." Before he

could finish his words, he saw Noah's eyes. Then he suddenly remembered what Noah said in the presidential suite. He didn't understand Noah's words at the beginning, but he suddenly understood now.

The doctor asked, "Don't you want an injection?"

Ferne pursed his lips and shook his head, "No, I want."

The doctor was lost for words.

Noah laughed.

Ferne was angry, but he did not dare to curse Noah. Therefore, he swore to himself, "When I am a black belt, I will make Noah kneel down and beg for mercy!"

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 176 Be Considerate

Only after Randy told her did Arabella know that Emma stayed at Jaquan's. In the evening, she called Jaquan and said that she would come to visit Emma at night. After all, the wound on Emma's leg was aggravated because of the efforts to save Arabella.

Before hanging up, she asked hesitantly, "Why do you let her stay at your home?"

Jaquan had just won a lawsuit for a client, and he was in a good mood. The law firm had planned to celebrate for him tonight, and he was thinking of ordering vegetable pancakes for the two people at home. When he heard that Arabella was coming over, he cancelled the celebration party. He tidied up his desk and came out of the office. His car had been repaired, and it was not raining tonight. Everything went smoothly.

He was delighted with Arabella's question, directly asking, "Are you jealous?"

Arabella snorted on the other end of the phone, "You are thinking too much. She's married and has a child. Why would I be jealous of her? Besides, I don't like you. Why would I get jealous? I'm just curious. Why are you willing to take her in? I heard that she lives in the countryside. Is it because she can't afford to stay in a hotel?"

Jaquan was feeling depressed because she said she didn't like him, but when he heard her last sentence, he frowned slightly.

"She can afford that, but there's a reason."

Arabella asked, "What's the reason?"

"I don't know the exact reason, but she... Well, she has a strong personality." This was how Jaquan thought of Emma, who directly denied when she was mistaken as his girlfriend by Mrs. Cox. She didn't pretend like those affected women. The next day after she refused Mrs. Cox, he received a call from Mrs. Cox, telling him Emma was honest and frank, much better than those scheming women. She also asked him to treasure Emma instead of chasing after Arabella, who would not ever love him...

This was the first time Arabella had seen Jaquan praise another woman in front of her, and she felt upset. "Strong personality? Because she chooses to stay at your home?"

"Arabella, aren't you jealous of her for staying at my home?"

Jaquan walked to the garage and put on Bluetooth, tossing his phone to the car seat.

Arabella snorted, "I'm hanging up."

"Alright. I'll tell you. Because she saved you." Jaquan smiled and solemnly repeated, "Because she saved you. I am very grateful to her, so I want to repay the debt that I owe her."

"Because of this?" Arabella sounded a little happier.

Jaquan nodded. He knew she could not see him, but he looked at the road ahead with deep affection in his eyes. "Yes, it is because of this."

"Jaquan, thank you," Arabella said happily, "I'll come over tonight and take her to my home so I can look after her. After all, she saved me."

Jaquan said, "She'll leave in two days. Don't bother."

"Okay. That's good." Arabella thought for a while and then said, "I'll ask a chef to make her a feast as my thanks to her for saving my life."

"Okay."

When Jaquan was about to drive into his compound, he passed by the pancake eatery at the gate. The woman standing at the gate was the owner who had been delivering vegetable pancakes to his home these days. She greeted him from afar, "Mr. Cox, are you ordering pancakes tonight?"

Jaquan shook his head and was about to say no, but he changed his mind as he was worried that the chef Arabella chose would not arrive in a short time. It was better to buy some food for

Emma and Stony to eat and ease their hunger. When the chef came, they could taste the dishes later.

He flashed two fingers. "Two."

"Alright!" The owner went in the eatery.

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Not long after, she took out two freshly made pancakes and said to Jaquan, "Mr. Cox, your son looks like you. He is very polite, sweet and sensible. Most importantly, he looks handsome."

The mother and son had been eating vegetable pancakes from the eatery these two days. Jaquan placed the orders on his phone every time. As Emma was confined to bed, Stony opened the door every time the eatery owner went to deliver the pancakes. In the beginning, the owner was worried that he had encountered some bad guys, so she chatted with him. As they met quite often, they got familiar with each other.

Jaquan smiled and waved his hand. "You are mistaken. He's not my son. He's the child of my friend. They are staying at my home for a couple of days. I'm not married yet."

"He's not your son?" The owner didn't believe him. "But you two look exactly alike."

There was a car honking behind him, so Jaquan had to drive inside. He handed over the money and waved at the eatery owner. "Thank you."

"Hey, your change." She looked at the one-hundred note in her hand and thought for a moment. 'Forget it. He will place the order again, and I'll give him the change then.'

Just as Jaquan was about to enter the password of the lock, the door clicked open from inside. Stony looked at him with a smile, "Mr. Jaquan, you are back!"

"How do you know it's me?" Jaquan entered to change his shoes, casually stroking the boy's head.

"Because you are the only one who will enter the password when you come. I heard the noise when you pressed the keys."

Stony eagerly brought him his slippers, took the pancakes in his hand, and put his bag on the shorter table.

Jaquan saw that although Stony was such a small child, he did all this neatly. He thought that the child was used to doing



things for adults like this at home. Suddenly, he liked this child more. "Are you abused at home? Why would you do everything?"

Stony said solemnly with a childish yet clear voice, "Mom says that children are the happiest because they don't have to worry about anything, while adults are the hardest. Therefore, we have to be considerate and share their burden. Even though they are tired from work, they will be happy if we children behave well."

Amused, Jaquan squatted down and faced Stony. He smiled and asked, "You actually understand what your mother teaches you?"

Stony said seriously, "Mom works very hard to bring me up. As her son, I can't share her burden. I can only behave well every day and make her happy."

The smile suddenly froze on Jaquan's lips. The child was so sensible, while he, as an adult, did not understand this truth. He touched Stony's head and said, "Thank you for teaching me a lesson." He stood up and pointed at the two pancakes on the table. "Take them and eat with your mother."

Stony tilted his head. Although he did not understand why Jaquan suddenly thanked him, he docilely took the pancakes into the room.

Jaquan stood alone in the living room. A moment later, he took out his phone and dialed a number.

"It's rare that you take the initiative to call me. What's up? What do you want to eat?" Jaquan knew from her voice that his mother was smiling.

He suddenly felt a little guilty. He paused, as he didn't know what to say. He managed to utter, "Where's Dad?"

"Have you got into trouble outside? Why do you suddenly look for your father? What's wrong?" Mrs. Cox stopped smiling.

Billionsaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 177 Elegance

Jaquan scratched his head and said, "Nothing. I'm just asking. Didn't it rain yesterday? It's getting cold. Dad and you should put on more clothes. Be careful to keep warm. Don't catch a cold."

Mrs. Cox was surprised. "Why is my son suddenly so sweet? Do

you care about your parents now? I have to tell your father this."

Jaquan's father was an old professor who didn't speak much with his son. He was a nerd who only liked reading. The father and son usually had few words when they met. Since Jaquan became a lawyer, he had hardly come back to visit them. However, Mrs. Cox took the trouble to his home two or three times a week to clean up and cook him a few meals, afraid that he was not able to take good care of himself.

Jaquan thought of Stony's earnest face. He suddenly felt that he, as an adult, was inferior to that child.

"Mom, I'm sorry. You and Dad have been worrying about me all these years, while I haven't ever done anything for you. When I think about it now, I'm very ashamed..."

Mrs. Cox fell silent.

Jaquan felt embarrassed, scratching his hair and saying, "A friend is coming over, and I'll hang up now."

He was wondering why he suddenly got so sentimental. Jaquan wiped his face and forced back the tears in his eyes.

Arabella arrived half an hour later.

Behind her were two bodyguards carrying precious nourishing food like ginseng, bird's nest and ganoderma lucidum, all wrapped in golden packages. There were also quite a few high-end masks and children's toys.

The chef was a foreigner in white, following behind them. He carried his cutlery box in one hand and the ingredients for dinner in the other. As soon as he entered, he went straight to the kitchen to work.

Arabella took her two bodyguards into the guest room with the gifts and put them on the floor. She asked Emma, who was lying on the bed, with concern, "Sorry, I only found out today that you are staying here. I should have come to see you earlier. How is your leg?"

Emma sat back on the bed. The room was heated, so she wore only a dark grey thick sweater without pants under. When she saw Arabella bring the gifts, she was not surprised or excited. Instead, she pursed her lips and smiled at Arabella. "Thank you, but I might not need those things. I said last time that it didn't take a lot to save you. Don't thank me again. You've already

done that."

Arabella was embarrassed. She had thought that she brought so many gifts and Emma would definitely accept them. To her surprise, Emma refused to take them. Did she not like them or...?

Jaquan came to rescue Arabella. "Arabella invited a chef over and he will cook us a big dinner. Come on, let's go out and wait at the dining table."

After he spoke, he walked to the bed and stooped to pick up Emma.

These days Collin had been telling him that Emma could not get out of bed and walk. Therefore, unless he was not home, Jaquan would carry her to the bathroom or the dining table. Arabella saw him carry Emma without any demur, and she had a strange feeling. However, she forced a smile and followed them behind.

Emma took a wondering look at Jaquan, who carried her in front of the woman he liked. Was he careless or was he using her to test Arabella?

Looking at Arabella's awkward smile, Emma thought that this girl probably liked Jaquan. Since the two of them had feelings for each other... No matter if Jaquan was using her or not, Emma felt she should help him. After all, he treated her and Stony fairly well.

They sat down at the dining table. The bodyguard took out a bottle of red wine from behind him and placed a few goblets on the table, pouring wine for each of them. Stony watched as the red wine was being poured into his goblet. He looked at Emma, who nodded to beckon him to have a taste without drinking a lot.

"I like to propose a toast to you. Thank you for saving my life. I know I've said it many times, but I am very grateful to you."

Arabella took her goblet and shook it slightly. After waiting for seven or eight seconds, she gently clinked Emma's goblet and then raised her head to drink the wine.

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

It was cold, and the red wine felt cold in her throat. However, it was warm in the room. It was fine for her to drink something

cold after staying indoors for a long time.

Emma didn't drink the red wine, explaining, "The doctor says that I can't eat spicy food, nor can I smoke or drink. I'm sorry that I'm going to let you down."

"No, it doesn't matter. Forget it if you can't drink. Just have some food later. Can you eat steak?" Arabella asked.

Jaquan was embarrassed. He knew that Arabella meant well and tried to get Emma something nice to eat.

She thought that Emma came from the countryside and had never seen anything good, so she gave her expensive nourishing food like bird's nest and ginseng as well as red wine that cost 21,000 one bottle. She even brought the foreign chef from a five-star hotel to make steak and foie gras.

Arabella seemed to show her gratitude, but in other people's eyes, she was actually showing off.

Emma was perceptive, and she might find out.

He picked up his goblet and said to Stony, "Come on, Stony, let's clink our goblets. You're still small, so just take a small sip."

Stony nodded. He picked up the goblet and copied Arabella, shaking it slightly and clinking it against Jaquan's goblet. He was only a child, but he deliberately put his goblet one inch lower than that of Jaquan. When Jaquan was taken aback, Stony put the goblet to his mouth and took a small sip.

Arabella couldn't help praising him, "You're so smart. Have you ever tasted red wine before?"

"No, I saw how you drank it." Stony put down his goblet and sat upright. "Mom says that for things that I don't know, I just carefully watch how other people do it."

Emma smiled and touched his head. "Put into practice the things you learn. You did a good job."

"Thanks for your compliment, Mom." Stony pressed his head against Emma's palm.

Emma smiled in amusement. She seldom smiled, but her smile was exceptionally beautiful and gentle. Arabella was slightly dazed.

Jaquan took a sip of red wine and then said to Emma, "He has a good upbringing. He's smart and sensible."

As they spoke, the bodyguards went to the kitchen and brought out the steak, foie gras, spaghetti, salad, and fruit desserts, as well as a box of multicolored Macarons.

As soon as the knives and forks were placed on the table, Arabella gave a demonstration and looked at Stony, saying, "Watch how I do it."

"Alright." Stony nodded.

Stony and Emma were sitting across the table, while Arabella and Jaquan sat on the same side. In the beginning, Jaquan watched Arabella show Stony how to cut steak. When he looked at Stony, he caught a glimpse of Emma, who was putting into her mouth a small piece of steak that she had cut. She did it with calm elegance, like a well-mannered lady eating the most ordinary dinner instead of flustering at her first experience of cutting the steak.

It required particular manner to have steak. Each knife had different use, but Emma did not make a single mistake. Without any hesitation, she chose the right knife. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 178 Clothes

When Emma took her first bite, she wanted to spit it out. It was terrible. The chef probably put ice on the meat to keep it fresh, causing the meat to be slightly hard; and he even cooked it to medium well. In this case, there was no soft and delicious taste at all. It was unpalatable and inedible indeed.

Emma tried her best and swallowed it. After all, Arabella meant well. Emma frowned, crammed the meat into her mouth. Then, she reached for the teacup but touched a goblet.

She sniffed it and realized that it was Petrus; she didn't check the bottle.

In fact, Emma had not drunk red wine for years. She took one sip. It had a round taste with the fragrance of truffles and chocolate, which could be a drink for women. It finished with a milky touch, making it a proper drink for children as well.

After Emma finished her drinking, she said to Stony, "Drink a little more if you like. Have a drink with Mr. Jaquan."

Stony nodded, picked up his glass and stood up, "Mr. Jaquan, thank you for taking care of my mom and me these days. I would like to propose a toast to you."

The child was too mature for his age, and he shocked everyone at present. Even the foreign chef was astonished and cried, "Oh my god!"

Jaquan couldn't help but laugh. It was rare for him to toast so seriously, "Alright!"

When they clinked their glasses, Jaquan noticed that it was not a coincidence for Stony to lower his cup at their first toast. Instead, he did it on purpose.

But how could such a young child know all these table manners?

Jaquan felt that the mother and her son had so many secrets with them, or to put it more accurately, too many pleasant surprises. He was impressed by this boy and knew Emma better now.

There was a knock on the door, and it was Collin again. He took the day shift and would come over directly as long as he got off work. He was not looking for Jaquan, but for Emma. The two of them did have something to talk about. However, Jaquan didn't notice what they were chatting, since he would have the door closed every time.

As the door opened, Collin noticed the shoes at the entrance and smiled, "Do you have a guest?"

When he changed his shoes and entered, he saw Arabella, the Chef and her two bodyguards. He was shocked by this pomp, "Is this an incognito visit from the princess?"

Arabella only knew him as Jaquan's friend. Although she had only met Collin for a few times, she still treated him as a friend. Moreover, he was the one who offered her massage when she sprained her ankle earlier. That little joke reminded her that she might have gone too far, as if she was here to show off her wealth.

She blushed and jumped to her feet, "Well, I have other things to do. I need to go first."

Then, she left with the chef and the bodyguards in hurry.

Jaquan glared at Collin and rushed out to comfort Arabella.

Collin turned to Emma and asked, "Did I say something wrong?"

"She's thin-skinned. You shouldn't have said it out loud." Emma sliced a piece of the foie gras and tasted it. It was unpalatable as well and she spat it out on the tissue. Afterwards, she told Stony, "Don't eat that. It's terrible."

"You would be the only one who cannot bear the foie gras made by a five-star chef." Collin changed his shoes and entered

the room. Usually when he was in his white coat, he would impress people with his elegance and aloofness, as if he was going to vanish and ascend to heaven at any moment. But today he wore a light colored coat with a beige sweater underneath, which gave him a rather approachable look.

The white sweater went perfectly with his fair skin. He held two large bags with his slender fingers and threw two them onto the table and pushed them to Stony. "I bought these clothes of your size. Try them on. I'll change them later if they don't fit."

Stony took a look at Emma and with her permission took the clothes with him to the guest room.

Emma waited till Stony entered the guest room and said to Collin, "Thank you."

"I thought I would be rejected." Collin moved his knuckles. He would move his sour fingers every time he had a break.

"I was thinking that you may build up a resentment towards my rejection and could poison me in my medicine."

"...."

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Collin took off his glasses and rubbed his nose. "I always thought I was the one telling bad jokes, but now I have to admit that yours are worse."

Emma chuckled, "I'll treat you to dinner sometime. Thank you for taking care of me these days."

"You thank me by buying me dinner. What about Jaquan? How are you going to thank him?" Collin asked.

Emma gave it a thought for a moment and answered, "He offered help only to return my favor."

Collin picked up his glasses and looked at Emma through them.

"Then what do you think would be my reasons for helping you?" He asked.

Emma looked back at him and said nothing.

Collin laughed, "Can we not be this serious?"

Emma lowered her head and rubbed her fingernails. She responded with a very soft voice, "Thank you, but Stony and I are having a good life."

"You're very smart. If it weren't for..." Collin didn't continue.

Instead, he pursed his lips and looked at the door. Jaquan was

standing outside the elevator, talking to Arabella. The door wasn't closed, and Collin could hear the intermittent conversation carried by the wind. " ... Don't think too much. That's how he talks..."

Collin shook his head. He didn't know whether it was for he was fed up with Jaquan being a simp or he was tired of being stuck with current situation. There was a pause and then he said to Emma, "Notice me when you are ready to get married."

"..."

Emma raised her head and looked at him. She had a plain face, but her eyes were dark and bright. When she stared at people, she would give them the illusion that there was nowhere to hide. "You're actually a very decent person. There's no need to talk like that."

As a doctor, it was always Collin who gave patients serious examinations. This was the first time that he had been stared at like this. He smiled with his eyes and eyebrows, "It seems like you know me very well."

"..."

At this moment, Stony went out of the guest room, wearing a new black down coat, a sweater and a pair of jeans, and a new pair of fleece-lined sneakers.

"Thank you, Mr. Jaquan." Stony did a twirl in front of the two and looked at Emma expectantly.

Emma smiled happily, "They look good on you."

When Jaquan came back, he saw a scene of two guests in his living room smiling at each other, with a very obedient and handsome child standing aside.

They looked like a nice family of three somehow.

"What are you thinking about?" Collin put on his glasses again and walked over and patted Jaquan on the shoulder. "Let's have a drink next time."

He walked towards the entrance and waved to Emma and Stony, "I'm going back. There are medical files to review."

"See you."

"Goodbye, Mr. Jaquan."

After Collin left, Jaquan finally noticed Stony's new look. He just realized that the mother and the son hadn't bring any clothes with them to live here, and Emma was even still wearing his sweater.



He didn't think about it before.

Although the child was not related to him, Jaquan was depressed and had a weird feeling. How could he, the one who had been living with the two everyday under the same roof, not notice it, while Collin could. It was like the guests didn't have a good time with the host, but was well-entertained by another guest.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 179 Criminal Record

"Mom, are you going to the bathroom?" Stony asked.

Jaquan heard him. He rushed towards Emma and carried her to the toilet. Before leaving the bathroom, he finally said, "You should have asked me for help when you needed new clothes. I am sorry for not noticing it before, but really, you should have asked me to buy you clothes."

"Why?" Emma looked up and asked.

"..."

Jaquan was not prepared for this question. Honestly, there's no need for him to offer this much since he had provided a residence for them. However, Collin's kindness to Stony annoyed Jaquan anyhow, as if he was accused of not taking good care of his guests.

Without saying another word, he walked out. Stony got changed and he was putting the chairs back into position.

"Leave it. I'll clean it up later." Jaquan walked over and stared at Stony's face. For some reason, what lady boss who made pancakes said suddenly came in his mind.

"Mr. Cox's son looks exactly like you, and he is sweet, obedient, and above all handsome."

Stony noticed this gaze and asked, "What happened, Mr. Jaquan?"

Jaquan squatted down and asked in a gentle way, "Have you ever seen any picture of your father? Or do you know his name?"

Stony shook his head, "I know nothing about him and I haven't seen him before."

"Have you ever tried to get to know him?"

"I asked my mom." Stony frowned, "She knew little about him."

"..."

What the hell?

At first, Jaquan thought that it was Emma who got hurt in her relationship; but based on what Stony said, Jaquan got confused and was not sure what to believe.

If Emma didn't tell her child the truth, then it was likely that the emotional injuries she claimed to have was also not true.

Moreover, judging from how indifferent she could be, it's not even possible for her to be abandoned. Instead, it made more sense for her to get rid of others.

After carried Emma back to the guest room, Jaquan cleaned the dining table himself. Because he didn't eat that much at dinner, he had a few bites of the cold steak. It was unpalatable hours ago when being cooked, not to mention for now. After chewing a few bites, he spat it all out.

At this time, Stony took out half a piece of pancake and handed it to him, "Mr. Jaquan, you can eat this if you don't mind."

"Why haven't you finished it?" At this moment, that piece of pancake was indeed far more attractive than the steak. Jaquan put the pancake into the toaster and heated it.

"My mom told me not to. You brought us two portions of pancakes and not for yourself, which meant that you were expecting someone to bring you food later, since you hadn't had your dinner. But the fact that you would not let us have the same dishes with you indicated that the cook would definitely not be your mother. So the person had to be Arabella."

"So your mom asked you to leave some pancake for me on purpose, knowing I may not like it?" Jaquan was shocked by how meticulous Emma could be.

Damn it. How could she be so modest and so smart?

"Not really. My mom just wanted to keep her stomach empty to have more delicious food." Stony laughed. "But it turned out that the dinner was terrible. Besides, she was just about to brush her teeth and you carried her out of the bathroom."

"..."

After helping the mother and the son to wash up, Jaquan finally had his break. He said nothing but lay on the sofa as if in a trance.

Randy had never been in love before, but what he said seemed to make sense. Jaquan had been snubbing Arabella these days,

and surprisingly she went to him voluntarily for a few times. When thinking of Arabella, Jaquan couldn't help thinking of Emma instead. The elegant manners Emma had for cutting the steak did show that she could be as graceful as Arabella was. At this moment, the phone rang. It was Professor Cox, who had never contacted his son on his own initiative. He asked earnestly, "What did you say to your mother today?" Jaquan was stunned. "What's wrong?" Indeed, Mrs. Cox did not respond to his words back then. Could there be something wrong?

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Professor Cox answered with his mellow voice, "She would just cry and said nothing whenever I asked. Then I checked the phone records and found out that you were the only one who called."

"How could you spy on my phone!" Mrs. Cox's voice came from the other end of the phone.

"Then why have you been crying?" Professor Cox's voice faded away.

Mrs. Cox's voice suddenly became louder, she must had her phone back. "How could you spy on other's privacy while being a model for your students? Jaquan, invading other's privacy is illegal, isn't it? What was his crime then?"

"..."

Jaquan panicked when he heard her choked with tears. "Mom, are you alright?"

"No, I am not. I can't help crying..."

"..."

Professor Cox said, "Alright, alright. Let's hang up the phone and not occupy him. He may need to review documents tonight."

Mrs. Cox finally stopped crying, "Oh yes, son. Go to bed as early as possible, please. I will cook porridge for you tomorrow."

Jaquan answered spontaneously, "What about I cook for you tomorrow? It's my day off."

"What?!" Mrs. Cox was so shocked that she raised her voice unconsciously.

Jaquan laughed, "Yes, you heard me. I'll cook porridge for you and Dad tomorrow."

"Will you?" Mrs. Cox asked.

The fact was that Jaquan hadn't cooked for once all these years. Even when he moved out, he would occasionally call housekeeping service. After becoming a lawyer, the situation got worse. He would just have simple meals at the firm and never cooked for himself after work. Not a single day in the year would the kitchen be of any use.

Now that he suddenly offered to cook, not only Mrs. Cox, but also Professor Cox was shocked by this idea. The couple looked at each other with astonishment and wondered whether they actually had heard their son right.

It turned out that it was Jaquan's voice from the other end of the phone. He confirmed, "I will learn how to cook with the help of my phone."

Mrs. Cox warned her son with concern, "Alright, then I will just have plain porridge. You don't need to add anything in it, just rice and water will do. Put a lot of water please."

"No problem."

Before hanging up, Jaquan heard his mom crying again.

"..."

Jaquan opened Google research and typed in "how to cook porridge", smiling.

\*\*

Emily had a sound nap this afternoon, so she wasn't sleepy at all at night.

She sat at the table and began to read. Although she had a poor foundation, she had been getting better and better with the help of Rex, the well-educated teacher who was also the dean of students. Whenever Emily raised questions, he would give comprehensive explanations. Emily was like a dehydrated sponge that swam in the sea of knowledge, she mastered the knowledge earnestly and effectively.

But it was not enough.

A drop of blood fell onto the book. Emily covered her nose quickly, cleaning up the book with a napkin. She was still obsessed with the math question that whether the pond contained six liters of water or five.

Her hands were covered with blood and she was about to wash her face. At this moment, Rex knocked on the door and went in.

"Holy shit, who were you fighting with?" Rex asked with his

shocking voice.

Emily was speechless.

When did she leave this impression of being a villain to Rex? \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 180 Dumplings

Rex put aside the hot milk in his hand, hurriedly sat Emily down and then held her head up, "Look up to stop the nosebleed first."

At this time, Vincent came in and saw Rex bending over Emily. They were too close to each other. From afar, it looked like Rex was going to kiss her.

Vincent strode over to fend off Rex's hand, "I'll do it."

Rex's arm was almost dislocated by the force. He thought to himself, 'did I do anything wrong? It felt that Mr. Vincent was attempting to break my arm.'

Rex moved aside, watching how Mr. Vincent wiped away the blood for Emily. Only then did he realize that when he tried to stop Emily's nosebleed, he was getting too close to her!

Wait, was Mr. Vincent being jealous?!

"Why are you still here?" Vincent coldly looked at Rex and said, "Go get the medicine chest."

"Oh, right."

Rex left unwillingly, feeling heart-broken.

Mr. Vincent had changed. He was no longer the man who called him Little Rex!

The Guards were like, "Scram, Mr. Vincent had never called you like that!"

Rex didn't realize that a medicine chest was not necessary for the nosebleed until he fetched the chest back! Now Rex was more convinced that Mr. Vincent had changed because he just wanted to get rid of him by asking him to get the chest!

Carrying the chest with mixed feelings, Rex met Christy on the corridor, who was hungry and came out to look for food. She was wearing a fluffy nightgown with an ice-cold little robot in her arms.

Noticing that Rex was holding a medicine chest, Christy stopped and asked, "Did Emily get injured?"

Rex shook his head, "Miss Emily had a nosebleed due to the

overwork."

"Is she staying up so late for studying?"

Christy glanced at Emily's room. She knew the decoration and configuration of the guest rooms because she herself was living in a guest room. Obviously, Emily's room looked more like the room of Vincent. She had glanced through the door for once and saw the pool outside the balcony. The rippled pool was sparkling under the light.

Vincent was a cold and ruthless man, but he doted on such a little girl so much at home. Christy was quite surprised by this contrast.

However, she enjoyed to see this. After all, Emily was so beautiful and elegant that she seemed to be a good match for Vincent, who was handsome and noble.

"Yes." Rex looked at her and asked, "Why are you coming out? Are you hungry?"

Christy nodded and stroked the head of the little robot. She asked Rex, "Do you have any dumplings? I want to eat dumplings."

...

After the servants of the Peckers waiting till so late at night, the bell finally rang.

The servants rushed to the attic. A moment later, one of them rushed down and shouted, "Mr. Trevor wants to eat dumplings!"

Mr. and Mrs. Peck also came out of the room and hurriedly came over. They took the note from the servants. There was only one word on the note, "dumplings".

Mrs. Peck was surprised. "He didn't even have one bite of dumplings when we were celebrating the New Year. Why would he want to eat dumplings now?"

Without waiting for Mr. Peck's reply, she then smiled and said, "Well, who cares? If our son wants to eat it, we would give him immediately."

"This child finally gets interested in eating something," she continued rattling and said to the servant beside her, "Hurry up. Serve me some dumplings as well when you finish cooking."

Mr. Peck finally managed to say something, "Are you hungry?"

"I'm not. I just want to pretend that I would be having dinner

with our son." She sighed softly, "When can I have a meal with him?"

Before Mr. Peck replied, she patted him on the shoulder, as if she was consoling him, "Now is good enough. Don't expect too much. We've been waiting for so many years. Let's take it easy." Mr. Peck was struck dumb.

He thought to himself, 'Did I say anything?'

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No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

...

After Emily finished drinking the honey water, she lay on the bed obediently. According to Vincent, she was forbidden to read the books on the table for now. And he would set her reading schedule as well.

She did not feel sleepy with her eyes closed. She opened her eyes and found that Vincent was sitting up straight at the desk. His hair was a little wet after bath, which somehow looked shiny.

"Vincent." She softly called him.

Vincent turned around as she called him. Due to his clearly outlined face, when he stared at someone, he seemed to be very affectionate. He put on an inquiring face with his raised eyebrows.

If other women were stared by Vincent like this, they would blush immediately. However, Emily was accustomed to this. She covered her face with the blankets, leaving only her watery eyes out there. Her voice was muffled, "I can't sleep."

Emily was with her mother the first seven years of her life, who rarely praised her good looks. Then she moved to the Britt's, Beverly and Elsie had never praised her because they disliked her. Not to mention her father and her brother Eliot, who were simple-minded when it came to women. Therefore, Emily always thought that she was plain-looking. Even if someone praised her looks, she had never considered it more than flattering compliment.

Real divine beauties wouldn't care so much about their looks. She stared at Vincent with beautiful watery eyes. Her white hands were holding the gray blanket tightly. She didn't intend to seduce anyone, but her words somehow sounded coquettish.

Vincent put down the book in his hand and walked to the bedside. He restrained himself from lifting the blanket to hug her. He just looked into her moist eyes that were out there. His voice was a little husky, "I will watch you sleep."

Emily was speechless. She thought to herself, 'If so, it would be more difficult for me to fall asleep.'

Emily closed her eyes, but she felt so uneasy for being stared that she opened her eyes again and asked hesitantly, "Vincent, have you finished your work?"

"Yes."

"Then talk to me." Emily showed her whole face and said, "Eliot often sits by my bed and talks to me. As he speaks, I will fall asleep..."

It occurred to Emily that last time she said Vincent was like her brother Eliot, he...

She tried to explain, "I mean..."

However, Vincent did not care. Instead, he whispered, "What did he say to you?"

"What happened in the company, his distress, and some funny gossip." Emily thought of something and whispered, "Actually, Eliot talked to me because he thought I might be bored when I was alone at home."

Vincent nodded, "He was nice to you."

"Yes. Eliot was the only one who's nice to me apart from my father," Emily added softly, "When I was still a retard."

Vincent looked at her without asking anything. He just held her and said determinedly, "I will protect you. No one could harm you from now on. I will make up for what you've missed before."

Emily giggled and put her arms around Vincent's neck. She rubbed her head on Vincent's neck and said with a smile, "Vincent, I like you more and more."

This was the first time Emily said that she liked him. Vincent was touched. Since Emily was holding him, she could easily feel that Vincent was pleased.

She turned to him, but she was stopped by Vincent immediately.

Emily was confused.

Vincent looked at her with his affectionate eyes and said in a husky voice, "You're getting too close. I might lose control."



Emily silently lay back under her blankets, staring at him, smiling.

Vincent cast a warning glance at her. Emily immediately covered her face with the blankets, leaving only the top of her head out. Smiling indulgently, Vincent stood up and rubbed her head. Then he took a cold shower in the bathroom. After he felt warmer, he lifted the blanket and gently hugged Emily.

Emily was asleep with her mouth open.

Vincent pulled down the blanket a little. Seeing the bruise on her neck, he sighed and kissed her forehead almost devoutly. His scent was so familiar to her and she involuntarily crept into his arms.

The guards stayed up all night outside, pricking up their ears. However, they heard nothing but the four showers that Vincent took.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 181 Appearance

"Where's Eliot?"

Early in the morning, Emily asked Harold over the phone. If Eliot didn't take any action, she would have to go with Plan B.

Harold replied, "Mr. Eliot is still in his room."

"Alright." Emily opened the door with her brows furrowed, "Then you go find me a beautiful woman. It would be the best if she's sexy and charming..."

As Emily was speaking, Christy walked past her in a snow-white fluffy bathrobe, under which her white and thin legs could be seen while she was walking. After covering her yawn with her hand, Christy waved at Emily and said in a lazy tone, "Good morning."

Emily said to Harold, "Never mind. I just found one."

Harold was speechless in confusion.

...

In the Dalton Hotel.

With its family values and disciplines, the Dickersons would definitely take the blind date seriously.

Sydnee went to the Dalton Hotel with Mr. and Mrs. Dickerson. Her grandfather said if the man was okay, they should bring him back home next time so that he could see it for himself. In short, Sydnee's blind date would have to pass several tests set

by the Dickersons before he could get engaged with Sydnee. Growing up in such a family, Sydnee couldn't help but feel depressed. It was the first time she indulged herself in life when she accepted Marquise's invitation at Elsie's birthday party. Unfortunately, it turned out that she couldn't bear the consequence. Otherwise, she wouldn't have to be here and wait for her blind date.

"Hello, Mr. Dickerson, Mrs. Dickerson and Miss Sydnee, I'm Rey Quinn."

Her drifting mind was called back because Sydnee heard her name. She raised her head and looked forward. It seemed that both the Dickersons and the Quinns wanted to be early, so they bumped into each other when they entered the hotel.

Although they were both in the medicine business, the Quinns looked shrewder. Rey's parents were wearing business suits while Rey was in a blue suit. They looked even more energetic because of their dressing. Although Sydnee didn't know anything about Rey as a person, he looked nice.

However, after being harassed by Marquise, Sydnee didn't dare to judge men according to their looks or their family. No matter how good they seemed to be, men could still be a terrible person in private.

Noticing that Sydnee was checking him out, Rey smiled back. He was a little shorter than Marquise. Although he had fair skin, he didn't look sissy. Instead, he looked like one of the elites in business with his fancy suit and tie.

Sydnee managed a weak smile as her reply.

Considering that both Sydnee and Rey had good first impressions of each other, their parents smiled simultaneously. After small talks, Rey asked the waiter to lead the way to the private room he booked.

Although the Dalton Hotel was not the best hotel in City Y, it was the most popular one. "Fresh ingredients only and no ingredients from the day before" was Mr. Ferne's standard with food. The wine in the wine cellar was Mr. Ferne's personal possession. Most importantly, Mr. Ferne was connected to the Scavos in some way. Sometimes Vincent would come to eat here, which attracted some other people who hoped to meet Vincent by chance. Therefore, the Dalton Hotel had a large daily

customer flow, making it very difficult to book a private room. Seeing that Rey managed to book a private room here, Sydnee's parents thought he was a competent and prudent young man with good manners. In short, the more they looked at him, the more satisfied they felt.

After they all sat down and got ready to order, Rey handed the menu to Sydnee and said, "After you, Miss Sydnee."

Sydnee did not refuse. She ordered some food for her parents and then handed back the menu.

As he ordered, Rey asked her, "Why didn't you say anything?"

Being nudged by Mrs. Dickerson, Sydnee replied with a reluctant smile. "I've caught a cold and my throat hurts more when I am talking."

"Then I will order a glass of honey water." After Rey finished ordering, he smiled at Sydnee and said, "It's good for your throat. You will feel better after drinking it."

Sydnee smiled politely, "Thank you."

There was nothing different in the blind date for people who were in the business of medicine.

Parents would exchange detailed information about their children and have an elaborate discussion about their children's plans in the future.

Sydnee felt very uncomfortable. She disliked blind dates indeed. She felt she was on the chopping block, waiting for her doom after their parents made a deal.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

She could hardly breathe and kept taking deep breaths while looking down.

"Miss Sydnee, what's going on? Are you unwell?" Rey noticed her abnormality and asked.

Sydnee stood up and said, "If you will excuse me, I'm going to the restroom."

"Take your time."

Her parents stopped talking and both smiled at her.

When she closed the door, Sydnee heard that their parents started to talk about their children's education in primary school.

Walking along the corridor, Sydnee found an interesting

painting on the wall. There was a painting in private box too, with a child sleeping under a tree. It was all very soothing. The painting at the corridor was different from that one. Using vivid colors, this painting seemed to be accomplished with more mature and bolder painting skills. The raindrops were painted as threads. Colorful shoals seemed to be chasing after the raindrops and playing around in the rippled lake.

At first sight, it was about the joy of fish on rainy days.

However, the painting was divided into two parts by its colors: the upper half was filled with gray raindrops while the lower half had more colors. Sydnee felt the message of the painting. It was about life.

"Do you like it?" Someone asked.

However, this question wasn't for her. Sydnee raised her head to look at the speaker. It was a plain-looking man accompanied by a very beautiful woman in good shape. Her legs under the white mink were thin. She had that look of the 1980s, effortlessly stylish. She glanced at the painting on the wall. And that glance carried with it endless and enchanting elegance. Though as a woman, Sydnee was attracted by her charm. Not to mention Rey, who had followed Sydnee out. Fixing his eyes on that woman, Rey was shocked because he had never seen such a beautiful woman before.

Seeing Sydnee and Rey coming out of the room, Christy looked sideways at her diamond watch and said to the plain-looking man, "It's been an hour."

Just as Sydnee was guessing their relationship, the man quickly took out a credit card from his pocket and handed it to Christy. "I would pay you a hundred thousand. Can you stay for another hour and have dinner with me?"

Sydnee was shocked.

Did that man just pay a hundred thousand yuan in order to spend an hour in having dinner with this woman?

Christy reluctantly nodded and pointed at the painting on the wall, "I like that."

"Okay. Waiter!" The man shouted, "I want to buy this painting."

"Sir, this painting is one million." The waiter came over and said. The man said with pride, "So what? I want it now. Wrap it up for me now!"

"Yes, sir!"

Afterwards, the man led Christy to the dining hall for dinner. Christy was so beautiful that this explained why the man wanted to show off his date in public. Sydnee couldn't believe it. It took her years to save up to seventy thousand, but this woman earned a hundred thousand just because she agreed to have dinner with a man. Moreover, the man bought her the painting she liked without hesitation, even though the painting cost a million. If favors were only available for the good-looking, what else could she look forward to for the rest of her life? Sydnee fell silent in confusion. She couldn't help but doubt her own values. Rey, on the other hand, was worried that Christy would disappear like Cinderella after dinner, so he followed her to the dining hall. Not long after, he saw that she stood up and walked towards the bathroom. Considering this was his opportunity, Rey followed her to the bathroom. At the same time, though still trapped in confusion, Sydnee got a text message from Emily, which read, "Take your mother to the bathroom." Emily didn't offer any explanation about her message.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 182 Arrangements

Although Sydnee did not know what Emily was going to do, she trusted her unconditionally and she immediately returned to the private room. But she found that Rey's seat was vacant when she was about to speak. She had a guess in her mind but she couldn't be sure. After sitting down, she tugged at her mother's sleeve and said, "Mom, I have something to say to you." Mrs. Dickerson also had something to say to her. She wanted to know her opinion of Rey, so she stood up and said, "I'm going to the bathroom. Where is it?" Sydnee took the opportunity to stand up and said, "Mom, I'll take you there." The two of them thus came out. Rey washed his hands twice outside the bathroom and finally waited for Christy to come out. Her mink coat slipped down,

revealing her snow-white shoulders and the straps of the black sling she wore next to the coat.

Seductive charm oozed out from this woman's every move.

Christy gently pulled her coat and applied her lipstick in front of the mirror. Her posture was lazy, especially when she pursed her lips. Her eyes were bewitching.

Rey coughed softly and whispered, "How do I call you, Miss?"

Christy looked at him lazily and didn't answer him. She just asked, "Do you have money?"

Rey took out a stack of money from his wallet. "I don't have much cash. But I can give you 2000 for two minutes with you. What do you think? "

Christy accepted the money and agreed.

"How about spending a night with me?" Rey asked, "How much would it be?"

Christy pursed her lips and smiled. Step by step, she walked towards Rey. Fingers slid down his collar all the way to the zipper of her trousers. She made a gesture to pull it.

Rey took a quick breath as he felt horny.

Christy leaned closer to his ear and whispered, "I'm afraid you can't afford it."

"I can and I definitely will! No matter how much it is!" Rey grabbed her wrist and said, "How about staying with me at this hotel tonight?"

Christy gently pushed Rey away when she glanced at someone coming near. She straightened her coat and smiled at Rey, "I'm afraid we can't. I'll go first."

Rey saw Sydnee and Mrs. Dickerson standing there nearby until Christy had left.

Mrs. Dickerson's face turned ugly and she immediately took Sydnee back to their private room.

Only then did Rey recall what he was here for today. There were many beautiful women outside, but he must marry one that both his parents would like. He would definitely have Christy no matter how much it would cost, but he also couldn't give up the marriage with the Dickersons.

He chased after them and shouted, "Miss Sydnee, Mrs. Dickerson, please listen to me..."

Sydnee took the opportunity and whispered in Mrs. Dickerson's

ear, "I heard that he likes to play the field. Now it seems to be true."

Mrs. Dickerson nodded and kept walking. The moment they stepped in the private room, Mrs. Dickerson said to Rey's parents, "Sorry, we need to go back home to deal with something urgent. We can discuss this marriage later."

Mr. Dickerson was just about to say something when he saw Mrs. Dickerson winking at him. He immediately suppressed all the confusion and then stood up, "Yes, we still have something to do. We will go first and we can talk later when available."

Rey's parents didn't know what was going on, but by looking at Mrs. and Mrs. Dickerson's long faces, they guessed that their son might say something unpleasant that offended his future mother-in-law.

As they were thinking, Rey ran into the room breathlessly, "Miss Sydnee, listen to me. I really don't know her..."

The Dickersons are elegant and upright, so they naturally couldn't stand people who wouldn't admit what he had done. When Mrs. Dickerson heard Rey, she immediately snorted coldly, "So Mr. Quinn was saying that a woman you didn't know threw herself on you, but you didn't know how to refuse, so you had to invite her to stay with you at this hotel?"

As soon as these words were spoken, the expressions of Ray's parents changed. Ray's father was even angrier, "Rey!"

Rey instantly lost his words. He even wished that Sydnee and Mrs. Dickerson didn't hear what he said to Christy. But they heard everything.

He stood there and no longer explained, watching Sydnee leave with her parents.

As soon as the door closed, a pair of chopsticks flew over to Ray's face along with his father's furious roar, "You bastard!"

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People Sydnee and her parents had walked half way along the corridor. When they were about to arrive at the hotel lobby, someone blocked her path.

Mrs. and Mr. Dickerson were still angry, and they didn't even notice there was someone in front of them when they walked. They almost collided. They lowered their heads and apologized.

Just as they were about to leave, they heard the man speak.  
"Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Dickerson. I'm Eliot Britt."

Sydnee suddenly raised her head. Eliot had been recovering since his injuries. His skin had turned whiter during his rest at home. His mental state was very good. Although there were some scars on his face. Covered by ointment, they were barely visible.

He wore a casual coat with a navy-blue sweater inside, which made him taller and more handsome. Eliot looked much better than Rey and Marquise. Perhaps because of his rich experience of working at the shopping mall, his decent manner gave Sydnee's parents a good impression that he was humble and prudent.

However, when Sydnee saw Eliot, her heart beat fast. She only wanted to know what was going on.

Why was Eliot here?

Sydnee had a bad feeling. But before she could think over, Eliot said again, "Excuse me. Because Miss Sydnee had suffered an unexpected misfortune last time, I came here specifically to apologize to her. Let's find a place to sit down and talk."

Speaking of what happened at the Scavo's last time, although Marquise was beaten up for Sydnee while Eliot for Elsie, rumors said differently that Marquise was flirting with Sydnee but got seriously injured by Eliot.

Sydnee did not know that her parents were thinking the same way. She only declined, "Mr. Eliot, that was over. There is no need..."

"Alright, let's find a place to sit down and talk." Mr. Dickerson nodded and gestured at the door, "After you."

Sydnee didn't finish her words.

Mrs. Dickerson nodded and came along. She asked Eliot, "I heard that you were heavily injured by the Buckleys. How about your recovery?"

Eliot smiled, "Thank you for your concern, Mrs. Dickerson. I'm feeling better now."

No one present paid attention to Sydnee.

Mrs. Dickerson sighed, "You young people should not fight each other even if you don't see eye to eye. It will only hurt yourselves. Your parents will also be worried. Luckily, you look well now, but Marquise is still lying in the hospital."



Eliot pursed his lips and smiled, "Yes."

He seemed to be very good at dealing with the elders. He listened quietly and said a few words at the right time, getting Sydnee's parents out of the discomfort just now.

Sydnee felt that there was absolutely no need for Eliot to explain and apologize to her parents since he had explained to her before.

However, the scene in front of her didn't seem like he was apologizing but more like another blind date.

As Eliot walked a few steps forward, he seemed to find that there was someone missing. He turned around to look at Sydnee and asked, "What's on your mind?"

Sydnee smiled with embarrassment and followed behind him.

Before leaving, she texted Emily, "Why is your brother here?"

She then received a reply from Emily, "If I had known that he would come, I wouldn't have done that."

Sydnee replied in shock, "Did you arrange that beautiful woman with Rey just now?"

"Yes."

Sydnee was completely shocked.

She consoled herself, 'Fortunately, this wasn't real...'

Not long after, Emily replied again,

"But that man isn't my arrangement."

Sydnee was entirely confused.

PROMOTED CONTENT Adkeeper Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 183 Ten Thousand

Christy gracefully wiped her mouth with the Hermes handkerchief. Her every move was noble and elegant. Every frown and smile on her beautiful face was extremely attractive. She smiled at the ordinary-looking man opposite her, "Why are you staring at me and not eating?"

The man took a sip of the red wine, then looked at her and said, "It's your beauty that keeps me staring."

Christy smiled silently.

The waiter found a box to pack the painting and tied a bow on it. He then brought the painting over and sent it to Christy, "Miss, your painting."

Christy touched the bow and couldn't help but laugh in her heart.

Emily spent a million for spending two hours with her. She also appointed Christy to buy one of the paintings displayed in the corridor of the Dalton Hotel. At that time, she vaguely guessed Emily's purpose. Now she came over and saw that it was indeed Emily that drew the paintings on the wall. Her paintings were very recognizable as there would always be an E at the end of her paintings.

Speaking of which, Emily still earned money. As a young girl, she was very clever.

"Do you have any plans next?" The man opposite her asked.

A loud noise came from the door.

Christy held her chin and looked at the door with a smile, "I need to go shopping with Mr. Vincent."

The man was shocked, "What? Mr. Vincent?"

"Yes." Christy was confused, "What's wrong?"

"You mean Mr. Vincent from the Scavos?" He asked in disbelief.

Christy wrapped her index finger around her hair and raised her beautiful eyebrows. "Is there anyone else called Mr. Vincent in City Y?" she asked.

"How... how could you know..." Before that man could finish asking, he saw that the door was cleared out. A man stepped out from that door, followed by several bodyguards in black.

The man wore a pure black suit. The atmosphere became so repressive as he walked. No one dared to look him in the face. They could only see his long, straight legs striding forward. As he approached, everyone could quickly look at his face. His eyes were cold and almost transparent under his sharp eyebrows. His nose was tall and straight. His thin lips pursed like a knife. The buttons on his collar were tied tightly to his neck, making him look majestic and meticulous.

He walked over and came near Christy. He frowned and asked, "Have you finished eating?"

Christy nods, "Yes."

She looked at the man opposite her and said, "You can continue with your meal. I'll go first."

As she spoke, she stood up and left with Vincent.

The mediocre man looked at her back in astonishment. He then glanced at the table and found that she forgot to take away the painting. When he was about to remind her, the guard had

picked up the painting and followed Vincent.

The crowd in the hall immediately started to gossip.

"That beautiful lady is with Mr. Vincent?!"

"I was wondering who that beauty is! I didn't expect she's Mr. Vincent's woman!"

"But I heard that Mr. Vincent doesn't like women."

"Yes, there were rumors that he had taken a fancy to that boy from the Britts!"

"No, no, no. That's not a rumor. It's true..."

The mediocre man who ate with Christy was shocked. He quickly settled the bill and left. He didn't expect that the beauty he liked was actually Vincent's lover.

As Vincent walked along the corridor, he happened to encounter a waiter hanging a new painting on the wall. When she hung it up and left, everyone was surprised that the painting was actually the portrait of Vincent. It was Emily that asked Harold to mount this painting and send it over to Vincent. Vincent raised his hand, and the guards called the waiter. Just like how Christy bought the painting, the waiter gave the price. However, the portrait of Vincent was more expensive with its price of 5. 2 million.

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Vincent raised his eyebrows, and Rex immediately said to the waiter, "Mr. Vincent will take it. Wrap it up."

The waiter nodded repeatedly, "Yes!"

The diners in the hall all rushed over here when they saw Vincent standing in the corridor and buying a painting. Most of the rich women raised their hands and shouted, "I want to buy this too! Give me this! I want them all!"

The waiter shouted, "The starting prices of these paintings are all one million!"

Vincent turned around and looked at those women who were shouting to buy paintings. His eyebrows were slightly raised and said in a low voice, "Good painting."

This was the first time that those women had chance to speak with the cold and heartless Mr. Vincent in the rumor. They instantly forgot everything and kept pointing at the painting on the wall, "I'll buy this too! Give it all to me!"

However, with so many people, how could they buy so many for

themselves? In the end, they only got one painting each person. They were very excited because of buying the paintings drawn by the same artist as the painting that Vincent bought. Therefore, they cherished the painting even more. The more they looked at it, the more they liked it, and the more they felt that the painting was meaningful and artistic.

Christy looked at the scene from afar and admired Emily even more. She had earned more than 10 million by the presence of Vincent.

Moreover, she originally planned to let Noah come over and bring her out. She didn't expect that Emily would send such a big shot. No one dare to detain her with Vincent's presence. Rey, who had just come out of the private room, also saw Christy standing beside Vincent. He immediately understood the meaning of her words "You can't afford it". She turned out to be Vincent's lover!

This was not about whether she was affordable, but that no one dared to afford her!

Christy naturally saw Rey from a distance and smiled at him. Rey lowered his head and didn't dare to look at her. He ran away dejectedly.

Christy took out her phone and looked at the message. Emily was very efficient and had paid her. She had also paid an additional 500, 000 as the tip.

Christy put away her phone and looked at the crowd in the corridor. Her understanding of Emily had been refreshed in less than two hours, and she no longer dared to see her like a little girl anymore.

\*\*

Ferne felt that everything had changed when he caught a cold and was given an injection.

The waiters came here one by one to report that the paintings in the corridor and the private rooms had all been bought.

Ferne thought that the reason why Emily could achieve such a success was that Emily must be extremely lucky or she must have gotten extra help from Randy. She actually became a multimillionaire overnight, at this young age!

Ferne was really surprised that Emily had earned money that nearly equaled his incoming for running the hotel for years. He was about to cry when Noah sat leisurely in front of his

computer, typing.

Ferne asked, "Hey! What are you doing?"

He had some sleep after injection. He was feeling better now except that his throat was still dry and painful.

Noah took a puff on his cigarette and didn't raise his head, "I'm helping you check the financial statement."

"Oh." Ferne nodded. He then suddenly jumped off from the bed and jumped to the desk, "You know how to check this?"

Noah sneered, "Your original statement was hard to read. I've made you a new one. From now on, you only need to enter the turnover for each day, and the bottom of this table will automatically generate the overall report for the month. This will be clearer and more efficient for you to check."

"Wow, thank you so much..." Ferne suddenly felt that this man had a bit of a conscience.

Noah interrupted him impolitely, "It took me more than half an hour. As your friend, I'll only charge you 10, 000."

"..."

This man knew no shame! \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 184 Failed

Ferne was wondering whether he could beat Noah up in his current condition and he heard a knock on the door.

Noah sat there peremptorily, and Ferne shouted towards the door, "Who is it?"

"Mr. Ferne, it's me." It was Harold.

Ferne soon figured out that Harold was here to give him the bonus on behalf of Emily, so he went to open the door.

However, Ferne did not notice that he looked disheveled from just getting up, while Noah was smoking in his bathrobe. All seemed to indicate that a chaos just happened.

Harold didn't expect the scene. After a short silence, he took his steps back and said, "Sorry, it seemed like a bad time. I will come later."

Ferne was confused.

He pulled Harold back, "What are you talking about? Did Emily send you here? Is there a bonus for me?"

Harold took a glance at Noah and responded to Ferne hesitatingly, "I am here on behalf of Emily, but not for the

bonus. The thing is that Miss Emily is going to prepare a gift to Mr. Cox and she would like to know what would Mr. Cox like?"

"Wait a minute. What Emily earned had nothing to do with Jaquan, so why on earth would she buy him a gift? I should be the one to be thanked for." Ferne asked confusedly, "What did Jaquan do?"

"Mr. Cox helped a lot with the Tea Manor last time." Harold tended to leave. "If you don't have any suggestions, then I'll go back and tell Miss Emily..."

Ferne pinched his eyebrows and said, "Alright, here is my answer- he likes Arabella."

"..."

Harold took it seriously, "Well, we are not going to commit a crime."

Ferne yelled, "Damn it, you've said the same thing last time! I will never believe it again!"

Harold was speechless.

Noah chuckled at the table.

Ferne turned around and shot him a look of annoyance, "What the hell are you laughing at?"

Noah raised his chin slightly and pinched out the cigarette in the ashtray slowly. He stared straight at Ferne, as if it was not the cigarette butt that he had extinguished, but Ferne's head.

Ferne was speechless this time.

Harold felt something wrong, but couldn't tell.

"By the way, Miss Emily transferred 4.2 million to your account. It was the money for the paintings that you and Mr. Cox bought. She wanted you to have them as thank-you gifts."

Ferne leaned against the door and sighed, "As a matter of fact, Emily is far better than me when doing business."

"I have to go." Harold finished his reports and left.

"Wait a minute. Isn't Emily going to give Jaquan a present?"

Ferne drew Harold over and said, "I happen to have a thing that she can borrow."

"..."

Harold sensed something was amiss from Jaquan's unkind smile.

Ferne asked a waiter to bring over a large pink box. Harold was just about to shake it and Ferne warned him, "Be gentle! Don't

shake it! Move it gently."

Harold asked curiously, "Mr. Ferne, what exactly is in there?"

"Something valuable. Don't worry, Jaquan will love it." Ferne patted Harold on the shoulder and said, "Tell Emily, she owes me one."

He handed a sticker and a pen to Harold. "Write a card. I'll get someone to deliver it to Jaquan. He won't be working this weekend."

Harold agreed, "Alright, thank you very much."

Harold finished the card and handed back to the waiter. He turned to Ferne and said, "Miss Emily is waiting for you to have lunch with her downstairs in the private room. Mr. Vincent is there, too."

"Holy shit, why didn't you tell me earlier!" Ferne slammed the door and went in to change his clothes.

As soon as he took off his clothes, Noah, who was sitting at the table, stood up.

Here came silence.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

Ferne inexplicably thought about the cigarette butt that had just been crushed in the ashtray.

Noah pulled off his bathrobe, revealing his muscular chest and abdomen. He was hairy; his calves and legs were so muscular that one could feel his masculinity from afar.

Ferne was envious of this figure. He couldn't help but give it a few more glimpses. Then, the figure was getting closer and closer to him. As stepping back, he appreciated the sturdy chests and the beautiful shape of Noah's abdominal muscles. Ferne began to wonder, "It must take you at least four to five years' of training, right?"

Later, Ferne retreated to the wall and realized that he had been "kabedoned" by Noah.

He stared blankly at Noah and immediately pushed against his chest. All Jaquan can think of was that Noah was really well-built. "No! It's not what matters right now. What matters is..."

"Wait a minute, Noah. I'm straight, as straight as straight can be. Come on. Even if I'm gay, I should be the one on top..."

Noah grabbed Ferne by the neck and held his face in the palm. He bent his fingers a little and warned Ferne in his gritty voice, "You better watch that attitude. Don't swear."

Ferne was shocked.

He had no idea Noah would hold such a grudge.

\*\*

"Damn it, not again!"

Jaquan stared at the black porridge in the pot, wishing to throw his phone into the pot to conjure a pot of delicious rice porridge.

"Mr. Jaquan, are you cooking porridge?"

Jaquan was re-examining his cooking steps with the instructions on the phone and nodded, "Yes."

Stony asked, "Why are you using the frying pan? You should try a pressure cooker."

Jaquan didn't expect that a four-year-old could know better than him.

Jaquan felt sour and humiliated. He hurriedly poured out all the black rice porridge. Then he washed the pressure cooker and rinsed the rice again, added water for a few times. After searched the instructions of the pressure cooker, he plugged it in, chose the porridge cooking mode, and set the time.

"It should work this time."

It's not okay with just porridge. Jaquan opened the refrigerator and considered to stir-fry a dish. It seemed to be relatively simple to have scrambled eggs with tomatoes. He took out a box of eggs and cracked them into a bowl.

For the first egg, the whole shell was cracked into the bowl.

"..."

Stony stood over and watched, trying his best not to laugh out loud.

Jaquan washed his hands and took out another bowl. "Go to something else. Don't laugh at me. Failure is the mother of success. It would work out."

The second egg was crushed in his palm because he tried too hard.

"..."

Stony stopped looking and ran back to the guest room. Not long after, he giggled out loud.

Jaquan changed the bowl. For this time, he gently picked up an



egg, and knocked it lightly. Then, there was a crack. He knocked again. Damn it. It's too much this time, and the whole egg shattered on the table.

Jaquan was in despair. Why was it so difficult to crack an egg?!

"Mom, Mr. Jaquan is so stupid. He can't even crack eggs. He's already broken three of them." Stony sneaked a glance and couldn't help but hide in the guest room and giggle.

Emma sniffed the burnt smell early in the morning, but she didn't expect that it was Jaquan who cooked.

She put down the book and said to Stony, "Go and bring a stool to the kitchen. Tell him that I would be there."

Stony followed instructions. Not a minute later, Jaquan washed his hands and came over. He wore a sweater with sleeves rolled up, exposing a part of his strong forearms.

As soon as he came in, he bent over to carry Emma. "Once born, twice done." Not to mention that it was not his first two times to carry Emma. So he carried her to the kitchen expertly and put her on a chair.

After putting her down, Jaquan suddenly realized what happened and asked, "Wait, why are you here?" \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 185 Eggs

"I am here to check what you're making." Emma looked at the trash can and then looked back at the counter where the disaster took place. The expression on her face was somewhat indescribable. She was obsessive-compulsive and could hardly bear to see all of these.

"Porridge." Jaquan pointed at the pressure cooker and pointed back at the chaos. "I wanted to make a dish."

Emma looked at the bowl and the counter, there were eggs and eggshells. She could no longer stay cool.

She took a deep breath and asked, "Why did you want to cook?"

If he were asked by his friends, Jaquan would feel a little embarrassed. But it didn't matter to tell Emma about it. He fetched out a new bowl, picked up an egg, and cracked it, "I want to cook for my parents."

Emma stared at him and remained silent for a moment. Then

she offered help.

"No, thanks." Jaquan didn't even look up. With a hard push, the egg shattered again, and his hands were covered in egg yolk and egg white.

"..."

Emma did not laugh at him. She frowned and wanted to clean up the counter as soon as possible. But she tried her best not to think about it. She said patiently, "Let me show you how to crack an egg. Just watch and learn."

"How do you..."

While Jaquan was just about to ask, Emma had stood up with the support of the counter. He rushed over and grabbed her arm, "Come on, be careful. It took you days to recover. Don't waste our effort..."

"Help me with my leg."

"..."

Jaquan lifted her right leg. Emma's body was extremely flexible, and it would be easy for her to lift up her leg. However, when Jaquan was supporting her leg, something dirty surged into Emma's mind out of nowhere.

Jaquan was standing right behind her, lifting her leg with one hand. He was so close.

"..."

Damn it.

Jaquan looked away immediately. In a few moments, Emma had cracked an egg in the bowl. She cocked her head and asked, "Did you see it?"

"..."

Jaquan mumbled, "Yes, yes."

Emma frowned and handed him one egg, "Show me."

Jaquan couldn't let go of her leg, so he had to lean over from behind. He used his left hand to crack the egg, but had it crushed for another time.

Emma carefully cleaned his hand with the kitchen towel and tried again. She placed an egg in his palm, held his hand and guided it to the edge of the bowl. "Knock it gently, use the other hand like this when you see a crack..."

It was hard for Jaquan to focus. The two of them were so close. He could smell the shampoo and the scent of the shower gel on

her neck. How could she still have this scent, while she took the shower the day before yesterday? And how come he couldn't smell this nice? They used the same shampoo and shower gel.

"Alright, give it another try." She handed him another egg.

Jaquan gently knocked the egg on the side of the bowl with his left hand. Then, since his right hand was occupied in supporting her leg, Emma helped him to crack the egg into the bowl.

It came to a successful end with four cracked eggs.

"Then stir it with chopsticks." Emma said.

All the bowls and chopsticks were in the cupboard right behind them. Jaquan held her in his arms and turned around to get the dishes. Emma sensed something amiss when being held closely and she looked up. From Jaquan's serious expression, she realized maybe she was thinking too much.

After picking the bowl and chopsticks up, Jaquan handed them to Emma. Then, he carried her and turned around. The two were so close that Emma almost found it a bit inappropriate.

Just as she was about to speak, there came the sound of someone tapping on the password paddock. Soon, Mrs. Cox came in quietly and didn't seem to notice anyone in the kitchen. She took a quick glimpse in the direction of the guest room and probably assumed that everyone was asleep at this time.

Carrying a large box and bags of fruits and vegetables, she walked into the living room.

At this glance, she saw the two in the kitchen who were tightly leaning against each other, and her son was still lifting Emma's leg.

Mrs. Cox blushed. She rushed out, saying, "Oh, it's a bad time. I ... I just noticed that there was a delivery outside, and wanted to bring it in for you..."

### A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

Because she was always the one who would open the delivery boxes and bring them in, there was no exception for this time. She was so nervous that she dropped the big box into the ground. A bunch of condoms with all sorts of strange flavors rolled out.

The whole room went silent for a while.

Jaquan finally broke the silence and said, "Mom, listen to me. Please, you have to..."

Mrs. Cox covered her eyes and said, "I am sorry. You don't explain, my son. I understand. It's fine. I'm leaving right now. You... you guys... go on..."

The door was shut.

Jaquan looked back at him and Emma, and carried her to the chair in the hurry. Then, he went to the big box. There was a card falling out of the box which said,

"Thank you, Mr. Cox, for your help at Tea Manor last time. It's just a small gift, hope you would like it. Harold."

Did Emily send this?

Jaquan was struck dumb. It felt almost like an inescapable surge of humiliation and embarrassment. And he was baffled too.

He could not believe that the idea of sending condoms was from Emily, who was a young lady after all. So he carefully checked the box and recognized the logo at the lower right corner of the box, which belonged to the Dalton Hotel.

"This is outrageous!"

"Ferne, you're so screwed."

\*\*

Ferne, eating in the private room, sneezed three times for no reason. He cursed, and turned around to Noah, "What the..."

The word "hell" almost slipped out of his mouth. Suddenly, he remembered that this man warned him not to swear. He swallowed the words immediately and rubbed his neck.

Emily looked at him and asked, "Do you have something to say, Ferne?"

Ferne shook his head.

Emily put down her chopsticks and said, "Alright, I do have to talk to you."

Ferne was nervous and turned to Vincent, "Wait, Vincent. Is she going to confess to me?"

Vincent sat on the seat of the host. He dressed in ink, and the tea smoke wrapped around his face, making it impossible to see him clearly. He responded in his cold voice, "What did you say?"

Ferne chickened out, "Nothing. Emily, just say it. Everything is in control."

Emily said, "..."

Noah sat at the side and looked at Christy warmly. The two of them were whispering. Seen from afar, they did not look like siblings. However, there was no intimacy between them like

lovers.

Probably sensing Emily's gaze, Christy suddenly looked up and asked, "What's wrong?"

Emily picked up a cup of tea and waved it in the direction of Christy and Noah.

Although they did not know what she meant, they picked up their teacup and drank it all in one gulp.

After finishing her tea, Emily said, "Noah, I have said it before that we are business partners. So I will also participate in your affairs."

Hearing what she said, Noah immediately turned to Christy. Christy was slightly surprised and shook her head at Noah, indicating that she did not tell Emily what they were doing under the table.

"Ferne, you are not surprised at all. You knew all of this, right?"

Emily looked thoughtfully at Ferne and said, "No wonder when I asked how you knocked him out, you never answered me back. It turned out you knew each other before."

Ferne said, "..."

"Please don't mention it again. Noah really is a man of grudges." \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 186 Innocence

"Cooperation?" Noah frowned and asked, "How do you want to cooperate in this?"

Emily looked at him and said, "It's very simple. You just do whatever you want to do and I'll give you full support."

How could this be called cooperation?

This was simply giving without considering any reward!

Christy looked at Emily and asked hesitantly, "Why? Why do you want to help us? You know, you are not getting any reward, and it costs a lot of money, and... people may die."

Emily looked into her eyes and said sincerely, "I'm doing this for the same original intention as yours."

In this life, she had been single-minded about earning money to pave the way for her parents and family, and she had never known that such a cruel thing was happening in somewhere she did not know.

Now that she could make use of Vincent to create such a

condition, she had to do something. Although it was a bit shameless to take advantage of Vincent, he would understand as long as enough money was made to help those children.

Christy asked, "But how do you know that?"

Emily assumed that Trevor didn't want to be known yet, so she pointed at Vincent, who was sitting aside steadily, and said, "Vincent knows, so I know."

Vincent was speechless.

"Mr. Ferne has connections in the bureau, and I have," Emily leaned back in her chair, calm and firm, "money."

Noah was silent for a while and said, "We have already decided not to do it."

Christy did not say anything. She looked down and it seemed that she tacitly agreed with Noah.

Ferne didn't know what had happened before and patted Noah on his shoulder in surprise. "What happened? Why did you suddenly quit?"

Emily had seen the scene that the little robot projecting on the wall, so she knew that Christy and Noah had been wronged by the group of middle-aged parents. And they had suffered a considerable blow because of the children's death.

She fetched some food for Vincent and then said, "You haven't decided yet. Tell me when you have made up your mind."

Noah wouldn't have believed that Emily was just a teenager if he hadn't witnessed this.

Emily was quite impressive for her subtle observing and flawless words.

Noah looked at Emily. She was wearing a black coat, which made her small face exquisite and beautiful. She had bright eyes and perfectly-formed nose. She looked a good match with Vincent, who was dressed in ink color. Noah discovered that Emily and Vincent were the same kind of person. They naturally carried a slight indifference, which was typical of the people who had suffered certain injuries, just like Noah and Christy. Emily didn't say anything else. She took a look at her phone and said to Noah, "In the following days, you stay with Mr. Ferne and Christy stays with Mr. Vincent. I said that I would protect you, and it will always count."

Previously, Christy only thought of Emily as a little girl and she

didn't take Emily's words seriously. But now, seeing that this girl had made tens of millions of profit in the morning, she immediately believed that this little girl had the ability to protect them and save those children.

She gave a hint to Noah. Certainly Noah took the hint, for they had been with each other for a long time.

Christy hinted him to trust Emily.

It wasn't that they hadn't had any companions over the years, but Noah and Christy were the only ones who had accompanied each other along the way.

Noah stood up and said, "I will think about it."

Then he walked out. Ferne hurriedly followed him. He clearly noticed that Noah was hiding something. Furthermore, he was not impulsive. There must be some secrets hidden in the fight on the streets, but his wife Lili had interfered with it, which made him forget to ask. Now he realized that something important must have happened that day!

Noah entered the elevator and pressed the top floor button. Ferne also got in after Noah. Seeing that there were other people in the elevator, he didn't ask, but his eyes were fixed on Noah.

However, Noah was unmoved. But the attendants in the elevator were a bit excited. They greeted Ferne and then occasionally peeked at him and Noah. The person standing beside Mr. Ferne should be "the man" in the presidential suite!

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
The attendants were both nervous and excited. They peeked at Mr. Ferne and Noah. And Ferne stared at Noah affectionately, but Noah put on a cold expression.

Was he angry?

Mr. Ferne was loyal to him?

They were jealousy. When the elevator was about to reach the top floor, Ferne asked, "What are you going to do on the top floor?"

Only then did the attendants realize that they had almost accidentally reached the top floor!

They stammered, "Well, we're checking the rooms."

Ferne ignored them. When the elevator door opened, Noah

strode forward. Ferne followed him and he couldn't help but ask on the corridor, "What happened exactly?"

Noah finally told him, "Those children are dead."

"What?" Ferne was stunned.

When he regained his consciousness, Noah had already walked to the presidential suite. Noah was about to enter the room when Ferne suddenly rushed in crazily and put Noah against the door. Though he was not as tall as Noah, he had got comparatively huge strength. He was astonished and asked, "Those we saved in the villa?"

More than those.

However, Noah didn't want to speak. He just got rid of Ferne and went into the room.

Ferne clenched his fists, "Why didn't you tell me earlier?!"

Hearing this, Noah sneered and turned around, "That would not make any difference."

Ferne punched him, "Bastard! What did you say?!"

Noah was also filled with anger and had nowhere to vent it.

Ferne was just adding fuel to the fire. The door was open and they got into a big fight.

Ferne had wanted to beat Noah a long time ago. Noah could have saved the girl in the villa but he remained doing nothing.

And now, his words really hurt Ferne.

"Bastard! Bastard! Bastard! You don't like hearing these words, huh? Now you just have to bear with it!"

Noah was troubled by the annoyance while Ferne, driven by his anger, dominated in the fight. Gradually, Noah no longer fought back. He lay on the ground, taking Ferne's punches in the face.

Ferne saw tears flowing out from the corners of Noah's eyes.

He stopped and felt grieved, looking at Noah. Noah must be heart-broken about the children's death. In the heavy rain that day, he must be beating someone on the ground without the slightest intention to let go.

Noah didn't say anything. He just looked up at the crystal chandelier on the ceiling. After a long time, he said, "Ferne."

Ferne was still sitting on top of him. Hearing this, Ferne was stunned, "Hmm?"

Noah closed his eyes and said weakly, "Beat me."

Ferne suddenly felt tears in his eyes. He pinched Noah's shoulders and said, "Cheer up! Noah! Emily said that she would



help us. Cheer up! We can't bring back the dead, but there are other innocent kids waiting to be saved..."

Noah looked at him expressionlessly, "I'm getting beaten up. Why are you crying?"

Ferne couldn't stop crying. "It was my fault. My team members died because of me and that girl died because of my stupid decision. But Noah, only you can save them now. You are more experienced than me and you will be a good leader. I will follow you. You have my life. Noah, don't give up any innocent lives, and this is an order!"

Noah was lying on the ground and looking at Ferne who was crying. He suddenly smiled.

"Alright." He said. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 187 Marry? Mary?

Eliot brought the Dickersons into a private room in a Chinese restaurant.

He didn't say anything, waiting for the dishes. Mr. Dickerson was also calm. He wouldn't take the initiative to ask if Eliot didn't talk about it.

Sydnee was extremely anxious. As she ate, she couldn't help but glance at Eliot. She felt that this scene was almost the same as that of the blind date just now.

Coincidentally, she received a text message from Emily. Sydnee took out her phone and saw two words at the first glance:

"Marry you."

"What?! Marry me?!"

Eliot was speechless.

Mr. Dickerson coughed softly, "What happened? Behave yourself."

Mrs. Dickerson clenched Sydnee's sleeve and said to Eliot, "She usually behaves well. She might be nervous today about meeting Mr. Eliot."

Sydnee didn't reply.

Eliot smiled and said, "Miss Sydnee, what made you so surprised? I seem to have heard that someone is going to marry you?"

Sydnee didn't know how to answer.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickerson also heard that. However, it was not

appropriate to ask since Eliot was also there. Now that Eliot had asked, they just looked at Sydnee, puzzled.

Sydnee gave a hollow laugh and said, "It's just my classmate's name, Mary! And I was quite surprised, because she was going to get married."

Mr. Dickerson nodded, "Oh, that's right."

Mrs. Dickerson also looked away. But Eliot seemed to have known exactly that Sydnee was lying.

Sydnee looked down and read the text message carefully.

"Perhaps he wants to marry you."

???

Sydnee tried to calm down with several cups of tea.

Mr. Dickerson said, "We should have visited you in the hospital with Sydnee, but ... when we were there that day, we met the Buckleys, and we just left."

Eliot held his teacup and said, "Actually, it wasn't all for Miss Sydnee that day. It was for my sister. Mr. and Mrs. Dickerson, you don't have to take it so seriously."

Mrs. Dickerson looked at him as if he was her son-in-law. She felt more satisfied with him. "Really? What a wonderful boy you are."

Eliot looked at Sydnee and said, "It's just that because of what had happened that day, people spread rumors. I'm afraid that it will cause trouble for Miss Sydnee, so I'm here to apologize."

Sydnee smiled politely, "You don't have to do this, Mr. Eliot. Actually, I'm fine."

Mr. and Mrs. Dickerson were both decent, and they did not like to force Eliot to marry Sydnee. Hearing Sydnee's words, they all looked at her in relief.

Eliot was more or less aware of the Dickersons' ways. However, the more generous they were, the more ashamed he became.

After all, he was responsible for what had happened.

He looked down at the tea and asked, "I heard that the Buckleys sent something to your family a few days ago?"

"Yes, but we sent it back." Mrs. Dickerson explained, "Marquise is not Sydnee's type. We don't like him neither, so we arranged a blind date for her today. However... never mind."

After a while, Eliot said, "Let me know if Marquise comes to you. I'll fix this."

Mrs. Dickerson looked at him and asked hesitantly, "Are you going to fight with him?"

"No." Eliot smiled.

The dishes were all served. They had a peaceful meal. Sydnee was worried that any minute Eliot would suddenly say that he wanted to marry her. Fortunately, he did not say that in the end.

Eliot paid the bill and they walked out of the restaurant. Eliot took Mr. and Mrs. Dickerson to the car and asked Sydnee, "Do you like someone?"

Sydnee had never experienced such a topic that only girlfriends would talk about when getting together. She did not have a girlfriend squad, so Eliot became the first person to ask her such a question.

Sydnee was stunned by his question. She blushed, "What..."

Seeing her blushing face, Eliot took it for granted that she had liked someone. Then He asked curiously, "If you like someone, why did you go out on a blind date?"

Only then did Sydnee realize that he was asking seriously. She answered, still blushing, "No."

Eliot pointed at her face and said, "Then why do you..."

Sydnee couldn't help but asked, "Mr. Eliot, haven't you been in a relationship before? You seem to know little about women. Don't you know that you should not ask a girl such a question face to face?"

Eliot was speechless.

He had always thought that Sydnee was a gentle lady, but he didn't know that she could be so glib.

Sydnee quickly got into the car since Eliot didn't say anything.

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Emma asked, lying in bed, "Doctor Mueller, can I go home today?"

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
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After Collin adjusted the speed of the drip for her, he glanced at her and said, "If you don't feel comfortable here, you can stay with me upstairs."

Emma felt helpless, "I want to go home. It's getting cold and the flowers need watering."

Collin packed up his medical supplies and put them into the box. "You need to rest for a few days. The poison wasn't completely cleared at that time and there's probably still some left in your body. It seems to be effective after days of treatment. You should be fine in a few days."

Emma didn't say anything.

Collin glanced at her and asked, "Why are you afraid?"

Emma looked at him. "Why did you keep me here?"

Collin calmly looked at her. His gaze was pure and there was always a gentle smile in his eyes. At this moment, he was calm and stable, and he was looking at Emma with goodwill.

Emma had been already suspicious before, and now, she was even more confirmed. She seemed a bit astonished.

Impossible. How would he know?

As they were looking at each other, Jaquan came in. He was in a rather good mood, because he had sent his parents food.

Clearly he had got some praises and come back with satisfaction.

However, as soon as he entered, he discovered that Collin was also there. Collin knew the password for his room. Jaquan thought about changing the password later. When he entered the guest room, he felt something a bit strange.

He looked at Collin, then looked at Emma on the bed and asked suspiciously, "What's wrong? Why are you guys ... something wrong?"

Collin picked up his toolbox and said, "Nothing. I'm leaving."

Jaquan took a look at Collin, then looked at Emma who suddenly looked down and fell silent on the bed. He asked in surprise, "Oh my god, did he confess love to you?!"

Emma, "..."

She looked up and said, "Mr. Jaquan, I have a child already."

"That's right! He likes to find a woman with children! He said that would save a lot for him."

"..."

"But don't believe him," Jaquan said seriously as he looked at Emma. "It's not easy to be a part of his family. Don't take seriously whatever he says about marrying you."

Emma sighed, "I'm married and I have children. I won't remarry."

"Is that so?" Jaquan looked at her suspiciously, "What's your

husband's name?"

"Michael."

"..."

Jaquan was silent for a moment and asked, "Did you just make that up?"

Emma was surprised, "You are smart."

"..."

Jaquan said, "Alright, you don't have to tell me. Anyway, just remember that you have a husband. Don't get too close to Collin."

Emma nodded, "Alright."

"You seem rather bored lying here, don't you?" Jaquan asked, "Do you want to watch TV in the living room?"

Emma did not answer. She looked at the bag of liquid medicine beside her.

Jaquan walked over to pick her up, holding the bag of liquid medicine with his finger, and walked towards the sofa. They were once again so close. Both of them felt a bit strange, but they didn't say anything.

Jaquan put her down on the sofa and handed her the remote control, "Here you are."

Emma turned on the TV and a classic drama was on it.

"..."

She quickly changed the channel, Tom and Jerry, Peppa Pig...

Jaquan got a glass of water and looked at the TV. "I found these cartoon for Little Stone these days. He seems to like Tom and Jerry."

Emma returned to Tom and Jerry and watched quietly.

Jaquan was amused by the stupid cat, but Emma stayed unmoved. Jaquan glanced at her and moved closer to her. He picked up an orange on the table and asked, "Do you want one?"

Emma reached out to get it. Their fingertips touched, and hers were very cold.

Jaquan then realized that the heating in the living room had just been on, and it seemed to be a little cold. He fetched a blanket, draped it over her body, and then sat beside her.

They watched TV in silence. Occasionally, he would peel an orange and gave her a segment. No words.

It was peaceful.

When Little Stone returned from reading in the study, he saw this scene. He quietly looked at the back of them and then looked at Jaquan's handsome face. He thought to himself, "If only mom liked Mr. Jaquan." \_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 188 Ugly?

Eliot hadn't seen Emily for a long time. He came out this time to visit her at the Scavo's. If she wanted to go home, he would just take her back.

However, it took Eliot by great surprised that Emily was not at home.

The butler at the door smiled gently, "I'm really sorry, Mr. Eliot. Miss Emily went out with Mr. Vincent in the early morning."

'Out for fun?'

'They are so close now?'

Sincerely Eliot didn't think that Vincent would be fond of Emily, but on the other hand, it occurred to him that Emily was so naïve and adorable that someone cold and cruel as Mr. Vincent could probably delight in her company.

He stayed calm and collected, asking, "Do you know where they are?"

"No." The butler still smiled.

"Alright. Thank you."

Eliot got back into the car. He took out his phone and wondered whether to call Emily. This little girl had made few phone calls to him these past few days. She seemed to have almost forgotten about him.

After some hesitation, he didn't dial the phone. Since she was out, he could call in the evening for detail.

"Mr. Eliot, there's a car blocking up ahead." The driver suddenly said.

Eliot raised his head and looked forward. The car door was opened and a man slowly walked out. He tilted his head slightly, looked over and raised a kind smile.

It was Kamron.

He took a few steps to Eliot's car, knocked on the car window and asked, "Mr. Eliot, can I get on your car and have a word?"

Eliot lowered the window, motioned the driver to pull over the curb and leave some room beside him.

After Kamron came up, he closed his legs with hands on his crotch. He looked at Eliot with some reverence. He felt that Eliot was a gentleman and a gentleman shouldn't have played dirty, let alone hurt his balls ... right?

Of course, with the lesson drawn from Emily, Kamron still inclined to take this precaution. The car window was open, and his bodyguard was standing by it, vigilant at all times.

Eliot looked at him, a little confused, "May I know why Mr. Kamron's here?"

Kamron was stunned for a moment before realizing that Eliot had completely forgotten that Kamron saved him!

Holy shit! How ungrateful!

Kamron had to remind him, "Mr. Eliot, after you were beaten last time ... I saved you."

Indeed Eliot remembered that someone seemed to be pulling him to the car and even punched him. He looked at Kamron for a while and suddenly said, "Was it you I beat up back then?"

Kamron thought, '...'

'These two Britts are monsters!'

Why the hell did Eliot hit him the first time they meet? Was he really that ugly?!

Kamron took a deep breath and said, "It's me."

"Well, I should have thanked you."

"No need to thank me. My family is planning to do some tea business recently. I would like to ask if you have any familiar friends to introduce to me so that I can get some discounts?"

Eliot pondered for a moment before saying, "My family's business has changed from chain supermarket to EPC. We don't usually deal with customers in the tea industry, so we don't learn the ropes."

Kamron looked at Eliot's face carefully and smiled after a long while. "Alright, I'll disturb you again if I am in this sort of need in the future. Anyway, remember that you owe me a favor."

Eliot nodded, "Alright."

After Kamron got off the car, he stood there and watched as Eliot's car quickly disappeared from his sight. Some hesitation could be seen from his eyebrows. The bodyguard beside him asked, "Mr. Kamron, do you think he was telling the truth or lying?"

"Indeed, he is not lying." Kamron continued to stare into the distance. "It's just that ... Since he doesn't know about the Tea Manor, he probably doesn't know that the foolish Emily isn't foolish at all."

"What shall we do next?" The bodyguard asked.

"What else can I do?" Kamron didn't know what came to his mind. Cravenly he covered his balls and walked towards his car. "If it weren't for Mr. Vincent's support, I would have caught her over and tortured her. But now, with Mr. Vincent backing her up, even when she said I was ugly to my face, I couldn't get angry at her!"

The bodyguard scratched his head, "Mr. Kamron, it seems that you care about her calling you ugly instead of her hitting you..."

"Nonsense!" Kamron gritted his teeth hatefully, "I'd rather not know that's the reason! What the hell!" "Am I really that ugly?" He murmured to himself as if he was wronged.

Bodyguard: "..."

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In middle to late November, it became colder and colder. The afternoon wind was also piercingly cold, causing the pedestrians to hurry on the road. However, on such a wide and quiet path, there was a man and a woman walking slowly, as if they were wandering around.

The man was dressed in inky black with a straight posture and a well-pressed suit. His well-featured face carried no emotions. Only when he looked at the girl beside him did his indifferent eyes reveal a trace of nearly imperceptible smile.

A few passers-by were all amazed, looking them up and down. It wasn't until they met the man's unpleasant cold gaze that they looked away in hurry. However, when they go far way, they couldn't help turning around and staring after the two. Someone even took out his phone and called his friend, "I just saw a man who is even more handsome than a star. There's no camera beside him. My goodness, his has such a reserved temperament. And, and the girl beside him is also exceptionally beautiful..."

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Emily walked to the entrance of the park before she stretched



out her hand to Mr. Vincent, "Let's go in and have a stroll."  
She had something to say.

Vincent naturally obeyed and grabbed her small hand. He kneaded her thumb gently and slowly, as if he wanted to brand her temperature into his own palm.

As winter approached, more than half of the people in the park than usual were gone. Even on weekends, there were pitifully few.

The two of them walked along the cobblestone path. Though the wind blew all the way, their hands were still warm. Emily pulled Vincent along the way until they reached the man-made green lawn.

She didn't tell Vincent about the plan this morning, but he didn't ask anything and just did it.

That was never his style. He was the one to plan, to decide and to act. This morning, he swallowed his pride to publicize the paintings of this a little girl.

Emily was very uneasy.

Vincent had done too much for her right now, but she ... could not help him at all.

It was really like what she had planned at the beginning—using him again and again for her own ends.

She rubbed the tips of her shoes against the lawn, feeling somewhat embarrassed and not knowing how to start. She thought twice and approached to another topic, "Mr. Vincent, you didn't even ask me why I wanted to help them?"

Vincent looked at her composedly, "Why?"

"..."

Emily pouted with a touch of unhappiness, "Mr. Vincent, you are too indifferent."

Vincent's sharp eyebrows suddenly softened as he looked at her with a smile in his black eyes, "With my backup, you could do whatever you want. Don't worry about something else."

"What about using you? Don't you care?" Emily lowered her head and muttered.

Her voice was very soft, but Vincent heard it, 'Is it what has annoyed her along the way?'

He stretched out his hand to pinch her soft cheek and lowered his voice in purpose, "I may ask for a little reward at night."

Emily blushed and patted his hand away, muttering softly, "..."

Vincent missed it and moved closer to ask, "What did you say?" Emily didn't dare to say it again. She covered her mouth and took a few steps forward, but her ears blushed extraordinary red.

The Guards in the shadows were freaked out:

Guard A, "Who heard that?"

Guard B, "I don't know. I didn't catch that either."

Guard C, "I think that answer must be very important! Look, the little Hulk's ears are red!"

Guard D, "Dare you report that to Mr. Vincent?"

Guard A, "Holy shit? Did you hear that?"

Guard B, "Tell us! Tell us!"

Guard D, "Nope, I won't."

Guards A, B and C, "..."

Guard C, "Buddies, beat him!"

Guard D, "... "

As Emily walked ahead, she felt four figures flash past behind her. She glanced at them and found that the guards seemed to be fighting?

"Hey—what are you guys doing?" She shouted.

The guards stood at attention in a flash with upright posture and solemn faces as if it wasn't them who had just fought.

"..."

Just as she was about to walk to a small bridge in the cold wind, Vincent wrapped her hands before they walked onto the bridge together. She turned around and found a stele by the bridge. It was far away, and she could not see it clearly. When she reached the other side, she discovered that there was also a stone tablet here. It was one of the matching pair, written "to grow old together".

She glanced at Vincent who put on a righteous face, as if he didn't know that he had just led her to a bridge that blessed a couple with longevity and felicity, the so-called "a bridge for love birds".

An elderly couple happened to come over from this side. They saw two groups of black-clothed men walking side by side and pair by pair down the bridge. When confronted with the men, the couple were shocked with their eyes wide open. Then, they shook their heads and with a "how very indecent", they left in hurry.

Seeing their peculiar expressions, the guards glanced at the stele only to find a note that read: This is a bridge that blessed a couple with longevity and felicity; Legend has it that as long as two people cross it together, they would be able to live together till old and grey.

"..."

The Guards looked at each other in dismay, simultaneously tilted their heads, ready to vomit, "Ugh—"

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 189 Pectoral Muscle 1

The park had a lot of fitness equipment that Emily has seen at Vincent's house, but she hadn't tried it out much due to time constraint. Now, she found one to train her legs and stepped on it. It was as if she was going to fly and she wore a slightly happy expression.

Occasionally, she would inadvertently expose her joy like a child. Vincent stood beside her, tilted his head to look at her with the corner of his mouth slightly up. The warm autumn sun slanted on the two, covering them with a layer of undazzling gold.

Emily was so tired that she sat on the lawn and stared at the sunset in the distance. With a touch of somberness she said, "Mr. Vincent, I met an old lady before."

She was talking about the things of her previous life, not something ingrained in her mind. However, since she knew what Christy had done in the sly, she suddenly felt relieved about the past.

"That lady's grandson suddenly got lost one day. She thought that the child went wandering around and didn't take it seriously. Later that night, he still didn't come back, so she became anxious and went looking for the child. The village was very small but she just couldn't find him..." Emily's eyes were still on the sunset, and she said with a faint voice. "Later, her son and daughter-in-law heard that the child went missing and rushed back home, then..."

She paused for a moment and lowered her head, "Her daughter-in-law could not bear the pain of losing her child so she drowned herself the next year. Her son looked for the child for ten years but failed. Away from home he died from a car

accident."

Vincent held her cold hand.

Emily stared at his bony knuckles and said, "Mr. Vincent, at first I didn't understand how a child could just vanish. I never thought of anything else. At that time, I was still very stupid ... After seeing what Christy did, I suddenly realized that I had always lived in an ivory tower."

"The truth is," she said, her eyes steaming with water, "there is always more evil in this world than good."

For example, in her previous life, she had truly treated Elsie as her sister, but Elsie had hurt her like stabbing a dagger into her heart. She was buried in that pain for quite a long time.

She would never forget it all her life.

"So I'm very happy and uneasy to meet you. I..." She bolted up at a loss for words. Suddenly a drop of tear streamed down her face. She hurriedly turned around and wiped it up.

All of a sudden, completely she fell into a warm and broad embrace.

Vincent leaned his chin against the top of her hair and sighed softly, "I don't care what your brother taught you. I don't ask for an equal exchange." He lowered his back slightly and said in a husky voice with his lips leaning against her ears, "Didn't you say that I'm all yours?" After a pause, he added, "You can use me at your will."

Emily opened her tears blurred by tears and raised her head in a daze. She seemed to be in doubt, "Mr. Vincent?"

Vincent wiped away her tears and said, "Trevor can help. Keep in closer contact with him."

Emily nodded and said, "He told me about what Christy had done. Eleven has been staying with Christy. It saw something and it came back to show me."

Vincent had already guessed something. Now that he heard Emily's words, he became even more convinced of his assumption. It was just that he couldn't figure out what from Christy interested Trevor so much that Trevor should keep Eleven with her for so long.

Not far away, there was a group of the elderly coming to exercise. Emily hurriedly pushed Vincent away and stood to the side to avoiding gossips.

Vincent frowned in displeasure.

Emily then quietly reached out her index finger to hook him up and scratched his palm as if comforting him.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Vincent dragged her back into his embrace, his chin against her, his voice low and hoarse, "You just said you were happy to meet me, but in the blink of an eye, you pushed me away..."

Emily suddenly stopped moving and tightly clasped his waist. She buried herself in his chest and took a deep breath. She said in a muffled voice, "If someone recognizes you dating a fool in the park, then you're finished..."

"Me what?" Vincent asked.

"Dating."

After Emily finished, she realized that she had been teased by Vincent. He intentionally wanted to hear her repeat the word "dating" over and over again. "..."

She frowned and raised her head, "Mr. Vincent, I found you..."

"What?" Vincent put on a majestic and righteous look with a glimmer of smile hidden in his eyes.

Emily saw his calm expression and suddenly a whimsy idea hit her. She immediately jumped onto him and shouted loudly, "Brother-in-law, hug me!"

Vincent, "..."

The guards, "..."

The exercising elderly beside were first silent and then shocked into an uproar.

Emily saw Vincent looking at her with a long face and immediately giggled. Her eyebrows curved and her beautiful eyes lit up. They were stunningly bright.

Vincent's hand that was holding her involuntarily exerted some strength. He resisted the urge to press her under his body, though just narrowly. He took a deep breath and said to her, "Sooner or later, you will be sorry for this."

Emily was fearless. Though Vincent looked tyrannical, there was still a trace of conservativeness underneath. He wanted to leave the first taste of sex on the wedding night, and at the moment they were surely far from getting married. Certainly not afraid of him, Emily smiled provocatively at him.

She even reached out to touch his throat. She bit him last time and he seemed to...

Before Emily could recall Mr. Vincent's reaction last time, she was carried into a path surrounded by green plants. She stood high in panic, her hand still wrapped around Vincent's neck. She was about to take a closer look at the distant scenery when she fell down. Her slender waist was fiercely pinched and her breathing was taken away.

He assumed a cold and domineering air. Her lips and tongue was held so strong that her soul were about to be suck out. She had forgotten that Mr. Vincent could ask for reward, a countless one.

What did the saying go?

Men only weep when hurt deep, but they would pay for what they had done early or late. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 190 Pectoral Muscle 2

When Jaquan came to Ferne, the latter was lying in a suite. A waiter led Jaquan the way with an expression that no words can finely describe.

Jaquan asked confused, "Why? Something to say?"

The waiter shook his head.

Jaquan aggressively knocked on the door. Yesterday, Ferne should dare to send him those things in a box, which misled his mother! Even Emma looked at him in a strange way!

As he itched to fight, someone inside opened the door.

Jaquan realized that something was wrong before his curse and slap fired off. The person who opened the door seemed to be slightly taller than Ferne. He curled his hand back and got a good look at the person.

He was wearing a bathrobe from the hotel with open collar revealing a sturdy chest and abdomen. He has a healthy wheat-colored complexion and looked fairly handsome.

However, his slit right eyebrow raised slightly upward, making him kind of a ruffian that people avoid like the plague.

Jaquan stepped back and looked at the door number of the suite. 'That's right. It's Ferne's room.'

He looked suspiciously at the person in front of him and asked, "Where's Ferne Dalton?"

Noah turned around and motioned for him to enter. When Jaquan entered, he was at a loss. There was no sense of carnal pleasure in the room, and there were no messy clothes and trousers on the ground. However!! Ferne was lying on the bed! Jaquan was horrified. He took a few steps to the bed and saw the injury on Ferne's face. He walked forward and patted his face in retaliation, "Ferne! Holy shit? Ferne, who did it?!" Ferne opened his eyes and saw Jaquan. He stretched, "Why are you here?" His voice was still hoarse from the cold. However, to Jaquan, it sounded like the hoarseness due to carnal pleasure.

"Tell me first, who caused the injuries on your face? Was it him?" Jaquan pointed at Noah. "He...?" Jaquan couldn't continue. Anyway Ferne never looked like the one that fascinated by a man.

Ferne grabbed him and said, "No, it's not."

Jaquan had already seen the injuries on Noah's face. Hearing Ferne, his entire face all read"???"

Who the hell could cover it all up?

What irrefutable evidence! Was Ferne's working experience as a policeman left no trace in his mind? Did shit took the place?

"What's up?" Ferne asked.

Jaquan immediately felt that he was making a fuss. His trifle was nothing compared to Ferne's affair. He waved his hand and said, "Nothing. Just stopping by. Now I'm leaving."

Ferne was puzzled, "???"

The door was shut again, and Ferne went back to his bed. He suddenly remembered something and got up again, "Holy shit! Jaquan must have come to take my life today! Holy shit! Why did he suddenly go back?"

He looked at Noah and asked, "What did you say to him?"

Noah looked at him coldly.

Ferne felt a chill rise in his back, "What for?"

Noah turned around and did not raise his head, "Didn't you ask me what I said to him?"

Ferne nodded, "Yeah, but you didn't say anything." He paused, "Holy shit? You've been staring at him like that just now?"

Perhaps he was scared?"

Ferne became surer as he thought further about it, "Then don't leave me for the next few days. Perhaps that guy is going to sneak up on me."

Noah's lips curled up into a cold smile with a trace of evil in it. Ferne was terrified by Noah's smile, "What are you smiling at?"

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People Noah remained silent, staring at the computer in front of him, but his fingertips that landed on the keyboard stopped for a moment.

Not even an hour after Jaquan left, Randy also came and knocked on the door, "Holy shit, Jaquan told me that you were beaten! Open the door and show me!"

Ferne had just washed up and come out of the bathroom with his clothes wet. He was just about to strip it off and put on a new one, but on hearing the sound he opened the door. Leaning against the door frame, he let Randy take a closer look. Randy smiled gloatingly and raised his chin, "Holy shit. It is true. Who did it?"

Instinctively the proud Ferne refuted, "I am not beaten. It's a spar. The other guy is worse off than me, okay?"

Randy ignored it directly. Among the brothers, Ferne was the worst fighter. Back then, in order to practice his fighting skills, he even worked at the police station for a few years. Although he had made some progress, he was still the worst among the brothers.

Seeing that Randy didn't believe it, Ferne didn't feel like explaining, so he took a towel and turned around to go in.

Randy followed behind and shook a fan that read Top of the Tops, "By the way, I knew you were hiding someone outside when you posted that picture in the group. Let me see."

As soon as he entered, he raised his head and saw a man sitting in front of a computer. The man was wearing a bathrobe with his naked chest, revealing his well-defined pectoral and abdominal muscles. His legs were covered with lush hairs.

Randy was startled.

Randy, "..."

He cupped his hands at Ferne and said, "Excuse me, I'm taking



my leave."

Ferne, "???"

Ferne hurriedly walked over to Noah and carefully examined his face, "Holy shit. Is your face so scary? Why the two were scared away?"

Noah was too lazy to explain to the straight man—The two brothers both thought Ferne was gay.

He glanced at Ferne's open shirt out of his eyes. The honey-colored skin that Ferne had trained a few years ago had now been warmed back to its original color now. It wasn't much fair, but it was a lot fairer than Noah's.

Ferne straightened his chest in pride, "How is it? I worked on my chest before. Although my muscles are not as strong as yours..."

"You call this lump of fat your pectoral muscles?" Noah raised his split eyebrow in disagreement.

Ferne, "..."

He covered his stomach and took a deep breath, "Did you see the chest muscles?"

"I saw your chest but no muscles."

"..."

"Noah, I feel that you are such a jerk... no, honest guy." Ferne touched Noah's head and turned around to change clothes.

Behind him, Noah frowned. After a while, Noah raised his head and touched where the hand lay.

For so many years, even Christy hadn't touched his head, but it should be touched by this young hotel owner.

Noah looked at Ferne's clean back, shook out a cigarette from the cigarette case and bit it. Before it could be lit, the cigarette was snatched away. Ferne put out the cigarette in the ashtray and reached out to fumble in Noah's pants, "Where are the cigarettes? Give them to me. You know that I have a cold. Stop it."

Noah leaned back and took out the cigarette case after watching the hand rummaged through his legs. Something in his blood was restless due to the caress of the hand.

Ferne's new shirt hadn't been buttoned up yet. Noah could clearly see everything as Ferne's head lowered. Noah raised his index finger and poked Ferne's chest until the latter was half a meter away.

Ferne finally recalled that this freak had a fetish about cleanliness and didn't like to be touched. He is such a difficult man.

He confiscated the cigarette and waved to Noah, "I have to go down and inspect. Just entertain yourself."

Noah didn't say anything, but after the door was shut up, he texted Emily,

"Okay."

With his phone switched off, he lay on the chair with his eyes slightly closed. His hand involuntarily landed on his head. A faint weight seemed to linger at where Ferne had touched.\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 191 A Figure in the Dark

Emily saw the text message after she left the studio in the evening. She wasn't surprised, but she still felt relieved.

The training room was at the corridor and its door was open.

Christy was still practicing and she had been working hard recently. She would go punch the sandbag, within half an hour after dinner. There was also a squash room next door, and she would spend the whole afternoon there by herself. In fact, she wasn't really alone.

Eleven was there too.

Emily walked in and showed her the message.

Christy wiped her sweat while reading the message. She smiled at Emily, "Good luck for the cooperation."

The cooperation this time was for real.

Christy and Emily shook hands. The little robot blinked its gray eyes and was observing.

After Emily came out of the training room, she received a call from Eliot.

"Hi, there." She didn't call her brother recently, and she was a little worried that he would be mad at her.

"How are you doing there?" Eliot said gently. But Emily knew that he wanted her to say that she wasn't doing well and wanted to go home....

Emily hesitated, and Eliot was getting a little anxious, "What's wrong? Did someone bully you?"

"No. Grandpa is nice to me, and Mr. Vincent is.... ok. But no one cares about me as much as you do." She lied. Vincent cared

more.

Eliot laughed, "Vincent has bad temper. Don't mess with him and keep a distance from him."

"..."

"What happened? Did he scare you? If you're afraid of him, I am coming to take you home right now."

Emily changed the topic and asked, "Eliot, how is the company?"

Eliot didn't know how to answer her question. He remembered that it was Vincent who helped the Britts to survive the crisis and gave them the contract that worth tens of millions.

Therefore, Emily was staying with them now.

Eliot paused for a while and said, "The company is fine now.

There is nothing to be worried about. After the details are settled, I will come and take you home."

Emily replied sweetly, "OK."

After speaking to her brother, Emily called Harold. Yesterday, he found Doctor Miracle, but it seemed difficult to pinpoint where he was. Emily wanted to know if he had made any progress. It turned out that he didn't.

Emily asked Harold about Doctor Miracle's name. Then, she wrote it down on the paper and showed it to Eleven. She crouched in front of Eleven and whispered, "Trevor, can you help me find out where this person is now?"

Eleven blinked his gray eyes with faint light, and received her message.

Emily patted on its head and said, "Thank you."

Eleven shook his head gently, as if saying you were welcome.

Christy came out from the shower and picked Eleven up at the door. She kissed on its cold cheek and looked at Emily and asked, "What did you just say to Eleven?"

Christy treated the little robot like her family and she was gentle and kind to it. This made Emily feel warm.

"Because of you, Trevor won't be lonely anymore." Emily suddenly said.

Christy held Eleven and set on the bed. She was drying her hair with a towel and was confused, "Its name is Eleven, right? Why do you keep calling it Trevor?"

"..."

"The owner's name is Trevor. So, I got used to calling it that way." For some reasons, Emily didn't tell her the truth. Then, Emily said that she had to go and left quickly.

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

As she was walking out of the door, she saw Christy drying her hair while talking to the little robot.

Emily pictured a scene in her mind. Christy was not talking to Eleven, but Trevor.

On the garret, Trevor was searching the name for Emily on the computer. There were 20 people matched the conditions, and then he checked on each of them.

Finally, one name was locked down.

However, before he could find out his location. Another page popped up. The keyword set by the computer was "dead".

Anyone who left a message would see this page immediately.

Someone posted a message on the blog, "I choose to die, as you wished."

Trevor pasted the IP address of the message to a dialog box and noticed the blogger's information. Stephanie Smith, female, 24.... Trevor remembered that Doctor Miracle had a granddaughter Wendy Smith, and she was also 24.

He paused and sent the IP address to Emily.

Emily just came out of the building and received a message. It was from Trevor, and she was surprised that he already located Doctor Miracle. She was about to reply, but Trevor sent her another message: Rescue.

Emily thought this must be Doctor Miracle's address. Was he in danger? Vincent needed him, so he can't die now.

Vincent wasn't home yet, Emily rushed to the gate and called Harold, "I just sent you the address. Go rescue the doctor!"

The guards jumped down from the trees and asked, "Miss Emily, what happened?"

"I need to go out." As she was speaking, a guard already drove the car out and she got in quickly. She rolled down the window and said to the other guards, "I'm only going out for a while and will be back soon. Tell Mr. Vincent not to worry about me."

The guards looked at each other, "Should we tell Mr. Vincent?"

Vincent was at a dinner party now. If he knew Emily went out in a hurry, he would follow her. But if they didn't tell him, what if

something happened to her....

The guards were to blame!

Also, guard D drove the car out so quickly and took her away.

The other guards thought for a moment and decided to play rock paper scissors. The winner would stay here and the others would go after her.

But they all played paper.

"..."

"..."

"..."

One of them asked, "How about two out of three?"

"Shut up, we are running out of time!"

One of them took his hand back and adjusted his sunglasses.

"Since the result is like this, then let's go."

The three guards made up their minds and went after Emily.

It was cold and windy. If they knew it earlier, they would do the same as guard D!

The Emperor Hotel was built for celebrities, because it was close to the ancient town. They usually chose to stay here during the moving shooting period. As a result, fans and reporters were often gathered at the gate of the hotel, and so were the security guards.

When Emily arrived, she was a little confused. Would Doctor Miracle be here?

It didn't feel right.

Doctor Miracle was almost ninety years old. Why would he come here, or was he a fan of a movie star?

Trevor only gave her the address of the hotel and didn't mention the room number. She raised her head and looked at the top of the building, somehow, she saw a figure in the dark. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 192 Rock Paper Scissors

Guard D parked the car and followed her. Emily lowered her head and walked forward. But she was pushed away by fans and security guards and couldn't get in. Fortunately, Harold arrived, and he was with the other three guards.

"..."

Emily wondered how they managed to come together, but she

didn't ask. She lowered her head and said to Harold, "He is on rooftop of the building."

Harold nodded. He and the other guards walked around Emily and escorted her to get inside. The fans thought that she was a celebrity and were screaming, "Is it Shirley Law?! Oh my God! It is Shirley Law!"

Emily lowered her head and covered her face and kept moving forward. Since the fans were getting so excited, the security guards assumed that she was a celebrity and escorted her into the hotel. One of them even whispered, "May I have your autograph?"

Emily ignored him and walked towards the elevator.

The security guard was leading her to the reception. He didn't turn around and asked, "May I have Miss Shirley's room card?"

The receptionist checked, "No, she didn't book any room today."

Now the security guard turned back and saw Emily and the others had already entered the elevator. He ran towards them and shouted, "Who are you guys? You can't go up!"

The door closed, several security guards rushed into the other elevator. They wondered, "She is a celebrity, right? Why does she bring so many bodyguards?"

Emily reached the top floor, and found the way to the rooftop. The security guards also came out from the elevator. Seeing them heading to the rooftop, they quickly pulled out the electric batons and pointed at them, "Freeze! What are you doing here?"

Emily opened the door to the rooftop. She was with the guards and one of them found a pipe and used it to stick against the door. Then, he walked towards the windy rooftop.

It was about four or five hundred square meters. A woman was standing at the edge. There were a few cans of beer at her feet. She heard something and turned around. Her hair was curly and in dark red color and she had an oval face and pretty eyes.

There was a mole below the corner of her eye. She had been crying, and her eyes were red. When she looked at them, she was shocked and confused.

Doctor Miracle was a ninety-year-old man, but this is a beautiful young woman. How was this possible?

However, it doesn't matter whether she was Doctor Miracle or

not. Right now, she was in danger. If she took another step forward, she would fall off the building.

The guards gathered and began to play rock paper scissors again.

Emily twitched her mouth, "What are you guys doing?"

The guards replied, "The loser will go to save her."

Emily, "..."

Harold walked towards the woman. She stepped back and shouted, "Don't come over, what are you trying to do? Stop, or I will jump now...."

Before she could finish her sentence, Harold locked her in his arms and took her down.

Emily, "..."

It looked simple for Harold.

The guards were still deciding on who should go rescue her and they were going through many rounds.

Harold took the woman to Emily and didn't let go. He put his hands over her shoulders, so she couldn't escape and trying to jump off the building again.

Emily had never saved anyone from suicide. So, she didn't know what to say to her. She only asked, "Have you had dinner?"

This was probably also the first time she tried to kill herself. She was a little stunned and she shook her head.

"Then, let's go eat something." Emily didn't know who she was, or if she still wanted to kill herself. So, she had to take her back first.

"Who are you? How do you know that I'm here?" She looked at her in confusion. Then, she bit on her lips and stayed quiet.

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

Now Emily noticed that she was wearing the slippers from the hotel. She didn't wear any socks and only had a thin coat wrapped around her body. She must be cold.

Emily looked at Harold, and he understood right away. Harold took off his jacket and wrapped it around the woman. Then, he still put his hands on her shoulders.

She twisted her body and wondered if she had fallen into another trap. She struggled and shouted, "Who are you? Where are you

taking me?"

Emily had no idea why Trevor asked her to save this woman. But since she did it already, she wouldn't let her kill herself again.

"I'll take you back to your home and to your parents. We need to make sure you won't do it again, and then we will leave."

Emily turned around and prepared to leave.

She stared at her back and asked, "Who are you?"

"You don't need to care about that. Anyway, I don't know who you are either." Emily turned to look at her. Then she frowned and looked at the guards. They seemed to have their candidate for the rescue and had fun too. But Emily really wanted to beat them up.

"You don't know me?" The woman raised her voice slightly, and sounded surprised.

Emily took a close look at her. "Are you a celebrity? Sorry, I seldom watch TV, so I don't recognize you."

"My name is Stephanie Smith," she introduced. "Have you heard of my name?"

Emily shook her head, and so did Harold and the guards.

Stephanie struggled, "Forget it, let go of me and let me die."

"..."

Emily grabbed her right away. "I do know you. Harold also likes you a lot and had your posters all over his room...." Then, she pointed at the four guards. "And so do these guys. They are big fans of you."

Stephanie didn't believe her. She pouted and said, "They were playing rock paper scissors while I was about to jump of the building."

"..."

Emily didn't want to explain anymore, she felt tired of doing that.

The door of the rooftop was smashed open by the security guards. A group of them rushed out. The four guards jumped forward immediately and blocked the two women behind them. Stephanie's assistant came and saw her through the crowd. She shouted in panic, "Stephanie! Please don't hurt her! Just tell me what you want! How much money do you want? Just give me a number."

The guards turned back and had a look.



Harold was tall and sturdy and he was pressing on Stephanie's shoulder, he did look like a robber.

"..."

The security guard also shouted, "I'm warning you, don't hurt anyone, put down your weapons...., take your hands off her!" Harold didn't move, and only looked at Emily.

Stephanie said to her assistant, "I'm fine, they're not..."

Emily stopped her and said, "Stephanie, next time, don't ask us to the rooftop to play the scene with you. People may really think that we are kidnapping you."

At first, Stephanie didn't get it. Then, she realized that if people knew she was trying to jump of from the rooftop, she would become a hot topic the next day. How could she explain why she was at the rooftop? But this witty young woman made up a story so quickly and helped her out. It was a perfect lie.

The guards also admired her witty action. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 193 Room

The security guards were dumbfounded. Stephanie's assistant wiped the tears off her face in confusion and asked, "Stephanie, are you, are you running the lines?"

"Yes." Stephanie was indeed a good actress. In the blink of an eye, she was into the play. She looked a little unhappy. "I've long wanted to run the lines. Why did you barge in all of a sudden?"

She patted Harold's arm with one hand and was about to ask him to let go when Harold noticed Emily's gaze and quickly let go.

A security guard scratched his head and explained, "This group of people rushed in and got on the elevator. They came out of the elevator and went straight to the rooftop. We didn't know that they were here to ask you to run the lines..."

Stephanie was dumbfounded when she heard this. These people came straight to the rooftop? How could that be? Did they see her downstairs?

No, no, no, that was impossible. There were so many fans downstairs who hadn't seen her. How could they have seen her?

The assistant rushed over with a coat and draped it over

Stephanie's shoulders. "Is it cold? Shall we go in? Why don't you tell me about running the lines?"

Stephanie perfunctorily replied and turned to look at Emily, "Come to my room, will you?"

The assistant was puzzled. Stephanie seemed to be making a request. She felt that she must have misheard. Stephanie was so famous, and everyone would find a reason and an opportunity to stay with her. Besides, everyone would go to her room once Stephanie asked them to.

"Sorry, it's too late. We have to go back." Emily said.

There was really someone who wouldn't go!

The assistant got furious. She walked forward and was about to argue with Emily when Stephanie stopped her. Stephanie walked to Emily and waved her hand at the security guards.

"You may leave."

The security guards left.

The assistant's aggressiveness weakened, but she was still a little indignant. She felt that although the little girl in front of her was pretty, she shouldn't be so ignorant. Stephanie was very popular but she starred in very few films recently because of the rumors. By the way, when did Stephanie agree to play a scene about kidnapping? How could she not know?

Stephanie stood in front of Emily and asked, "How did you know I was here?"

Emily knew that she would ask this, but she didn't want to cause trouble for Trevor. She didn't answer this question and just said, "I'll explain it to you when convenient. I hope that you can live well. Everyone has someone or something to protect. No matter how hard life is, please hold on."

After that, she looked at Harold and the guards, then turned around and walked out.

The security guards were still worried as they guarded on the spot. Seeing that they had come out, they followed with relief.

The assistant got Stephanie out and whispered, "Stephanie, what did you say to her?"

Stephanie ignored her and kept thinking about what Emily had just said- 'everyone has someone or something to protect'. She had these in the past.

But overnight, she had nothing left.

A gust of wind blew over and she trembled. The wind on the rooftop was so cold. If she had jumped down, wouldn't it be as cold?

She suddenly grabbed the assistant and said, "Go, give her my business card and ask her to contact me if she needs help. No, contact me if she has time. Hurry up!"

The assistant was frightened by her. She was about to go but returned with worry. "Stephanie, I'm uneasy to leave you alone here. Why don't you go to your room?"

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Stephanie followed her out. "Is that okay? Hurry up and go!"

The assistant finally started to run. When she took the elevator to the entrance of the hotel, Emily had squeezed out the fans' encirclement and got into the car, leaving behind only an afterimage of a car.

"The assistant is chasing after us." Harold looked at the rearview mirror and said, "How did you know that she was going to commit suicide?"

Emily was figuring Trevor's intentions out when she heard this and she subconsciously said, "It's not me. Trevor gave me the message."

Harold did not continue to ask. Everyone in City Y knew that Trevor was introverted and never went out of his garret.

Someday, he would become like a Swamp Thing. However, to the guards and Harold, he was like a genius.

Since it was Trevor who provided the information, then he must have a reason for it.

Emily unlocked her phone and happened to see a location sent by Trevor. It was the location of Doctor Miracle. She forwarded the location to Harold and said, "Ask for leave tomorrow. Go over and see if you can invite him over."

Harold looked at the location on his phone and answered, "Yes."

When they reached the entrance of the Scavo's, Harold got out of the car and got in the car behind. Emily saw that she was not far from the entrance, so she decided to walk home. Then, she saw a red supercar parked there.

It was Irene's car. After being quiet for two days, she came again.

The autumn breeze blew. There was a bouquet of red roses on the car seat, which was as enthusiastic and lively as her. When she saw Emily, she waved her hand and asked, "Where did you go? Why are you back so late?"

Emily was at a loss because of her enthusiasm. After thinking for a while, she felt that she might be too slow. She forced a smile and replied, "I went out to have fun."

Irene followed her in. Vincent hadn't returned. That was reasonable. If Vincent was back, then she wouldn't be standing at the door.

"Will Vincent have a crush on a girl at the banquet? Why hasn't he come back yet?" As soon as Irene got in, she exhaled hot breath. As expected, it was cold outside. She didn't know why the butler didn't let her in.

Irene said to herself, "I just came and wandered around. It's too boring to be alone. I just stood at the door and waited. How romantic. The first person Vincent will see when he comes back will be me."

Emily admired her. She was that kind of expressive person. There were many people who kept their desires in their hearts and didn't dare to express them be it secret love or unrequited lovesickness. In the end, they would just disappear and no result would be obtained.

On the contrary, a person like Irene would always leave the impression of being bright and enthusiastic on others.

If she were Vincent, she would have chosen a girl like Irene as her girlfriend because she was outgoing, generous and endearing.

The chef served dishes. Emily sat down and looked at Irene.

Irene waved her hand, "Don't worry about me, just eat."

Though saying so, she sat opposite to Emily at the dining table.

Emily had just taken some food when Irene asked, "Hey, I'm asking you, have you ever been to Vincent's room?"

She slept in Vincent's room.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 194 I Think

Emily shook her head.

"Then what brand of cigarette does he smoke? It smelled good.

I asked him last time, but he didn't answer."

Emily shook her head again. She intended to act stupidly, so she lowered her head to eat and shook her head.

Although disappointed at her reaction, she quickly braced up. "It doesn't matter. I'll know all of his likes and dislikes as I get to know him gradually in the coming days."

Irene looked at Emily. Although the little girl was a bit slow, she was good-looking with watery eyes, a small and curved nose, pink and plump lips. She chewed with bulging cheeks, looking pretty and lovely. A few years later, she would turn out drop-dead gorgeous.

She stared at Emily for a while and suddenly asked, "Do you like Mr. Vincent?"

Emily slowed down with her meal. She raised her head and looked into Irene with her eyes shining brightly.

A moment later, Emily nodded and said softly, "Yes."

Irene smiled said with laughter, "Mr. Vincent is so handsome. Every woman in City Y likes him. But you're too young, it's unlikely for Mr. Vincent to choose you. When you get old enough, he's already mine."

Emily also smiled at her. She didn't know what to be happy about. It was just she suddenly recalled what Mr. Vincent had said to her--I'm all yours.

Amazed by Emily's flawless acting, the Guards fell silent for a moment.

When Vincent returned, Irene had left. On the table of the living room, there was a bouquet of fiery red roses and a scented piece of paper. On the paper, there was a line of words with handsome handwriting.

"See you tomorrow."

He went upstairs without looking sideways. Behind him was Rex, who proactively threw the rose and the paper into the trash can.

Emily was searching for news about Stephanie Smith on the internet. Her scandals, including her recent breakup, were everywhere on the internet. The poor students she sponsored before successively posted their accusations online. They said the students she had been sponsoring for several years are not doing well, but she was indifferent and ordered them not to come to her or make phone calls. They also mentioned that her words were filled with impatience, which overturned her public

persona as a considerate person.

Quite a few netizens scrambled to leave their comment. The most searched news were inundated with malicious comments. Some people made GIFs out of the TV drama where she had made her debut. What's worse, they even added text on these GIFs to urge her to scam out of the entertainment industry. The entire page was in a mess. As Emily went down the page, she only found a statement and a lawyer's letter from her studio. She did not speak for herself, and many netizens equated her silence as her confession, so verbal abuse was becoming more rampant. Up to now, it has been going for a month.

Emily clicked on another piece of information about her boyfriend. That man said they had broken up and he had nothing to do with her.

It sent a chill to her heart. How could this man leave Stephanie when she needed him the most!

She clenched her fists tightly. All of a sudden, her fist was wrapped in a large hand. She turned around and caught Vincent's deep eyes. He gripped her fists, held her waist, took her into his arms, and sit down. Then, he looked at the phone and asked, "What did you see?"

Emily chinpointed at the phone. "This man was scared away because he saw his girlfriend being attacked by the netizens." Vincent remained the same look and said casually, "The husband and wife were birds of the same forest, but they flew separately in the face of a calamity."

Hearing this, Emily stiffened for a while. Then she tilted his head and said, "Mr. Vincent, will you..."

"No." Vincent pressed his chin against her head, interrupting her speculation.

"I mean if something happens to you in the future, I will be the first to run."

"..."

Emily snickered, turned her head, and hugged his neck. Just as she was going to say something to comfort this man, a deep voice fell from above, "That's the right thing to do."

Emily was stunned. She could tell that Mr. Vincent was not joking.

Vincent kissed her gently with devotion. He carefully sucking on her lips, and then put his hands on the back of her head, deepening the kiss.

Emily was intoxicated by this kiss, but she was still thinking about what he just said.

Vincent loosed his grip and the topic. He took out two certificates and handed them to Emily. A police badge was printed on the certificate, and the words below it was SWAT. "What's this?" Emily opened it up and saw a photo of Noah and a line of words, People's Police of China. There was also a work permit containing the detailed information of his name, police number and the address of the police station he belonged to. The other one belonged to Christy.

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

Emily was a little shocked. She mentioned it yesterday, and she didn't expect that Vincent would give her such a big gift today. She had planned to spend her own money to find some helpers. Now, with these credentials in hand, it was like having an armed force waiting for her orders at any time, which brought great convenience.

Most importantly, Noah and Christy would be very happy to have a new identity.

"Thank you." Emily's eyes lit up, "So, it is because of this that you came back so late?"

Vincent looked down at her and said in a deep voice, "Do you miss me?"

Emily said, "No, Irene came here to see you. She guessed you might be attracted by some little girls at the banquet so you didn't come back."

Vincent, "..."

The Guards tittered.

Emily pretended not to see the speechless expression on his face. "Oh, she also sent you flowers. Why didn't you bring them up?"

"I threw them." Vincent knit his eyebrows, which deepened the creases on his eyelids, emphasizing his deep-set eyes.

Emily asked, "Why?"

"You want me to bring them up?" Vincent tilted his head and

squinted at her.

Emily said earnestly, "No, I think they are very beautiful."

"That's it?" Vincent reached out and pinched her face, "Nothing else?"

Emily paused for a moment, but she failed to hold back the smile on her face. She grabbed his hand and gave it a gentle bite. She nibbled his fingers and said in a warning and blurry voice "If you touch the flowers she gave you, I'll bite off your fingers."

Vincent smiled dotingly. He pressed his one finger against Emily's soft and smooth lips, "Look at this jealous girl."

Actually, Emily wasn't jealous. She liked Irene's temperament, so how could she be jealous of her? She knew Vincent crystal clear. If she acted as if nothing had happened, Vincent would ... be very disappointed, wouldn't he?

At midnight, the drawing room opened. A shadow figure furtively came in with a bunch of flowers and inserted them into the vase. Then, someone sat upright in front of the easel, turning on the phone torch and drawing in the dark.

About half an hour later, the drawing room opened again. Vincent stood at the door with a poker face. He turned on the light and saw Emily in the room. She was in her fuzzy pink pajamas. She held a brush in one hand and a mobile phone in the other. In front of her was a bouquet of fiery red roses. It was exactly the one from Irene and the one later thrown by Rex.

Emily startled for a few seconds before squeezing out a smile, "Hi, Mr. Vincent. You haven't gone to bed yet? What a coincidence. "

Vincent locked his eyes on her for a while. Then he turned around and walked away.

Emily didn't know what to do.

She was ten minutes away from finishing the painting on the easel, but she felt Vincent seemed to be angry....

Feeling caught between Vincent and the painting, she resolutely went for the painting.

Feeling Frustrated, Vincent left and went back at a slow pace. After thinking for a moment, he took a blanket from his room and put it on Emily's shoulder. He kept her accompany, watching her painting in the silent night.



Outside the door, the Yan guards squeezed together like sardines.

Guard A: I think Mr. Vincent was dumped again.

Guard B: I think so.

Guard C: What are you talking about?

Guard D: Oh, man.

Guard C: What are they talking about?\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 195 Eight Thousand 1

Hump Village was a small and secluded village in City Y, East Sea province. Harold couldn't get inside of it when he pulled over to the entrance. The road paved inside to it was too narrow to drive in and even narrower than the road to the Lotus Tea Manor. He got off from the car and walked further, failing to find a single soul along the way.

This was more like a discarded place, without remains of living creatures and without any hints of human flesh. It was even impossible to see one small kid around this town.

Harold walked through the deserted place and finally saw an aged old man farming in his farmyard. He walked closer to the old man, who was busy with digging sweet potatoes. There were sweet potatoes in all kinds of shapes scattered on the ground in a cloth bag, being peeled off from their muds, shining in their magenta skin.

"Hello sir," asked Harold, "Do you happen to know Spencer Smith, Doctor Miracle?"

The old man didn't hear him. It seemed that the old man was a little deaf and he kept being busy with his work. "Sir, is there any chance that you would know doctor called Spencer Smith?"

Harold asked him again

The old man didn't respond.

Harold thought the old man was probably deaf. And he was up to somewhere else to look if there were other households around.

Nevertheless, he found nobody around all along this entire village. These houses in this village were cold and strange, as if no one had been here for a very long time. Some houses were locked, others not. The walls were so low and easy to climb, so he leaped into one of them. The house was tidy-clean, even the

stools were placed in order.

The village was not robbed, as it seemed. But everyone left and it was not clear why. More interestingly, the houses were left behind very clean.

Harold came out from the village. He walked towards the farmyard again. It was already noon. It took him several hours to drive from the downtown area, but he actually found nothing here, so naturally, he was a little bit irritated and he was sweating because of the heat. When he walked closer, the old man was still engaged in his farm work.

He called Emily and said, "there's no one in the village. I can't find any walking person except this old man. And he might be deaf! I can't get any answers from him. The village was nearly deserted and nobody was around." He said on the phone.

"How old is this old man? Is he ninety years old?" Emily asked him.

Harold observed the old man with rapt attention, "he doesn't seem to be ninety years old. Maybe he is seventy. His hair is all white while he appears to be very stout. Besides, he doesn't stop even for a moment while working so much just now, and he doesn't have a drinking cup with his side." He said to her.

"Go help him with the farm work." Emily said.

"Miss Emily, do you mean that he is...?" Harold asked hesitantly.

"I'm not sure," she said. "but don't you say that Doctor Miracle has a weird personality? Maybe he heard it and pretended not to hear or maybe he didn't want to pay attention to the people outside from this village."

Harold thought it through and it really made sense. He hung up the phone, took off his coat, going to the farmyard to help the old man.

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

"Sir, have some rest and let me help you." He said to the old man. Harold took the shovel from him and began digging gently. The old man ignored him and went to grab the sweet potatoes he dug out. He cleaned up the soil with his bare hands and put them into the cloth bag. Then, he slipped them onto his shoulders and left.

Harold hurriedly took out a few sweet potatoes he dug out and

put them into his jackets. He was following the old man behind. The old man turned around and walked into a small house with red bricks and tiles. There were three rooms, and a small courtyard. The courtyard was filled with different kinds of grass and some unknown trees. The door was also covered with grass. Everybody can see the winter was making its way, but the strange grass showed no hints of withering.

Not a single door could be seen in this house. The old man walked right in and poured out his sweet potatoes on the ground. He went inside of the house, picked up a teapot and poured himself a cup of water.

Harold poured the sweet potatoes which he was holding with his coat and put his jacket on. He was flummoxed. He didn't know how to get the old man's heart. He just stood there, at the courthouse, just like a wooden stock.

The old man ate something casual and began to take his nap. When he woke up, he found out the wooden stake at the courthouse was still standing there, motionlessly.

The old man took the cloth bag and went to the field to continue his farming.

Harold continued to snatch the shovel to help him dig some sweet potatoes. This old man actually planted sweet potatoes on an acre of land. He worked from noon till dawn. He took up his cloth bag, put the sweet potatoes away, and left.

Harold also followed him. A long day of farm work made him sweat down to his vest. The old man poured water for himself to drink. Harold did not dare to disturb him. He drew water from the well outside and washed his hands. After filling up the kitchen bucket, he drank water with his hands and washed his face.

The old man began to cook dinner. He cooked a pot of sweet potato soup.

Harold hadn't eaten lunch yet, and he was starving already. The potato soup looked not that delicious, but he was very hungry now and asked the old man, "Sir, could you please share your soup a bit?"

The old man ignored him and went into his room to rest.

Harold knew that there was a fish pond inside this village. After pausing for a thought, he turned around and walked out. When he arrived at the fish pond, he lit his phone's light, took off his

clothes and got into the water.

Five minutes later, he carried two fish out of this pond holding them with his clothes and found a house nearby that was not closed. He fetched water to clean up the fish, found sticks to insert, put up a few more sticks, and then used dry papers, two stones to create a spark, finally, he put the fish on the shelf and started to roast it.

After the fish was roasted, he ate one of them and took the other one back and placed it at the old man's door. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 196 Eight Thousand 2

It was the end of November, cold wind was blowing at night. Harold took a bath with water from the well, which was cold. He washed his clothes and hung them on the rope. Then, he did some push-ups naked and sweated from this exercise. Soon after, his body was getting warm.

The next day, the old man came out and passed without looking around the roasted fish on the stool, which was left by Harold at his door. He took his cloth bag and went down to the farmyard. Harold slept against the wall last night. He opened his eyes immediately when he heard the commotion. He was barely wearing but with his coat. When he saw the old man took the cloth bag out, he changed his clothes in a few minutes, and followed him.

After an hour of farming, the old man came back for some tea and something to eat. After he finished, he continued to work in the field.

Harold didn't eat anything and he was running out of energy. He was a eater but he ate so little yesterday and it gave him stomachache now. Because of the sourness in his stomach, he grabbed sweet potatoes on the ground, took a few bites, and found this very delicious. He ate two of them! Still, the old man didn't bother to look at him and regarded him as an invisible person.

Harold occasionally asked him one question. The old was deaf and could not hear anything being said, so he kept his doing his work.

Just like that, a day was wasted again in the field. The old man ignored him, as always.

Harold's phone was running out of battery. He called Emily and reported the old man's attitude towards him, including that of yesterday and today. He also reported the daily routines of the old man.

"Come back then," Miss Emily said,

Harold agreed. But he roasted a fish and placed it on the stool at the old man's door before he left.

As he drove away, the old man moved the stool and sat outside to look at the moon. He just glanced over the roasted. The fish was left untouched.

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Emily gave Christy her ID card, and obediently stayed in her room. She read books and painted, until the phone call. It was from Harold the next night. He told her on the phone that all were in vain, he didn't make the old man notice him.

She put down the brush in her hand and stood up.

"It was clear what Trevor had said," she thought. But she didn't want to make use of this kind of relationship.

But, at the end of the day it was the time to use it when she had no choices.

She pictured it right. Stephanie was the granddaughter and Doctor Miracle was her grandfather. Nobody knows why but she lived in retreat in a small village which was known to no one. But she was the super star who was attacked by rumors in this secular world.

Emily took out her phone and looked at the internet. There were hurtful insults all around which seemed unstoppable. She frowned, thought for a moment, and went out with her phone. She walked to Christy room and knocked on her door.

Christy was making preparations for going out these days. The heat was on in her room. She only wore a thin sweater and her curvy body shape showed itself right on. She answered the door and asked, "What's wrong?"

Emily showed her the news on her phone, waited for her to finish reading and asked, "How should we deal with this situation?"

"I thought you are capable of everything," Christy gave her a smile, a friendly one. "Fortunately, you're not like this. Otherwise, you would really be a monster."

"..."

Christy opened her laptop and tapped Stephanie's name on the internet. She was not aware how she did it, but she uncovered many unknown stories that Emily didn't know, that were, all sorts of behind-the-scenes stories about Stephanie being framed. Her ex-boyfriend was also not that simple. Rumors about his unglamorous past were spreading online just like snowflakes flying everywhere. It was being said he used drugs, had inappropriate relationship with fans.

"It's been a month, the PR isn't working? They haven't dealt with this messy stuff online! See those haters online, they are still spitting hurtful remarks. They are reckless just because they are not required to register their true IDs. So, with keyboards on their hands, they spread the hurtful remarks all over the place."

Christy flipped through a few pages and the insults were still there.

"Is there any way to help her?" Emily asked.

Christy did not ask her who she was or why she wanted her to help her. She paused for a thought and said, "Absolutely yes. You know, money can make the devil speak."

Emily got what she meant and said to her, "I will pay you and Noah 8, 000 yuan per month as your salary."

Christy.....

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

She was stunned for a moment. "We haven't done anything yet. Why do you want to pay us?"

"From now on, you are going to do something." Emily said pointing at her laptop.

"..."

Christy was a little bit suspicious of Emily. She suspected that whether it was her who pretended not capable of solving the problem and asked her for help on purpose.

"You don't have to pay me. Just give me as much as you need."

Christy pointed at her computer. It was about Stephanie everything should be handled separately.

Emily nodded, but not sure if she made herself clear.

Anyway, when she came out, there was 8, 000 on both Christy and Noah's phones with a receipt message, simultaneously.

Christy looked at the information on her phone and left out a sigh. Even though she knew what exactly she should do, she felt as if she was working for Emily.

Besides ... eight thousand was far from enough!

"Stephanie's problem was solved," Emily thought. She decided to put it aside. Then, she went into the studio and adjusted the color to draw. But she received another phone call from an unfamiliar number.

"Hey, it's me." It came from the other side.

"Who is it?" Emily was stunned for a moment.

"..."

"It is Janessa Diaz," there was a sigh, "Is my voice so unrecognizable?"

"Ah, it's you. What's up?" Emily said suddenly.

"I want you to come out tomorrow night to have some fun, will you?" Janessa asked.

"..."

"Have you ever been to a bar?"

"..."

There was no response from Emily. Janessa thought Emily was frightened. But how could someone like her who can handle big blocks of ice possibly be frightened by this kind of small stuff? Janessa decided to offer a brief explanation, "I will leave within two days. I just want to have fun with you guys one more time." Emily wasn't frightened at all. She knew they were not that close. She didn't expect she would be invited to a party. The invitation was abrupt and she was confused a bit and didn't know what to do. After hearing the explanation, her worries and hesitations went away instantly and she agreed.

"You're coming to the party."

"Yes."

After hanging up the phone, the memory from that night in the guest house came back to her. A group of people were sitting in the hall, flickering candles reflecting the faces of people at the table. It was complicated and blurry but warm and sweet just like a family.

She took her colored pen immediately into the bucket, and washed it. She mixed the color again. All she was thinking was the guest house this time, the lively group of people, and the smiling faces.

She closed her eyes. When she opened them, they were shining, brightly. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 197 Superman 1

Jaquan parked his car at the entrance of the cake shop as usual. The lady of the shop made three cakes for him without asking him. Then, she said with concern, "The temperature has cooled down recently. Please remind Stony to add clothes. He just wore one at noon when I saw him. It's too thin. Take good care of him."

Jaquan smiled and said, "Got it."

It was strange. Emma and Stony were obviously someone who had nothing to do with him. For some reason, they had been getting along like a family these past few days. Even the owner of the cake shop at the entrance would show some concern about them when she saw him.

Jaquan carried the cake and walked to the door. Just as he entered the password, the door opened. Stony looked at him happily, "Mr. Jaquan, good evening!"

"Good evening." Jaquan handed Stony the cakes in his hand.

"Are you hungry? This is for you."

Stony took his slippers for him first, then took his briefcase and put it on the shorter table before taking the cakes and placing them on the dining table.

Emma could already get out of bed and move about. She planned to go back tomorrow. She had asked Collin and confirmed that she could go back. Unless something unexpected happened, today would be their last day here.

"Mom!" Stony called out softly.

Emma was collecting clothes on the balcony. Jaquan's clothes were basically dry-cleaned or left at home. Anyway, Mrs. Cox would come over to clean up. She would wash the dirty clothes directly in the washing machine. For clothes that needed to be washed by hand, she would wash them by hand and hang them up. After the clothes were dry, Jaquan could directly take them off and put them on after shaking them.

However, Mrs. Cox did not come these two days. Maybe because what she had seen last time was too shocking or because of something else. When Emma got out of bed, she



saw there was a basket of clothes beside the washing machine, which belonged to Jaquan.

After thinking for a while, she sorted the clothes and threw them into the washing machine if they could be washed by machine. If not, she washed them by hand in the bathroom. She knew that Jaquan liked to spray perfume on his shirts. So, she would spray some perfume on his collar the last time she washed his clothes. Then, she wrung the clothes dry and hung them on the balcony after shaking them.

After Jaquan changed his shoes and entered, he saw Emma tiptoeing on the good foot. She was taking his clothes. She carefully shook each of his shirt and his trousers and then put them on her arm.

Jaquan stared at her in a daze for a moment. The scene in front of him was somewhat subtle, causing him to have an indescribable restlessness in his heart. Emma's curved figure reminded him of what had happened on the flowing platform a few days ago. He remembered the warm leg, the back neck filled with the fragrance of bath gel, and the restlessness that shouldn't belong to him when he pressed her to pick up the bowls and chopsticks on the cabinet.

Hearing the commotion, Emma looked in this direction and helplessly smiled at Stony, "I see."

Jaquan came back to his senses and strode over. He took the clothes on her arm and reached out to take the one on the top, "I'll do this. Your leg just recovered. Don't fall again."

He wanted to care about her. But for some reason, his tone changed as he spoke, as if he didn't want her to stay here.

Emma didn't say anything, and her expression didn't change.

Jaquan couldn't see through what she was thinking. So, he couldn't help but feel a little annoyed. Why was he annoyed?

He was annoyed that he had said the wrong thing, and he was even more annoyed that this woman did not react at all.

He threw the clothes in his arms into the cloakroom, then went to the bathroom to take off his watch and loosen his tie. When he came out, Emma and Stony had already entered the room.

Jaquan sat on the sofa alone, eating the pancake. He turned the TV to the channel that was playing Tom and Jerry. As he was eating, he glanced at the door of the guest room.

However, Emma, who usually sat on the sofa and watched TV with him, did not come out today. Jaquan finished eating a piece of pancake and paced to the door. At this time, Stony came out and held a garbage bag in his hand. Seeing Jaquan, he kindly called out, "Mr. Jaquan."

Jaquan vaguely said "yes", and saw Emma cleaning up.

What was she cleaning?

She cleaned up the rubbish in the room, put everything back in place, and even washed their slippers. Today, Emma and Stony all wore their own shoes, and the soles of their shoes were cleaned.

"You don't have to clean up. Tomorrow, a servant will come to do it." Jaquan said impatiently. He didn't know if he couldn't bear to see her like that, or if he couldn't bear that she was leaving tomorrow but couldn't wait to start packing tonight. Emma nodded and finally stopped packing. She came out and had a drink. Then, she sat on the sofa and watched Tom and Jerry.

Stony sat on the sofa to meditate after putting the garbage bag in the porch. Jaquan watched Tom and Jerry for a moment, and then glanced at Emma. She was in a good mood tonight. When she saw funny scenes, she would purse her lips and smile.

Jaquan felt upset somewhat.

He looked at Stony and suddenly asked, "What the hell are you doing?"

Stony didn't open his eyes.

Emma also remained silent. Jaquan gently touched Stony's shoulder. "Are you practicing?"

Stony nodded, "Yes."

"..."

Jaquan fell silent again. The mother and the son were both so baffling.

His phone suddenly rang. It was Armando.

Jaquan never wanted to receive another call from Armando in his life. So, he decisively refused to answer. However, a few seconds later, the other party changed an unfamiliar number and called him again.

Jaquan guessed that this unfamiliar number was Janessa's and reached out to answer the phone.

As he expected, it was Janessa. Janessa came straight to the

point and asked, "I heard that Emma is staying at your place?"  
Jaquan stuttered, "What, what is wrong?"

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"Nothing." Janessa laughed, "Is there anything on your  
conscience? Why are you stuttering?"

"..."

"Put Emma on the phone." Janessa said.

Jaquan honestly handed the phone to Emma. After handing it  
over, he slapped his palm. Damn it! Why was he so obedient!  
Janessa said something on the other end of the phone. Emma  
frowned and then nodded hesitantly.

After the phone was hung up, Jaquan asked, "What did she  
say?"

Emma looked at him in curiosity, "She didn't invite you?"

"What?"

Emma concluded, "Then I don't have to tell you. They didn't  
invite you anyway."

Jaquan was confused.

After he took a shower, Jaquan's phone didn't ring again. He  
couldn't help but pick up his phone and call Armando, "What's  
the invitation? Why didn't you invite me when you invited her?"

Armando was confused. "You want to go?"

Jaquan was surprised, "What are you talking about? You're not  
going?"

Armando was silent for a moment, "How did you know I was  
going?"

"..."

What he answered was beside the point. But what was amazing  
was that they still communicated well.

"Where is the location?" Jaquan asked.

"Single Paradise."

"..."

Armando added, "Janessa has invited all the people who went  
to the B&B that day."

Jaquan's heart skipped a beat, "Did she also invite Arabella?"

"No."

"..."

After hanging up the phone, Jaquan lay on the bed and opened

WeChat. He browsed the chat history with Arabella. The dialog box was all green. However, from the time Arabella came back until now, he hadn't sent any message to Arabella. He looked at the date. The last time he contacted her was when they went to the B&B and he reminded her to get ready and come down at nine o'clock.

There was nothing else.

He hadn't thought of Arabella in the past few days. Jaquan found it a bit strange. Normally, he had to read Arabella's WeChat posts. However, he always dreamed of Tom and Jerry these two days, and felt vaguely that there was a woman sitting by the sofa looking at him. But he could not see the woman's face clearly.

He closed his eyes and felt that something was wrong with him. He sent a message to Arabella: It's cold. Remember to put on more clothes.

Unexpectedly, Arabella replied: You too.

Jaquan felt somewhat happy inside. He gave Arabella a voice call. They chatted for a moment before Jaquan finally slept contentedly.

Early the next morning, Emma carried two large bags and greeted Jaquan, "Thank you for your help during this time. Goodbye."

Jaquan had just come out of the bedroom and was still a little befuddled. Hearing her say this, he subconsciously asked, "Wait! You're leaving today? Didn't Janessa invite you to participate in that event tonight? How are you going to go if you leave today...?"

Emma stood at the entrance and said, "It's fine. We'll take a taxi back tonight."

"You're a woman with a child. Besides, you don't have a cell phone. What if you get in trouble?" Jaquan was completely awake. He strode over and frowned. He had clearly slept well last night. But seeing this scene, for some reason, he suddenly became unhappy again.

Stony poked his head in and said, "Don't worry. Ordinary people can't beat my mother." \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 198 Superman 2

Jaquan didn't know how Emma had taught this child. Stony simply worshipped his mother as if she was a superman.

"Your mother is a woman. How can she beat a man?" Jaquan glanced at her leg, "Besides, her leg was injured. You will only be..."

Jaquan didn't finish his sentence. He just frowned and said, "Why don't you guys stay one more night? I won't charge you any money. If anything happens to you on the way, the police will come to me."

Honestly, he just wanted to give a nice suggestion.

Unexpectedly, when he said it, his words would change!

Emma pursed her lips and said, "Goodbye."

The door closed.

Jaquan was angry. He walked to the bathroom and could not vent his anger. He smashed the wall angrily without rhyme or reason. Even he felt that it was baffling. The woman left. Why was he angry? It was as if he really wanted her to stay here! However, even if he thought that, he still quickly washed up and changed his clothes. This time, he didn't even spray perfume and rushed down.

Emma and Stony were walking in the neighborhood. Because it was still early now, the old men and old ladies in the neighborhood were doing morning exercises. They met a few people occasionally. As long as the other party looked over, Stony would politely greet, "Good morning, ladies."

The old man naturally praised Stony and Emma. Then, he asked, "Where's his father?"

Emma pursed her lips and smiled without saying anything. She did not like to lie. However, she had no choice but to lie again and again. Now, she still did not tell the truth in front of the old men who she would probably never meet again.

Although she had lived in peace for so long, she was still on guard.

She led Stony forward. Just as she was about to leave the neighborhood, she heard a group of people exclaim and gather. Someone shouted, "Send him to the hospital now!"

She turned around and saw a group of people surrounding an old man. The old man was holding his arm with a painful expression. The people beside him nervously asked, "How did you dislocate your arm?"

"I don't know. Maybe he cracked his whip too hard?"

"Bones and muscles are hurt, hundreds days. He can't move for several months now!"

"Hurry to send him to the hospital!"

Emma only took a glance. Stony gently tugged at her arm,

"Mom, help him."

When someone in Tea Manor dislocated his arm while working, Emma had also helped him fix it. However, she was currently in Jaquan's neighborhood. Emma was a little hesitant. While she was hesitating, Stony had walked to the old man, "Sir, don't worry. My mother will help you fix it."

The people immediately looked at Emma behind Stony.

Jaquan also walked out of the elevator and saw Emma standing with many people in a distance. He had thought that something had happened. When he walked over, he saw Emma holding onto an old man's arm, pulling and fixing it. Her movement was neat, as if she had usually done it.

The old man moved his arm and shouted in surprise, "It doesn't hurt! It really doesn't hurt!"

At this moment, the others treated Emma like a god, "Little girl, you are so awesome! You fixed his arm with a move. If he goes to the hospital, he will spend much money!"

Emma was still calm and put on a faint smile, "You're welcome. It's no bother."

That was it again.

When she saved Arabella, she also said that it was no bother.

However, Jaquan remembered that when he rescued her, all she had left was her underwear and her drenched jacket.

This kind of woman was terrible. She didn't have a cell phone and was like a cave dweller. She took a child. Although she was average-looking, she had a temper. She was extremely cold, but would help those who were in danger.

Jaquan felt that this woman was mysterious but attractive. She made people only notice her character and ignore her face.

"Hey, Mr. Jaquan." When Stony saw Jaquan, he called out.

Everyone turned around and saw Jaquan. They naturally knew him. When they saw him walk towards Emma and they looked like a family, these people were shocked, "Jaquan, is this your wife? She is awesome! She fixed Mr. Parker's arm in a crisp

way!"

"That's right! We've all seen it with our own eyes! Just a move!"

"I saw it too! It's amazing!"

"Your son looks just like you. He's really handsome. That's good. If I had such a big grandson, I would be overjoyed!"

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Jaquan knew that every time he came out with Emma and Stony, this was what would happen to them. He did not bother explaining. Because the more he explained, the more chaotic it became.

He did not explain. But Emma said, "Sorry, we are not a couple. Mr. Jaquan is single and not married."

She spoke coldly, as if she was eager to disassociate herself from Jaquan.

Jaquan felt as if he had eaten a gunpowder, getting his blood up. He stared steadily at Emma. Although Emma didn't say a word wrong, Jaquan just stared at her without rhyme or reason. When the others saw this, they thought that it was just a fight between the couple. So, they smiled and eased the situation, "Couples will always fight. Jaquan, you are a man. Take the initiative to admit your mistake and bring your child and wife home. It's so cold outside."

Everybody chimed in and almost pushed Emma into Jaquan's arms, urging him, "Hurry to bring Emma home."

"When my wife comes back, I'll treat you to dinner at home. It is just a simple diet. Please don't mind. But it's cleaner than the food in the hotel outside," said the old man whose arm was fixed.

Emma refused, "No need."

The old man smiled at Jaquan and said, "Boy, come on!"

These people seemed to treat them as a family of three, and believed it without a doubt. Emma also realized that it was useless to explain. So, she simply shut up.

By the time these elderly men and women dispersed, Emma had already been brought to the door by Jaquan ... These elderly men and women were worried that Jaquan would not be able to coax his wife. So, they surrounded them and "escorted" them home.

"..."

Emma stood at the door, a rare silence and frustration appearing on her calm face.

"Aren't we still going to participate in that event tonight? Why don't you leave at night?" Jaquan returned to his room and took his briefcase. He still had to go to work. It seemed that he could make it in time.

Emma did not refuse. But Jaquan had just left when the door was knocked on.

After opening the door, she saw there were more than a dozen elderly men and women standing outside. They were all carrying snacks and pastries, "We heard that Ms. Emma fixed Mr. Parker's arm. As Mr. Parker's neighbors, we are here to thank you."

Emma waved her hand, "No..."

Just as she said a word, she saw these elderly men and women put down all their things. Then, they reported their own building number and room number and said before leaving, "Put the plates there. We'll come and take them later."

"..."

She didn't want to get involved with them. But now, it seemed that the relationship between them was even deeper.

Emma frowned and stood there. Stony looked at the pastries on the plate. There were Red Bean Pancakes, Pumpkin Pancakes, and rolls made of eggs and potatoes and covered with sauce and onions.

He hadn't eaten breakfast in the morning. So, when he looked at these food, his stomach growled.

Emma took off the plate and said, "Help yourself."

Fortunately, the cabinets in the entrance were large, otherwise, it might not be able to hold these plates.

However, Emma did not expect that this was only the beginning.

An hour later, someone who dislocated his arm knocked on the door. He should have been sent to the hospital. However, he knew about Emma through the neighborhood's group chat.

Then, a lady who had come to the Jaquan's house enthusiastically brought him to Emma.

"..."

After Emma fixed his arm, the other party put down a thousand



and said in embarrassment, "Sorry, I didn't bring anything. I will definitely spend more money if I go to the hospital. The money is a token of my regard."

The other party was a young man who fell on his bicycle on the way to work. For some reason, he was a little shy when facing Emma.

Emma returned the money and said, "It is no bother."

That man couldn't say like that any further. He left and bought many children's toys and snacks. Then, he delivered them to the door, knocked on the door and left without stopping, worried that Emma wouldn't accept them.

When Emma opened the door and saw the things behind it, she frowned.

It turned out that she shouldn't have stayed for another day. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 199 Cool Down

Emily finished her lunch and personally filled the food box. As guard was carrying the food box into the car, she suddenly stood up and said, "I'll send it off today."

That night, the bouquet of fiery red roses in the studio exposed her lies. Vincent didn't say it directly. He probably felt angry inside. Perhaps, he would still be wondering why this innocent little girl was so cold.

Emily had a heavy learning task these days, and Vincent was also busy with his business at night. They perfectly avoided to mention that night, which was not wonderful. Of course, Vincent was unwilling to mention it. She should do something to comfort him.

Emily did not change her clothes, and got in the car. She was wearing a mask. When she got out of the car, she also put on the hood of her down jacket to avoid being recognized by others.

Tightly covered, she entered the Scavo Corp following the guard.

In the main hall, many people saw guard and saluted him. As he looked serious, the employees also wore a solemn expression. However, when they saw a little girl following behind him, they suddenly began to talk gossip.

"Holy shit, did I see it wrong? Did guard bring a little girl?"

"His sister?"

"Really? Did Mr. Vincent know that?"

"Nepotism is forbidden in the office, isn't it? Or he wants to introduce his sister to...?"

"Holy shit! You're crazy! Who doesn't know that Mr. Vincent is not interested in any women! Unless he wants to be fired!"

"I guess so!"

Emily followed behind guard into the president's private elevator. The door closed, keeping the noisy whispers outside. Emily remained calm, as if she had not heard anything. She just stared ahead with a cold gaze, which was the kind of lonely coldness. The guards had observed that as long as the little Hulk appeared, she would become cold and no one would be able to get close to her.

The door of the President's Office was half open, and someone was talking inside. Emily paused as she heard Irene's voice.

Guard followed behind with the food box in his hand. He asked whether to go inside with an eye contact.

Emily handed the food box to him, made a gesture, and left first.

Rex opened the door and saw a flash of a white figure into the elevator.

The little Hulk?! She came?!

Rex was stunned for a moment and turned around to look at Vincent, who was sitting in front of the computer.

Vincent raised his eyes, looked at him and frowned. However, the expression on Rex's face was really meaningful. Vincent glanced at him, suddenly stood up and walked out of the office as if he had known what he implied in a minute.

At the same time, guard came in with the food box.

Irene asked curiously, "Why are you so excited?"

Seeing the elevator going down, Vincent became serious with some indistinguishable emotions in his eyes. Rex was about to ask when he saw Vincent walking into the elevator. The door of the elevator had already closed before he could ask anything.

Irene was puzzled as she stretched out her head of the office.

"Is there a guest outside?"

Rex shook his head. It's not a guest. It's the little Hulk.

Emily realized in the car that she seemed to have done something wrong again. She should have gone inside in that situation, and then... She didn't know what to do then. In short, she shouldn't have turned around and left like that. It seemed that she was offering a chance for Irene. Although she didn't think so, it was unknown what Vincent would think of. Emily took out her phone and was about to text Vincent when the car door was pulled open under a strong force. As soon as the person entered, the air became somewhat suffocating. The outside of the Scavo Corp was bustling with people. Emily took off her mask and shouted, "Drive, to somewhere safe." Although Vincent's face was cold and hard, his palm was dry and warm. He grabbed Emily's small hand and asked, "Why did you leave just now?"

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People Obviously, this little girl did not take Irene as her rival in love and did not know what was jealous. However, knowing that she had come and gone, he could not sit still. He wanted to see her, even if he saw her every day.

"An inspection." Emily scratched his palm.

She looked at him obediently like a little deer. He breathed heavily, and some images appeared in his mind uncontrollably. He struggled to suppress them.

The car stopped in the shade of a tree. There was no one around. Guard got off the car and waited five meters away.

Emily bit her lips and suppressed her smile. She turned to look at Vincent with her eyes full of affection.

She was here to comfort him. First, she should care about what he was wearing.

She leaned close to Vincent. Emily did not wear perfume, but had fragrance of paint from the studio, mixed with the scent of vegetation and scent of shampoo from her hair. The smell touched his nose, and even his heart.

She slowly adjusted the buttons for Vincent and patted his unwrinkled suit jacket. After that, she seemed to recall that there was something more important. Right, step two.

Then, she tugged at his collar and kissed it.

It was supposed to be a peck. Unexpectedly, Vincent held her

back, pressing her against the back seat. They stayed very close to each other in the cramped back seat. She felt her heart racing and her face turning red. The next moment, she was kissed with a humming sound in her ears.

She tasted the fragrance of tea from him, which was slightly bitter, and then turned sweet. She felt his hand slowly stroking her back into her thin clothes. It was as if she had been struck by a current, and then softly let out a "hmm".

Vincent stopped.

Emily was gasping for breath when she found the chance. She looked up and saw Vincent's eyes flushing red. Veins stood out on his neck, and there seemed to be something burning and hard between his legs.

"..."

When Vincent returned to his office, Irene was still there.

Seeing that, she was about to tease him about being lured away by some women. She was stunned when she looked up and saw his gloomy face. "Mr. Vincent, where did you go? The food was getting cold."

Although she had long heard that Vincent had an uncertain character, this was the first time she had seen him become angry. After a few jokes, Irene went downstairs and asked the receptionist, "Did anyone look for Mr. Vincent just now?"

The receptionist thought for a while and shook her head.

Irene did not give up and added, "There must be someone. He just came down in a hurry. Did you see him meet anyone?"

"Ah, yes. However, she was brought by guard. It should be his sister. She's very small, wearing a mask and I can't see her clearly." She finally remembered something.

Irene thought for a while, and a little girl came into her mind. No wonder Vincent was angry. That silly girl must have done something that made him unhappy.

The day before yesterday, she took the time to inquire and found out that Emily Britt was a fool. She could live in the Scavo's because she won the affection of Mr. Rolando by coincidence. Despite her living close to Vincent, she was a fool. Irene sighed when she thought of Emily's beautiful eyes when she said that she liked Vincent.

It's a pity that Vincent didn't like her, or it's a pity that she was so beautiful, but she's a fool.

She took the car keys and got into the red sports car with a smile. Vincent was such a difficult man. She was getting more and fonder of him.

In the office, Rex brewed three cups of tea and handed them to Vincent. "Chrysanthemum tea that helps cool down, green tea that helps cool down, and..."

Before he could finish introducing the third cup, Vincent looked up and coldly glanced at him.

Rex's legs were weak, but he still took out his phone, opened the calendar and handed it over, "Mr. Vincent..."

Before he could finish reading, he was kicked out.

When Rex came out, he remembered that Irene had asked him why Vincent was angry before she left. He really wanted to grab her and explain, "He is not angry. It's obvious that he is not satisfied!" \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 200 Smoking

Single Paradise was not a bar, but a KTV. Though with a weird name, it was beautifully decorated inside. As a product of the old entertainment industry, it had probably got renovated after being sold and looked splendid now.

As the name had been familiar to everyone in the past, the new owner kept the name. He just made another fashionable sign board with the words "Single Paradise" on it. It could be seen from afar that the four words "Single Paradise" shone brightly at night.

When Emily and Vincent entered, Janessa was smoking at the door. She stood there with skilled smoking posture, gazing into the distance. A slight breeze was stirring her hair. She looked like a beauty shrouded in mystery.

Emily walked closer and saw that Armando was also here.

Armando's presence was not often felt by others. He leaned against the wall and looked at Janessa smoking. In his hand there was an ashtray, which was probably a product of capitalism and looked expensive with its glittering golden color.

Seeing Emily, Janessa naturally dropped their cigarette butt in the ashtray in Armando's hand. Armando did not ground the cigarette immediately but pinched the filter tip, not knowing what he was thinking.

Janessa walked in with Emily. Vincent fell behind. He looked at Armando and frowned, stretching out his arm to let Armando stand up straight. "Cheer up!"

Armando was very disappointed. Every time Janessa was about to leave City Y for another place, he would be in the blues. Although he was no different from usual, you would find him dispirited with a closer look. At this moment, there was no light in his eyes, but loss.

Hearing Vincent's words, Armando looked up and forced a smile. "I'll get used to it soon."

This was not the first time Janessa had gone far away, nor was it the first time Armando part from her. However, as he grew up and knew more about this woman, he became more emotionally dependent on her and felt reluctant to let her go. He asked her many times, "Could you please not go away?" Janessa would always caress his head like a child. "Little boy, what can I do if I stay? The outside world is so beautiful. I'm so young, I can't waste my time here..."

It was until he grew up that he confirmed himself to have different feeling for Janessa. He wanted to stay by her side for the rest of his life and be able to see her every day.

But what he worried most was still happening. Janessa took a fancy to someone outside...

"Armando, when did you start smoking?" A car parked at the door. "Master, come back soon. I can't wait to see you."

Following the sound of a girl, Randy got out of the car with the fan that had Top of the Tops written on it. He saw Armando holding up a gold ashtray and exclaimed "So extravagant". Then he caught a glimpse of the lipstick stain on the filter tip and immediately understood, "Holy shit, are you collecting Janessa's butts?"

Armando walked in with the butt and ashtray. Randy kicked him before following him, "Get real! You're even crazier than Jaquan. That woman is simply..." He thought for a moment and then gave up. After all, Armando is better than Jaquan. He then said, "Her aura is too strong for normal people to control. You were like a love child she raised when being with her..."

Armando glanced at Randy and flexed the wrist that held the ashtray.

"..."

Randy smiled. "I'm kidding. Look, you look so manly with such strong chest and butt." As he spoke, he pinched Armando's muscle. "Man, your muscle is harder than Jaquan."

Armando ignored him and stored the ashtray in the cupboard. Randy looked at his cautious appearance and had a bad idea, "If there is no other way, you can just force her to have sex with you. Janessa is a woman. If you got her body, you would one day get her soul."

Armando turned around and glared at him, "Randy, I'll forget what you just said this time. Watch your mouth next time."

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
Randy patted his mouth. "Alright, my bad."

They took the elevator to the third floor, which is entirely one room.

When the elevator door opened, one could only see a hall that was wider than a basketball court. A row of soft sofas was near the wall. The hall was divided into two parts with a song-ordering machine on the left and a projector on the right. One could watch movies through it. Looking above, the vast universe with one or two meteors flying by was in front of your eyes.

Beside the hall there was a perspiration room and a large pool that one could stay. Taking spiral stairs to the top, there were four beds ... Red roses scattered on the sheets, with condoms, lubricants and anything one could imagine on the bedside cabinets.

Not everyone was here. Emily sat on the soft sofa and Armando bought four large bags of snacks on the coffee table. There were melon seeds, nuts, peanuts, chocolate, and even spicy glutens.

Those snacks were all Janessa's favorites. She took out a bag of melon seeds and handed it to Emily. "Take whatever you like. It's important to have fun here. Make yourself at home."

Emily took it with a smile but did not eat it.

She was always hesitant around people she did not know.

Sydnee was someone she was familiar previously and was not a new acquaintance. Harold was her father's driver and part-time

bodyguard, so he could be trusted.

However, Janessa, Emma, and Arabella were all new acquaintances. She was not familiar with them, so could not feel at ease nor vigilant.

Janessa had met a lot of people when she was a tour guide. This was the first time she had met someone with this kind of temperament and was quite interested in her. She took the initiative to come over and say, "You look like a person with stories. I really want to take a picture of you, but I guess Vincent won't agree."

Vincent sat beside Emily and looked at Janessa when hearing this.

Janessa was not afraid of him. She said to him, "If she agrees to take the photo, you won't be able to stop her."

However, how could Emily agree? She shook her head and pursed her lips, nibbling shelled melon-seeds.

Shelled?

Only then did they notice that Vincent, the legendary figure in City Y and the head of the Scavo Corp, who was known for his indifference and ruthlessness, was using his slender fingers to peel melon seeds with a meticulous expression.

"..."

It was such a shock to see that a cold man could be so gentle. Janessa's heart gave a flutter seeing such scene. Armando handed the peeled melon seeds over and gave her a cup of milk tea with a straw.

Randy felt it pitiful that he, a single person, came here only to witness PDA. Fortunately, Jaquan who was a simp would be here to accompany him, which comforted him a little.

\_\_Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 201 It's Awkward

Actually, he was quite puzzled why Janessa invited him to participate in this activity. After all, they two were not so familiar. They might sometimes have fun, but they would not invite each other to join the family dinner or to be with old friends.

However, Janessa used Armando's phone to call and said, "Last time, we had fun in the guest house."

Hearing that, Randy thought of the night when they played



Truth Or Dare after the electricity was cut off. He actually missed it a little and nodded in agreement, "Alright."

Janessa took a sip of milk tea and asked Randy, "Why didn't you bring your team?"

"Didn't you just invite me?" Randy felt that Janessa's question was strange.

Janessa fell silent, as if she was pondering if she had missed the keyword on the phone.

Randy looked at her.

Suddenly, Randy understood, "What? I thought I was different. I..."

It seemed to be a great shock for Randy.

Damn it. In their mind, he was the same as his group of players whose name was not known. Damn, wasn't he the special one? When the elevator came up, Ferne frowned and walked in with a high-grade portable wine chest in his hand. As Ferne came in, he complained, "What the hell is this place? A cave? The hall is so spacious for playing basketball? And this decor... Who designed it?"

Sure enough, the people who ran the hotel would pay attention to something special. Ferne finished complaining about the decoration design of the entire KTV, including the additional equipment, and then remembered the person behind him. "This is Noah, my..."

He thought for a long time that he didn't know how to introduce Noah. Noah had stretched out his hand to Emily. Emily was about to reach out when she saw Vincent suddenly stretch out his long arm and shake hands with Noah. Their hands were very big and looked full of strength. As they shook hands, the veins on the back of their hands appeared in an instant. Without waiting for everyone to take a closer look, they had ended up and looked at each other calmly.

Originally, Noah wanted to shake hands with Vincent. However, he was worried that Vincent would ignore him, so he took a detour to greet Emily. Since Emily and him had cooperation, she should not refuse, so...

Vincent naturally guessed Noah's thought, but he did not mind. After all, Noah had spent such a long time in this difficult and enormous task of saving the child, so he was a person worthy of

respect.

Randy hurriedly asked Ferne to sit over and say, "God, are you two going to be openly couple now?"

"Open what?" Ferne was a little confused.

"..."

Randy pointed at Noah and then at him. Then, he put his thumbs together and said, "Aren't you a couple?"

"The hell with you," Ferne knocked on Randy's head speechlessly. "I'm married. I have a wife. What are you thinking all day long?"

"What?"

Randy sat down to eat sunflower seeds and looked at Noah. "I didn't think about anything. I just thought that you two looked quite compatible."

Ferne didn't know what to say.

After a while, Janessa stretched out her head and asked, "What is he to you? Sweetie?"

"..."

Ferne remembered that he hadn't finished introducing Noah. Then, he stood up and put his arm around Noah's shoulder. He was four to five centimeters shorter than Noah. To others, his action was like stroking the back of Noah's neck.

"My friend." Ferne said with a smile.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

Noah still kept a straight face, but Emily saw that the fist he had just clenched suddenly relaxed a little.

When the elevator came up again, Christy came in with a bag.

She was dressed casually, but it couldn't hide her pretty face.

Janessa praised and touched Armando's arm, "Look! That girl!

Do you like her? If you like her, I can help you."

Armando glanced at Christy and then looked away. "She's not very beautiful."

Janessa suspected that there was something wrong with his eyes. "Isn't she beautiful? Then tell me what kind of girl do you like?"

Armando just looked at her but didn't say a word. He thought to himself, "Just like you!"

Janessa ignored him and stood up to greet Christy, "Come here,

beauty. What's your name?"

Christy looked around. There were only two girls, Janessa and Emily, sitting on the sofa. Janessa acted like a host, so Christy handed the bag to Janessa and smiled. "Hello, I'm Christy, Noah's younger sister."

She took the initiative to sit down on Noah's side and whispered in his ear, "We can't go to the fourth floor. There're security guards at the back door."

Noah nodded and took out a bag of melon seeds from the table and handed it to her. "Take whatever you like."

Christy laughed, "It's okay."

Ferne observed them, "Are you two siblings? You don't look that much alike."

Christy cracked a smile, lifted her long hair and asked, "Why would you say that?"

This was the first time Ferne had seen a woman with such charming expressions. He couldn't help but sigh secretly. Although they didn't look alike, they were really alike in some respects and very attractive.

Noah looked at him coldly and said to Ferne through Christy, "Leave her alone."

"..." You thought too much!

Janessa took the bag and asked in surprise, "Is this a gift for me?" She opened the bag. It was a framed picture of the hall of the guest house, a few patchwork tables, a candle flickering in the wind, a few people leaning against the table to fight for wine, and a group of hazy silhouettes.

People in the picture were not completely painted, especially their faces. However, Janessa recognized it at the first glance, "Armando, this must be you!"

Armando smiled very contentedly. He did not ask Janessa why she recognized him, nor did he confirm whether the person she pointed out was him. As long as Janessa mentioned him first, he would be happy. Nothing else mattered.

"You must have drawn it." Janessa looked at Emily and said, "I like it very much. I want to hang it in my room."

Emily was naturally happy to hear that someone liked her paintings. She smiled and looked at Vincent as if to say, "Look, someone likes my paintings."

Like a kid who wanted a reward.

Emily sometimes was like a child. Vincent grabbed her hand and kissed it. He looked at her with his eyes full of affection. Emily trembled slightly from the kiss in her palm. She inexplicably remembered that in the carriage Vincent was hugging her at noon. He sprayed his breath on her neck and said in an alluring voice, "Don't move..."

Other people were looking at the painting and did not notice them.

Randy looked at the painting and liked it a lot. After all, he was also in the picture. The boy with a hoodie was obviously him. However, Ferne had paid him back the money he bought the painting last time. He said that Emily had earned the money and returned it. The painting could be considered as a gift. If he asked for one more picture, it was a little impolite. If he paid for it, Emily might refuse.

As Randy thought this, he looked at Emily. Then he found Vincent, who always had a cold expression and was covered in the words "not close to a woman", was kissing Emily's palm gently.

"..."

He immediately looked away with mixed feelings. It was awkward.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 202 A Coward

"Who hasn't arrived yet?" Ferne opened the box and took out six bottles of red wine. "These are my collections. Noah, prepare the glasses."

Noah glanced at him.

Ferne sighed, "Fine, I'll do it myself."

"You are a coward, a coward in front of your wife, and also a coward in front of..." Randy looked at Noah and Noah also looked at him. Then, Randy stretched out his hand and said, "Hey, nice to meet you!"

Ferne glanced at Randy. Who was more cowardly?

The elevator was opened again. Emma and Jaquan walked in one after another. Janessa waved to Emma, "Where's Stony?" "He is at home." Emma handed something to Janessa. It was a pair of gloves that Emma bought from an accessory shop. "This is for you. Hope you like it."

Janessa smiled heartily, "Thank you for the gift. I'm so happy and moved. I'll put them on now."

As she said, she had put on the gloves and smiled at Emma.

"They fit. I like them very much. Thank you."

This was the first time Emma had sent such a cheap and shabby gift. However, the receiver was so happy and Emma couldn't help but smile sincerely.

Jaquan came without being invited, but he didn't feel uncomfortable at all. Randy and Ferne invited him to have a seat and asked him curiously, "We have heard you two have been living together. Did anything happen?"

...

Armando also looked up with interest.

How dare you look up? It was all because of you!

Emma was pulled over by Janessa and sat with her. Since Jaquan had also come out, Janessa asked worriedly, "Is Stony at home alone?"

Emma shook her head, "No, someone is with him."

Before they left home, Collin came. He seemed to be a little surprised that Emma hadn't left yet. Knowing that she had a dinner party tonight, Collin promised to take good care of Stony at home and asked her to have fun outside with Jaquan.

When Jaquan was driven out by Collin, he was somewhat indignant and said, "This is my house, not his!"

Then they came out and stopped at an accessory shop by the roadside. Emma bought a pair of gloves. She walked slowly, and Jaquan went in with her. Everything in the shop was very cheap. Jaquan looked around and saw a row of hair ties.

Emma did not pay attention to what he had bought. She only remembered that the cashier said that he could pack it for free, but he refused, and put it into his pocket.

Janessa tilted her head and asked Emma, "Have you eaten yet? There will be a night snack later."

Emma nodded and she looked at Jaquan, who was with his friends. She thought that he would just send her over and leave. But now, he was chatting happily with his friends. Emma could hear him laughing from a distance. His voice was discernible. It was probably because she had been used to it these days. Emma looked away and smiled at Emily as a greeting.

Emily handed a bag of melon seeds to her, and then handed the bubble tea to her, as if she was going to treat Emma well with all the best things she had. Emma couldn't help but smile. She seldom smiled. But this time, she smiled sincerely and warmly. Janessa didn't know what they were smiling at and she couldn't help but ask, "What are you smiling at?"

Emma smiled and shook her head, "Nothing."

This was not the first time she had participated in such a gathering, but it was the first time she had truly enjoyed a gathering, enjoyed the hospitality from this group of people. They treated her like ... a friend.

A friend.

She felt that it was somewhat unbelievable. She couldn't make a sincere friend when she was rich in the past. However, although she was so depressed now, she got such beautiful and kind friends.

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
Although Jaquan was busy dealing with Randy and Ferne, he still looked to Emma. That expressionless woman was smiling. She looked very happy. She looked much gentler than she used to be. He stared at her for a moment and felt that she was quite pretty.

He was fascinated and quickly withdrew his gaze.

Randy found something in Jaquan's pocket and took it out.

Before he could see it clearly, it was snatched away. "What is this?"

Jaquan snatched it and put it in his pocket. "Nothing special."

Randy didn't see it clearly. He really didn't know what it was but it felt like a circle. Randy looked at Jaquan suspiciously and asked, "Is it a condom?"

Jaquan glanced at him coldly.

He spat out the wine on Randy's face and said, "Go away!"

Janessa stood up and said, "Thank you for coming to this party tonight. It's my pleasure to have you all here. Let's drink a toast."

Ferne served the glasses and wine as a waiter. He raised his head with dissatisfaction and asked, "Armando, why don't you find a waiter to serve us? Can't you afford it?"

"We have you." Randy patted him on the shoulder. "You are the

senior hotel manager. You are qualified for this job."

Hearing this, Ferne looked at Randy with anger.

Except Ferne, everyone raised their glasses happily. Everyone toasted each other but didn't toast Ferne. Only Noah toasted him, which made him sadder.

As everyone sat down, Christy blinked at Emily, then smiled and said, "I'm going to go out for a phone call."

Everyone nodded. Not long after, Noah stood up and said worriedly, "I'm going to find her."

"She can find the way back." Ferne said. He couldn't believe that Noah would care about his sister so much.

Noah quirked up his mouth, and before he left, he pinched the back of Ferne's neck.

Ferne felt painful.

Emily did not tell Christy that she was coming to Single Paradise tonight. It was Noah who told Christy. Hence, Christy went to the studio and told Emily about her thoughts.

They wanted to check if there was a "special room" in Single Paradise. Emily agreed and reminded Christy, "Be careful! Don't get yourself in danger."

When Christy heard that, she was astonished. After a while, she smiled and said, "I always think you are younger than me. But when I hear what you said just now, I realize that you are my boss."

Emily never thought of her as an employee or a subordinate. Just as she was about to explain, she found that Christy was just joking. After Christy finished her words, she took the little robot and walked away.

It was Eleven. But Emily didn't see it when Christy came in.

Perhaps it was checking the room just now.

Janessa took out a set of cards and placed them right in front of her. Then, she cleaned up the snacks to the other side. Ferne said excitedly, "I am the expert on it."

Randy smiled maliciously. "Don't be too confident, or you will cry."

It seemed that Ferne was discouraged by Randy's words.

He nervously retracted his hand and saw Janessa smiling evilly, "Truth or dare!"

What was that? \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

## Chapter 203 A Hug

Apart from Ferne, the others present had already experienced the game in the guest house. However, there were still people who were there but didn't participate in it. Emily and Vincent. At this time, the two of them were sitting on the sofa. Janessa pressed down on Emily's shoulder and said, "This time, neither of you is allowed to run away. Take an active part in it!"

"..."

Emily looked at Vincent and felt that there would be a disaster next. However, she never expected that Vincent would be the one who caused the disaster.

Each person could only pick one card. Among all the cards, there would be an ace. Anyone who got the ace was the dominant one. The one with the ace could exercise all rights, he or she could ask someone questions or let someone finish a dare.

The first round began. Everyone picked a card. They all carefully guard their own card so that no one else could see it. Only Emily and Vincent looked at each other's cards as if nobody else existed. Then, they both hid their cards and looked at each other.

"Who got the ace?" Janessa asked.

Vincent reached out and put his card on the table. It was the ace.

"Holy shit! Vincent, you are awesome! Remember that I'm number seven, don't ask me to do anything later!" Randy hurriedly came to please Vincent.

Janessa looked at him with contempt, "Randy, are you a real man? You are cheating!"

Randy stood upright to show that he was a real man.

Vincent directly gave him the chance to be a man, "Number seven."

Everyone present laughed.

Randy was enraged, "Vincent, how can you treat me like this?"

Janessa smiled as she took out a large box from behind and handed it over, "Quick, take out one."

Randy didn't expect that Janessa advanced the game truth or dare after they played it in the guest house.



He carefully chose one from the box but before he could take a look, Janessa took it away. She laughed for a while and read the words on the card one by one, "Which finger do you usually use to pick nose?"

"..."

Randy raised his hand, "I refuse to answer this question. This question is a slander to someone perfect like me."

"You are really shameless. Perfect?" Ferne served a glass of red wine and handed it over, "Are you drunk to say something like this?"

"..."

Since Randy refused to answer this question, he had no choice but to drink a glass of red wine.

The second round. Unfortunately, it was still Vincent who got the ace. He put down the card and felt that game really sucked. Seeing this, Ferne and Randy got their eyes red with envy.

Vincent casually said, "Five."

Armando put down the card in his hand and there happened to be a "5" on it. Janessa pushed the box to the front of him. Then she watched as he took out a card and handed it to her directly. She took the card with a smile and read the words on it, "Call the one you love the most, then tell her that you like her very much and want to kiss her." After reading it, Janessa asked hesitantly, "But do you have anyone you like?"

Armando didn't say anything. He took out his phone and dialed a number. Janessa was close to him but she didn't stare at his phone. She wanted to give him some privacy but she was very curious. When did Armando fall in love with a girl? Why did no one know about it? Could it be Emma? No, Emma didn't have a hand phone. Who else could it be?

A minute later, Armando put down his phone.

Janessa asked, "Nobody answered?"

Armando nodded, "Yes, nobody answered."

"..."

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

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All the others could tell who he called without thinking. Hearing this, they couldn't bear it at all. Randy directly stood up and said to Janessa, "Janessa, look at your hand..."

Before he said the word "phone", Armando already finished the glass of red wine in front of him in one breath. With a click, he placed the glass on the glass table and the sound made Randy sit back.

Janessa raised her head and looked at Randy, "What? What's wrong with my hand?"

"Your hand is so beautiful." Randy looked at Armando and complimented Janessa against his will.

"..."

In the third round, Randy felt his heart filled with envy and hatred, "Vincent! Why are you so lucky?"

Right, Vincent undoubtedly got the ace again. He replied to Randy's question with one sentence, "Not fun at all."

Randy, "..."

"4." Vincent put down his card and leaned on the sofa with his long arms behind Emily. He seemed to be relaxed in this posture.

Ferne flipped his card over and it was a spade 4. He rubbed his palms and took out a card from the box. As soon as he saw the card he chose, he was about to throw it back, "Holy shit!"

Randy and Janessa quickly stopped him and went to pick up the card that was almost thrown back. Janessa read the words on the card, "Give the first one who enters the door a hot kiss. Come on, no matter that person is young or old, man or woman, just offer your passionate kiss." Janessa laughed as she read the card.

"No! Again, I'll take another one!" Ferne couldn't accept it.

Randy stopped him, "What? How can you take another one while I can't?"

"Then I'll drink!" Ferne picked up the wine glass in front of him and began to drink but Randy grabbed the glass from him, "No! You have to finish the dare, only the one who refuses to tell the truth can drink."

Ferne felt desperate. He looked at Randy and said, "What about you go out and I kiss you?"

"Get lost." Randy hurriedly covered his mouth. He was afraid that he would be kissed if Ferne had no other choices.

"..."

Ferne slowly turned to look at Jaquan, "Jaquan?"

"Get lost."

"..."

Ferne walked to the elevator entrance in heavy steps. He got a single sofa to sit at the door waiting. He thought to himself, 'Will the waiters and waitresses come upstairs at this time? It should be a waitress, right? A waitress is okay but a waiter is bad.'

Five minutes later, no one came up.

Ferne hesitated and turned around to ask, "Should I continue to wait?"

Janessa and the others had already begun a new round and they perfunctorily said to him, "Continue to wait!"

Ferne pondered for a moment. Then he decided, instead of being punished more severely later, he had better stay aside to see what punishment the others got. But after watching for a while, he found that the questions the others got were no big deals at that. The most shameful question was about the color of the underwear and no one else came across a dare. He couldn't help but doubt himself, with which hand did he pick that card? He wanted to chop it off when he went back.

Vincent picked the ace for altogether seven rounds. In his words, it was not fun at all. The others also thought the same. Randy even tried to rob the card Vincent intended to choose before him but still couldn't get the ace.

"Choose one of the boys present and give him a brief hug."

Janessa smiled at Emma after reading the card.

This was a dare that Emma had chosen. She stood up to sweep over all the boys present. From Armando, who was inside, to Randy, who was outside, then her gaze finally fell on Jaquan.\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 204 Want to Die

She and Jaquan both came later than others. They sat outside. The best way was to gently hug Jaquan. This matter would be over just like that. After all, the injury on her leg hadn't completely recovered. So, it wasn't suitable for her to walk too far.

However, she gazed at Armando and smiled at him.

Armando did not refuse. He just had some wine, and now his cheeks were flushing red. He walked out towards Emma. He

was not short. There was no lust in his eyes when he hugged Emma. Emma gently patted his back and seemed to say something to him. Her voice was too low for anyone else to hear.

Jaquan, who was closest to them, looked at them hugging each other. He couldn't tell how he felt. Randy poked him in the arm. "I think she likes Armando quite a bit...."

"Is that so?" Jaquan had a half-smile, but he was annoyed secretly. He drank a mouthful of wine, as he involuntarily pinched the thing in his pocket with the other hand. He wanted to throw it into a trash now.

Vincent picked up his phone. He stood up and walked into the elevator. When he passed Ferne, he glanced at Ferne. Ferne's eyes lit up as he looked at Vincent. "Vincent! Come back soon! I'll give you my first kiss!"

"You have lost your first kiss when you were a child." Randy retorted as he picked cards.

"Bullshit!" Ferne argued. "I still keep my first kiss!"

"Awesome! You've been married for so many years and still keep your first kiss...." Randy laughed hard.

"..."

A few minutes later, Ferne's nerves were on edge. He heard the sound from the elevator. The others quickly put down the cards in their hands and looked over. The elevator finally stopped. As soon as the door opened, Ferne's smile froze.

The man was in a dark blue coat, a light-colored sweater, and trousers in casual style. Ferne was familiar with the logo, because everything this man was wearing belonged to him. As soon as Noah entered, he felt that the atmosphere was strange. The group of people stared at him in a way that was neither friendly nor malicious. They seemed to be waiting for him expectantly.

Under everyone's expectant gazes, Ferne stood up. He walked up to Noah. If he told Noah such a shameful thing, he would definitely be beaten up. Then ... he had to make a move before Noah found it out.

Ferne grabbed Noah's collar and leaned over to kiss him.

Noah remembered the moment he met Vincent on the corridor on the first floor. Vincent, who was reticent, raised his

eyebrows at Noah and said, "He's waiting for you."  
Emily rounded her eyes wide. Janessa took out her phone.  
Armando was a little dumbfounded. Randy stuffed his fist into his mouth in shock. Jaquan was comparatively calm. After flicking a glance at them, he turned to look at Emma.  
Unexpectedly, he met Emma's eyes. Although he knew that he should look away, he did not. He stared at her for a moment before turning around.  
Noah did not lose his temper. He just let Ferne kiss him. After it, he wiped his lips and asked, "Are you drunk?"  
"No." Ferne swallowed his saliva.  
Noah smiled and raised his brows. His voice was filled with a dangerous aura. "Do you want to die?"  
"..."  
Ferne was about to run when Noah grabbed his collar. Ferne shouted, "Randy, save me! Jaquan, save me! Armando, save me!"  
Those who were called did not move at all. They watched Noah pulled Ferne into the elevator. The door was closed, and Ferne's wailing could be vaguely heard. "Holy shit!"  
"..."  
Janessa waved her hand, "Let's continue!"

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The group of people immediately forgot about the episode and began a new round.  
Ferne was nervous when he was dragged into the elevator. He covered his face and shouted, "Don't slap me in the face! Show me some respect!"  
Noah pinched the back of his neck and said, "Follow me!"  
When the elevator stopped, he walked out first. Ferne hurriedly caught up. How would Noah participate in such a normal gathering? He came here for an unusual purpose.  
"There's a private room on the first floor. Someone is watching at the door. We can't go in. Try to go in." Noah quickly finished speaking and sent a signal to Christy.  
Ferne still had a carefree attitude, but his eyes were serious. After he heard this, he walked along the corridor on the first floor. After he walked a few meters, a woman hugged his neck

and intimately leaned against him.

Ferne got goosebumps all over. He was about to get rid of her when Christy chuckled. "Don't be nervous. Just kiss my clothes. If you dare to kiss my neck, my brother will kill you...."

Ferne recognized her and smiled awkwardly, "Even if your brother won't kill me, I won't do that...."

Christy hugged him and snuggled her mouth to his ear. She then said curiously, "You ... don't like women?"

"..."

Her long legs were right next to his legs, so she naturally knew whether he was aroused or not. Ferne was surprised that Christy would be so bold and ask so openly.

They pretended to kiss at the door of the private room and were stopped by two security guards. "Hey, you cannot go in. Go somewhere else."

"Don't listen to him. Leave me on the door. Open the door quickly." Christy pulled away Ferne's clothes and anxiously said in a flirtatious manner, "Hurry ... I can't wait anymore...."

...

Because of her action, Ferne's legs almost went limp.

He threw Christy on the door and glared at the two security guards like a boss, "What are you looking at? Get lost!"

The two security guards were about to pull him, but Noah walked over from the other side of the corridor. Halfway, he suddenly turned around and ran away at high speed. The two security guards did not know what was going on, but they immediately untied the electric baton at their waist and rushed over.

Christy opened the private room door and quickly turned on the light. She hurriedly swept a glance, then pulled on Ferne's sleeve and walked out. She said in a coquettish voice, "No, there is no bed inside...."

...

Christy was too terrifying. She was a good actor. If she meant to kill Ferne, Ferne might not know how he would die....

Emily probably borrowed Vincent's good luck. As soon as Vincent left, the trump card almost fell into her hands. Randy was so jealous that his eyes turned red. After two rounds, Emily made an excuse to get some air. Then, Randy rushed to her lucky seat with a look of excitement. "I'll be the next to get the

trump!"

When Emily walked into the elevator, she heard Randy, who didn't get the trump, howling in disbelief, "Impossible!

Impossible! Why?"

"..."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 205 A Snail

She had never been to a bar or a KTV. This was the first time. She felt like it was like a big adventure. Coincidentally, Vincent was not around. She walked out. The elevator stopped on the second floor. Outside the elevator, a couple came in and kissed each other. Emily spared room for them and walked out. She took a few steps along the corridor on the second floor. People were singing. Some were pleasant to listen to, while others were shouting like they were venting their feelings. Emily strolled around the private rooms. Suddenly, she saw a few men looking up from the translucent glass door in the private room. She had a hunch that they had ulterior motives, so she hurriedly walked out. There was a bathroom beside her, so she took the opportunity and hid.

However, as soon as she walked in, she was stunned.

There was a compromising scene in the bathroom. Perhaps the singing outside overshadowed the sound of this place, so no one noticed the embarrassing scene here for a while.

A man was standing. In front of him, a woman was kneeling, satisfying him either with her hands or her mouth....

A moment later, the man pressed the woman against the washstand. The woman shouted loudly as she shook her hair and looked at the door. The woman noticed Emily's existence long ago and deliberately shouted dissolutely and loudly. Emily stared at her in astonishment and forgot to leave.

Her eyes were covered by one hand as someone took her away while holding her in her arms. The woman's groan still rang in her mind....

Sensing a familiar aura, Emily slowly regained her senses and reached out to touch the hand in her eyes. "Vincent," she shouted softly. Her voice somehow became dry and husky. Emily had no sexual experience. Although she vaguely knew how it should be, she was thrown into great shock while

witnessing the scene. She felt terrified and uneasy subconsciously. Her hands were trembling. It was unknown whether she was frightened or shocked.

Vincent took her into the elevator, and then withdrew the hand covering her eyes. He held her hand. "Are you scared?"

His voice was low and deep, sounding comforting. Emily calmed down and shook her head, "No."

"No?" Vincent raised his eyebrows and looked at her, his eyes filled with inquiry. "Then why are you shaking?"

Emily thought for a moment and said hesitantly, "I'm excited ... and nervous."

Vincent rested his arm on the top of her head, his face turning gloomy. "Have I disturbed you?"

"..."

When the elevator reached the third floor, the door opened. Jaquan was singing the theme song of A Chinese Odyssey, Forever Love. When Emily was pulled out by Vincent, they just happened to see him singing with his eyes closed. "Love and hatred both result from difficulty. It's hard to escape fate. We cannot get close. I should believe it's fate...."

Although Emily did not understand, she could tell that Jaquan sang pleasantly. On the sofa, the group of people who were occupied in games calmed down. They were listening attentively to Jaquan's singing. Even Emma cast her gaze on Jaquan for a long time. The song lasted less than five minutes. She had been staring at Jaquan from beginning to end. Jaquan opened his eyes a few times and met her gaze after turning around. Of course, Janessa, Armando and Randy were also fixed their eyes on him. However, Emma's gaze gave Jaquan a different feeling. Although he couldn't describe what the difference was, he vaguely felt that it was different. The song then ended.

Everyone applauded and Randy handed over a glass of wine, "To Jaquan, the Prince of Love Songs!"

Jaquan clinked glasses with them. Then he sat down. He turned around, finding Emma, who had withdrawn her gaze, was sipping at the red wine. She drank skillfully, looking even more elegant than Arabella. She took off her coat, revealing a plain V-neck sweater. When she bent to put down her wine glass, he



could vaguely see her breast. Jaquan did not mean to. They were too close, and he accidentally caught a glimpse of it. He once saw her washing her only bra on the balcony. At that time, she only wore his thick sweater without the bra....

Jaquan probably got drunk and began to think nonsense. He withdrew his gaze and drank the wine in the glass in one gulp. Randy noticed that Emily and Vincent returned. He quickly offered his seat and handed over the microphone. "Emily, sing a song!"

Emily waved her hand. "I, I can't."

"Don't be shy." Randy handed the microphone to her. "Just feel free to enjoy yourself. What do you want to sing? I'll help you play it"

Emily flicked a glance at Vincent. The latter gave her a positive look. Only then did she whisper the name of the song. Randy didn't hear it clearly. "What?"

"A Snail and an Oriole."

"What song is this?" Although Randy had never heard of it before, due to his admiration for Emily, he involuntarily flattered her. "It must be especially pleasant! Everyone, sit down!"

Randy played the song with applause to celebrate. Then, he sat down with the group of people and waited quietly with his breath held.

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Emily held the microphone, coughed softly, and sang to the music. "There is a vine in front of the door. It has burgeoned forth. A snail, with its heavy shell, is climbing up step by step...."

Randy was speechless with shock.

Armando, Jaquan, Emma, and Janessa were the same.

...

...

...

Vincent smiled as he looked at Emily who was still singing. She was in tune seriously. She shook her head slightly, looking lively and cute.

When she finished and saw everyone's look of surprise, she turned to look at Vincent in confusion and asked, "Isn't it

pleasant?"

Vincent clapped first. "Not bad."

The others quickly followed suit. "Good! Very good!"

Randy shouted the loudest. "Emily, you are amazing! This is the most beautiful voice I've heard this year! What a heavenly song!"

Jaquan patted him on the shoulder and said, "It's too much."  
"..."

Emily handed the microphone to Randy and sat down beside Vincent. She picked up the wine in front of him and drank it. After finished singing, she realized that she was a little thirsty. She drank wine as if it was water, which shocked everyone.

"Emily, I didn't know you could drink." Randy stood up with the wine and said to her. "Cheers."

Emily didn't know how much she could drink. She just did.

Janessa also stood up with a glass of red wine in her hand. "I will leave the day after tomorrow. Friends, may we have the chance to get together again. Let's drink a toast."

Armando didn't stand up, and the others ignored him. They sat down after drinking.

Randy patted Armando. "Alright, drown your sorrows. Tomorrow, everything will be over!"

Fifth didn't react.

Randy ignored him and chatted with Jaquan. It was rare for them to gather together, so they had a lot to say. Ferne came in, followed by Noah and Christy.

Janessa stood up cheerfully again. "Let's drink to ... our happiness for the moment!"

Ferne laughed out. "I'm the best! Drink it up!"

...—

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 206 Get Drunk

It was almost ten o'clock when the supper was served.

However, the group of people had drunk much. Few had an appetite. Only Janessa was still excited. She picked up a skewer with squid and handed it to Armando. "Armando, enjoy the squid!"

Armando bent motionless upon the table. Janessa shook his head, only to find that he was completely drunk.

Emma lay on the sofa. She closed her eyes as if she was asleep. Emily, who was well away, was in Vincent's arms. They seemed to be talking. Janessa leaned over to listen, but she could not hear anything clearly. Vincent's voice was low. Janessa could only hear it vaguely, but she still felt it sexy and seductive. Randy, a single man, was bending over the table. Drunk, he kept whispering, "Cheers, cheers...."

Ferne was roaring drunk. While singing, he stripped off. The scene was amusing. Janessa looked at him, as if she was saying, "Shit. I didn't know you were this kind of person." Seeing that Ferne was about to take off his pants, Noah slashed at the back of his neck. Finally, the room was quiet.

Janessa stood up and twirled her wrist. "Hey, guys, Armando and I will sleep upstairs. Feel free to stay. Anyway, there are a lot of beds upstairs."

Noah carried Ferne on his shoulders, greeted Janessa and Vincent, and then left. Christy nodded to indicate that she would leave.

Jaquan patted Randy's shoulder and said, "Hey, do you want to stay or go back?"

Randy opened his eyes in a daze and said in a vague voice, "Go back. I, I & \*% #% & \* go...." Jaquan didn't know what Randy was saying.

Jaquan helped Randy up and sent him to the car outside.

Jaquan instructed the driver to send Randy back. Then, he returned back. Just as he arrived at the elevator, he saw Vincent came out with Emily in his arms.

Jaquan rarely saw Vincent showed such an expression. Vincent appeared so tender and loving as if he was holding his most precious treasure in his arms. Even his cold face softened. Just as Jaquan was about to say hello, Vincent bent to peck Emily's lips.

"..."

Jaquan retracted his hand in the air. He watched Vincent, who always kept distance away from women, kept kissing Emily in his arms on the way to his car.

Jaquan went back to the elevator. He drank a lot, but his mind was still clear. The metal door reflected his slightly red cheeks. He scratched his hair and took a deep breath. The door opened

and he walked out with his head down.

Janessa was dragging Armando up the stairs. Probably Armando was too heavy. Janessa was panting heavily while dragging him.

When she saw Jaquan, she shouted, "Come and help!"

Jaquan helped Armando to bed. He looked up and saw that the bedside table was filled with all sorts of embarrassing things.

Jaquan looked at Janessa meaningfully.

Janessa smashed her pillow over and said, "Just take it if you want. Stop looking at me!"

...

Janessa did have a sharp tongue.

Jaquan walked down the rotating stairs. Emma was still lying on the sofa. She was quite quiet when she was drunk. Jaquan looked at her quietly for a moment, and then bent down to pick her up.

Over the past few days, he hugged her from time to time. He was almost used to it. When Jaquan carried her into the elevator, he looked down. Emma had fair skin, and there was almost no need for her to use any skincare products. She didn't wear makeup on all occasions, such as at the tea Manor where they met for the first time, the hospital, his home, and the guest house....

Although she appeared to be cold, she was especially gentle. She got injured so as to save others. She always wore a look of indifference, but she was the first to risk her life to save someone. Her entire body trembled from the cold and her lips were purple, but she only said, "It's just a lift of the finger." She wasn't pretending to be magnanimous. She really didn't care how others judged her. She protected her territory, where she and Stony stayed. No one else was allowed to participate. Only in that position could others see her unreserved gentle. When the cold wind blew, Emma opened her eyes slightly as if she had been woken up. Jaquan looked down at her. "Are you cold? I..."

Before he could finish, Emma in his arms stood up and threw a punch at him. Jaquan retreated back to dodge the blow. He was somewhat shocked. "Aren't you drunk?"

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Emma narrowed her eyes as she staggered. She leaned against the car behind her and regained her footing. Her eyes were bleary. Only then did Jaquan believe that she was drunk. Did she punch him drunkenly?

Jaquan opened the door and said, "Get in. I have arranged a driver for you."

Bleary-eyed Emma looked at him for a moment before walking in the opposite direction.

Jaquan pulled her. "Where are you going?"

Just as he finished asking, Emma turned her arms, about to attack his face. After Jaquan dodged, she narrowed her eyes and kept her balance. Then she kept attacking him. Jaquan was stunned that Emma knew how to continuously attack!

Ordinary people only amateurishly learned a few moves to defend themselves. Very few would learn the complete set. But Emma's moves were consecutive. Moreover, she was skillful, as if she had deeply born those moves in her mind. Without hesitation, she threw her punches. As Jaquan shrank back, on guard against her, Emma immediately changed her moves and extended her uninjured leg, giving him a kick....

Jaquan was beaten back and shouted, "Holy shit! Wait! Emma! Wake up! Holy shit! Fuck you! Wait! I'm Jaquan! Hey!"

As the driver came by his folding bicycle, he saw Jaquan was beaten by a crippled woman. The driver asked thoughtfully, "Sir, should I call the police for you?"

Jaquan shouted as he dodged, "She's drunk! Pull her away...."

The substitute driver was a man in his forties. He looked quite strong. Hearing this, he put down the bike and said to Jaquan, "Get out of the way. Watch me!"

Jaquan dodged to the side and saw that the sturdy driver was knocked down by Emma's fist just as he walked up to her.

...

The scene was very awkward. The man stood up and hid while covering his face. He dropped the act and obediently waited for Jaquan to subdue Emma.

Jaquan took off his coat and said, "I never hit women. But you are an exception.... Holy shit! I haven't finished!"

Emma's figure was delicate. Although she narrowed her eyes and her vision blurred, she attacked any figure she saw quickly. Jaquan could only defend and retreat. Not long after, they

shrank back to the wall.

Due to punch in the face, blood oozed from the corner of Jaquan's mouth. He licked the blood and pressed his hand against Emma's shoulder on the wall. "I'll give you another chance. I have never hit women!"

Emma seemed to have just heard his voice. She looked at him with bleary eyes. Her eyes began to focus. They were very close. Jaquan could even smell the wine that she exhaled. It was warm and somewhat seductive.

"It's you..." Emma murmured. It was unknown whether she was sober or drunk.

Jaquan was about to breathe a sigh of relief when he thought Emma finally recognized him. Unexpectedly, Emma stretched out her hand and wrapped it around his neck, kissing his lips with a smile.

"..."

Jaquan stood there stiffly, at a loss how to react for a moment. Something had changed. The heart on his left chest, which only beat when he saw Arabella, was throbbing like a drum. It was beating wildly because of Emma's sudden kiss.

Emma wasn't a good kisser. She just pecked his lips, giving Jaquan a gentle touch. Her sweet scent with wine slowly engulfed him.

Sure enough, Emma was drunk. Otherwise, why would she ... kiss him?

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 207 Identities

Christy sat in Noah's car. They briefly chatted about the discovery in the KTV. After arriving at Dalton Hotel, Noah carried Ferne directly into the presidential suite by the elevator in the underground garage. Christy was behind. However, the hotel staff automatically ignored her. They kept shouting when they saw Noah carried Ferne.

The rumor that Ferne was the top was scotched. Those waitresses were heartbroken. "I have been liking Ferne for so many years.... But he turns out to be gay! His partner is so handsome! I like him as well! What should I do?"

"..."

Noah did not know what those waiters were thinking. After

carrying Ferne into the presidential suite, he threw him on the sofa and helped tuck him in. Christy came in with a map. They marked all KTVs and bars they had been to. They then set a new target before they called it a day.

The robot hiding in Christy's bag flew out. In the air, it looked around the presidential suite, and glanced at Ferne who was sleeping on the sofa. Before Christy left, she asked, "Eleven, do you want to sleep here?"

The robot immediately flew to Christy's palm. They entered the next room. After closing the door, Christy took off her clothes and walked into the bathroom naked. Eleven stood at the door and turned back automatically.

Christy came out after the bath. Seeing its behavior, she smiled and said, "We've been sleeping together for so many days. Are you still shy?"

Eleven dropped its head.

Christy held it in her arms, then went to bed and kissed its cheek habitually. "Good night."

Trevor, who was in the garret far away, watched her kiss on 'his' face. He opened his mouth but did not make any sound.

After Noah took a shower and came out, Ferne had fallen under the sofa. After sleeping for a while, Ferne felt a little cold. He then got up from the carpet. Although he was still drunk, the pain in the back of his neck sobered him. When he saw Noah come out, he said with a hoarse voice, "I feel like I have been hit."

Noah slowly fastened his bathrobe and walked to him. He clutched his chin and lifted his face. "Are you awake?"

Although Ferne was still a little confused, he had an intuition that Noah was dangerous. He slowly retreated, "No, no. I have a headache...."

"Noe?" Noah raised his brows and said with a half-smile. "You call me Noe."

"..."

"You even kissed me."

"..."

Ferne closed his eyes and lay down again. Noah lifted his collar and took him to the bathroom. Ferne drank a lot of wine. He was dizzy and uncomfortable, but he knew he should beg for

mercy. However, his voice was hoarse and unpleasant, as if he were a duck with its neck being grabbed. It sounded quite unpleasant. "Holy shit! Don't kill me! Help me!"

Noah threw Ferne into the bathroom, turned on the shower, and threw it at his feet. "Wash yourself."

Ferne waited for a long time, but he didn't expect to get such a result. In a daze, he asked blankly, "What are you going to do after it?"

"Don't you know?" Noah revealed a mischievous smile. "Of course, I'm going to fuck you."

Ferne was so shocked that he almost woke up. He stood up limply, but he was so weak that he fell down and got drenched in water. He was so drunk that he almost forgot his gender. He covered his chest and shouted hoarsely, "I was wrong, Noah! I was wrong! Tie me up for a night and calm down, okay?"

Noah raised his eyebrows. "Since you demand it, then, of course, I will agree."

"..."

### He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

### No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

Noah wouldn't really do anything to Ferne. He hadn't thought of how to punish Ferne yet. But Ferne wanted to be tied up. As Noah was binding Ferne, he thought he looked like a pervert who disciplined sex slaves.

...

After Janessa took a shower and came out, she picked up her phone and checked it. She didn't know when Armando called her. She was confused as to why Armando called her since they were drinking together tonight.

Janessa was a little sleepy, and the alcohol started to work. She climbed onto the bed and fell asleep. Then, she felt the phone at the bedside vibrate again. She got it and answered it in a daze. "Hello?"

The person on the other end of the phone remained silent.

Janessa was so sleepy that she almost couldn't open her eyes.

She forced herself to take a look at her phone. Armando's name was flashing.

Janessa looked beside her and saw that Armando was sitting on the edge of the bed. She put down her phone and said angrily,



"What are you doing? Sleep. I'm so sleepy...."

Her phone vibrated again. She picked it up and saw that it was from Armando again.

Janessa was enraged. She pulled back the quilt. "Armando, what do you want?"

In the darkness, they could see each other clearly. Only breathing reminded them that the other party was still here. Janessa turned on the light and saw Armando in the opposite bed slowly stand up. He walked over and held her hand. He lightly kissed her. It sent shivers down Janessa's back. She retracted her hand in surprise. "Armando, you're drunk. I'm Janessa. You are mistaken...."

Before she could finish, a drop of hot water fell on Janessa's hand. She was stunned as Armando kissed her lips. She wanted to push him away, but she could feel Armando's tears on her face. So, she didn't have the heart to push him away.

Armando said in a hoarse voice, "Janessa, I like you. I want to kiss you, very, very much...."

Janessa felt astonished. She pushed away Armando and gasped, "You, you, you, you are drunk. You have drunk too much. I didn't hear what you said just now. Take a shower and quickly go to sleep."

"I'm not drunk." Armando stood there stubbornly, firmly gripping her hand.

"Do you know what you're talking about!?" Janessa questioned. She felt dizzy. "You're still too young. You don't even know what it means of liking someone. You...."

"I know." His hoarse voice sounded in the darkness. Somehow, Janessa felt a little sacred. "Don't treat me like a child. I've grown up."

It was her fault. She always took him as a child, and kept him around, creating an illusion for him. When she thought that if Armando's parents and grandfather knew about this matter.... Janessa didn't dare to think about it at all. She immediately rejected, "No, you know we cannot...."

Armando interrupted her, "Even if we are not fettered by our identities, you won't like me, either. You have fallen in love with someone."

"..."

Janessa fell silent. She did not tell anyone about it, nor did she

know how Armando learned about it.

"You want to find that person, don't you?" Armando held her hand tightly and said, "What if I don't let you go?"

\_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 208 Intuition

"What are you talking about?" Janessa uneasily wanted to get rid of him.

Armando looked at her and said word by word, "What if I sleep you now and make you pregnant with my child, so you are unable to leave?"

"Armando, don't you dare?" Janessa glared at him in fear.

"Yes, but I don't have the heart to do so." Armando let go of her and his eyes were red. He resisted the urge to embrace Janessa. "You know. I would rather hurt myself than touch a hair of your head."

Janessa hurriedly put on her clothes and was about to go down the revolving stairs when Armando grabbed her. "It's too dark outside. You're not safe alone. Stay here for the night. I won't do anything to you."

Janessa turned around and saw his red eyes. She felt that what she did just now was hurtful. He was Armando, the one she took care of since his childhood. How could she hurt him?

Armando went to take a bath. He knew that after he took this step, there was only one outcome waiting for him. Janessa would never see him again. Even if she met him again, she would avoid him.

Well, Janessa might be annoyed or felt disgusted that she was liked by a person like him.

Armando clenched his fists and smashed them against the wall. Actually, as long as he held back his love, it would be enough for him to look at her every day. Why did he say it out.... Why did he want more so greedily...

He stroked his lips, where the smell and the touch of Janessa's lips lingered. He piously touched his lips with his fingers, and then gently kissed them.

Having racked her brains on the bed, Janessa couldn't figure out why Armando liked her. She thought that he was accustomed to relying on her, but unexpectedly....

She hadn't fallen asleep. She heard him come back very gently after the bath and went to the bed beside her. After about an hour, Janessa was about to fall asleep when she was hugged from behind gingerly. Against the thin cloth, she could feel his warmth. His irregular heartbeat rang on her ear like muffled thunder.

Janessa knew that she should push him away, but when she thought of his red eyes, she could not bring herself to do so. Armando, leaning against her back, called her name softly, "Janessa...."

Normally, he wouldn't dare to call her by her name.

Janessa closed her eyes, lost in thought. Armando had been calling her aunt since she was three years old. After so many years, she had taken him as her family. Now she did not know what to do....

...

Randy had a dream. In his dream, he sat alone in his room, doing something. The door suddenly opened and a pair of fair and tender white legs appeared at the door. Legs were as fair as tofu. He wanted to look up. When he was about to see her face, suddenly, he heard a voice. "Captain Randy, what are you doing here at such a late hour?"

Randy opened his eyes and saw himself lying in the lounge. Outside the door, his team members were still trying to get a higher level in the new zone. They were probably bored. Some started chatting in a low voice, but Randy was suddenly awakened because the person asking the question had a pleasant but husky voice.

It was Lord Top.

He seemed to stand at the door and take a look. He then retreated. Immediately after, those players changed the topic, beginning to talk about the experience and treasure chest of the new zone.

"Who will help me brush instance zones?" Lord Top asked again. He seemed to have yawned, and his voice sounded soft and feminine. "I want to go to sleep."

The team members hurriedly shouted.

"Lord Top! Let me help you!"

"Let me help you!"

"Alright, I'll leave it to you. I'm going to sleep." Lord Top left with the keyboard in his arms. He liked his keyboard the most. He was worried that others would touch it, so he usually brought his keyboard with him when he went to the lounge to sleep.

Randy felt a little dizzy. He got up and poured a glass of water. After drinking it, he was still dizzy. He sat on the sofa, beginning to think about how he could dream of a pair of long fair legs. Moreover, he seemed to have seen them before. The more he thought about it, the more he felt like he had seen them. After more than ten minutes, he stood up abruptly. Damn it! He remembered!

That night in the guest house, he did see that pair of legs, and then he was knocked unconscious!

More than half of the customers in the guest house were his team members. Randy quickly covered his painful head and called for them to gather. The team members were a little anxious. "Captain Randy, we're still working on the instance zones."

"Take it easy. Now, take off your pants." Randy clutched his head in a daze and ordered.

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Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change  
Those players were shocked.

They clamped their legs nervously and fearfully as they looked at Randy with a guarded expression.

"..."

"Don't worry." Randy frowned. He was hangover, so his tone sounded a little impatient. "I won't do anything to you. I'll just look at your legs."

Now, those players let their minds wander.

A member revealed a frightened expression, "Captain Randy, so you are gay?"

...

After glancing at the dark-skinned teammate, Randy returned, "Sorry, don't misunderstand. Even if I am a gay man, I definitely won't like you."

The team member was relieved as he prepared to take off his trousers. Randy looked at him and said somewhat disdainfully,

"Just roll up your trousers and let me have a look."

Then, several members rolled up their trousers, revealing heavy body hair.

"..."

Randy suddenly patted his head. Fuck. How stupid he was! Why would he check his team members? That pair of legs belonged to a woman.

Was she Emily? No, according to the ratio of legs, that woman was clearly higher than Emily. Was she Emma? No, that person didn't have any injuries on her legs. Her shin was as white as porcelain. Then, only Janessa and Arabella were left....

But both were spoken for.

However, those legs seemed to be engraved in Randy's heart. As long as he closed his eyes, the fair legs would automatically appear in his mind. It was unbelievable

Randy covered his head and tossed the quilt over and over again.

The group of players at the entrance was dumbfounded.

"What's wrong with Randy?"

"Is he drunk?"

"Why did he want us to take off our pants?"

"Didn't he say that he wanted to see our legs...."

"I heard that he never had a girlfriend. Maybe he really likes men."

"Holy shit. Is it real?"

"Why are you so nervous? Randy said he didn't like you."

"You are right."

"I think Randy may be interested in Lord Top...."

"Why do you think so?"

"I don't know. It's just ... intuition."

"Fuck off."

"..."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 209 A Constant Temperature

After getting drunk, some would become crazy, some would get into a brawl, some might be in a confusion, while some might mistake someone for someone else.

When Emily was in Vincent's arms, she was quiet. When he carried her out of the car, Emily hugged him drunkenly and

shouted, "Dad."

"..."

The guards in the shadow laughed out loud.

Vincent glanced at the darkness, and the guards immediately climbed up the tree with dejected faces to do a handstand.

Vincent looked at Emily in his arms with a gloomy face. Her eyelashes trembled. She wanted to open her eyes, but she was too powerless. She just hugged him and shouted, "Dad...."

In the private room, even though Emily was drunk, she still knew how to answer the question. She just looked drunk, and her voice was soft. She was very cute.

However, at this moment, she hugged him and kept calling,

"Dad." After she finished, she pursed her lips with grievances.

She didn't open her eyes. It was unknown she was drunk or she was talking in her dreams. "You promised me to carry me on your back, but you broke your word...."

"..."

Vincent remained silent for a moment. Then he put her down and carried her behind him. He hooked her calf and slightly bowed to make her feel more comfortable.

With her on his back, he climbed to the second floor, and walked along the corridor to the end. He was about to walk around when he heard Emily on his back breathing evenly. The hot breathing sprayed behind his neck, and he was attracted, as if a feather was tickling his heart.

Vincent paused and turned around. From his angle, he could see Emily's straight nose and pink lips.

He remembered the kiss in the room this afternoon and forcefully shifted his gaze away. He walked into the bedroom and put Emily on the bed. He took off her shoes and coat. Rex brought two hot towels over. Vincent took them. Under the dim wall lamp, he patiently and gently wiped her face, hands, and her feet.

Emily's feet were small, and her toes were delicate and cute.

Vincent held her feet in his palm and wiped them with a towel with the other hand. Emily probably felt a little itchy. She shrank and laughed under the quilt.

Just as Vincent was about to put her foot down, he heard her shout, "Brother...."

Seeing that Vincent suddenly stopped for a long time without reacting, Rex said cautiously, "Miss Emily probably dreamed of her brother...."

The implication was that Emily liked Vincent more than her brother!

However, Rex seldom toadied, so he was not experienced. After he finished, Vincent was unhappy, for Rex's explanation was like a poor lie.

Vincent threw the towel to him without revealing his emotions. "Get out."

Rex responded, "Yes."

After the door closed, Vincent stood on the edge of the bed and said in a low voice, "You are heartless. Why don't you dream of me...."

Emily did dream of Eliot. He tickled her feet with a brush. She smiled while shrinking back. Eliot grabbed her hand and carried her to the chair. "Come, let me teach you how to write. Write your name first...."

Emily knew how to write her name, but her handwriting was poor. Eliot held her hand and taught her over and over again. When she finished writing a piece of paper, she turned the page and said, "Next, I'll write your name. Watch me."

As Emily wrote, she found that what appeared on the paper was not Eliot's name, but Vincent's.

She looked at the line blankly. When she turned around, she saw that the person behind her was not Eliot, but a man with sharp eyes. The man had sharply outlined features and a cold aura. His nose was straight, and his thin lips were like a knife as he pursed them.

Just as she was about to speak, the man bent to kiss her lips. Emily held back all of her confusion. Then, she was pulled away. Eliot fiercely and disappointedly questioned her, "When? When were you with him?"

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Emily wanted to reply, but she saw Vincent leave. She reached out to pull him, only to see Vincent's short black hair turn gray in an instant....

When Emily woke up blankly, the sky was bright. The thick curtains blocked the sunlight, so the room was pitch black.

Emily had a massive hangover, suffering from a headache. She lay quietly on the bed for a while before sitting up. However, the scene she had dreamed of lingered in her mind.

The phone beside the bed vibrated. She picked it up and looked at it. There were a few text messages. She rubbed her eyes and clicked on the text message. The first one was sent by Harold.

"Miss Emily, I have asked for a week off. I'll go there again today."

Although Emily had not regained her clear mind, seeing Harold's text message, she immediately knew where he was going.

Harold clearly knew what she was thinking. Stephanie was still in trouble. If Emily rashly helped, others might think she had ulterior motives. Emily could only start from Spencer. If it didn't work, Emily planned to make a trip personally.

She replied, "Tell me you are fine every day."

The other short message was from Janessa.

"I left early today. Goodbye."

Emily remembered that Janessa was leaving in two days.

Somehow, she left ahead of schedule. After thinking for a while, Emily answered, "Be careful."

Last night, they drank too much. Emily wondered what happened afterwards. When she was sent back, she seemed to have fallen asleep. She didn't vomit, right? She sniffed her body. Someone helped her change into pajamas. However, there was a faint smell of alcohol in her hair. She got off the bed barefoot and drew the curtains. She saw the warm sunlight shining on the pool. The water was sparkling. She could not help but open the balcony door and took a deep breath of fresh air.

Then she saw four men stuffed their heads in the pool.

"..."

If it weren't for her hangover, she would have shouted.

She took a deep breath and asked, "What are you guys doing?"

The guards replied, "Mr. Vincent punished us."

Emily was puzzled. "Why?"

The guards fell silent.

They couldn't tell Emily that one of them laughed foolishly after she called Vincent Daddy last night.

"Come out. It's so cold." Emily was ready to go in, for she got a headache.

The guards were about to stand up gratefully when guard D



said, "It's not cold. The water has a constant temperature."  
"..."

Emily felt that she had disturbed them. She turned around and clutched her head as she left. "As you wish."

Thus, after she entered the room, other guards in the pool gave guard D a beating.

Emily felt that she heard something when she came in. But when she calmed down, she couldn't hear anything. Outside the balcony, guard D was pressed against the bottom of the pool by the other three guards and kept blowing bubbles.... \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 210 Close to a Culprit

Emma felt that someone was staring at her face. Her nerves were tense, but she had difficulty staying awake. She struggled for a moment and slept for another half an hour before waking up.

There was no one others in the room. Emma held her head and suddenly felt a little pain all over her body, as if she had been beaten. She got out of the bed, and shouted softly, "Stony?" She couldn't remember how she came back last night. She tried to sober up while walking out, planning to ask Stony.

Jaquan was shooting eggs outside. The egg sprayed everywhere. He was not a good student, for he failed to learn the essence from Emma.

Emma prepared to go to the bathroom first, and then helped him. She casually glanced at the corner of Jaquan's mouth and saw a bruise, as if he had been beaten.

She was a little surprised. "Who hit you?"

Jaquan looked at her and opened his mouth, but he didn't say anything.

Emma did not ask any further and went straight to the bathroom. There was a cherry hairpin on the washstand. The chopstick she used to fasten her hair disappeared. She hesitated for a moment and picked up the hairpin to tie her hair.

After washing up, she took the egg in Jaquan's hands and put them in a bowl for later use. Then, she cut tomatoes, washed a pan, poured water into it and boiled it. Meanwhile, she opened the refrigerator to get instant noodles out and then cut some

ham.

"Where's Stony?" She asked as she washed the knife.

Jaquan stood behind her. Looking at the red cherry on the back of her head, for some reason, his throat was somewhat dry.

"Collin ... took him out for breakfast."

Emma nodded and said nothing.

They had breakfast 'peacefully'. Emma felt strange because Jaquan was comparatively quiet today.

She looked up and met his gaze. Emma looked at him and asked, "Do you have anything to say?"

Jaquan didn't know what to say. He couldn't tell her that he had been dreaming about her kissing him all night. Moreover, telling from Emma's behavior, she didn't seem to remember what she had done last night.

A commotion came from the entrance. It turned out that Collin was taking Stony back. Seeing them having breakfast at the dining table, he smiled and said, "Have you prepared my portion?"

Jaquan finally regained his composure. "How cheeky! You went out to eat. Did the owner think you were too ugly and refuse to serve you breakfast?"

"I'm handsome, so I caused a traffic jam and was punished by the traffic police. I was worried that I would go bankrupt, so I hurried back," Collin said as he changed his shoes.

...

Stony walked over with a smile. He held a pancake in his hand and gallantly handed it to Emma. "Mom, here you are."

Collin went into the kitchen to fetch a pair of chopsticks. He directly picked up the noodles in Jaquan's bowl and tasted them. Then, he said, "It's delicious. Emma, don't bother to treat me to eat out. Just cook some tomorrow."

Emma paused for a moment before remembering that she had promised to treat him a dinner. After all, she would not come out again after she returned. If he paid a visit there, of course, there would be no problem. Thus, she nodded and said, "Alright."

Jaquan suddenly had no appetite. He put down his chopsticks and said, "You've contaminated my noodles. I don't want to eat them anymore. Enjoy them."

Collin deliberately put down his chopsticks. He wiped his mouth with a napkin and said, "No, you should have them so as to build up health."

"..."

Last night, when Collin saw Jaquan, he didn't care about the injuries on Jaquan's face. He instead smiled and asked Jaquan who hit him.

Who did it?

Who else could it be other than Emma?

However, Collin did not believe it. He stared at Emma's injured leg for a moment and said suspiciously, "You were beaten by a woman whose leg got injured. Jaquan, you are too weak."

Damn it.

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People Jaquan was so angry that he wanted to beat Collin to death at the thought of it!

"Don't you need to go to work today?" Emma asked.

Collin smiled, "No, I have a day off." He touched Stony's head and said happily, "Just now, many people thought that he was my son and gave him a lot of sugar."

Jaquan was annoyed.

Although Stony wasn't his son, when Jaquan heard what Collin said, he had a feeling that his son was close to a culprit.

Stony took out the sugar from his pocket and placed it on the table. He carefully peeled off one candy and handed it to Emma. "Mom, have a taste."

Emma opened her mouth and held the candy.

Jaquan stared at her lips and recalled the kiss last night.

"When are you leaving?" Collin took a glance at his watch and said, "I'll see you off."

Emma did not refuse. She stood up and answered, "Wait for me for five minutes."

She tidied up the kitchen and cleaned up the rubbish. Then she put the dishes in the sink and washed them. Finally, she cleaned the table and dried the cloth in the air.

Finally, she washed her hands and walked to the guest room.

She picked up her suitcase. After exchanging a glance with Stony, they smiled and walked towards the entrance.

Jaquan sat on the dining chair without moving, just watching Emma bustle. At this moment, they, who looked like a family of three, reached the door.

Collin waved his hand and said, "See you."

Stony also waved his hand and smiled, "Goodbye, Mr. Jaquan."

Emma turned around and nodded at him. As the door opened, she picked up the garbage and walked out.

Afterwards, the door was closed.

Jaquan took a deep breath and shouted, "Finally, they've gone! I can sleep well now!"

However, having returned to his bedroom for a few minutes, he still did not feel sleepy at all. He got up and walked to the balcony, happening to see Collin's car coming out of the garage and driving into the distance.

The voice of the Stony seemed to echo in the room.

"Mr. Jaquan, you're back!"

The TV was turned on at regular intervals. Tom and Jerry was on. Jaquan walked to the sofa and sat down. When he watched funny scenes, he turned to look at Emma. However, he only saw the empty hall.

...

Ferne was highly adaptable. Although he was tied up, he slept soundly. He even snored slightly in the second half of the night. Noah opened his eyes vigilantly when he heard the noise. When he heard Ferne's snore, he turned on the wall lamp and looked at him.

There was a blanket on the ground, and Ferne was covered with a thin blanket. His hands and feet were tied to the legs of the bed. Although it was not a comfortable posture, it did not affect his good sleep.

Noah was amused by Ferne. He had a glance at his watch, finding it was three o'clock in the morning. He got out of bed and turned on his computer. Ferne mumbled something vaguely on the carpet. Noah did not hear it clearly. His fingers paused slightly and he stopped typing the keyboard. Ferne was still talking in his dream. Noah walked over and squatted down, wanting to listen carefully to what Noah was saying.

"I'm going to pee...."

...

Noah didn't know whether Ferne was dreaming that he wanted

to pee, or that he really wanted to pee. In case, Noah still took Ferne to the bathroom and took off his pants. \_\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 211 Very Close

"Wake up!" Noah shook his shoulder and said, "Pee."

However, Ferne, who had been begging to pee in dreams, was still asleep in the toilet, and did not pee at all.

Noah frowned. After a moment of consideration, he lifted his penis with a towel and then whistled.

Ferne finally peed and opened his eyes blankly. When he saw that he was peeing in the toilet, he said calmly, "Well, I'm not dreaming."

Then he closed his eyes again.

Not long after, Ferne opened his eyes again. He looked at Noah beside him and then at his crotch. The most intimate part of his body was padded with a towel. However, from his point of view, he felt that Noah's hand was on it.

Ferne should be angry and embarrassed, but he had a shameless ... erection.

Words failed Noah.

The next morning, when the meal was delivered by a waiter, Noah was bathing in the bathroom. The waiter was so gossipy that she sneaked into the suite to see how things were going on. However, he did not see any messy clothes on the floor, only to find Ferne lying on the ground with his hands and feet tied, as if this were a murder scene.

"..."

The waiter walked out while trembling. He turned around and met Noah who came out of the bathroom. The waiter kept

shivering in fear.

Noah walked over. The waiter's teeth were trembling. When Noah walked up to him and stretched out his long arm, the waiter cried, "I didn't see anything. I swear. Please spare me...."

Noah passed him, picked up the dry towel on the cabinet, and wiped his hair. Then he had a look at the waiter.

Fear choked the waiter's words.

He trembled as he walked out. He waved his hands when he met his colleagues who came to inquire about the gossip. No sooner did he arrive at the staff lounge than he fainted.

Other waiters couldn't help but be more curious about what he saw. There were different opinions. Of course, the most common one was that he must have witnessed a scene that straight men couldn't bear. So, he fainted with embarrassment. As a result, more staff members wanted to seek 'excitement'. However, it was still too early to serve lunch, and no one dared to enter the room without being summoned. The waiter who fainted didn't know that he was envied by the entire hotel's waitresses.

When Ferne woke up, it was ten o'clock. He opened his eyes and lay uncomfortably for a while. Then, he shouted hoarsely, "Noah ... untie me...."

When Noah walked over, what happened last night flashed through Ferne's mind. Ferne's expression suddenly stiffened. He didn't know if the scene that happened in the second half of the night was a dream or not. He was dumbfounded.

Noah unbound his limbs and squatted down to look at him.

"Are you stupid?"

Ferne regarded him in shock. After a long while, he said, "I seemed ... to have a dream. I dreamt of you."

Noah raised his eyebrows and calmly asked, "What did you dream of?"

Telling from Noah's expression, Ferne became even more certain that that was a dream. "I dreamed that I performed a striptease and that you held my penis while I was peeing.

Besides...."

Ferne awkwardly shut his mouth. He even dreamed that he had an erection. It was truly shameful.

Noah patted his shoulder with a smile, looking like a

mischievous man. "You were not dreaming."

"..."

Ferne had a look of surprise. "What?"

Noah had stood up and walked out. Ferne carefully thought back to last night. The more he thought about it, the more embarrassed he felt. After washing up, he went to the kitchen to check it out.

The waiter who regained his consciousness hesitated to call 110. Just as he was about to tell the police that Ferne had been murdered, he saw Ferne walking leisurely through the kitchen door and greeting him friendly.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

"Hello, this is \*\* Branch Bureau. What can I do for you?"

The waiter stared blankly at Ferne and said to the other end of the phone, "My boss comes back to life!"

"..."

Ferne strolled up and down the hotel for several hours, then ate something simple before finally returning to the presidential suite. The moment the door opened, he shouted, "Come on! If you want to kill, you have to cut it to pieces!"

Noah sat in front of the computer and looked up at him.

"..."

Ferne closed the door and said, "What did you find last night?"

Noah was memorizing the route of the next bar target. He didn't look up when he heard the question. "Nothing useful."

Ferne then remembered to ask, "Where's your sister?"

Noah slowly turned around to fix his eyes on Ferne's face.

"..."

Ferne looked at him puzzledly. "Wait a moment. Did you misunderstand anything? I didn't even touch her last night, and I'm not interested in her. Really, I'm even more interested in you than in her! Damn it! That's not what I meant. I.... Holy shit! Last night, it was exciting. No, I wasn't talking about you.... No ... shit!"

"..."

Ferne was depressed. He regretted coming back. Why did he come back? What was wrong with him? Which hand did he use to open the door? He was going to chop it off!

...

Because Christy accepted Emily's mission, she set off early in the morning.

Stephanie had been attacked online for a month. Apparently, some people in the company also wanted to harm her when she was down, so their work at public relations was sloppy. Those evidence against her were presented, so everyone believed the rumors. Therefore, Stephanie hardly left the hotel for a long time.

Christy went straight to the hotel for the sake of efficiency. She looked like a star and no one stopped her. She went to the front desk and knocked on the edge of the table. Then she said to the receptionist, "Ask Stephanie to come down."

The receptionist called Stephanie. The latter thought Emily came, so she quickly put on her coat and came down. However, there was only a beautiful and exquisite woman sitting in the waiting area of the hall.

Seeing Stephanie, Christy waved her hand, in a lazy posture, like a girl from a wealthy family. She was so beautiful that one could never forget her.

"Hello, I'm Christy. I'm here to help you get out of the predicament. Shall we chat here or somewhere else?" Christy asked straightforwardly.

However, Stephanie did not know Christy, so she was on guard against Christy.

Christy took out her phone. She saved a few photos when she probed into Emily's information. She handed the photo of Emily to Stephanie and said, "She asked me to help you. Do you have any other questions?"

Stephanie recognized Emily, but she was puzzled, "Why?"

They both didn't know her. Why did they help her?

Christy didn't care about that. She just asked, "If you want to defeat the other party, tell me everything you know honestly. I will whitewash you."

"Even public relations works cannot make it. Can you?"

Stephanie did not believe her.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 212 Who is she

Christy smiled. What a charming smile. Even Stephanie couldn't



help but be fascinated by it.

"Just trust me." Christy stood up and turned around to say, "All people she chooses are capable."

Stephanie recognized that she was referring to Emily and hurriedly asked, "Who exactly is she?"

Christy raised her eyebrows, "You don't know her?"

Stephanie shook her head. "I don't even know her name."

Christy was surprised. "Then how did you know each other?"

Stephanie hesitated for a moment and told Christy about what had happened on the rooftop that day. However, she did not notice that Christy's expression changed almost instantly.

"Do you mean that she arrived at the rooftop soon after you?"

Stephanie nodded. "Yes. My assistant didn't notice it, but she did. So, I found it very strange."

"Did you post anything online?" Christy clenched her fingers and asked.

"I did." Stephanie frowned. "But only myself can see it...."

"Show me your computer!" Christy shouted nervously.

Seeing her serious expression, Stephanie hurriedly took Christy upstairs. Stephanie turned on her computer and showed Christy her blog. "I deleted it afterwards."

Christy clicked on Stephanie's visitor messages. Stephanie was a celebrity, and there were more than ten thousand visitors every day. Christy kept scanning anxiously. There were so many people. How could she find that person?

"What are you looking for?" Stephanie asked.

"Someone saw your post." Christy answered without raising her head, "Then he told Emily you wanted to commit suicide...."

Speaking of which, Christy was stunned. Emily knew who that person was!

No, maybe Emily was that person. No, no, the timing was wrong. Ten years ago, Emily was only a child. It couldn't be her. Was it Vincent?

No, but this person definitely knew Emily. He might be a Scavo, or one of the people who gathered together last night!

Christy had never been so confused. She quickly dialed Noah and bit her finger nervously. "I, I think I found him...."

Noah immediately understood. "Where is he?"

"I don't know. I just feel he is close to us." Christy pressed down

on her temples. Ten years had passed. But every time she thought back, she was so sad that she couldn't breathe.

"Do you want to see him?" Noah asked.

"I don't know."

Christy shook her head, not knowing what to say. She hung up and leaned against the wall.

Stephanie stood behind her, somewhat puzzled. Christy returned to normal not long after. She said, "Tell me briefly about the situation so that I can make a plan."

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Christy stayed there all afternoon. She sorted out all the information Stephanie had given her and began to formulate a proper plan. The little robot in her bag did not come out.

...

This time, Harold had prepared sufficient equipment, clothes, blankets, and all kinds of cookers. He was currently Emily's bodyguard. However, since Emily was living in the Scavo's, she did not need his protection. Therefore, he asked for a week's leave. Maury approved without any objections.

Harold only knew that Emily looked for Spencer so as to treat Vincent's illness, but he did not know what kind of illness it was. It was obvious that it couldn't be cured by normal doctors in the hospital.

So, Spencer was Emily's last hope. Harold hoped that Emily and the person she liked would have a happy life. Therefore, even if Vincent had nothing to do with him, he still went all out to save him.

Harold didn't hesitate even if it was as difficult as ascending to the heavens to persuade Spencer.

Harold drove over early in the morning and saw Spencer working alone in the field. Harold got off the car with a new thermos bottle. It had Chinese wolfberries inside and the water was still hot. He had made it in the morning.

Harold walked over and put down the bottle. He said to Spencer, "Sir, I brought you water. Have some water and rest. Leave the rest to me."

Harold was here to ask for Spencer's help. But Spencer had never heard Harold made his request since they met.

The shovel in Spencer's hand was taken. Spencer sat on the ground with an old-fashioned thermos bottle on the side. He did not touch it. In the end, it would be thrown away, just like the fish that had been placed at the door for two nights. Harold helped Spencer hoe the field. When he went back at night, he took his sleeping bag and slept in front of Spencer's door. After a bite of supper, he went to sleep. But he still remembered to tell Emily that he was fine by text messages. The next day, Harold followed Spencer and worked diligently. Spencer did not speak, nor did he did. Harold focused on his work, so he did not notice that Spencer was looking at him. Because no one others lived in this village, the entire land was empty. After working for a few days, Harold finally understood that Spencer intended to hoe the whole piece of the land and to plant crops. However, when Harold finished hoeing it, it was estimated to be winter.

Thus, Harold worked even harder and harder. He had been trained as a soldier, so he could endure more hardships than ordinary people did. Meanwhile, he was a man of few words, nor did he flatter. Thus, he worked quietly with Spencer for a few days. When he put roast fish at the door on the fifth day, Spencer finally reacted.

He walked out of the room and said to Harold, "Go back. I have sworn that I will not go out for the rest of my life."

Harold asked, "Then can I bring him over?"

Spencer waved his hand and said, "I quitted long ago. Don't bring him over. I will pretend not to see him even if you take him here."

Harold pointed at the door. "If you really don't want to treat the sick, why do you plant those medicinal herbs at the door?"

"The seeds were left last year. I'm too lazy to eliminate them."

Spencer didn't want to talk anymore, so he went back to his room. "Just leave. Don't come back again."

Harold didn't know what had happened to Spencer. He knew that he hadn't completed the task. However, there wasn't enough time left. He asked outside the door, "Sir, what should I do to persuade you to save him?"

Spencer didn't respond, turning a deaf ear to Harold's request again.

Harold texted Emily.

"Failed."

It signified that his efforts over the past few days had been in vain, but Emily replied, "Thank you, Harold. Come back and pay attention to your safety."

Harold read the message with a rare smile on his serious face.

\_\_\_\_\_ Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 213 Feel Grateful

Emily returned to the Britt's two days ago.

Her father, Maury, was suddenly seriously ill. Eliot called her, so Emily could no longer sit still. She did not even tell Vincent about it. She said goodbye to Rolando and went back by car. Because Harold was around, Emily did not know what had happened to her father. She was quite worried that things in her previous life would happen in another way.

However, the first person she saw when she got out of the car was Elsie. It had been a month since Emily saw her. Elsie still looked the same. She seemed not to feel cold in winter. With boots, she revealed two legs wrapped in stockings. She only wore a silver down jacket, worth more than 5, 000. It was the most popular item this year.

It seemed that during the time Beverly ran the company, besides the misappropriation of five million, she gained a lot. Thanks to Rex, Emily knew about this popular coat. He came up to Emily that day with a tablet and asked her which one she liked. He was going to buy her another one. What he showed her was exactly this coat. Rex thought that Emily would definitely like this one since she was fond of white. But Emily shook her head. For some reason, she didn't like that coat. Recently, she had grown fond of Vincent's coats a lot. They were thick and sloppy on her, but she liked them very much. It was a pity that she didn't bring one back in a hurry.

"You finally are back." Elsie looked at Emily sarcastically. It had been a month since she saw Emily. Emily was getting more and more beautiful. In the past, her adorkable look was enough to attract people's attention. Now, her eyes were stunningly clear. Moreover, her temperament was completely different from before. It was as if she had turned into another person. Emily stood there. If she was silent, no one would believe that she was retarded.

Elsie was stunned for a moment until Emily hurried in and shouted, "Dad. I want Dad."

Elsie sneered. Emily was still a fool.

Maury suddenly fainted during the meeting. The doctor only said that he was overworked, so Eliot sent him home for rest. It had been a month, so he called Emily. Sure enough, Emily hurried back when she heard the news.

Eliot couldn't help but wonder if Emily had known he was injured back then, would she have rushed over anxiously?

Emily rushed upstairs to Maury's room and bumped into Eliot. She called out crisply, "Eliot!"

Eliot stared at her. It had only been a while since he saw her last time, but she had become so unfamiliar. Emily gained quite a lot of weight, and her skin was even fairer. Meanwhile, she was taller. They had been separated for a long time. Probably it was just a false impression.

Eliot turned around and opened the door. "Go in. Dad is awake. He misses you very much." Eliot paused, but he didn't tell her he missed her a lot as well.

Emily wanted to hug her. At the thought of what Elsie said in her previous life, she did not move but enter the room. When she went in, Eliot reached out and stroked her head.

However, Elsie, who had just arrived, happened to see it. She was a little unhappy. She was Eliot's sister. Why couldn't she touch Emily, a love child? Eliot had always been partial towards Emily.

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Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

After Emily entered, Eliot turned around, ready to go downstairs. When he saw Elsie standing at the staircase, he asked with a gloomy expression, "What are you standing here for? Are you idle?"

Elsie was so angry. She almost poked her forehead and reminded him to stroke her head!

She and Emily were both his younger sisters. But as his biological sister, in his eyes, she was not comparable to Emily.

"Eliot, don't you think you're too cold towards me?" Elsie couldn't help but feel indignant. "You are ... gentle towards her,

but you've never been so nice to me...."

"You're as fierce as a tiger, yet you still want others to be gentle with you." Eliot sneered, "Forget it."

...

Emily went in and said something stupid to Maury. Maury was happy to see her. Noticing that she was in a good mental state, he couldn't help but sigh with emotion, "I don't know what the Scavos want from you. I feel quite uneasy at home. I'm worried that you will cause trouble, and that they will grow fond of you too much. I know that, considering your mental state, they won't have designs on you. But I'm still worried...."

Although Maury didn't say directly, Emily could understand. He was worried that the Scavos would ask her to stay and that she would cause trouble. Besides, he was afraid that he would never see her again and that she would be bullied.

Emily knew it clearly. Maury had done something wrong, causing Emily's mother to become a mistress. Emily vowed never to forgive Maury. After all, he was her father and was nice to her. Although he was not considerate enough in some aspects, he had done his father's duty. Emily did not blame him. When she had been deliberately obtuse during those years, she didn't understand what really happened between her parents. She only remembered that after she was brought back by Maury, he was nice to her. But she hid wherever she could, such as the quilt and the cabinet. Afterwards, she heard her father sob. He said a lot, but Emily could not bear everything in mind clearly. She only remembered that he said in a choked voice, "I'm sorry ... Dad was wrong. Forgive me, okay?"

She did not nod nor shake her head. She just shed tears blankly. Everyone thought that she had been retarded due to a high fever. In fact, she just couldn't forget the quarrel that night, as if she couldn't escape from the shadow of it.

Later, it was Eliot who slowly pulled her out of the darkness and gently told her how beautiful the world was. He dressed her, treated her to food, and kept her company every day. He sang to her and read stories to her, as if he was with a child who had yet to grow up. Emily so treated herself as a child.

Eliot was so protective towards her and she almost never left went out. That was why she was like a broken-winged bird that could not fly and became a drag on others when those things

happened. She could not escape death even if she was placed in such a place.

"Silly child, why are you crying?" Maury wiped away the tears on Emily's face. "Don't cry. Daddy is fine. Alright, I'll take you out for fun when I recover. I have promised you that, but I haven't been able to fulfill it. Do you blame Daddy?"

Emily shook her head and hugged Maury. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 214 Feel Grateful(1)

This was the first time she hugged him. Maury was stunned for a moment, and his eyes turned red. "Silly child, I'm fine. It was my fault... You ... don't blame me, but I can't forgive myself...."

"Dad, I'm fine," Emily said softly.

Maury smiled and said, "Alright, Emily knows how to comfort Daddy. Nothing is more important than your happiness."

Emily wanted to say something else. But when she saw the person standing at the door out of the corner of her eyes, she held her tongue.

After watching at the door for a while, Elsie saw that Maury and Emily suddenly cry. She sneered and walked to her room to call Beverly.

"They are crying while hugging each other." Elsie told her mother everything she saw. She remembered what Eliot said before he left and said angrily, "Eliot is rude to me but so nice to Emily!"

"Your brother just pities that retard. There is no need to compare with her." Beverly was not happy. "If you have a serious illness, he will be nice to you when you become retarded."

Elsie immediately said in a low spirit. "Forget it."

"Don't bully her. Your dad has been recovering from his injuries at home recently. You will meet her frequently. Understand?"

Beverly warned.

Elsie replied impatiently, "Yes!"

After hanging up, she walked to her father's door to take a look.

Emily was absent. She probably went back to her room. Elsie thought for a moment and then returned to her room. She stood on the balcony, but she didn't see Emily.

As Elsie came out, Susan happened to be walking out of Emily's

room. So, Elsie asked, "What is she doing?"  
Susan smiled gently and said, "Miss Emily is drawing."  
"Drawing?" Elsie sneered, "Her works are not as worthy as paper. She is wasting money."

Susan did not talk back. She felt that Emily was much better than Elsie. Even if Emily scribbled on paper, her drawing would still be wonderful.

"Hurry to work." Elsie impatiently waved her hand at Susan. As soon as Emily returned, servants rushed to curry favor, especially Susan. The smile on her face was really disgusting. Susan hurriedly escaped. Emily finally came back. Susan was busy cooking delicious food for her. She didn't have time to chat with Elsie.

Emily was alone in the room. She sat at the table, holding a pen. Her mind was in a mess. She looked at the white paper in front of her, trying to calm down. When the sun set, her pen was still hanging in midair.

Her father had always been in good health. He couldn't suddenly fall ill, unless ... Beverly couldn't wait any longer. Emily clutched the brush with her fingers. She wanted to expose the true colors of Beverly and her daughter in front of Maury. But who would believe a retard like her?

Would Eliot believe Emily? They were his mother and sister. Would father believe Emily? They were his wife and daughter. Emily tightened her grasp on the brush and then snapped it, leaving a heavy mark on the white paper. The black color could even be seen on the back of the paper. She stared at the painting in front of her and finally calmed down. In the lower right corner, her name was written.

Sure enough, Eliot came at night. He sat on the bed and asked Emily how she had been doing during this period of time. Was she homesick? Did she miss Dad and him?

Emily answered sweetly, "Yes."

Eliot pretended to be angry, "If you really miss us, why don't you come back?"

Emily thought of the dream she had. She didn't know if Eliot would be as disappointed and painful as in the dream about her and Vincent. Emily didn't want what Elsie said in her previous life to be true. No matter what kind of feeling Eliot had for her,



she had to nip it in the bud, even if she would hurt him.

"Eliot, don't be angry, okay?"

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

"I'm not angry." Eliot tucked her in and said, "They are so nice to you. Why will I be angry?"

Emily hesitated and said, "Vincent is nice. He is not as fierce as you said."

Eliot was shocked. "He is nice to you? Why do you think so?"

"I did something wrong, but he didn't scold me."

"What was it?" Eliot was quite surprised. When he went to the Scavo's that day, he felt that Vincent's attitude towards her was somewhat strange.

Emily blinked. "I kissed him."

"What?" Eliot's expression changed drastically. "What did you say?"

Emily suddenly hid her face under the quilt and said in a muffled voice, "Eliot, don't be angry."

Eliot took a deep breath and tried his best to suppress his emotions. "Who taught you this? Why did you kiss him? I, I don't remember I have taught you this."

Emily fell silent under the blanket. Eliot pulled away her blanket and said, "Tell me, why did you kiss him?"

The quilt was pulled down, revealing Emily's beautiful and sparkling black eyes. Her eyes shone brightly as she said, "Good-looking."

"What?" Eliot was almost dazzled by her beautiful eyes. After a while, he realized that she meant that Vincent was handsome. She had been taken in since she was seven years old. She was timid and didn't dare to go out. She had hardly seen any other men. Eliot had never thought that she would one day fall in love with another man, let alone the person she liked was Vincent. Eliot forced out a smile. "Is he more handsome than me?"

Emily seemed to have hesitated, and finally said with a bitter face, "No."

However, Eliot was still not cheered up on hearing it. He touched Emily's forehead and sighed softly, "You're still young. When you grow up, it's not too late to like him."

Emily's eyes suddenly lit up. "Really?"

Eliot felt very uncomfortable as if Emily had to get permission for loving anyone. He felt sorry for Emily and heartbroken. He understood that he had feelings for Emily and understood the unbridgeable barrier between them. He said with a reluctant smile, "When you grow up, I will send you to be his bride."

Emily laughed happily. "Alright!"

Eliot stood up and his smile faded. "I'm a little tired tonight. I'll go back first."

"Good night."

Eliot did not turn around and said in a hoarse voice, "Good night."

She returned, but she was leaving him again.

When Emily received Harold's text message, it was the fifth night that Harold left. It was the second day that she left the Scavo's. She threw her punch in the air for more than ten minutes in the morning and then read for half an hour.

When she went out, she pretended to be retarded again. She talked with Maury by his bed and painted in the afternoon. Eliot did not come at night. Perhaps what she said last night hurt him completely.

Emily was reading news and happened to get the latest news about Stephanie. Christy was efficient. In less than a week, she had completely reversed the situation. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 215 Feel Grateful(2)

She first exposed all sorts of affairs about Stephanie's ex-boyfriend, attracting the attention of the mass of spectators who didn't know the truth. Afterwards, she posted something new every day, catching everyone's attention at regular intervals. As spectators complained that her tips were fake, they waited for her to reveal sources at regular intervals every day.

On the fifth day, Christy directly posted a video, which was given by Stephanie. It was only a surveillance video. The man in the video was Stephanie's ex-boyfriend. He had been caught cheating on Stephanie and was begging Stephanie for forgiveness. He even swore that if he betrayed Stephanie again, he would be struck by lightning....

It caused an uproar.

Stephanie's ex-boyfriend immediately posted a statement that he had broken up with Stephanie after her accident. He even implied that Stephanie had two faces. She was not only willful, but she also cheated on him. Christy's video became evidence against Stephanie's ex-boyfriend.

Yesterday, Christy uploaded quite a few remittance bills to prove that Stephanie funded those students, as well as the students' scores in various subjects at school and their teachers' comments.

It turned out that the students she sponsored didn't work hard, showing that they could rise to the top without studying. They were sponsored by Stephanie. So, they believed that Stephanie would protect them and they could get a job without going to school.

Stephanie financed six students in total. Five students wrote a joint letter to insult her. Christy contacted the last one. That student had a bit of conscience and sent Christy screenshots of the chatting records of the others. Then, Christy forwarded them to those ignorant netizens.

In the screenshot, all five students said they didn't want to go to class anymore, for it was too hard. They skipped class and surfed the Internet every day. They enjoyed an affluent life. Stephanie bought clothes of different styles and colors for them. She was afraid that those children would think that she bought five sets of the same clothes casually. She would attach a greeting card when she sent gifts to them to wish them good results.

Due to Christy's revelation, the large crowd of spectators realized that Stephanie, who had been slandered, was so kind and warm-hearted. She had been berated by so many people for so many days. But she did not refute those remarks. After Christy made those things public, Stephanie posted something on her blog.

"God is watching us."

The comments below were favorable to her. For a moment, all the students who had been sponsored by Stephanie and her ex-boyfriend were dug up online and criticized by netizens. Because those netizens had cursed the wrong person, they treated Stephanie's ex-boyfriend and the students quite harshly

this time.

Not long after, Stephanie's ex-boyfriend apologized online, saying that some of the news was false and fabricated. But the netizens did not buy it anymore and cursed him so much that he did not dare to go online anymore.

Those students were asked to drop out of school the next day. Stephanie was in high cotton due to this incident. She received many invitations to radio stations and programs since early in the morning. Some directors even called her personally to invite her to film. Even big-name advertisers asked her to be their spokesperson. This spokesperson represented purity and kindness, which was exactly the same as Stephanie's temperament that had been dug out online these days. Netizens grew fonder and fonder of her. They even apologized for the previous curses.

Stephanie cried for a long time when she saw the message. She thought for a moment and even typed.

"Actually, I wanted to commit suicide. During that particularly difficult period, I saw those comments online every day, and I felt so uncomfortable and tortured. So, I secretly took advantage of my assistant's absence and ran to the rooftop. I thought I would be relieved if I jumped off the rooftop. But, a girl suddenly appeared to save me. She told me that there were things that people needed to protect. She encouraged me to hold on. I make it. Thank you."

All the fans who saw the message cried. The downstairs of the Star Hotel was overcrowded for a moment. All of them were holding Stephanie's picture and shouting, "Live well! Don't be sad! We'll be with you!"

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

The scene was posted online. More and more people joined the team to defend Stephanie. Fans were more and more concerned about their idols' mental health. They would shout at the sight of their idols, "No matter what happens, hold on! Don't be sad! You still have us!"

Many celebrities came out of the airport and heard this. Several of them suddenly cried. When fans saw their idols cry, they naturally shouted even louder in an almost hoarse voice, "Hold

on and live well! We love you!"

Stars smiled and waved their hands, but the tears in their eyes could not be stopped. They hurriedly left under the escort of their assistants.

However, Stephanie's incident seemed to have a butterfly effect. The public was alerted to the fact that celebrities were in hidden danger. For a time, many people treated Stephanie as a lucky signal, and even left a comment in her blog every day to protect their beloved idols.

Stephanie became the only star in high cotton when the winter came. In a short moment, she gave her TV and movies free publicity and attracted a lot of fans.

With so many fans, there must be plenty of gifts. Stephanie was extremely busy with either unpacking gifts or replying to cards. Her assistant wanted to help, but she refused, saying that fans hoped that she would open the gifts and answer the cards personally. If she left it to someone else, it would be a waste of her fans' efforts. The assistant sighed and watched Stephanie bustle in the room.

Stephanie did not forget to call Christy after she finished her work. She asked Christy to tell her card number, because she did not know how to thank Christy.

Christy didn't stand on ceremony at all. She even smiled, "Feel free to transfer as much as you can."

Stephanie immediately said that she would transfer Christy all the endorsement fees she received. She hoped that Christy would share half of the money with Emily.

Christy knew how much the endorsement fees of ordinary stars were. Moreover, Stephanie cooperated with a big-name brand, so the amount must be very considerable. Christy even felt that she had taken the wrong path to cheat others in the past. If she had specialized in this profession, she would have made much money.

Thus, after Christy finished speaking to Stephanie, she forwarded a few links about the revelation to Emily and sent her a message. "It's done."

Emily transferred some money to her. Harold once transferred 20,000 to Emily for backup.

Emily knew that Christy must have spent a lot of money, but who knew that Christy would refuse to accept it. Christy even

sent a voice message. When Emily played it, she heard Christy's charming voice. "It's too little. I'll wait for you to reward me until you make a lot of money."

Emily smiled and replied, "Alright."

Afterwards, Emily saw the message sent by Harold. "Failed." She had prepared for the worst. So, the result wasn't too bad. \_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 216 To Give 1

At the beginning of December, the weather became colder and colder.

Jaquan stayed up late last night to read the customer's information. When he woke up in the morning and went to the bathroom, he was a little confused. Hearing the commotion coming from inside, he habitually said, "You woke up quite early today."

Inside, his mother, Felice Campbell, opened the door and said, "What?"

Jaquan then remembered that Emma had left. He immediately sobered up and scratched his hair. "Nothing."

After Jaquan washed up, Felice had served breakfast on the table. "Why did she leave without saying goodbye to me? I even hoped to see her this time. I bought her...." In mid-sentence, Felice was worried that her son would find her unpleasant and noisy, so she immediately shut her mouth. However, Jaquan did not impatiently scold her for being noisy. When she suddenly stopped, he even looked up and asked, "What did you buy?"

"Fish." Felice was stunned.

Jaquan replied, "Well." He then continued to eat.

Felice felt strange. Just as she was about to ask, a doorbell came from the door. She went to open the door. As soon as the people entered, he frowned and asked, "Emily, my bone hurts. What's wrong with it?"

Seeing that it was Felice standing in front of him, the old man quickly grinned and greeted her. He then poked his head into the door and saw Jaquan coming out. He asked, "Where is Emma?"

Jaquan said expressionlessly, "She's gone."

Ever since Emma left, people kept knocking on the door from morning till night. Jaquan had lived here for so many years, and

this was the first time he felt his place so lively. They gave food and toys to Jaquan. Once they cooked something delicious, they would share it with Jaquan and then asked, "When will Emma come back?"

Damn it. How was he supposed to know whether she would come back or not?

They not only gave Jaquan food but also asked him for help when they had sore legs and waist. They were troublesome! Did they take this place as a big pharmacy?

Every time Jaquan drove past the gate of the community after work, a middle-aged woman always asked, "Aren't you going to buy pancakes today?"

"No." On the third night, Jaquan added, "I won't buy it anymore."

The woman was stunned. She wanted to ask something else. Jaquan's car had entered.

Jaquan found those people quite annoyed in the past few days. Emma had left, but this group of people reminded him time and time again, as if Emma had never left.

Jaquan rarely went out for a run on weekends, but he met the old man whom Emma helped deal with his dislocation. Out of courtesy, Jaquan greeted him, "Sir, are you taking a walk?"

"Why isn't Emma with you?" the man asked with a smile.

Jaquan explained it every day, and he became immune to this question. He said with a gloomy face, "She went home."

The man thought Emma had returned to her parents' home. So, he replied with a smile, "Well, the recipe she gave me was especially useful. My wife said that she would treat her to dinner at home. When she comes back, bring her over. We will prepare a table of dishes to entertain you."

"..."

"No need. She won't come back." After Jaquan finished speaking, he ran out alone.

The man muttered behind him, "Do they quarrel?"

If Jaquan heard this, he would fly into a temper.

He had almost been driven crazy by the group of people who asked him about Emma every day. As Arabella called him, he ran over without the slightest hesitation.

Arabella was about to attend a banquet. She invited Vincent

and said, "You must come. If you don't come, I won't go in."

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
She even beat Vincent to the punch and hung up, believing that Vincent would definitely make it.

In the end, Vincent asked Rex to reply with a text message. "I won't go."

Good-mannered as Arabella was, she didn't reveal the slightest bit of dissatisfaction or anger. She picked up her phone and called Jaquan with ease. Sure enough, she just said that he should dress in a formal manner and he came over. He didn't even know what she wanted him to do.

Arabella felt that it was extremely boring. Although it was good that Jaquan behaved like this, she did not like it.

In less than half an hour, Jaquan drove to the Peck's and called Arabella. She asked him to wait for a while, so Jaquan went to the garret to see Trevor.

Jaquan didn't forget to take a box of chocolates with him. This was the only thing Trevor liked.

The garret was brightly lit. As the cold wind blew, the three carp windsocks on it flew in the wind. Jaquan watched from below and prayed silently. After he finished, he walked up the stairs. When the servants saw him, they all greeted him, "Do you want some tea?"

Jaquan waved his hand and said, "I'll leave after taking a look at him. Don't bother with me. Take a rest."

These servants guarded downstairs of the garret all the time, in case Trevor would have an accident. After all, he was dumb.

Even if he encountered danger, he could not make a sound.

Jaquan knocked on the door and said, "Trevor, I'm coming in."

He took off his shoes and came in. Then he put the chocolate on the carpet. The little robot got off the bed and walked up to him. "Jaquan," Eleven said in a teenage voice.

Jaquan smiled and looked at the bed that was wholly concealed.

"You said that you gave Eleven to the Eleven day to Christy.

Why did he come back?"

Eleven had not spoken for a long time.

Eleven returned five days ago. When Christy said those words, Trevor loaned a program. Almost as Christy walked out of the



hotel, Eleven quietly flew out of her bag and returned to the garret.

Jaquan flicked a glance. "What's wrong?"

The bed moved, and Eleven said again, "Jaquan, are you here for Arabella?"

Jaquan nodded. Realizing that Trevor couldn't see him like this, he said, "Well, she asked me to attend an activity with her."

Eleven picked up a rose reinforced by a glass bottle and handed it to him.

Jaquan took it and smiled bitterly. "She doesn't like me, so it's useless to send flowers."

Eleven blinked his gray but clear eyes and returned in a youthful voice, "Send it to someone who likes you."

When Jaquan came out, he held a glass bottle with roses in his hand. As soon as he arrived downstairs, he met Arabella. In a mink coat and a purple evening gown, she appeared noble and elegant. Seeing him come down from the garret with the flowers in his arms, she smiled and thought that the flowers were for her. She then said somewhat disdainfully, "Forget it. I can't even take along my bag in these clothes."

Jaquan understood what she implied and somehow felt a little angry. He walked out with the flowers and said, "They are not for you."

"How is that possible? Who else can you give them to other than me?" Arabella was shocked and didn't believe it.

Jaquan put flowers in the locker of the car. When Arabella got in the car, he didn't even have the intention to take the flowers out. Arabella glanced at him for a few times and felt that he had changed.

In the past, no matter when she called him out, he was always happy. He had never had such a worried expression before. \_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 217 To Give 2

"Are you in a bad mood today?" Arabella waved her hand generously. "In return for attending the banquet tonight with me for company, I'll give you a chance to ask me out to dinner." When it came to eating, Jaquan suddenly remembered the scene of him beating eggs. Then, Emma came over and took the eggs in his hand. And then ... he was actually aroused. Although

he felt sorry for Arabella when he recalled it, he didn't know if it was because he had abstained from sex for too long or for some other reason. At that moment, he longed to hug Emma.

After Emma kissed him when she was drunk, Jaquan felt that something had changed. He didn't know exactly what it was, but he just knew that something was different.

"What are you thinking?" Arabella snorted discontentedly. "You are distracted in my presence. Are you thinking women?"

Jaquan frankly admitted. "Yes."

Arabella immediately pointed at him with her index finger and said, "I'm warning you. Don't think about me secretly! Eyes on the road!"

Jaquan laughed. He didn't know if he was laughing at Arabella's narcissism or his craziness. Arabella was right in front of him, yet he was thinking about Emma. What was wrong with him?

After arriving at the banquet hall, Arabella strolled around with him as if he were an exhibit. Then, she chatted with a group of ladies of the upper class. Jaquan did not like to hear those women flaunted the considerable wealth. Sitting somewhere, he watched Arabella arrogantly raise her neck amongst the group of women with a perfect smile.

He lit a cigarette and smoke blurred his vision. He saw Emma standing in front of him in a trance. When he waved his hand to disperse the smoke, he only saw a completely unfamiliar woman passing by.

Jaquan found it absurd and laughed. Was he possessed? Why did he think any woman he saw like Emma?

Arabella brings a glass of red wine over and said in a flirtatious manner, "What do you think of the one in the pink dress over there?"

Jaquan looked up and swept his eyes. "What's wrong?"

"She likes you and asked me to inquire about your impression of her." Arabella laughed. "If you don't like her, I'll help you refuse her."

Things like this happened before. Arabella asked while knowing the answer. Maybe she was seeking for excitement. After he answered that he only liked her, she would just walked away happily.

Jaquan had been scolded by Randy many times before, but he

had never carefully pondered over what he had done wrong. However, at this moment, Jaquan suddenly saw through everything. Hearing Arabella's question, he took a breath of cigarette before slowly replying while exhaling smoke. "Alright, help me get a number."

Arabella's face stiffened as expected, and then she smiled, "Don't bother. I won't be jealous."

Jaquan stubbed the cigarette out and walked straight to the woman in the pink dress. Then he asked, "May I have the honor to get your phone number?"

That woman naturally smiled gratefully at Arabella. Then, she quickly exchanged numbers with Jaquan and friended him on WeChat. After she succeeded, she smiled and commented how funny his profile photo was.

Jaquan's profile photo was the animated image of Tang Monk, a role in Journey to the West.

Jaquan hadn't looked up at Arabella from beginning to end, so he didn't know how Arabella managed to squeeze out a smile in response to the woman in the pink dress.

Jaquan looked at the new friend on WeChat. Her profile photo was a black cute kitten. He suddenly thought of Emma. In the guest house, she said that she didn't have a cell phone. He thought that she couldn't afford it. But when Collin brought the cell phone to her, she waved her hand and refused.

At first glance, he thought she was just an ordinary young single mother. But after coming into contact with her, he found Emma was filled with mystery.

On the way back, Arabella's expression was gloomy. She felt that Jaquan had deliberately done this to attract her attention, so she got it over and deliberately asked, "Vincent's birthday is coming. What are you going to give him?"

"Same as usual." Jaquan was a little tired and his voice was a little low.

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People Arabella listened and realized that Jaquan's voice was actually pretty attractive. He was much more handsome than ordinary people, with obvious double-fold eyelids and long eyelashes. Telling from his appearance, he could be considered one of City

Y's top young geniuses.

Unfortunately, he was much inferior to Vincent.

Arabella asked again, "Do you know that Emily has gone back to the Britt's?"

"Yes."

"I heard that Vincent hasn't contacted her for several days."

"Yes."

Arabella noticed that Jaquan sounded not interested. She can't help but frown and look at him. Jaquan had really changed. He used to keep talking and changing topics, while she gave him the cold shoulder. Now, their roles had switched around.

Arabella failed to hold her tongue. "Vincent seems to have involved in a new relationship. Her name is Irene. She looks ordinary."

Jaquan said indifferently, "Yes."

"Jaquan, what do you mean? Are you unhappy that I ask you out, or that I mention Vincent?" Arabella said angrily.

"No, I'm a little tired." Jaquan looked at the road ahead. He used to like to look at her profile face when driving, but now, he had no interest.

Arabella stretches out her hand and said. "Give me your phone."

"What do you want?" Jaquan turned to glance at her. Arabella looked stunningly beautiful. Girls from wealthy families were somewhat arrogant, and she was no exception. Her eyes naturally lifted as she spoke, and she raised her chin with a somewhat arrogant expression. "Give it to me."

As she spoke, she reached out to take the phone from Jaquan's pocket.

Jaquan dodged sideways and said, "Don't move. I'm driving."

"Give it to me. I want to delete that shameless woman."

Arabella retracted her hand, but she still looked in his direction. After a few seconds, Jaquan finally figured out she was referring to the woman that he had friended on WeChat. "Why do you want to delete her?"

"You won't talk to her, so it saves her bothering you," Arabella said proudly. She wore lip gloss. Her lips looked beautiful under the dim lights in the car. However, Jaquan wasn't interested at this moment. Without looking at her, he said in a flat voice.

"Don't delete her. I want to talk to her."

"Jaquan, did you do it on purpose?" Arabella glared at him.

"What do you mean?"

Arabella slapped him angrily. "You deliberately angered me!"

Jaquan suddenly laughed. In the past, he was willing to do anything to attract Arabella's attention, but her attention was always on Vincent. Today, he didn't know what was wrong with him. He didn't care about Arabella's emotions. He wanted to do whatever he wanted. Perhaps what Trevor said enlightened him, or perhaps his mood had been affected by Emma for many days. Seeing the red light, he stopped his car, turned to look at Arabella, and said in a hoarse and tired voice.

"You don't like me, so I have to find someone who likes me."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 218 Advertising 1

It was estimated that Stephanie's incident had come to an end. Expectedly, one of the students who had been expelled from school was unable to endure the online insults. On one night, he typed a 'suicide notes', complaining about the injustice done to him by the world. He even wrote in the last sentence that if he died, Stephanie should be blamed.

After typing this line, he chose to send it at a fixed time. Then, he opened a bottle of sleeping pills on the table and poured them all into his palm. Just as he was about to swallow them, he heard a voice coming from his computer. It sounded like a teenage boy. His tone was monotonous and flat.

"Every day, there are people seeking death. On average, one person commits suicide in 20 seconds. On average, 700 people commit suicide every day. More than 6, 000 attempt suicide. The annual number of suicides is between 200, 000 and 300, 000. Only one in 10, 000 will be remembered."

"What are you talking about? Get out of my computer! Are you a human or a ghost? Get out...." the student shouted in fear.

"Your death is like a pebble thrown into the sea, unable to stir up the slightest ripple." The voice on the computer continued.

"People will definitely meet difficulty in this world. Why not try to change the status quo and become someone hopeful. The future may become different. No matter what you do, you should not let yourself down first, and then you should be worthy of Stephanie's care for you for so many years."

The computer suddenly blacked out. The pitch-black screen only reflected the face of a young student. The student looked at the screen in panic and thought of what the computer had just said.

To become someone hopeful?

Him?

He had become such a degenerate. Could he become that kind of person?

He curled up in pain and recalled that it was a cold winter when he first saw Stephanie. She took off her down jacket and wrapped it around him. Then she put her scarf on him and said worriedly, "You must be frozen."

The student heard that the children who had been adopted had a bad ending. They even lost contact as if they had disappeared. The student was certain that those rich people pretended to be nice to them. It was just a piece of playacting.

Facing Stephanie's care, he only thought that there was a hidden camera behind her. She was deliberately showing her good side to him. Stars were good actors. They acted to be both affectionate and touching. Everything was an illusion.

Afterwards, besides supporting him, Stephanie supported five other people. He hated Stephanie even more. Why didn't she give all her care to him? Why did he have to share her care with others?

He was angry, dissatisfied, and helpless.

Stephanie had done her duty. However, he was still furious. He conceived that others had taken his share. He added other people that Stephanie had sponsored to a group chat so as to see if they had been given the same amount of care and clothing as him. If Stephanie cared about others, he would nurse a grievance against her.

He couldn't remember how things had gone like that. He just wanted to take revenge on her, on the society that abandoned him, and on everyone. He wanted everyone to go to hell with him.

He still failed.

Looking at the scattered white pills on the ground, he trembled and made a call. "Hey, I regret it."

"I don't dare to die, either. I'm sorry. I don't want to die..." A

trembling voice of a youth came from the other end of the phone.

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
The student smiled and tears fell to the ground. "It's not too late...."

Someone on the other end of the phone asked blankly. "What do you mean?"

At noon the next day, five students knelt down at the Star Hotel. Facing the bitter rebuke and insult from the fans, they lowered their heads and did not refute. Since dawn, they had been kneeling. The fans scolded them for wishing to gain sympathy. Some blamed them for being shameless to expect Stephanie to take the high road.

After all, they were students. They had suffered too many insults, so they were almost unable to hold on. However, one kept straightening himself up. He lowered his head and did not move. The others did not dare to move. They could only continue to kneel there and secretly shed tears as they listened to the insults.

When Stephanie heard the commotion, she wanted to go out, but she was stopped by her assistant. "Are you stupid? They have no conscience. No matter how nice you are to them, they are not grateful to you."

"No, I still have to go out."

The assistant was furious. "What if you are fooled by them again? What if they want to use your sympathy to get more money? What will you do?"

"I don't care. Anyway, I was the one who caused the trouble. I should bear the consequences." Stephanie looked at a group photo on her computer. The students she funded looked at the camera with embarrassed expressions.

Seeing that she could not stop Stephanie, the assistant could only ask the security guards downstairs to prevent the students from doing anything reckless.

At the sight of Stephanie, her fans became anxious and shouted against the glass, "Don't come out! Don't come out! Don't come out! Don't come out! Don't come out!"

However, Stephanie still smiled and came out. Although she

had received many phone calls and invitations to be on the shows from directors these days, she stayed in the hotel to answer the cards and open the gifts. She was worried about these children. She even had trouble sleeping at night. Seeing these children kneeling quietly, she still felt a little distressed and she planned to walk over to help them up.

"Stephanie, don't go over They're pushing you. Don't be sad for this kind of person. Since they have the nerve to do that thing, they should suffer from their own actions! You could have sent them to jail, but you let them off kindly. They even shamelessly keep pestering you. They are just beasts!" The fans stopped her. "That's right. Stephanie supports you, but you have the nerve to do such a thing. Shame on you!"

"Yeah, Stephanie, don't forgive them! Just leave them to sink or swim!"

More and more fans responded to the call. Everyone was shouting slogans. Stephanie shushed while putting her index finger on her lips. "Thank you for your kindness. I want to talk to those children."

Although the fans were furious, they made their way. They glared at those students as if the latter were thieves, afraid that they would take out knives from somewhere to hurt Stephanie. Stephanie squatted down and asked, "Have you eaten yet?"\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
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Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 219 Advertising 2

The students who knelt down cried, tears rolling down their cheeks. They lived in the house that Stephanie had rented for them. They did not dare to go out for several days, let alone to

order takeout food, because everyone knew that they were ungrateful persons.

Stephanie sighed. "Why don't you eat? Don't you have enough money?" She took the money out of her wallet and handed it over one by one. The students sobbed while touching her fingertips, like little beast wailing.

"We...." The student in the middle looked up, tears hanging on his face. "We want to go to school."

Stephanie was stunned. "Don't you hate going to school?"

"I want to change myself. I want to become someone like you."

The student said, "I want to prove that your efforts are not in vain. I want you to know that I will repay your kindness. I want to say sorry to you...." He dropped his head and kowtowed heavily. "I'm sorry."

The others also kowtowed and sobbed. "I'm sorry."

Stephanie's tears fell and she wiped them away. "Alright, I'll contact the school to admit you, arrange accommodation for you, and give you...."

"Don't bother with us. We will remember your kindness for the rest of our lives, and we will definitely repay you." The student stood up, bowed deeply to her with a pale face, and then left.

The other students also got up and bowed to her. Stephanie stood there, watching the children's back. She felt they had suddenly grown up and couldn't help but smile in satisfaction. The fans on the side posted this video online. They claimed that Stephanie was a kind person. Then, Stephanie received many calls. Her assistant answered the phone with a change in her usual style of flattery, becoming reserved and steady.

Today, the assistant received a call from a Miss Peck. Stephanie would be given priority to film an advertisement for public service. However, the assistant didn't like the tone of the other party. It was heavy with arrogance. She even instructed the assistant to put Stephanie on the phone. The assistant replied, "Sorry, Stephanie is busy." Then she hung up.

Who cared about the Pecks? Stephanie was extremely popular now. She received countless phone calls every day. Many nobles and big shots contacted her. Who did the Pecks think they were? The assistant hung up the phone and picked up another call. It was about another advertisement invitation. She

patiently and politely replied, "Sorry, Stephanie has been occupied in an advertisement...."

"What the hell does she think she is? Stephanie's just an actor, yet her assistant dares to hang up on me." Arabella, who was hung up on the phone, was furious. She slapped the table and stood up with a cold look.

The manager of the planning department asked, "How about choosing another actor?"

Arabella frowned and points at Stephanie's profile. "Right now, she enjoys great popularity. If we chase her clout and persuaded her to film the advertisement now, we'll save spending money on marketing."

"But she refused. I heard that she took E. M'S advertisement. This advertisement fee is enough for her to live a wealthy life for the rest of her life. Our budget is a little ... tight."

Arabella threw Stephanie's document over and gave up. She then said to the manager, "Alright, find two more candidates."

"Got it."

Arabella was not in a good mood. Ever since she heard what Jaquan said the night before yesterday, she had been almost exploded with anger. Stephanie refused her invitation to shoot an advertisement. It was humiliating, equivalent to slapping her face!

Arabella adjusted herself in the bathroom for a while and finally returned to normal. Then she walked out and called Vincent.

"Hey, Vincent, can I change the actress of the public service video? Stephanie refused. I plan to pick another candidate...."

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
Vincent was probably in the middle of a video. He whispered something to that one before replying to Arabella. "It's up to you."

After he finished, he hung up the phone and threw it to the side. On the computer, he was on a video chat with Emily.

While reading, Emily looked at Vincent on the screen and asked, "Why are you video chatting with me at the company? Won't it interrupt your work?"

Vincent leaned closer and touched her face with his thumb on the screen. His voice was low and husky, "I haven't seen you for

days. I miss you very much."

Emily smiled and threw him a kiss.

Just as Vincent was about to say something, he saw 'the end of the call' displayed on the screen of his phone. It seemed that the call had just been hung up. He turned his gaze back to Emily without changing his expression and asked, "Continue to read. I'll test you tonight."

Emily suddenly asked, "You want to invite Stephanie to shoot an advertisement?"

Vincent raised his eyebrows noncommittally. He thought that Emily probably watched the news or Stephanie's TV play, so he explained briefly, "Now that she is very popular. She has subsidized poor students, so she is a very suitable candidate. But she refused."

"I know." Emily nodded thoughtfully.

Vincent took a sip of tea and said, "What's wrong?"

"Who'll pay for the advertisement fee?" Emily asked.

"Since the two companies cooperate, they will share it." Vincent noticed her rolling her eyes. "What are you thinking?"

Emily replied quickly, "I'm thinking about how to overcharge Arabella."

"..."

Although the guards participated in helping Stephanie, they made a small effort, which didn't even rate a mention. They did not inform Vincent about Emily's rescue of Stephanie. Hence, a few minutes later, Vincent was slightly stunned when Emily called him that she had persuaded Stephanie.

Vincent did not know that what happened between Emily and Stephanie. Since Emily managed to talk Stephanie into accepting the invitation but Arabella couldn't, Vincent felt it proved that Emily was competent.

The news reached Arabella's ear the next day. At first, she didn't believe it. But when she saw the notification email from the Scavo Corp in the company, she was certain that Stephanie would rush over tomorrow to shoot the public welfare video and cooperate with all the arrangements of both companies. She immediately called Vincent. "Vincent, did you personally call to invite her? Did you increase her advertising fee? Otherwise, why would she agree?"

Vincent's voice was cold. "I didn't call, nor did I offer a higher

price. She agreed because it was a public service video. That's all."

After hanging up, Arabella sneered. Stephanie agreed because it was a public service video? Stephanie must have taken a fancy to Vincent and made up such an excuse!

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 220 Look Like Gay Men 1

Maury had been lying in bed for four whole days. He felt that he was in a good mental state, so he got out of bed and planned to go to work. But he was stopped by Eliot. "Dad, mom and I will take care of the company. Don't worry. Rest at home for a few more days."

Maury looked at Emily and remembered that he hadn't fulfilled his promise to take her out for fun. He blinked at her. "Alright, then I'll stay at home for another two days."

After Eliot left, Maury immediately got out of bed and got dressed. He then said to Emily, "Go out quietly first and wait for Dad at the door."

Emily understood what he was going to do. She smiled, "Alright."

Elsie went to school today. Emily didn't need to avoid her and went downstairs directly. When Harold saw her at the door, he immediately said, "Beverly has gone out. The thing you told me to keep an eye on has made progress...."

Emily paused for a moment before figuring out what Harold was talking about. She asked, "Her lover?"

Harold nodded. "Beverly has seen him twice."

Emily smiled. "Very good. Where has she gone?"

Harold gave Emily an address.

After Maury drove out, he saw Emily coming with Harold.

Maury wanted to say that there was no need for Harold to keep their company, but Harold opened the driver's seat door and said, "I'll drive."

Maury thought for a moment and nodded in agreement. He got out of the car and sat in the back seat with Emily. Then he asked her, "Are you satisfied with this bodyguard?"

Emily nodded. "He's good."

Maury didn't know how she defined this. He just said, "As long

as he can take good care of you."

Somehow, Maury found Emily was no different from a normal child in the past few days. Moreover, she was even more outstanding than Elsie in every aspect, such as temperament. When she stood there in silence, no one would fail to notice her. Perhaps she learned it with Vincent. Otherwise, Maury didn't know how to explain this phenomenon.

The car quickly drove to an amusement park. Before entering, Emily pointed at the café and said, "I want to drink that!"

Maury reminded her. "It's very bitter. You won't like it."

Emily pursed her lips, as if she longed for the coffee. Maury could only take her inside. The café laid emphasis on privacy. Wooden boards separated it into many private rooms, which extended to the innermost part of the café.

Maury sat in the hall and waited for the waiter to serve coffee.

However, Emily ran to the corridor of the private room and looked at the portrait hanging on the wall with curiosity.

Not long after, Maury came over with a cup of coffee.

Coincidentally, a private room door opened. Beverly walked out from inside with a smile on her face. When she saw Maury, she stiffened with fear.

Emily was happy secretly, but she looked innocent. She shouted at Beverly and the man following behind her. "Hello, Beverly."

Maury was stunned. But he calmly asked, "Is he a client?"

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

Beverly's expression finally returned to normal. "Yes, I told you before that he is Daniel Brooks, the manager of Marketing Department of Prosperity Group...."

"His is surnamed Brooks as well?" Maury looked up. Daniel was in his forties and looked younger than him.

"Yes, that's right. What a coincidence. We have the same surname." Beverly smiled embarrassedly.

Emily stole a glance at Daniel. Middle-aged, he wasn't bald, nor did he have a beer belly. His skin was well maintained, looking younger than Maury. It wasn't hard to tell how handsome he was when he was young. Emily felt that he was somewhat familiar, but she couldn't remember where she had seen him before.



"Then go back to your work. I'll take Emily to have fun." Maury stretched out his hand and pulled Emily out.

Beverly exhaled heavily, watching them walk away. Then, she looked at Daniel and let out a long sigh of relief, "I was almost scared to death just now...."

Daniel smiled and held her waist. "Nothing to be afraid of. I'm here with you."

Beverly patted his hand away and said, "Don't come on me in public to avoid being discovered."

Daniel hugged her and said, "So what? I hug my lover. It had nothing to do with Maury."

Even though s, Beverly knew how dangerous this action was, her heart was throbbing like a girl. She liked Daniel's domineering side.

Maury took Emily all the way to the amusement park. He bought tickets, brought her in, and told her to sit on a merry-go-round. Then he called Eliot, "Have we been cooperating with Prosperity Group recently?"

Eliot remembered that this group was recommended by Beverly half a month ago. "Yes. What's wrong?"

"Nothing." Maury hung up the phone, hoping he was thinking too much.

Emily sat on the merry-go-round and looked at Maury's expression. Although she felt guilt for her father, she wanted to continue, even if she would hurt him and Eliot in the end or ... destroy the family.

Although Maury was a little suspicious, when he arrived at the company the next day and saw that there was indeed a cooperative relationship with Luo Feng Group, he dispelled his doubts. Ever since Maury caught Beverly, she no longer dared to meet Daniel privately. They did not see each other for several days.

Matthew returned. He would occasionally live outside for a period of time. He stayed at home for a very short period of time, but there would always be something unpleasant happening when he returned.

After knowing that Emily was back, he called her to the study and asked her some questions, all of which were about why Vincent kept her in his place. Besides, Matthew asked what Vincent usually did and if he had spoken to her. Matthew

wished that Vincent would fall in love with this stupid granddaughter, so that the Britts could rise to prominence because of Emily.

Emily kept talking incoherently for a long time so that Matthew lost his patience. He waved his hand and let her leave. When she left, he called Elsie over to say something.

Later, the lights in Elsie's room were on all the time, as if she was choosing clothes.

December 6th was Vincent's birthday. The birthday banquet was held at the famous Garden Hotel in City Y.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 221 Look Like Gay Men 2

Everyone in City Y knew that it was Vincent's birthday. Even the scrolling screen in the mall said, "Happy Birthday to You". A few days ago, the business newspaper reported about Vincent's birthday. On this day, the major newspapers announced this event in a fancy manner, as if Vincent had personally authorized them to report. Many reporters planned to take a few pictures several days in advance to increase the popularity of their own newspapers, while ladies from wealthy families in City Y went to the beauty salon for several days, just to prepare for today.

Emily saved Rolando. Naturally, her entire family received his invitation. Elsie even went out early in the morning to dress up. She seemed to have forgotten all the shameful incidents that had happened between her and the Buckleys. After such a scandal, she seemed to be still immersed in the fantasy that Vincent would one day fall for her. She spent a lot of money on Vincent's birthday dinner. She asked professional stylists to dress her up. Even though the wind was cold, she just wore a thin evening gown to show off her good figure.

Emily was in a pink coat with a rabbit on it. The hat on her back had two long ears hanging down. With a white sweater and jeans, she wore a pair of sneakers, looking like she had come to the wrong site. As soon as she followed Elsie in, they attracted everyone's attention. The gaze on Elsie was not kind. Everyone was laughed mockingly at her. They seemed to be curious as to why she had the nerve to come here. Meanwhile, they looked at Emily in a strange manner. After all, Emily was a fool who had lived in the Scavo's for a period of time. No matter how much

they looked down on Emily, they didn't dare to mock her. The Scavos were quite protective towards their men. Outsiders didn't know how Emily got along with Rolando, but they had heard that Rolando liked Emily a lot at the banquet that day. The entrance of the Garden Hotel was full of green plants, surrounding the hotel like a maze in Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Everyone wended in from the entrance and saw the big lawn like a football field. Some noble ladies and gentlemen were standing on the lawn chatting.

The three-meter-tall sculpture held a lamp that looked like the sun was shining brightly. There was one every fifty meters on the large lawn. It had the same shape. Emily looked closely, but she couldn't recognize whom these sculptures suggested.

Emily and Elsie appeared in unison and dressed so differently. After finished laughing at Elsie, the crowd began to talk about Emily in a low voice.

"Do you think she looks different?"

"In which aspect?"

"I feel like she's not as stupid as she used to be...."

"I also think so."

"She's much prettier than Elsie."

"If Elsie hears it, she will be heartbroken. It probably takes her an entire afternoon to get dressed. She's really vicious. She even doesn't dress her sister up...."

"Don't be ridiculous. Emily is a love child. How generous should Elsie be to dress up her father's illegitimate daughter?"

"What's wrong with being a love child? Isn't Emily a human? Besides, she is retarded. Why can't she dress up?"

"Why are you biased towards Emily?"

"Are we? I just feel that compared to Elsie, Emily is pleasing to the eye...."

Of course, Emily didn't know that she had defeated Elsie and won many favorable impressions. Noticing that others were looking at her unhappily, Elsie turned to Emily uncomfortably and said, "Stay away from me. Those people must be laughing at you. Don't stand next to me. Look at your humiliating clothes!"

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

Emily silently moved to the side.

Very quickly, Eliot came in. He just met a few business associates at the entrance and had a brief chat with them.

Elsie had entered the hall. Eliot walked in with Emily in his arms. As he walked, he asked, "It's cold outside. Why didn't you wait for me inside?"

Emily did not explain. She just smiled at him.

There were many rich young ladies standing at the door. They were impressed by Emily's smile. Long after Emily left, someone suddenly said.

"I have never expected her to smile so charmingly."

Although the group of women were jealous of Emily's attractive face, they would not be jealous of such a fool as Emily. They thought gloatingly that fortunately, they were retards. Vincent would not like a fool."

The hall was resplendent. There were eighteen golden pillars on each side, divided the room into three parts. On the left, there was a long self-help table that led to the end. On the right, there seemed to be a boxing ring. However, no one was on the stage. Several security guards were guarding it. Standing in the center, Emily saw a band performing on the distant stage. A few people were dancing below. Some others were watching them, while some were chatting in twos and threes. The scene was very lively.

Emily and Eliot did not attract much attention when they entered. However, as soon as made it, they noticed a person. Elsie was standing under the orchestra. There was a beam of light shining on her. She pretended to enjoy music, but in fact, she was waiting for Vincent to come in and saw her at a glance. The women who were dancing under the orchestra stopped. At the sight of Elsie, they covered their mouths and smiled. Their voices were not loud, but they were enough for Elsie to hear. "She even has the nerve to come. She has slept with Marquise, but she even wants to attract Vincent's attention. What a joke...."

Elsie's expression changed, but she still stood there. What Matthew said last night still rang in her mind. "Although Vincent is temperamental and it's hard to see him through, he is a reasonable and understanding person. Our company was in

trouble some time ago, and he landed us a hand. For whom? It couldn't be Emily, right?"

Elise pinched her palm and tried to convince herself over and over again that Vincent did so much for her. How could he like Emily? Only she was worthy of his sacrifice for the Britts.

Moreover, she had a big gift ... for him.

Eliot frowned and said to Emily, "Wait for me here for a while. I'll bring her over."

Emily nodded obediently. After Eliot left, Emily sent a message to Vincent, "Happy birthday."

A moment later, Vincent replied, "Kiss me." \_\_\_\_

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Chapter 222 Look Like Gay Men 3

She didn't quite understand why Vincent would return in this way.

Vincent planned to answer her, "Kiss me or tell me personally."

But when he was typing, Randy poked him in the arm. Before Vincent finished, the message had been sent.

Randy approached and saw that the cold-faced Vincent typed two word--Kiss me.

"..."

'How horny Vincent is!'

Randy looked at Vincent with a puzzled and sympathetic gaze.

Then, he unfolded his fan and sighed with emotion. "Why people want to be in a relationship? Isn't it fun to play games?"

No one paid Randy any attention. He then turned to look at

Armando, who was in low spirits. Randy poked him on the shoulder and said, "There's a boxing ring outside. The champion will get a bonus. You can have a try to cheer yourself up."

Armando listlessly looked up and said, "When Vincent cuts the cake, I'll go back."

"For what? To look after your shabby shop that few customers will pay a visit?"

Fifth didn't say anything.

Randy glanced at him and then looked at Jaquan, who had been leaning against the wall in silence. "Armando is sad because he broke up with her girlfriend. What's wrong with you? You broke up long ago. Why are you in a bad mood now? Has Armando infected you?"

Jaquan sighed, "Arabella has unfriended me."

Ever since Jaquan said that, Arabella got out of the car and defriended him on WeChat. He didn't shamelessly friend her again, nor did he call her.

Jaquan didn't feel that he had said or done anything wrong. He acted solely on his own instincts and will. When Randy's asked him, he mentioned the matter indifferently. He did not feel worried or sad. Instead, when he got dressed in the morning, at the sight of hair bands in his pocket, suddenly, he thought of Emma. Damn it. Emma had penetrated into his life. Neighbors, Felice, Mr. Parker, the middle-aged woman who sold pancakes, as well as the security guards at the entrance of the community would ask him about Emma. At first, Jaquan was annoyed. But when he returned home and saw the guest room where Emma once lived, he calmed down strangely. This kind of feeling was hard to describe. He did not think that he was a womanizer. But he did not know what he was doing at this moment.

"That's all?" Randy sounded disdainful. "She abandoned you in a much more ruthless way than to unfriend you."

Jaquan stood up against the wall and looked down at the cards in Randy's hand. "You guys have lost the game."

Sure enough, Vincent had played his last card.

Randy was annoyed. "Ferne, what the fuck are you doing?"

Armando shouldn't be blamed, for he is in a bad mood. Noah's backing you. With such a good hand, how can you lose?"

Ferne rolled his eyes upward. "You only met Noah twice. Why do you speak so highly of him?"

"Forget it. You two are a couple." Randy saw Vincent stand up and seemed to be about to leave, so he did not clean up the cards on the table. He leisurely fanned the fan in his hand, revealing the words 'Top of the Tops'.

Ferne spat, "What nonsense are you talking about? If anyone can turn me into a gay man, I'll kneel down and call him Dad!"

Randy took out his phone and said, "I have recorded it." Then, he turned to Noah and said, "Noah, I have faith in you."

Noah sat behind Ferne with a cigarette in his mouth. He did not care when he heard this. He patted Ferne's neck and even pinched it. "Let's go."

Ferne rubbed the back of his neck and stood up. "Holy shit. Why

do you pinch me so hard?"

Vincent had reached the door. Rex was dressing him in a coat. Noah took the coat from the back of the chair and put it on. He stretched his arm behind Ferne's waist, as if he was hugging Ferne. When Noah finished getting dressed, he raised his arm and slapped Ferne on the back of his neck. "Randy will probably blow you if he knows you have four of a kind."

"..."

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

When Ferne heard this, he no longer cared about the humiliation of being beaten twice by Noah. He hurriedly took his coat and followed Noah out, shamelessly explaining, "Today's Vincent's birthday. I lost the game deliberately...." Standing at the door, under the light at the door, Noah looked back with a snort.

He was as tall as Vincent. Both were 1.9 meters tall. When Noah stood at the door, he almost reached the top of the door. In the suit, he looked straighter than others, as if his long legs were born for suit pants.

However, Noah was strange. Telling from his facial features, he should be a decent man. A dimple on his cheek made him amiable. But he always inadvertently raised his eyebrows. Due to the evil aura that he emitted from time to time, people felt that he did not seem like a good person. He was like a combination of a gentleman and a hooligan. Although it was strange and contradictory, he was harmoniously formed.

Ferne stood behind Noah and watched for a moment. Randy just happened to follow them out with the fan. They arrived long ago. They played cards in the lounge for a while. No sooner did Randy get out than he saw Ferne staring at Noah. Randy teased. "He's handsome, right?"

"..."

Ferne rolled his eyes upward, not bothering to explain.

Randy placed his fan on Ferne's shoulder and said, "Then what are you looking at?"

"I just feel that he looks very strange." Ferne held his chin and analyzed.

"Why?"

Ferne turned around to look at Randy. "Tell me first why you have become so close to him. You have only seen him twice." Randy patted his palm with the fan. "What do you think?" Jaquan happened to come out and heard this. He said to Ferne, "We've read all of his information."

Ferne replied, "Well."

Randy hooked Ferne's shoulder. "Do you think that we will just accept someone you suddenly introduce as our friends without probing into him?"

That was right. They knew their friends' backgrounds thoroughly. The first time Noah appeared in front of them, Ferne introduced him as a friend. It was inevitable that others would secretly check Noah's information.

"Then what's your impression of him?" Ferne asked Jaquan.

Jaquan pondered for a moment. "He has sister complex."

"..."

Ferne placed his hopes on Randy. He looked at him expectantly and heard Randy hesitantly ask, "He likes you?"

"..."

Very well matched was annoyed. He knitted his brows and looked at Randy, "Why do you keep saying such nonsense?"

Randy answered sincerely, "Because you both look like gay men."

Jaquan, who was standing beside, nodded in agreement. Even Armando, who was immersed in heartbreak in silence, couldn't help but glance at Noah as he showed approval in his eyes.

Words failed Ferne. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 223 Music 1

A commotion could be heard from the door. The star Stephanie came. It was said that she had contact with Vincent in business, but many people guessed that the two of them had a deeper relationship. Seeing Stephanie, the reporters couldn't help but ask, "Miss Stephanie, what is your relationship with Mr. Vincent? I heard that you had been in frequent contact with him recently. Are you two dating each other?"

Stephanie wore an E. M. pink winter suit, with a Shiny Squirrel's colored insect brooch. She wore a golden crystal ring on her left hand and a gray pearl ring on her pinkie. Many people



recognized that she was wearing jewelry rings made by E. M. It was said that the pinkie ring was worth 130, 000, while the other ring was worth 140, 000. The pair of rings symbolized eternal love. Since Stephanie had long since broken up with her ex-boyfriend, now that she was wearing one of the rings, many people guessed whether the other ring was worn by Vincent. Facing the reporter's question, Stephanie seemed to be very calm. "Sorry, I only met Vincent once. We're not even close. Of course, we're not dating."

The reporter continued, "Many people say that a powerful person saved you, which is why you have achieved so much today. Do you have anything to say about this?"

Stephanie paused and said, "I am very grateful and have always wanted to thank her. I hope she is watching now."

The reporter asked, "Are you admitting to the existence of this person? Can you reveal who the person is?"

"Sorry, I don't want this interview to have any unpleasant effects on this kind person. Thank you for your concern for me. Excuse me." Stephanie smiled and walked in. She crossed the labyrinth, the lawn, and finally reached the hall.

Coincidentally, Vincent happened to be coming downstairs. The hall was open, and the stairs were at the edge of the stage. When he and his companion came downstairs, everyone in the hall quieted down.

Eliot came over to persuade Elsie not to make a fool of herself, but she couldn't forget what Matthew had said and wouldn't listen to Eliot. While the two of them were arguing, they noticed that the crowd suddenly became silent. They quieted down either.

Staying in a corner, Emily saw everything. Just then, there was also a commotion from outside. Because it was very close to her, she heard a familiar voice.

"Miss Irene, are you here to celebrate Vincent's birthday?" She heard Arabella say. Judging from her voice, Arabella was getting closer, but the lights in the hall suddenly dimmed. Only a beam of light was left on, casting down onto the protagonist who was coming down the stairs. Emily blinked, wondering if she should make a sound or not, because the two men didn't seem to have noticed her.

Irene was dressed as a knight, holding leather gloves in her hand. She smiled warmly at Arabella, but her tone was hostile, "What else could I be here for? Talking business?"

"Oh, that's right. The business is finished in Vincent's office every day. However, I'm wondering if Vincent has changed his attitude towards you even a little since you follow him everywhere every day. Don't you think you're ... cheap for such behavior?" Arabella had said the last few words in a low voice. Irene laughed instead of getting angry, "What about you? Are you any different?"

Arabella had been gloating, thinking "cheap" was a perfect word to describe Irene, but she looked awkward upon hearing Irene's retort. The two of them stood at the entrance of the hall, their opposing figures clearly seen with the underground lamps on. Emily thought they could get into a fight any minute. But just then, Irene looked ahead and asked, "Who is there?"

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
Emily was startled, thinking she had been busted. Just as she was about to make a sound, Stephanie said, "Sorry, I was just going to stay away. I didn't expect you to notice me."

As Stephanie spoke, she walked to the entrance and stood face to face with the other two, nodding and smiling.

The three were really eye-catching standing there, making a beautiful scene. Irene was dressed in a knight's attire exuding an aura of valor, while Arabella was dressed in a begonia-colored retro cheongsam with an old-time shawl, like a beauty who came out of an ancient painting.

"It's you." Arabella frowned at seeing her. She had seen Stephanie a lot these past few days. What bugged her was that Stephanie seemed to have taken a fancy to Vincent. Arabella assumed that was why Stephanie had changed her mind and agreed to star the public-service video. Vincent came to the set once. Stephanie could only nod at him from afar during the filming. Thus, Arabella did not find any evidence proving that she was scheming to seduce Vincent. Seeing Stephanie at Vincent's birthday banquet, Arabella was naturally unhappy. Previously, she had to deal with Emily. And now, there was this Stephanie. How could she be in a good mood?

Irene had kept up with the news recently. She knew Stephanie. Through Arabella's hostile gaze towards Stephanie, she figured that this female star was probably one of Vincent's many admirers.

"Hello, I've watched the news. I was impressed by how much you could endure." Irene said, reaching out for a handshake. Stephanie gently shook hands with her. That she could endure a lot was not true. Living in despair and pain every day, she had committed suicide. Few people knew about it. Fortunately, the girl had saved her. Otherwise, she wouldn't have succeeded and had today's glory.

The lights suddenly lit up. The three of them turned their heads, only to see Ferne holding a microphone in the distance hosting the birthday banquet, while Vincent was holding a wine glass and chatting with a few big shots in the business circle. Noah was in tow probably as his bodyguard. Vincent seemed to intend to let him show up on this occasion, so that people would know that the young man was backed by the Scavo family.

Just like the day before, Vincent was wearing a black suit. Knowing black was his favorite color, the guests had come in suits of other colors. None of them dared to wear the same color as him, because they would be overshadowed. That would be embarrassing, a feeling Vincent would never know.

Irene withdrew her gaze and saw Stephanie staring at something on her left. She followed her gaze and saw that it was Emily standing there, nibbling a small milk cake.

Stephanie's expression was a little strange, as if she was shocked or surprised. Irene was confused. Shouldn't Stephanie only have eyes for Vincent? Why was she staring at Emily like that? Irene couldn't help but ask, "Do you know her?"

Stephanie recalled the other night when Emily didn't even tell her her name. She thought it must be because Emily didn't want to cause trouble. So, she replied, "No, I just think she is very beautiful."

Irene thought of her weird expression and asked bluntly, "Do you like women?"

Stephanie was confused for a moment before she realized what she meant. She hurriedly waved her hand. "No, I just think she's pretty. You're overthinking. I have an

ex-boyfriend." \_\_ Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 224 Music 2

Irene nodded and looked at Emily. Before she walked away, she said, "Yeah, she is beautiful. It's a pity that she is dumb."

Stephanie did not understand. "What?"

Arabella knew that Emily was only pretending to be stupid, but she left without saying anything. She would like it if Emily was stupid in others' eyes for the rest of her life. In this way, she would never be worthy of Vincent in her lifetime.

Soon, it was the gift-giving time. Very few guests could give their gifts directly to Vincent. Most gifts were received by Rex on his behalf. It was formal and polite. Arabella and Irene didn't get to give their gifts directly to Vincent either. However, they were lucky enough to talk to him for a while.

"Vincent, you will definitely like the gift I gave you." Arabella looked at Vincent eagerly, expecting him to open the gift box right away in her presence.

Vincent nodded perfunctorily and looked away at somewhere else. Emily was far from him. In addition, she was short. Vincent didn't see her even though he had tried a few times to find her in the crowd. Irene followed his gaze and saw the group of people behind him getting ready to dance again. "Would you like to dance?" she asked.

Vincent tilted his head slightly. Noah, who was standing behind him, walked over and reached out his hand gently. "Beautiful lady, may I have the honor to dance with you?"

Irene was dumbstruck.

She didn't see that coming. She took a step back and said, "Forget it. I can't dance in this outfit."

Smiling, Noah looked at Arabella. Before he asked, Arabella hurriedly turned around, bumping into Jaquan who was carrying a glass of champagne. When their eyes met, Jaquan raised his glass to her as greetings. Arabella still remembered what he deliberately said the other day and immediately walked away in anger. The truth was, she really wanted to look back to see his expression. Luckily, she didn't.

"What happened between you and Arabella? Just now, upstairs, you said she blocked you. Why?" Randy asked.

Jaquan took a sip of champagne and briefly told Randy what happened at the banquet the day before yesterday. "I'm beginning to feel I haven't been myself for some time." Randy patted him on the shoulder and said, "You finally realized it!"

"But there's one thing I don't understand. If Arabella likes me, her angry would make sense, but she doesn't." Jaquan was still looking at Arabella's retreating figure. Just then, she decided to look back. Their eyes met again, and she glared at him.

"Have you heard of a psychological law?" Randy unfolded his fan in a mysterious manner, half of his face concealed by the words on the fan.

"The law says long-time sacrifice for love will not get repaid. On the contrary, the girl will take everything you do for her for granted. Once you care for her a little less, she will get angry and even say mean words." Randy put away the fan and propped the head of the fan on Jaquan's shoulder. "You humored her too much. Around her, you were like a docile dog. And suddenly, now you are attracted to another woman. How could she ..."

Before he could finish speaking, Jaquan punched him and said, "Who are you calling a dog?"

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

Randy dodged. "Hey, I'm telling you seriously. You were too good to her, and she got used to it. Suddenly, your attitude towards her changed, so she naturally wouldn't like it. Look at the bright side. She starts to care and will soon be your girlfriend if you still want her."

Jaquan frowned.

Randy thought that Jaquan had finally learned to use tactics. Seeing Jaquan frown, he thought that he was thinking about what he should do next to win Arabella's heart, so he put his arm around Jaquan's shoulder and led him towards the stage. "Stop thinking about romance all the time. I just saw Armando come on stage. Let's go take a look."

Two boxers were fighting in the boxing ring on the right. Many hot-blooded men cheered loudly. In the arena were professional boxers. When a round ended, the winner ran

around the ring excitedly, his upper part naked, occasionally hooking his finger to the spectators for a challenge. However, the people invited to the banquet were all young masters from aristocratic families. Normally, they would wear fancy suits. Even though they were thrill-seekers, they wouldn't go up and fight with the boxers. This was Vincent's birthday party. The boxers could get very serious.

Unexpectedly, Armando took off his jacket and went up. He had intended to leave after the cake was cut. However, just as he walked past the arena, he saw the boxer on the stage hooking his finger at him with contempt. It wasn't aimed at him alone, but Armando felt that the man was provoking him. So, he went up to the stage wearing only a grey shirt.

When the spectators saw it was Armando, who had always been a low-key and the least noticeable member of the Mosby family, they immediately looked at each other and wondered doubtfully, 'Does he even know how to fight?'

As Randy and Jaquan walked closer to the boxing ring, Randy mysteriously said, "Armando is a modest martial artist. After Janessa left him, he stayed in his room for three days, hitting sandbags. Four sandbags were broken. Hell, how much strength does he have to break a sandbag?"

Jaquan had never sparred with Armando. Among the group, Ferne and Randy were the most shameless. Jaquan used to be a very serious lawyer. However, in time, the two's behavior rubbed off on him. Armando, on the other hand, hadn't been affected. He was introverted by nature. In addition, he usually didn't talk much with the others. Occasionally, he would respond to their joke. Still, he was the inconspicuous one. Jaquan didn't even know he could fight. Hearing what Randy said, he was intrigued and stared at the two people on stage. Armando had put on the boxing gloves and the headgear. The referee let the two of them shake hands, pressed the timer and blew the whistle.

Then, with a loud sound, Armando fell.

Jaquan looked at Randy in confusion. Didn't he say Armando could break a sandbag?

Randy covered his face, as if he was the one who had been punched and knocked down.

In the arena, the referee stood beside Armando and shouted,

"... eight! Seven! Six!"

Before he could finish counting, Armando stood up. He tilted his head and said something to the referee. Jaquan and Randy thought that Armando was going to admit defeat and step down. They pressed through the crowd to help Armando off the stage. Then, the referee turned around and shouted, "Music! Play some exciting music!"

Jaquan was dumbfounded.

So was Randy. \_Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 225 Wooers 1

Stephanie didn't quite understand what Irene meant. Just as she was about to ask Emily about it in person, her assistant ran over while gasping and said, "Sorry, I had a stomachache. Have you given the gift to him?"

"Not yet. You can give it to him for me." Stephanie handed the gift to her. It was a pen, and the wrapping looked luxurious. It must be an expensive gift.

The assistant asked in surprise, "Why? Don't you want to talk to him and have a closer relationship with him?"

Stephanie was puzzled, "Why would I want to have a closer relationship with him?"

There were many people around them. The assistant was exasperated at Stephanie's attitude, and she approached Stephanie and whispered, "I heard that Mr. Vincent has never been with any woman, so it's very likely that he hasn't found someone he likes. Now you have this chance. You're also single, so why don't you..."

Before she could finish, Stephanie had interrupted her, "Why do you think I agreed to take this advertisement?"

The assistant froze for a moment before she said, "Oh, you mean the call from that girl." After saying that, the assistant said blankly, "But that has nothing to with this."

Stephanie lowered her voice as well, "Since she asked me to take the advertisement, it means that she must know Mr. Vincent. I don't know her relationship with Mr. Vincent, but anyway, I won't go. Just give this courtesy gift to him for me." The assistant sighed, but she went away joyfully when she thought of Vincent's handsome face.

At that time, a group of people at the banquet who were holding their wine glasses in their hands came to the right side to watch the contest. When several rich young ladies saw Stephanie, they smiled and asked her for an autograph. Stephanie had always been so lucky, so many people wanted to share her good luck.

Stephanie smiled and said, "Sorry, I didn't bring a pen with me." One of the young ladies immediately took out a pen from her purse and handed it to Stephanie. She also took out several cards. Stephanie realized that they were really not teasing her, so she signed her name on the cards by using her purse as support.

"Why is the little retard of the Britt family standing at the opposite side?" While Stephanie was signing her name with her head lowered, she suddenly heard a voice from beside her, "Look at what she's wearing. She looks like a rabbit spirit. She looks so stupid."

"Voice down! I heard that Mr. Rolando likes her very much. Keep it down. You'll be in trouble if he hears you!"

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"Is it really that serious? I didn't say anything wrong."

Stephanie raised her head after signing those cards. She also looked in the direction that other people were looking, and found that they were indeed talking about Emily. But ... Why did they say she was a retard?

She handed over the cards and cast a puzzled glance at Emily who was standing a few meters away from her at the opposite side. A few people beside Stephanie laughed and said, "She is much prettier than her sister. Unfortunately, she is a retard." When the group of people took back the cards and gathered around the arena, the dynamic music in the entire banquet hall was as loud as thunder. The atmosphere on the arena was heated. Stephanie did not know the people on the arena. She only saw a man in a grey shirt losing his ground in the fight. A young man holding a fan in the audience yelled, "Armando! Punch him! Fuck! Punch him!"

A handsome and elegant man beside that young man with a fan was patting his companion's shoulder as he said, "Randy, calm



down. Calm yourself down." However, seeing the man in the shirt on the arena being knocked down by another punch, the handsome man immediately got up and wanted to rush to the arena, shouting, "Fuck! Let me do it!"

This time, it was the man with a fan that was trying to stop his companion. It was a lively scene.

Several people gathered around Stephanie and asked her for her autograph. When she finally got some free time, she found that the girl who had been standing at the opposite side had disappeared. She tried to look for her in a hurry, but her assistant who had just delivered the gift stopped Stephanie and said, "I've delivered the gift, but I didn't see Mr. Vincent. His assistant took it for him.... Wait! Stephanie, what are you doing?"

"I'm looking for someone." Stephanie looked around.

Her assistant thought Stephanie was looking for Vincent. When she was about to tease Stephanie, she saw Stephanie pointing at the place where Emily was standing before, "Didn't you see her? She was standing opposite to us just now. Just ten meters away from us." She spoke while gesturing, "She had a piece of cake in her hand, and she was wearing a rabbit coat and sneakers."

That could never be Vincent's dressing style!

Stephanie's assistant asked in astonishment, "This is Mr. Vincent's banquet. Does anyone really dare to dress like that?" Stephanie didn't bother to talk to her assistant, and she just kept going inside. Inside was the dance floor where many people were dancing. There were also other forms of entertainment. For example, several rich ladies went on stage to take the place of a violinist or a pianist in the orchestra. In short, all the young ladies had been trying to show their talents in the banquet hall today. However, after several songs, they still did not see the protagonist of the banquet today.

Arabella also played the piano. After she finished playing, she bowed and said thank you, and then went off the stage. She glanced around calmly, but she did not see Vincent. Irene beside her laughed and said, "I think Mr. Vincent has gone, but I have watched you play the piano. Not bad." As she spoke, she clapped her hands twice.

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Chapter 226 Woovers 2

Arabella glanced at Irene and said sarcastically, "Why did you stare at me? Why not staring at the girl he really likes?"

Irene looked like she did not care about Arabella's sarcasm.

There was still a warm and hearty smile on her face.

"I can tell you the truth. Vincent would never like you no matter what you do." Arabella couldn't bear to see Irene's hypocritical smile, and she sneered, "Because he has found someone he really likes."

"Are you trying to tell me that he likes you?" Irene laughed. Arabella was not angry at all as she said, "It's not me. You've met that girl before."

Irene was still smiling. She still looked like she did not care about it at all. After Arabella snorted coldly and left, Irene stopped smiling and began to ponder about what Arabella meant. Vincent had found someone he really liked? And she was someone Irene had met before?

What would a abstainer like Vincent be like if he found someone he liked? Irene was curious and a bit looking forward to knowing who the girl would be. She did not think the fact that Vincent found someone he liked was a big deal, because she was confident in winning Vincent's heart in the end.

At that moment, Vincent was standing outside the bathroom with a cigarette between his fingers. The other people who wanted to use the bathroom were stopped by the guards before they could get close. However, it did not seem that Vincent intended to get in, either. He looked as if he was keeping watch for someone.

Everyone found it ridiculous just to think about it. Who would dare to ask Vincent to keep watch for him?

But the hidden guards thought, 'No, there was really someone who dared to do that.'

Emily was standing in front of the water basin in the ladies' room and staring at Kamron in the mirror. She asked, "You have something to say to me?"

Although she was standing in a corner inconspicuously, she still could not ignore the person staring at her from behind. Kamron had stared at her for a long time. When she finished eating a piece of cake and walked to the bathroom, he immediately

followed her. However, his posture was strange. When he was a meter away from her, he covered his crotch with his hands.

After glancing around and seeing that there were no suspicious bricks there, he finally stood up straight as if he felt reassured.

But he was still unconsciously protected his testicles.

Emily caught a glimpse of his posture from the mirror and glanced at his crotch in puzzlement. But the look on Kamron's face change drastically as he took a step back and said, "Well, I, I didn't hit your brother. You should know about this, right?"

Emily nodded.

Kamron heaved a sigh of relief, "I know why you hit me."

Emily was slightly surprised. She turned around and looked at him, wondering if he had also been reborn.

Just as she was thinking, she heard Kamron sigh and say, "I know. It's because I'm too ugly. You did it because you couldn't stand looking at me."

Emily froze.

"But this is Mr. Vincent's birthday party. I'm very worried that you'll hit me again without letting me explain. To be honest, I'm scared to see you now..." As he said that, he used his hands to protect his testicles again.

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

Emily did not quite understand what was wrong with him.

Kamron had schemed against and harmed her and her brother in her previous life. But why did he look stupid in this life?

"Is that why you came to me?" Emily looked at him calmly. She still could not trust this man. It was possible that everything he had just said was a lie.

Kamron said hesitantly, "Actually, I wanted to tell you I saw ..."

Before he could finish the sentence, a loud noise came from outside. Another dynamic song was suddenly played on the arena. Emily hurried out and saw Vincent standing there. The cigarette between his fingers was burning quietly, and there was already lots of ash at the tip of the cigarette.

No wonder no one came inside the bathroom for so long. Emily had thought that everyone was just busy having fun, but she didn't expect Vincent to guard the door for her. Kamron also followed her out, but he saw Vincent the moment he raised his

head. He originally wanted to tell Emily that he had seen the group of people who beat her brother the other day, but he immediately changed it into, "Good evening, Mr. Vincent. The moon is shining so brightly tonight. I'll go out and take a look." Vincent did not say a word.

Kamron left in a hurry after saying that.

The hidden guards were about to make a move, but Vincent gestured to indicate that it was not necessary.

Emily did not know that Vincent was standing outside, nor did she know how much he had heard. She recalled what Kamron had just said and thought that Kamron had probably not say anything Vincent should not know, so she felt relieved. She knew she also only had a lame excuse when she smashed a flower pot on Marquise.

However, before she could explain, Vincent had extended his hand towards her.

Emily was confused.

She put her hand on his hand in a daze.

She did not know what to say.

Vincent curled his lips slightly as he held her hand. His thin lips parted, and his mature voice came out, "Where's my gift?"

Emily took her hand back awkwardly and shook her head slightly.

Vincent raised his eyebrows, "No gift?"

Emily nodded gently and slowly in Vincent's accusatory gaze.

The hidden guards were extremely anxious. They all knew that many rich young ladies wanted to give their gifts to Mr. Vincent in person at the banquet, but they did not have the opportunity to do so. However, when Mr. Vincent extended his hand to ask Emily for a gift, she did not have one for him!

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 227 Wooers 3

The guards were terribly worried. They were so upset that they almost wanted to rush out and question her, "What are you doing, little Hulk?"

In the end, they saw Emily take out a lighter from her pocket. She lighted it, and a blue flame came out. She held the lighter with her hands and raised it in front of Vincent's face. The blue flame lit up her face with an innocent smile as she said, "Happy

birthday, Mr. Vincent. Make a wish."

Guard A whispered, "What the heck was that?"

Guard B whispered, "Are you blind? It's a lighter!"

Guard C whispered, "She wants Mr. Vincent to blow... to blow..."

Guard D whispered, "Guard 3, you're making it weird by pausing there."

Guard A froze.

So did Guard B.

And so did Guard C.

Vincent just staring at the flame in front of him and did not move for a long time. Emily felt her arms burning, so she whispered, "Can't you think of a wish?"

She had no idea that Vincent had never blown a candle on his birthday all these years, let alone making a wish.

Behind the flame, her dark eyes looked bright. Vincent suddenly lowered his head and blew out the flame in front of him. At that moment, his only thought was: what a heartless girl. He had looked forward to it very much.

They had not seen each other for more than a week. But before they could talk to each other properly, Rex had walked towards them from the banquet hall and said, "Mr. Vincent, the people from the east and the west are already here. They are all waiting for you."

Vincent nodded and touched the top of Emily's head with his hand as he said, "Wait for me here."

That was right. It was his birthday party today, so he should be very busy. Emily waved at him, but she then saw the guards following behind Vincent staring back at her as they walked away.

Emily was puzzled again.

Emily lowered her head and texted Sydnee, "Where are you now?"

However, Sydnee did not have time to look at her phone at the moment. As she arrived at the entrance of the Garden Hotel, she ran into the last person she wanted to meet there.

Marquise had not been discharged from the hospital for a long time. His injuries were much more serious than Eliot's. After lying in the hospital for many days, most of his injuries had

finally healed. He was then sent home on bed rest. Because he was too bored, he sneaked out without telling his family today. Marquise's men didn't see Sydnee in the banquet hall, so he just waited for her at the entrance while leaning against the wall. It turned out that he had made the right choice.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App  
Sydnee was wearing a down jacket and was holding two gift boxes in her hands. One of them was a gift that Emily had asked her to brought, and the other was the birthday present that Sydnee had prepared for Vincent.

However, before she could get in, Marquise had stopped her. She raised her head to look at him and tried her best to ignore her displeasure. She only asked, "Mr. Marquise, what's the matter?"

It had been a little more than a month since Marquise last saw Sydnee, but he felt it had been so long. Sydnee's face had clouded over, but Marquise was not angry with her this time. He just took out the roses he had hidden behind him, gave them to her and said, "I don't know what you like, but I bought you roses."

His injuries hadn't fully healed yet. He probably used his injured abdominal muscles as he took out the roses. He frowned slightly, but then he tried not to frown. He forced a smile and looked at her.

Sydnee's eyes widened. She could never have thought that Marquise had not given up even now.

She didn't know that she would only turn a man on if she kept rejecting him.

However, perhaps that was so-called bad coincidence. Before she could refuse the bouquet, she heard someone from behind her say, "Hey, Mr. Quinn, isn't that the girl you went on a blind date with?"

Another man cried out in surprise, "What? You went on a blind date with the daughter of the Dickerson family?"

Rey did not expect to run into Sydnee at the door. He could not help but remember the embarrassing thing happened in the hotel bathroom before, and he tried to sound casual, "It's all over."

Marquise's face darkened. He covered his abdomen with his hand and looked up to the people behind Sydnee. The people who had just gotten out of a car were all rich young men. Although they were not really from wealthy families, they were definitely not idlers. Those men in nice suits walked towards them and smiled when they saw Marquise.

Sydnee was not less distressed to see Rey. Rey and Marquise were both bastards, and she didn't want to meet either of them. She tried to walk sideways to leave the place, but Marquise grabbed her arm. Even though Marquise had not fully recovered, his strength was still huge. As he held Sydnee's wrist with one hand, he grabbed the shoulder of one of the three men with his other hand. He asked coldly, "What are you laughing at?"

Still with a smile on his face, that man turned around, spread out his hands and said, "No, I'm not laughing."

Marquise stared at him expressionlessly, his eyes looked vicious as he said, "You are."

Rey and another man turned around and came back. Rey knew that what his companion just said had probably caused trouble, so he explained, "Mr. Marquise, Miss Sydnee and I just had a meal together. There is nothing between us."

Marquise glared at him, "Did I ask you about it?"

"Then what do you mean?" Rey stood in front of him, reluctant to show weakness.

Sydnee, who was surrounded by four men, could not help but wonder why she could never get rid of unwanted wooers even after graduating from college. When would God ever give her an excellent man?

"If you do another disgraceful thing, I will never help you again!" Suddenly, they heard a voice from inside. And then they saw Eliot taking Elsie out by pulling her arm. Elsie did not yell because they were in the public, but the reluctant look on her face was obvious. And Eliot also looked furious. As Eliot and Elsie came out from the hotel, they saw Sydnee surrounded by four men there.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 228 Smell 1

All of them were silent.

Sydnee's and Eliot's eyes met, and Sydnee felt a little embarrassed after a few seconds. She instinctively wanted to take back her hand, but Marquise mistook her action. He thought she was trying to get rid of him in front of Eliot. Rey's companion was a nosy gossip. When he saw Eliot, he immediately remembered that Eliot had had fight with Marquise for Sydnee at the last banquet, so he smiled and said, "Hey, isn't that Mr. Eliot who had a fight with Mr. Marquise for Miss Sydnee last time? What a coincidence. Rey, stop messing with them. Hurry up and come over here."

As the gossip saw Eliot holding onto Elsie's arm, he thought for a moment and said joyfully, "Hey, that's Miss Elsie, right? Rey, I heard that you flirted with her when you two were at the Buckley's before.... The relationships among you people are so complicated. You bullied someone's sister, so your woman is taken away by her brother...."

He originally wanted to make an excuse for Rey, but as Marquise heard it, he looked at the gossip coldly and said, "Do you think you are the only man with a mouth?"

That gossip was still smiling. Rey wanted to leave because he saw Marquise's intimidating gaze. However, Marquise's bodyguards had come up to them and blocked their path.

Sydnee struggled but couldn't take back her hand, so she knitted her eyebrows and said to Marquise, "Let go of me."

Marquise really let go of her hand and even tried to protect her with his body. He said, "Stay away."

Sydnee felt that Marquise was crazy, so she headed towards the hotel without looking back. In her high heels, she stepped onto the fresh roses mercilessly. And Elsie dashed into the hotel again as Eliot loosened his grip in a daze.

Only when Eliot saw Sydnee approach him did he realize that Elsie had went inside again. He frowned slightly and heard Marquise ask, "Was it you who hit me in the hospital last time?"

Sydnee had just walked past Eliot. She froze as she heard that. Seeing that Sydnee cared about Eliot that much, Marquise was so angry that his blood was boiling. The injuries in his abdomen hadn't fully recovered yet, and he could even taste blood in his throat vaguely at the moment.

Eliot glanced at Marquise and mocked, "I'm not that despicable."



Sydnee felt a little relieved when she heard this. After all, it was her who had caused the trouble that time. She did not want to get Emily's brother, Eliot, also into trouble.

"Alright, the agreement we made on the day we fought was valid then." Marquise smiled.

Sydnee instantly stiffened. What agreement did they make? Of course, Eliot knew what Marquise meant. Eliot had always been a humble gentleman, but he had made himself like a villain now. He wrapped his arm around Sydnee who was standing beside him to turn her around. He smiled humbly and said, "What agreement? I don't remember it. Sydnee, do you remember it?"

Sydnee stared at him stiffly. The two of them were so close that she could see the emotions in Eliot's eyes. Although his eyes were still gentle, there were some dark emotions in them.

Feeling that Eliot's grip on her shoulder was getting tighter, she forced a smile and shook her head, "I don't remember."

Eliot loosened his grip slightly, but his arm was still wrapped around Sydnee's shoulder as he said, "Let's go."

Sydnee could only hope that Marquise would give up on her after today. Otherwise, she really didn't know what else to do, because Mr. and Janice would definitely urge her to get married as soon as possible.

Marquise stood there in a daze as he watched Eliot and Sydnee walk into the hotel. Rey and his companions wanted to hurry away, but Marquise suddenly remembered they had also provoked him. As Marquise was about to get up to chase after them, he suddenly spat out blood from his mouth.

Rey and his companions turned to look, and the gossip even touched the blood on the ground and said, "Holy crap, do you think you're shooting a movie? Is this real blood? Damn, it is!"

Marquise's bodyguards were all ready for a big fight, but then they suddenly saw their boss spitting out blood in the moonlight. The blood was splashed everywhere, and it even stained the bodyguards' faces. As they wiped their faces, Marquise fell to the ground. Only then did they realize that they should carry Marquise to the car.

After crossing the maze and coming to the lawn, Sydnee immediately detached herself from Eliot's embrace. She knew it

had been a long time since they last met, but she still remembered that Eliot happened to have heard the nonsense she said to her mother in the car. In embarrassment, she was hoping that he had forgotten about it.

But Eliot said in a gentle voice, "My sexual orientation is straight."

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
Sydney froze.

She smiled awkwardly, "Well, Mr. Eliot, you have a good memory."

"Give me your phone." Eliot suddenly extended his hand.

Sydney did not move while still holding the bags in her arms.

She then heard him say gently, "Marquise might still harassed you in these days. Call me if you run into any trouble."

"It's fine." Sydney waved her hand.

Eliot did not take back his hand. He seemed persistent. As Sydney had really run into Marquise just now, she nodded in agreement after thinking for a moment. She was worried that Eliot might see Emily's and Harold's name in her phone, so she did not hand over her phone. Instead, she extended her hand to Eliot and said, "I'll type my number for you."

Eliot raised his eyebrows and handed over his phone to her.

There was nothing special about his screen saver. It was just a piece of white paper with Eliot's name written on it. The handwriting was not so beautiful, but the letters were written very clearly. While Sydney was typing her number, she was also thinking about whether that was really Eliot's handwriting. She had heard from other girl students in college that Eliot's handwriting was very beautiful.

But she did not think too much about it. She returned the phone to Eliot after typing her number. After Eliot dialed her number with his phone, both of them lowered their heads to edit the remarks for each other carefully. With her head lowered, Sydney typed while reading Eliot's name out loud, "Eliot Britt."

Eliot raised his head to look at Sydney. Sydney was a slightly aloof girl with a special cool aura. This made her look different from others, and sometimes she did not seem to blend in with

others well. Eliot had noticed at Elsie's birthday party that Sydnee was the only girl among Elsie's peers who stood there alone, as if she was isolated. At that time, she looked confused, but she had a determined look now. Eliot knew something must have happened to her, or ... she must have met someone. Sydnee smiled at Eliot after finishing editing the remark, and then she turned around and left.

Eliot also put away his phone and walked in the hall. He had been busy dealing with his troublesome sister, Elsie, in the banquet hall, and didn't even have time to keep his eyes on Emily. However, not only did he let Elsie run away, but he also failed to find Emily.

At this moment, Emily was waiting in the bathroom. Sydnee hurriedly handed over a bag in her arms to Emily as soon as she got inside the bathroom. Sydnee asked, "Have you waited for a long time?"

Emily tilted her head and said sincerely, "A little."

Sydnee smiled and said, "Hurry up and give the gift to him."

Just as Emily was about to leave with the gift in her hand, she turned around to approach Sydnee and sniffed the air.

Sydnee froze and ask, "What's wrong?"

"You met my brother?" Emily asked.

Sydnee was puzzled.

She also sniffed at herself and then asked in astonishment, "How do you know? I smell like him?"

"I can smell his perfume and his hand cream. He has probably touched your shoulder." Emily sniffed at Sydnee's left shoulder and asked curiously, "Did he put his arm around your shoulder?"

Sydnee was shocked again, "How did you know?" \_\_\_\_\_ Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 229 Smell 2

"I can only smell his hand cream on your right shoulder. Normally speaking, there should only be a faint scent on your shoulder if he stands face to face with you and pats your shoulder. However, the scent of his hand cream on your right shoulder is quite obvious. And I can also smell his perfume on your back. This only means that ... he has walked with you and put his arm around your shoulder for a while, perhaps from the

entrance to the lawn?" Emily spoke while thing about it. She then stared at Sydnee and asked, "Did you run into Marquise at the entrance?"

Sydnee was dumbfounded.

Sydnee almost wanted knelt at Emily's feet. She said jokingly, "People say we should always look at others with new eyes. It has only been a month since I last saw you, and you've become so smart now! You can even work as a private detective."

"Don't you like my brother?" Emily asked, "He probably wanted to ask you to marry him last time." And if they had really got married, Marquise probably wouldn't have harassed Sydnee again.

Sydnee shook her head and said, "I don't want to get marry for now. After the thing happened between me and Marquise, I feel that all men were ... the same. Of course, Mr. Vincent was different. It was just ... How should I put it? It was just I haven't met anyone to whom I want to give him my whole life for the time being. And your brother doesn't really like me. If he asked me to marry him just because of that, then he would be overreacting. We're not living in the old days. I should just let it be."

Emily understood what Sydnee meant. She patted Sydnee's shoulder and said, "You will find a perfect man in the future, and he will definitely love you very much."

Sydnee smiled wryly, "Why is a girl like you saying those sophisticate things to me?"

Emily looked at the smile on Sydnee's face and suddenly remembered the withered woman she had met in the Tea Manor in her previous life. That woman's face was haggard and she had lost her hope of living. She was depressed as if she was on the verge of death.

"Sydnee, thank you." Emily said softly.

Thank you for being alive.

Sydnee thought that Emily was thanking her for bringing the gift. She waved her hand and said, "Don't say thank you to me. It's just a piece of cake."

Emily did not explain. She only smiled at Sydnee, turned around, and took the bag out. She wanted to deliver the gift to Vincent before Eliot took her home. She couldn't help but smile

when she recalled how the guards had glared at her earlier. However, as soon as she went out, she saw Eliot there. Eliot came here only because he saw Sydnee heading in this direction. He decided to wait and see if Emily was also here, and it turned out that he was right.

"What made you so happy?" He raised his head and saw nobody following Emily out, "Who did you meet inside?" Emily shook her head.

Eliot didn't ask again. He brought her back to the banquet hall and said, "Follow me and don't run around." After he said that, he noticed that there was something in Emily's hand which looked very similar to what Sydnee was holding in her arms just now. He asked, "What is this?"

Emily regretted taking the gift out. She should have asked Sydnee to give it to Vincent for her. But Emily took it with her because she wanted to give it to Vincent by herself. But since Eliot had seen Sydnee just now, he would definitely remember what Sydnee was holding then.

"It belongs to Sister Sydnee." Emily put on a silly smile and said, "She asked me to take it for her."

Eliot nodded. As he turned around, he saw Elsie in the crowd. He immediately patted Emily's head and said, "Wait here. I'll go take Elsie here."

"Okay."

Just as Eliot went away, Emily immediately went to look for the hidden guard because she wanted to ask them to pass the gift to Vincent. Judging from Eliot's attitude, he would probably bring Elsie and her back home in a few minutes. She didn't have much time left.

However, Emily accidentally bumped into someone while turning around because she was in a hurry. And that person happened to be Irene.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

Irene was holding two glasses of red wine in her hands. The wine was spilled on the clothes of the two of them. Fortunately, Irene didn't get angry when she saw that it was Emily. She only sighed, "The constellation program says it's not going to be a good day for Leos today. Seems like it's true." Irene lowered her

head and looked at the wine stains on her knight costume, on Emily's pink coat and even on Emily's sweater. Irene smiled again and said, "What a tragedy."

Emily lowered her head and looked at the bag in her hand. Fortunately, the wine had not spilled inside.

"Find us a dressing room and bring us two sets of clothes," Irene said to a waiter. The waiter led the way respectfully as he said, "This way please."

Emily didn't really want to change her clothes. After all, she would go back home soon. But Irene was pulling her hand as she said, "Let's go. It's fine. Don't be afraid. I'm not angry at you."

"I'm sorry." Only then did Emily remember that she hadn't apologized yet. She looked at Irene's exquisite knight costume and said hesitantly, "I'll compensate you."

Irene shrugged indifferently, "Forget it. I don't want your money. Right! Why are you running around here? Have you found Mr. Vincent?"

Emily shook her head.

Irene nodded, "He must be very busy today. I heard that many important people came to celebrate his birthday for him. I don't think he has time to see you. I just spoke a few words to him."

Emily just listened as Irene spoke, and she nodded or shook her head occasionally to show that she was listening. Irene was very relaxed in front of her and was speaking freely, "I prepared my gift for him a month ago, but it's a pity I can't watch him open it. What about you? Did you give him your gift?"

Emily shook her head while holding the bag in her hand.

They followed the waiter into a dressing room. Not long after, the waiter brought them two sets of formal wear for women. One of them was a black and pink gauzy princess dress, and the other set included a black suit with a long skirt which was the color of the starry sky.

Irene liked the set with a suit very much, so she picked the clothes first and looked at them carefully. She said, "This suit and the skirt fit me well. What about you? Do you like the dress?"

Seeing Emily shaking her head, Irene immediately took off her clothes and said, "Alright, I'll take this set then. You can put on the dress."

Emily felt that Irene was similar to Christy in some respects. For example, she could take off her clothes in front of another woman without feeling shy....

Although the dressing room was large, Emily was still a little shy. Seeing that Irene had almost finished changing her clothes, Emily hesitated for a moment and took off her coat and sweater. The zipper of the princess dress was at the side, and Emily couldn't find it. Irene helped Emily unzip it after putting on her clothes. Irene didn't seem to remember that Emily was a retard until now, and she asked again with concern, "Do you want me to help you get changed?"

Emily shook her head.

Just as Irene was about to speak again, she saw Emily's necklace with a ring attached to it. There was nothing special about the necklace and the ring, but Irene had seen Vincent wearing the same things.

She suddenly remembered what Arabella had said just now.

"Mr. Vincent has found someone he really likes."

"You've met that girl before." \_\_\_\_\_ Billionaire's

Reborn Baby

Chapter 230 Looking Gay 1

After Emily put on the princess dress, she held her clothes in her arms, hoping to find a bag to put her clothes. When she raised her head, she suddenly saw Irene staring at her blankly. Emily was a little puzzled, but she did not ask anything and just smiled sweetly at Irene.

Looking at Emily's innocent and harmless smile, Irene still couldn't believe that the silly girl in front of her was really the girl Vincent liked. How was that possible?

Vincent was so perfect!

In Irene's eyes, Vincent was a dignified and serious man. He was handsome, decisive, cool, and detached. He was her cup of tea.

No, he was actually Prince Charming of all single girls in City Y.

And no other man was any match for Vincent in City Y. Who didn't like such a perfect man?

But Irene had seen that the silly girl in front of her was wearing the same ring with Vincent's. If it wasn't for the fact that Irene had once seen Vincent touching the ring attached to his necklace when she rushed into his office, she would never have

believed that the person Vincent liked was a retard for the rest of her life!

Irene did not come to her senses for a long time because she was too surprised. She did not hear what Emily had said. She could only vaguely remember that Emily went out after saying that she wanted to find a bag to take her clothes.

Irene stood there in a daze. She felt a little dizzy. She couldn't believe that Vincent really liked that retard. However, if it weren't for Arabella's words, Irene wouldn't even think of the possibility of Emily being the girl Vincent liked at all when she saw the ring. Just a moment ago, Irene believed she could win Vincent's heart in the end no matter who he liked, but now she was shattered. She found it acceptable if Vincent liked any other ordinary girl, but she could never accept the fact that the girl Vincent liked was a retard!

Maybe Vincent had some eccentricities? Maybe he preferred stupid girls?

She could not accept it, and she must ask him in person.

Before Irene walked out, she glimpsed the bag which Emily was holding in her hand before she entered the room. Irene picked it up and looked inside. There was a box with a swallow painted in ink on its surface. Irene knew it must be Emily's gift for Vincent, and she put it down again.

But there was no reason that Vincent would fall for a retard instead of his childhood sweetheart, Arabella, unless...

The little retard from the Britt family saved the famous swimmer, Mr. Rolando.

The window of the study at the Scavo's, which had never been opened, was opened that day.

Vincent rushed out of his office just for his lunch.

Irene strung up all the unusual things that happened before, and in disbelief, she finally came to a realization.

She kicked the door of the dressing room open, carried Emily's gift out, asked the waiter to tidy up the room, and then threw the gift away as she walked past a bin.

Irene hated pretentious prudes the most, and she hated people who played dumb even more.

When Emily was back, her clothes and her gift were all gone. She thought that Irene had taken them away. Just as she was



about to look for Irene, she heard a buzz from outside.

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

"Elsie has made a fool of herself. Why is she still not satisfied?  
She has really used everything she could use."

"How disgusting! She even dared to talk to Mr. Vincent about  
his sister. Isn't she afraid that Mr. Vincent might strangle her  
out of anger?"

"Well, she dared to take that big a risk only because Mr.  
Rolando likes her sister...."

"Hey, how did she get that though?"

"What do you mean?"

"How did she get Mr. Vincent's sister's sketch book?"

"Holy shit, no wonder Mr. Vincent's expression had suddenly  
changed. She gave him that as her gift...."

Emily was also surprised. How did Elsie get Vincent's sister's  
sketch book? And what was wrong with Elsie? Did she really  
believe that Vincent would be happy to see that?

Emily was furious. She still remembered the sad look on  
Vincent's face and how he looked at her with his bloodshot eyes  
after coming back drenched to the skin on that rainy day.

"I regret letting her ride in my car."

Emily still remembered Vincent's bloodshot eyes. She could not  
help but tremble and feel sorry for Vincent when she thought of  
that day. She felt sorry not only for Vincent's late sister, but also  
for the man who had lived in regret and sorrow.

But Elsie! How could she do that!

Emily clenched her fists and walked towards the stage. She  
could not hide the anger in her eyes, because she was furious.  
She could not ignore the bitterness and anger surging in her  
mind as she thought of Vincent's sad look on that day.

Elsie had been waiting outside the lounge. After Vincent went  
out, she put on a smile and handed over her gift to him. Just as  
Rex reached out to take it, Elsie said, "It's something important.  
Mr. Vincent, why don't you open it yourself and take a look?"

Vincent simply ignored her and went away after glancing at her.  
Rex took it and opened it, but he instantly froze as he saw the  
gift inside. He then placed the gift in front of Vincent.

It was a sketch book with a swallow on the title page.

Rex flipped through a few pages and saw sketches of Vincent on every page. In Vincent's sister's eyes, her brother was always so dazzling. When he stood in the crowd, she would blur other people and only sketched her brother's profile and expression clearly. She sketched when he frowned, sulked, smiled, pouted, lowered his head, had an impatient look, and when he was both asleep and awake. On the 30 pages, there were all sketches of Vincent.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 231 Looking Gay 2

Vincent froze, and his face suddenly clouded over. He looked at Elsie coldly for a moment and said to Rex, "Show her in." And then, he turned around and walked into the lounge again.

Elsie ignored the people discussing about her behind her and immediately followed Vincent inside joyfully.

However, she could never expect that Vincent would glare at her immediately after entering the room. He said in an icy voice, "Where did you get it?"

Elsie knew that Vincent would definitely be surprised to see her gift, and that he would definitely ask her where she got it. What she cared about was not what they were going to say, but the fact that she could be alone with him.

Elsie clenched her fist, but Vincent grabbed her arm in the next second. He sneered as he raised Elsie's hand by holding her wrist, and then forced her to release the thing in her hand by tightening his grip. A white pill in her hand had just been crushed into powder, and the powder fell to the floor before Elsie could use it.

Vincent had seen Emily go through hot flashes twice with his own eyes. How could he not know what the powder was? The eyes he cast at Elsie instantly became like a dagger.

Elsie's face turned pale as she tried to explain, "It's just some pearl powder. I use it as my facial mask."

Vincent released her hand, took the handkerchief Rex handed to him, and wiped his hands carefully with it. He knitted his straight brows as he looked at her, "Pick it up and show me how you use it."

Elsie had prepared the pill for the man, so how would she use it

herself? With her face still pale, she didn't squat down. She just held her wrist that hurt with her other hand and said while trying to endure the pain, "Mr. Vincent, I've thought for a long time before I gave you that gift. I thought you would like it for sure, but what would the people outside think if they see you being so angry?"

The look on Rex's face also changed. He reached out to grab Elsie's neck and said, "How dare you threaten Mr. Vincent like that!"

However, Vincent raised his hand to block Rex's hand. Vincent's expression was indifferent and even sullen as he said, "Get out." "Mr. Vincent?"

Rex immediately stiffened as he raised his head and saw Vincent's cold gaze. He hurried to open the door. The guests did not dare to eavesdrop outside the door. They just stood about five meters away from the door and whispered to each other. Seeing Vincent out, those people immediately shut their mouths, and the room immediately quieted down.

Arabella ran there after noticing the buzz, but she didn't rush in the lounge. She just stood at the door and waited patiently.

Originally, she was thinking about teaching Elsie a lesson after Vincent came out. However, when she saw the sullen look on Vincent's face after the door was pushed open, she could not help but feel sorry for him. She immediately went to hug him, "Vincent, don't be sad. I'm here. I am on your side forever."

Emily saw Arabella hugging Vincent when she rushed there.

Expressionlessly, Vincent pushed Arabella away and strode out. When he glanced at Emily, he cast his eyes away without hesitation, as if she was just a stranger.

### He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

### No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

Emily's heart skipped a beat. She was a bit disturbed and distressed, and the feeling came very quickly. It came so fast that someone had bumped into her before she could tell the feeling in her heart. It was Arabella who had hit Emily. Arabella rushed out with her red eyes and deliberately hit Emily.

Was she mad? Did she feel wronged? Or was she embarrassed because Vincent had refused her in public? In any case, she ran away awkwardly.

While Emily was still in a daze, she suddenly saw Eliot dragging Elsie out.

"Eliot! Let go of me! It hurts!" Elsie cried out as she struggled.

"What have you done?" Eliot glared at her, "I've warned you not to test my patience! We're in the public, not at home! Not everyone would listen to your willful requests!"

"You've never listened to my requests at home, either! Who do you listen to other than that retard?" Elsie suddenly could not bear her grudge when she heard Eliot's words, and she even began to pout, "You've never treated me in the same way you treat Emily. You treat me not as your sister, but as your enemy! You never like me. You only care about her...."

Eliot's expression changed, "What on earth are you talking about!"

"What am I talking about? I'm saying that you only care about her and you hate me!" Elsie shouted. Suddenly, she saw Emily standing not far away from her, so she pointed at Emily and said, "Your mom is only a mistress. How dare you occupy my house? Why does dad like you? Why does Eliot like you? Why?" The onlookers gathered at this scene again. They wanted to see how Emily, the vicious girl in the Britt family, would say to her silly younger sister, Emily.

At that moment, Emily was still thinking about how Vincent had walked away, poker-faced. She could hear Elsie say unpleasant words such as "mistress" and could see people surrounding them gloating. The audience looked at Elsie and Emily curiously and with mixed feeling, as if they were watching animals.

From beginning to end, Elsie was the only one who had been active in this episode. Emily watched Elsie go from being angry, to having a grievance, and then to pretending to be pitiful and tearful.

But Eliot did not show any mercy towards Elsie. He pulled her out with all his strength. When Eliot and Elsie walked past Emily, Emily heard Eliot gritting his teeth and said something in a very low voice.

"If you dare to say another word, Elsie, believe it or not, I'll kill you." \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 232 Looking Gay 3

Elsie quickly shut her mouth when she heard that. Eliot had always been a humble gentleman in the public. Unless he was really mad, he would never let others see his dark side.

However, when he really said something like that, he was definitely not joking.

Just as Eliot was about to hold Emily's hand with his other hand, Emily took a step back as if she was frightened. Eliot held her hand firmly and said, "I will take you home. It's going to be fine. Don't be afraid."

Emily was not feeling afraid. She wanted to see Vincent again and told him that she had prepared a gift for him. Unfortunately ... she lost it.

After the Britts left, Ferne, who was playing cards in a room, came out to take a fresh breath. He was lucky today, so he hadn't cared about anything outside. After he went out, he found it weird that it was so quiet at the arena. He immediately went to look for microphones and the hosts, and played a hot song. Then, he went to ask Noah, "Didn't Emily come today?" "She's gone." Noah lit up a cigarette for himself while leaning against the wall. With Vincent's help, Noah had met many people and got to know a lot of important people tonight. Whether he needed them or not in the future, he would be grateful to Vincent for giving him this opportunity. After all, some people he did not know now might remember him because he was standing beside Vincent tonight.

"She's gone?" Ferne looked at his watch and thought to himself that Emily had left very early. And then he asked, "What did she give him?"

Noah glanced at him and exhaled the smoke slowly as he said, "Nothing."

"What?" Ferne was shocked, "Are you joking?"

Noah tilted his head and looked in the direction of the arena.

He raised his chin as he said, "Why don't we try that?"

Ferne waved his hand.

Noah sneered as he carried Ferne away by grabbing Ferne's collar.

Ferne was in despair. He wondered why Noah even bothered to ask him in the first place.

The music on the arena stopped long ago. The boxer had been

placed on a sofa, and his face was covered in blood. Ferne did not know who hit him. The waiter beside the boxer was putting bandages on his body.

Ferne had been exercising in the past few days, but it was impossible for him to get all his strength back after slacking off in basic training for several years. His muscles burned every day, but there was still a bulge on his waist, and he felt hungrier at night.

The two of them jumped onto the arena. Many rich young ladies and young men gathered around them. Ferne blinked at Noah when they shook hands and whispered, "Let me win just this time."

Noah pressed the tip of his tongue against his upper jaw and twisted his neck. There were cracking sounds when he moved his joints as he said, "I will fight you with just one arm."

Ferne did not know what to say.

"Any bets on us?" Ferne turned around and shouted to the audience. Someone immediately brought a table there and wrote down "Ferne Dalton" on a piece of paper. He then asked Ferne again, "What's his name?"

"Ferne Sachs," Ferne popped his head out to tell Noah's name to the man with a pen, and almost half of Ferne's body was outside the arena. He continued, "Sorry, it should be Noah Sachs. N, O, A, H, Noah; S, A, C, H, S, Sachs."

Noah wondered if Ferne was picking a fight.

### Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

#### A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

Noah stared at Ferne and suddenly laughed when he realized that Ferne had really misspoken.

When Ferne turned around and saw Noah laughing, he could not help but tease Noah, "That's a sexy laugh."

Noah immediately stopped laughing. Then, he slowly put on his boxing gloves and tied them to his fists with his teeth. However, Noah was staring at Ferne the whole time.

Several women in the audience were stunned by Noah's strong masculine aura. A few women were discussing about Noah and Ferne in a low voice.

"His eyes are full of desire."

"They look so gay."

"Yes, you're right. The way he smiled at him just now is so affectionate..."

"Keep it down! I've probably read too many comics lately. They all look gay to me..."

"Well, what a coincidence! Me too!"

After their name had been written down, some people began to bet on Ferne and Noah. Ferne hurriedly shouted to the crowd, "He promised to just use one arm. Referee, watch him carefully. One arm only. And you guys, watch him carefully! Don't let him foul me."

When the audience heard that Noah would only use one arm, they hesitated to put the bets. It was true that Ferne didn't look as strong as Noah, but Ferne used to work as a policeman. He must have martial art skills.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry!" Ferne urged the audience.

Many people in the audience immediately placed their cash there to bet. Most of them bet on Ferne. When Ferne looked at Noah's side cheerfully, he only saw a few banknotes under Noah's name.

So before the referee blew the whistle, the audience saw Ferne, the owner of the Dalton Hotel, take out a stack of money from his chest pocket to bet on Noah.

The audience was stunned.

While most of them bet on Ferne, Ferne himself bet on his rival! Ferne really ... knew himself well enough!

After Ferne finished putting his bet, he bumped his gloved fists and said to Noah confidently and seriously, "I have one request: don't punch me in the face."

The audience was dumbfounded. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 233 Hairstyle 1

When Vincent returned to the banquet hall, the band was still playing music tirelessly. But the dance floor was empty since everyone had gathered around the boxing ring, which was bustling with noise and excitement.

On the ring, Noah gained the upper hand only with one hand. Ferne was miserably tortured but appeared to be extremely happy. He kept chattering and even Noah's attack was interrupted. "Don't be soft on me. I've bet all my assets on it. I

can share you half of the profit ... holy shit! Don't hit my face!"

"Mr. Vincent," Rex was somewhat hesitant, "the little ... Miss Emily is gone."

Vincent gave him a slight nod and then walked forward. But he soon met Irene. She did not wear that knight's outfit this time. Instead, she changed into a long dress and matched it with a suit jacket, which made her more elegant. She walked over passionately and handed a gift package to Vincent. "Emily asked me to hand it to you."

Vincent raised his eyebrow and took it over himself.

Irene's smile froze before it was widened, "Happy birthday.

Then I'll go first."

"Alright."

Ordinarily, he was so cold that he didn't even say a word to her. But today, he said something because of that retard. Irene didn't know how to describe her emotion. It seemed to be more disgusting than shit.

She bade a farewell with a smile. But the moment she turned around, her face darkened.

Rex grinned and stood half a step behind Vincent, "Mr. Vincent, let me open it for you."

However, Vincent personally opened it as he walked forward. The package looked exquisite. As he saw the logo on the box, he slowed down. A plain black tie appeared as the box opened. Rex immediately began to flatter him, "As far as I know, Miss Emily is really fond of money. Since she spent so much on this birthday gift, she must care a lot about you."

Vincent appeared to be calm and put the tie back into the box. But just as Rex was about to take it over, Vincent curled his lips up and tightened his grip on the box.

Rex relieved. He thought that the little Hulk didn't know how to choose a gift. All of them was worried for her and were afraid that Mr. Vincent would be annoyed. After all, what had happened just now was really annoying. Luckily, the little Hulk selected a right gift.

But Rex remembered that he had early reminded her of Vincent's birthday. He thought that Vincent might want to something special. But the little Hulk actually bought an expensive tie. Was she afraid that her handwork would be too



sorry?

Forget it. No matter what, she had sent a gift.

Meanwhile, Irene, who was seated in the car, took a glance at the gift on the passenger seat. She had thrown it into the trash bin, but she got it back after thinking for a while.

She had to keep it. Then, it would remind her that her rival was a retard.

Thinking that Mr. Vincent might have opened her gift personally, she put on a mocking smile. Everyone's gift was taken by Rex. But as long as she mentioned Emily, Vincent would take it in person. What irony!

Irene stepped on the gas and the engine rumbled. The cold wind blew as she calmed down. She tightened her grip on the steering wheel. She wanted to play fair. But since Emily had play some tricks, she would do something special as well.

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When Armando opened his eyes, he saw an animation projected on the ceiling. A pretty girl bowed and asked with her cheeks flush, "Master, are you awake?"

Beside her was a line of blue subtitles. Day broke as the sun came out. The girl pouted, "Master, hurry up and play with me!"

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
Armando was lost for words.

He sat up. And he thought he might as well lie down again. The blankets, pillows, carpets, shoes, walls, chairs, lamp holders, cabinets ... the posters of this little girl could be seen everywhere you could imagine. The carpet was no different from a huge poster of this girl. She wiped her sweat, played badminton, pouted, went shy or peevish.... All in all, there were all kinds of images of the girl that you could imagine. Armando found himself dazzled.

Although he rarely paid a visit to his friends, it was easy to guess where he was.

"Randy!" He got up, put on the slippers and walked to a mirror. His cheek had been applied with medical powder as the corner of his mouth was bruised and covered with ointment. His mouth hurt when he spoke.

He didn't get many injuries on the body. Indeed, he was just too

absorbed in the boxing and had lost the helmet in the end. But he was totally in a daze and only knew to shake his fists. He just remembered that Jaquan and Randy had climbed up the boxing ring. He didn't know whether they came to stop the fighting or join him. Anyway, he didn't want to recall it.

The room wasn't very big, but it was enough for a bachelor. It used to be a big suit, but Randy changed it into several rooms. There was a playroom, a fitness room, a restroom for staff and even a tearoom. Randy's room was naturally small after the transformation. But Randy enjoyed it. It could be easily seen from the various posters.

Armando took his coat and walked out. There were two door-to-door bathrooms in front of him. When he turned around and took a few steps, there was a restroom. Across from it was a training room. The players were playing games with headphones on. Randy stood behind them and offered his guidance from time to time. However, when he saw a player who was drinking milk tea while training, he couldn't help but curse.

Armando could not hear what he was cursing through the door. He just saw that player turn around and curse back. His teammates seemed to have gotten used to it. They sat steadily and just ignored the two of them.

Then ... Armando heard Randy.

Because Randy had raised his voice a lot, "Fuck, I've said it hundreds of times! You're playing a team game, not a solitaire one! Don't you understand me?"

"It's just training. Why are you so serious? Besides, can you stay away from me? I can smell the alcohol on you. It's terrible."

"...."

"Holy shit! You...!"

Randy was so enraged that he might need a Quick Acting Heart Reliever. He looked up and happened to see Armando through the window. Then, he held back his anger and walked over. He took a swig of cooler and spat in a huff, "Damn it!"

Then, he looked at Armando as if he had thought of something, "Are you going back? It's so late."

"Yes." Armando nodded and was somewhat hesitated,

"Vincent...."

Randy waved him a "relieve" and said, "I told him that I won't

return after I sent you back. He's not in a good mood tonight. So, there seems to be no recreation after the midnight."

"What happened?"

"That sketch book, you know, which has a black swallow on the title page, was sent to him by someone as a gift."

Armando frowned, "How could others have that?"

Randy sneered, "The Britt family sent it. That stupid Miss Elsie was taken advantage of by others. But she was still unaware of it. If it weren't for Emily, Vincent might have directly given her a piece of his mind."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 234 Hairstyle 2

"I'll go have a look." Armando said as he was leaving. But Randy stopped him, "Come on. Look at yourself and are you sure that you're gonna have a look?"

Armando lowered his head and checked himself. Apart from the wound on his face, he only felt his legs somewhat sore. It was not serious at all.

"You are actually playing dumb. Jaquan thought that you were going to be beaten to death. He was so anxious that he almost strangled me to death. But later, we found that it was your opponent who was going to be killed. We struggled and tried to stop you, but you actually gave me a kick. Fuck. Look at my waist...." Randy said as he showed Armando his bruise, "My waist is going to break!"

Guilt immediately seized Armando, "Sorry, I was too emotional at that time. Why didn't you just leave me there?"

"Then who will take care of you?" Randy rolled his eyes, "Jaquan drove Arabella home. Ferne has left early. As for Vincent, he was so busy. Do you think would he have the energy to take care of you?"

Armando lowered his head and remained silent.

Randy looked at him. Armando was completely different from what he was on the boxing ring. At that time, he gritted his teeth and fixed his fierce eyes on his opponent. He just looked like a wolf! Randy patted him on the shoulder, "It was a pity that Janessa didn't see it! You looked so cool when you were on the boxing ring." Then, he observed Armando's haircut and sighed, "You should make yourself up. Slicked back hairstyle

might suit you a lot. Besides, don't always wear in grey or black. Try some bright colors. You know, they will make you more conspicuous. After all, you skin is fair. And I think you should appear to be positive. No one likes a downcast wretch."

Armando was not short, but he always appeared like a humpback, which made him look small and subdued. Randy hated to see it and punched him on his back. "Straight up!" Then, he bent his arm around Armando's shoulder and whispered, "Listen to me. I can help you succeed in wooing Janessa."

Armando's eyes lit up and soon dimed again.

Randy noticed it and shook his shoulders, "Come on! Trust me! Just wait and see."

"...."

Armando didn't want to say something. But seeing Randy confident, he couldn't help but say, "Jaquan has wooed Arabella for so many years and still failed. What did you do?"

"...."

Randy was lost for words. He fell into silence for a while and retorted, "Fuck. That was exactly because he didn't follow my advice!"

Armando looked up at him after some silence. "I don't need to date with her. I just want to be her side and protect her. It's fine even if she won't like me."

"...."

Randy really didn't understand him. Maybe playing game was much more interesting than dating. Anyway, the former could not only enrich the nightlife, but also train his brain.

Forget it. He had no idea about how to help him.

The plan to help Armando came to a premature end. Randy sighed and took out his phone, "Are you hungry? Do you want something to eat? I'm going to order takeouts."

Armando shook his head.

Suddenly, a player chipped in, "Fried pork with pepper! Spicy diced chicken! Fried eggs with pepper! Steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers! Stir-fried clam in hot pepper!"

"Are they really human food? They're all spicy!" Randy roared in anger.

"I can eat them...." That player's confidence obviously faded

away.

Randy shot him a glare, "Do you have the backbone? All of those are his favorite!"

Needless to say, these spicy dishes were Lord Top's favorite. However, at this moment, these teammates appeared to be surprisingly united. They opened the door and said with one voice, "Captain Randy! We all like spicy dishes!"

"...."

Randy suddenly felt that two bathrooms were still not enough. Last time, two guys had occupied the bathrooms for hours, so he had no choice but go to another floor to make stool. When he came back, there were still several people waiting outside the bathrooms. Obviously, they couldn't eat spicy food. But they literally changed their tastes for the sake of Lord Top. They were actually that ruthless to themselves.

In the end, Armando did not stay for dinner. He did not drive Randy's car, nor did he take a taxi. Instead, he left on foot. With the streetlamp, his shadow almost reached three meters and looked really lonely.

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
6 Uncommon Tips For Building A Healthy Relationship

Not long after, he stopped at the entrance of a barber shop. It was about ten o'clock and the barber shop was about to close. He pushed the door open, and several girls were doing the cleaning. Exhausted as they were, they forced a smile.

"Welcome. What can I do for you?"

Armando's hairstyle was designed by a barber who specially worked for the Mosby family. It made him strict and low-key, going with the style of his family.

He took a seat and looked at himself in the mirror with a poker face. The injury of his mouth made him look sorry. "Design a haircut for me."

One of the girls called a young barber over. The barber hurried out with a smile, "What kind of haircut do you like?"

"Anything new."

"...."

Fifteen minutes later, Armando went out after paying.

The girl swept the floor as she said to the barber with admiration, "Tony, you're amazing! You actually turned him into

another guy!"

"He looks like a kind man. But according to his wound, he must have been bullied." The barber watched Armando's receding figure and nodded in satisfaction, "In this way, no one dares to provoke him."

"Tony, it's so nice of you!"

Armando felt his head somewhat cold. But he didn't have a hat. So, he was going to take a taxi. But when he waved, several girls who were joking and chatting freely got scared and quickly ran away.

"...."

Of course, Armando didn't realize what had happened. He agreed that girls should be cautious when staying outside at night.

After a long while, he finally stopped a taxi. The driver did not see his appearance clearly and was busy answering the phone.

"Darling, be a good girl. Dad will be back soon. I'll tell you the story of piggies when I get back. Is that okay?"

When Armando got on the car, the driver whispered to his phone, "Daddy has got a fare. I have to hang up now."

Then, he took a look at Armando through the rearview mirror.

He was instantly scared by what he saw. Armando got a buzz cut. The barber had specially drawn three lines on both sides of his head. With his wound and the dim light, he looked extremely fierce.

However, this fierce guy was taking out a bundle of money as he frowned. "Please."

It was the bonus for his winning last night.

The driver didn't dare to take it, "Where are you going? I don't want to drive too far. My daughter is waiting for me."

"Just send me to Peace Road." Armando covered his ears and rubbed. It was freezing outside. And it was much warmer in the car.

The driver hesitated and didn't reach out. "It'll only take ten minutes. That's too much."

Although Armando was displeased with this driver's slow actions, he was not an irritable person. He handed the money to him with patience and said something.

It was the first time that the driver had heard it from a fare.

Moreover, he looked so fierce. He almost felt his ears tingling as

he took the money, " ... thank you."

When Armando got off, the driver immediately made a call home, "Darling, I'm going home now."

"What? It's so early."

"Well, I just met a fare." The driver smiled as he watched Armando's receding figure, "He asked me to return home early and spend more time with family."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 235 Be a Good Girl 1

Actually, when Jaquan rushed onto the boxing ring, he was somewhat emotional. Originally, he wanted to stop the fight, but somehow, he joined them. Just like that, he pummeled and kicked. His blood boiled with indignation

When Armando was pulled off, only he was left on the ring. The others had got injured and were sent to the lounge. Alone, he leaned against the ropes, wiped the sweat and smiled at Randy who stood in the audience. "It's so cool. I should have come and had a fight as well."

Randy was still comforting Armando, who was puffing. Hearing what Jaquan said, he rolled his eyes, "Damn it! If I have known it earlier, I would not bother to worry for the two of you! I'm almost dying!"

In that scuffle, as a weak man, Randy almost fainted on the ring. Luckily, Jaquan had managed to nudge his way to rescue Armando. Before he could take a break, he saw Jaquan joining the battle. The boxer had been seriously hit by Armando and the judge was going to stop the game. But Jaquan was so absorbed in the fight that he literally beat the judge up. It was so unlucky of the judge that he was carried away by others immediately after he climbed up.

Jaquan laughed and took out a cigarette. Just as he put it to his lips, Arabella rushed over and then away with her eyes red.

Randy was surprised, "What happened?"

He turned to Jaquan with a strange expression, "Don't you go have a look?"

Jaquan stared blankly at Arabella's receding figure, "I don't know. I want to, but I'm afraid."

He had been rejected too many times. He was always chasing after her, watching her cry for another man.

Randy frowned and looked back. Something seemed to have happened over there. A lot of people gathered. He turned to Jaquan, "Go have a look. Don't you remember what happened last time?"

Randy was talking about what happened when they went climbing. But Jaquan actually thought of Emma. Her straight face, her legs which were soaked in the water and that white.... He shook his head, tossed the cigarette to Randy and jumped off the ring, "You send Armando back."

Randy looked down at Armando. However, he had already closed his eyes. Was he sleeping or in a coma?

Fuck!

"Wake up!" Randy directly gave him two punches in his face. Armando didn't wake up. He was probably too exhausted and had fallen asleep. It was said that he had suffered from insomnia even since Janessa left.

Randy sighed. He pulled him up from the chair and was going to carry him. After all, he had picked up Lord Top and felt confident. He took a deep breath and was about to get up. But he had got a kick from someone on his waist and it hurt. Although Armando was not fat, he was a sturdy man. He exerted and sure enough, failed.

He hurried to call a waiter over. But he soon realized it was not enough and called one more. "Carry him into my car."

Somehow, he thought of Lord Top. Why did men vary greatly? Why was Lord Top soft and light while Armando not?

Meanwhile, when Jaquan rushed out, he ran across the road as usual. And sure enough, he found Arabella under a tree not far away.

Her eyes were still red. She heard the commotion and looked back. But obviously she was somewhat annoyed, "What are you doing here? Stay away from me."

Jaquan looked around, "Don't you bring anyone out?"

Arabella turned her back and wiped her tears, "I don't need your care!"

"I'll send you home." Jaquan sighed and handed his handkerchief over.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black



Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
Arabella waved his hand away, "I said I don't need your care!"  
The moment the handkerchief fell to the ground, Jaquan grabbed Arabella's shoulders. His eyes looked exceptionally beautiful under the light of streetlamps. His eyelashes cast shadows on his cheeks, adding more charm to him. "Listen, Arabella, what happened in Mount Phoenix was terrible enough. No one wants it to repeat."

Arabella looked into his eyes, sniffed and shed tears again. "I just felt extremely sad. Part of the reason is that Vincent rejected me. But it is also partly because of you. Although I had backlisted your WeChat, I didn't blacklist your phone number. Why don't you call me? It had been so many days and you didn't come to see me!"

Jaquan was slightly surprised and confused before he got the point. Arabella was waiting for his call. So, she cared a lot about him, right?

Seeing him silent, Arabella asked as she sobbed, "Don't you like me?"

"Yes." Jaquan wiped away her tears and curled up his lips. He had shouted himself hoarse. And now, his voice was a little husky. "It's just like a daily routine. Every day I will think of it. And time flies. I only remember I like you, just like you have a crush on Vincent."

"I'm sorry, Jaquan." Arabella stood on tiptoe and hugged him. She pouted and sobbed. "I've always felt sorry for myself. But I just forgot that you are a man who will feel sorrowful, too. I'm sorry."

Jaquan gently patted her back, "I'll take you home."

This was the first time in all these years that he had faced Arabella so calmly while she was crying. Even he himself felt it amazing. What he had not puzzled out for a long time hit him. Love is not the only thing in a person's life.

\*\*

In the Britt's.

Eliot stood in the living room while Elsie sat on the sofa. Eliot fixed his eyes on her, "Who gave it to you?"

Maury couldn't help but frown as he had known the cause and effect. "Where did you get it? Don't you know that we are cooperating with the Scavo family?"

"I happened to see it. And then I bought it."

Elsie would not tell them that this was a task assigned by that person. As long as she gave the gift to Vincent, she would get 200,000. At first, she thought that Vincent would be enraged, so she just sent a message back. And the reply was exactly what she said to Vincent today.

However, it was threatening but not dangerous. Her life had been ruined by Marquise. She would have been able to turn the table as long as she got along well with Vincent. Unfortunately, Vincent saw her through.

But a cold man like Vincent would not tell it to others. So, others would definitely mistake the relationship between the two of them. Then, Elsie would have a chance to approach Vincent.

Emily drank the hot milk that Susan served her as she observed Elsie calmly. When she got in the car, she still wanted to slap Elsie, but now she had calmed down.

Beverly smiled as she walked over, "Mr. Maury, this is clearly a good deed. You know, this is the remains of Mr. Vincent's sister. It makes sense that Elsie returns it to him. Besides, Mr. Vincent didn't get angry!" \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 236 Be a Good Girl 2

Maury somewhat agreed. Anyway, he didn't see it with his own eyes. So, he turned to his son and asked, "Eliot, what do you think?"

Actually, Eliot did not see Vincent get mad. When he arrived, he only saw Vincent walking out with a cold face. But he always looked like this. And it was naturally hard for him to tell whether he was angry or not.

Seeing Eliot silent, Elsie said, "Mr. Vincent was not angry. Instead, he thanked me. And then I came out. Eliot, you just pulled me out before listening to my explanation."

But what Eliot was mad at was not Elsie's gift but what she had said to Emily at the banquet. Although Emily looked dumb and didn't say anything, he felt so sorry for her. Both of them were his sisters, but he just wanted to strangle Elsie to death.

He took a sip of the water and looked at Elsie. "The company is still at risk. We can't relax our vigilance now. So, it's better for

you not to attend the banquets."

Elsie was shocked. "Eliot, why? I didn't do anything wrong. Why do you ground me?"

Beverly was anxious as well, "Eliot, what are you doing? Why are you so ruthless towards your sister?"

"Mom!" Eliot looked at the two of them, and then Emily, who stood alone beside the table. He managed to hold back his impulse to say "be nicer to Emily". After some silence, he stated, "I'm for the sake of the company. The company now can't stand any blow."

Maury turned to solemn as well. "It should be like this. It was because the Scavos had sent an invitation letter that I let you go. Otherwise, I wouldn't have you out. Don't you remember what happened last time?" He swept his gaze over them and saw Emily. His voice softened as he said to Emily, "Emily, it's late. You should have an early rest."

Emily put down the cup and nodded.

Elsie's eyes went red with jealousy. The moment Maury left, she could not help but throw the cup. However, the carpet was thick, and the cup did not break. She was so angry that she strode over to stamp on it.

Eliot ignored her and just walked upstairs. He turned blind eye to Elsie's discontent and said to Susan, "Go cook a pot of ginger soup."

There was no doubt that the ginger soup was for that retard!

Elsie was so furious that she almost broke her high heels.

"What are you doing?" Beverly frowned at her. "I told you that you must always be elegant. Why can't you remember it?"

"Mom, why is Eliot always so mean to me? I'm his sister." Elsie couldn't help but complain. "He only cares about that retard. He doesn't care about me at all."

"Hang in there for a while." Beverly took a glance at the stairs and then Susan, who was busy around the kitchen. She then whispered again, "Just endure when you meet it again."

Elsie couldn't help but lowered her voice as well, "Why?"

"Hold on. Then, we can move out. At that time, we don't need to see that retard anymore."

"Move out?" A smile touched Elsie's mouth. She asked, "All of us moved out and left that retard alone?"

Beverly nodded, "Yes."

"That's wonderful!" Elsie was delighted.

"Keep your voice down. Don't tell your father." Beverly reminded.

Elsie gave repeated nods. But she never thought about why her father was unaware of the fact that they were going to move.

On the second floor.

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Emily was sitting in her room while she heard familiar footsteps outside. She quickly hid the book in the shelf and took out a Guide to Painting. Eliot did not knock on the door. Instead, he directly swung the door open and walked in.

The girl was dressed in a pink dress with a black gauze. With the addition of that gauze, she looked more elegant. And right now, this beautiful girl was sitting at the desk, absorbed in a book.

Her big eyes were like black pearls and were fixed on the vivid image.

Eliot smiled, "Why did you change into this set of clothes?"

With the heating, it wasn't cold in the room. Emily had worn this dress since she came back. Eliot had early wanted to ask her, but since Elsie was present, he didn't say anything. Now that no one was around, he finally got the chance.

Emily looked down at her dress, but what emerged in her mind was her gift and when Vincent passed her with a poker face.

She murmured, "My clothes got wet."

"My little girl has grown up." Eliot sat on her side and stroked her head, touched. "You look good in this."

Emily had always worn a princess dress. Even her pajamas were cute and had images of rabbits on them. She always looked like a little girl. But today, she suddenly changed her style and wore a black dress. Although she was still lovely, she looked totally different when she stood there. Eliot was really surprised to see her in this at the first glance.

Emily had already grown up. She was no longer the little girl hiding behind him. She did not need him to hold her hand and teach her how to write. She did not need him to correct her pronunciation. Nor did she need him to take care of her. What's more, she didn't always follow behind him. She wasn't his

shadow anymore.

He didn't know when she had kept aloof from him, though he had tried to be a nice brother.

Emily forced a smile.

Eliot naturally noticed that she was in a bad mood. He sighed and stated, "Don't mind what she said. She just said it in an angry rush."

Emily turned to him as her eyes dimmed. "She's telling the truth."

"In my eyes, you are only what you are, not someone else.

Remember, you are unique. You can't be replaced by anyone. Do you understand?" Eliot held her shoulders, his gaze sincere and warm.

Emily met his gaze and bit her lower lip, "But why didn't Mom come to see me?" She stated word for word, "If I was unique, why didn't she come see me? She doesn't like me, right?"

"How could it be?" Eliot hugged her, "You are so nice. How could she dislike you? I guess she's just too busy."

Emily didn't know if she should believe this, but she would rather do. Mom was too busy. It was not because that she was sick or anything else. She was just too busy.

Although she was angry at Elsie's words, she had to agree her.

After all, Elsie was right. She and her mother were the third party, who had stolen what had belonged to Elsie.

However, she would still feel sad. Ever since she came here, she had never seen her mother again. She almost forgot her appearance. It had been a long time since she had dreamed of her last time.

A knock came. It was Susan who brought the ginger soup. She was a little embarrassed to see Eliot let go of Emily when she pushed the door open. However, Eliot remained calm and reached to her.

She placed the ginger soup on the desk.

Before she walked out, Eliot said, "Drink it. It can prevent a cold."

Emily had just finished drinking a cup of milk, so she now was too full to drink the soup. She frowned and shook her head, "No."

"Be a good girl."

Susan's look changed when she heard what Eliot said. She didn't

know if she was under the delusion. Why did they look like a couple? Eliot seemed to be over gentle.... \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 237 | Missed You 1

Emily took a sip with a frown and then pushed the bowl away.

Eliot took the bowl and drank it up. He wiped her lips with a napkin, and then his lips with the same one.

Emily opened his mouth and didn't say anything.

Eliot patted her head and said, "Sleep early."

Then he left.

Emily stared blankly at a teaching illustration on the book.

Elsie's words did not make her sad. What really make her a little sad was...

However, she quickly stopped thinking about those things as there was something more important to do right now. She sent Harold a message to let him prepare the necessary items.

Then, she called Stephanie.

"This is Emily."

Stephanie was surprised. "I saw you at the banquet today, but someone told me that you..." She caught on and laughed. "You are more suitable for this job than me."

"I need your help." Emily did not joke with her and went straight to the point.

"What kind of help?" Stephanie smiled. "You know I never say no to you."

"I want to ask your grandpa to treat a man."

Stephanie thought for a moment. "Who?"

Emily frankly replied, "Mr. Vincent."

"No, what I'm asking is, who is my grandpa?"

"..."

\*\*

At the same time, a yellow sports car ran a few red lights at a high speed, and stopped right in front of Irene's car, blocking her way.

Irene did not get out of the car. She took the whip from the passenger seat with a cold face. She was in a bad mood, and now came a guy that blocked her way.

Under the blazing high beam, a pair of slender legs stepped out

of the car. It was a woman wearing a hotel bathrobe. Her hair dripped down her back. Perhaps she came out in a hurry. She walked over wearing hotel slippers. It seemed that she held something in her hand.

When she approached, Irene noticed that this woman was unbelievably beautiful. It was obvious that she did not have any makeup on her face. Her arched eyebrows of raven-black made her look so charming.

Before Irene could say anything, she saw this woman stretched out her hand and said in a natural tone, "Give me."

"Give you what?" Irene was puzzled.

Christy shook her wet hair. The cold and moist air did not seem to affect her at all. Instead, her lips got redder. "The thing that you threw away and picked up from the trash can."

"..."

Irene was so shocked that she almost stood up, "Who are you?"

Christy did not want to talk more with her. She glanced at the things on the passenger seat and rolled to the other side of the car. It was too quick that Irene saw only a pair of fair and straight legs. She reached out her hands and took the gift that should have belonged to Vincent.

"How did you know?" Irene's expression changed, "Who are you?"

"Me," Christy smiled at her, "A worker."

Only then did Irene notice that she was holding a toy robot in her hand. After Christy got into the car, Irene came to her senses. She hurriedly got off the car and chased after her, shouting, "Where are you going?"

However, the car left, leaving behind only the roar of an engine. After Christy took the gift, she soon drove to the Garden Hotel. Before the party ended, men and women all danced close to each other. No one was in the boxing ring. The two chairs around the ring were surrounded by the crowd. The people who sat on those chairs were massaged. Healthcare staff were also there ready to help at any time.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
After Christy walked in, someone in the crowd noticed her first and spat out wine, "Wow!"

Before others could make fun of him, they saw a white figure. Christy was wearing a bathrobe that was sexier than any evening dress. Her slender legs and beautiful face instantly attracted the attention of all the men present.

Vincent just happened to send the guest out and met her face to face. Christy handed him a gift and smiled at him, "Happy birthday."

Rex reached out to take the gift.

Christy slightly raised her hand, only wanting Vincent himself to take the gift. She sweated slightly on her forehead, which made her look even more alluring. She leaned slightly towards Vincent's chest and whispered, "This is her gift for you.

Although it took a bit of effort to get it, it is finally delivered."

This "her" obviously refers to Emily.

From others' perspective, they saw Vincent, who was known to have no interest in woman, "hugged" a woman in bathrobe at the birthday party. Regardless of the woman's character, she could easily attract any man with only one sight by her body and beauty. (Except Randy, of course)

Vincent raised his eyebrows slightly, as if he did not understand why Emily sent him two gifts. However, there seemed to be some twists and turns in her words. He took the gift and opened it in front of everyone.

It was a pure black tie with an ink swallow embroidered on the edge.

He stroked the tie and flipped it over to find another smaller swallow on the back.

This was indeed the gift from Emily.

The guards in the shadows stretched out their necks to look what it was, and some even squeezed Rex out.

Rex: "..."

After delivering the gift, Christy waved her hand at Vincent and said, "I'm leaving." She remembered something and turned around to ask, "By the way, where's my brother?"

Rex finally found an opportunity. He pointed forward, "Right ahead."

Although Christy was puzzled why she didn't see him at the entrance, she didn't ask more. She turned around and left. Rex took off his coat and handed it to her. "Put it on."

This action immediately attracted the attention of the male



guests. What did this assistant want to do? How dare he covet Mr. Vincent's woman?

Christy waved her hand, "Thank you. I'm not cold."

She turned around and left. Her wet hair curled up in a pretty way. When she went out, she saw who were sitting on that two chairs under the ring. They were Ferne and Noah, who was lying there arrogantly.

Noah was not injured on his face, but Ferne's mouth was bleeding. Though injured, Ferne still had a wretched smile on his face. "I earned so much money..."

Christy stood in front of them. People present were just about to look up. Before they could look her up and down, they saw a figure passing quickly. Noah put his coat on her and faintly stared at other people with displeasure. "Take down those who were staring at her."

No one knew who would write down. When they heard this, Noah's valiant actions in the ring occurred to them. They immediately got frightened and egged Ferne on to fight against Noah, because all of them had decided to bet on Noah in the next match.

"What are you doing here?" Noah sent her out.

"Run an errand." Christy looked at his face carefully and said, "You looked very happy today."

"..."

Noah glanced up and down at her and said with slight dissatisfaction, "Why are you wearing this?"

"I'm in a hurry." Christy lifted her bathrobe and looked at him in a petulant manner, "Got titillated?"

"..."

Christy laughs, "I'm leaving. You guys take your time." Guys?

Noah turned around and saw Ferne standing behind him. He was waving at Christy. As he won money today, he smiled at everyone and looked stupid. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 238 I Missed You 2

"Your sister looks really pretty in this." As soon as Christy left, Ferne praised, "She is more beautiful than all women at the banquet tonight."

Noah reached out and caught his head. He looked left and right and said, "Did I just hurt your brain?"

Ferne turned speechless.

After Christy got in the car, she first looked at the passenger seat. The sight of the little robot comforted her. She breathed a sigh of relief as she was afraid that it would leave quietly as before.

But she had to admit that she had deliberately left it here to see if it would leave without saying goodbye again.

Half an hour ago.

Christy has been running errands these days. She had already gone into all the bars on one street. In order not to be stopped at the entrance, she was always dressed in a hot way and got accustomed to the coldness. It was just that she would occasionally stretch out her hand when sleeping at night to find nothing in her hands. It made her confused and awake as the cold little robot in her arms was no longer there.

Ferne arranged a suite for her to stay next door. After all, her work now made it inconvenient to stay in the Scavo's in the future. That night, she returned as usual. The smoky eyes made her look like a charming bitch. However, the employees in the hotel got used to her appearance. When she entered, they greeted her politely, "Good evening, Miss Christy."

Christy smiled at them, "Good evening."

After entering the elevator, she stopped smiling and leaned against the wall exhaustively. When she entered the room, she took off her high heels, removed her makeup and took a bath. It was at this moment that the little robot entered. It stood still and faced the wall. Then, a scene appeared on the wall. After Emily left, Irene picked up Emily's gift box and walked out. She threw it into the trash can and then picked it up again...

While she was still surprised at the sudden appearance of this little robot, she saw the video and immediately understood why the robot came. She put on her bathrobe and ran out with the robot in her hand. On her way out, she got into Ferne's suite next door and took his car key.

...

At this moment, Christy drove back to the underground garage of the hotel. When she stopped, she looked at the robot and

asked, "Why did you suddenly leave that day?"

The little robot lowered its head.

Christy did not expect it to speak, but she vaguely felt that it should be able to speak. After all, every time Emily spoke to it, it was as if it would respond to her.

Christy touched the robot's cold eyes and said, "How strange. I missed you so much for the past few days. If only you could talk."

The robot's gray eyes blinked.

Christy picked it up and kissed its cold cheek. "Can you stay with me for two more days? I've been having nightmares recently."

She was probably worried that the little robot would refuse.

After getting off the car, she did not let go of it again. However, she did not notice that the little robot tried to open its mouth but gave up in the end.

Trevor, who was far away in the garret, touched his cheek in a daze, as if Christy kissed him on his cheek instead of the robot's.

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

That night, the little robot fell asleep in Christy's arms, while Trevor, who was in the garret, fell asleep as he watched Christy's sleeping face on the screen.

The servants downstairs were all very surprised. Mr. Trevor never slept at night, but nowadays he started to keep a regular routine. Moreover, he ate more food than usual and loved dumplings and steamed buns very much. Trevor's parents therefore often asked the cook to make dumplings and steamed buns at home every few days.

After getting out of the car, Arabella was still a little unhappy. The servants did not dare to talk to her. They only whispered, "Mr. Trevor is already asleep."

Arabella looked at the garret. There was only one lamp left inside.

She turned around and looked at the door. Jaquan had already driven away.

Thinking of the rose sealed in the glass bottle in Jaquan's car, Arabella couldn't understand why Jaquan didn't give it to her to cheer her up knowing that she was sad today...

Didn't he say he liked her?

Big liar.

On his way back, Jaquan remembered that Arabella occasionally looked at the box in the car. He smiled bitterly and opened the box with one hand. Inside, there was a rose sealed in a glass. Since Trevor said that he would give the flower to someone who liked him, how would he give it to Arabella?

He tossed it back in and closed the locker.

The phone showed an unread message from the kitten. When he waited for the red light, he picked up his phone and looked at it. The kitten asked,

"Are you asleep?"

He did not delete this sweet little kitten on WeChat, but was no longer enthusiastic towards her. It was like how Arabella treated him, always giving him a chance but not giving him any hope.

What did she mean by keeping such ambiguous attitude towards him?

He picked up his phone and sent a voice message, "If you are convenient, come out for dinner tomorrow."

He was quickly replied with an OK emoji and a shy smiling emoji.

Emma's cold face somehow occurred to him. She had lived in the same house with him for so many days, but was still terribly cool towards him. She kept a poker face even when watching a funny cartoon. He only felt her smiling face and soft lips one night when she was drunk and mistook him for other people. He stroked his lips, as if he could smell the fragrance of wine coming from her mouth. He felt titillated and stepped on the accelerator.

It looked like he had been celibate for too long and needed a woman, he thought.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 239 It Smells Good 1

It was half past ten when Emily finished her shower. She lay on the bed and read for a while. Then she turned off the light and went to sleep. After she returned home, she could not practice Sanda, but kept her daily routine. Every day, she would drink a glass of milk in the morning and evening to grow taller, and two poached eggs in the morning to get extra nutrition.

Being at home, she no longer stayed up late. Every night, she would fall asleep before eleven o'clock to ensure that she had enough energy the next day.

However, at this moment, she was tossing and turning on her bed. The moment she closed her eyes, the scene that Vincent turned blind eye to her and walked past her appeared in her mind.

Emily felt somehow depressed again. She did not know how to describe that feeling, a little sad and disappointed.

After a long time, she finally fell asleep. While she was half awake, she felt that someone was sitting by her beside. She opened her eyes in a daze and saw a dark figure.

"Mr. Vincent?" She sat up in shock, "Why are you here?"

Vincent turned on the wall lamp and his face appeared. He raised his eyebrows, under which there were dark eyes, straight nose, and thin lips.

He leaned forward, put his chin on her shoulder, and took a deep sniff of the scent of shower gel left on her neck before saying, "I wanted to take you to a place, but it's too late now."

"Where?" Emily could smell the faint nicotine aura and wine fragrance on his body. She guessed that he had just left the Garden Hotel and come here directly after the party.

"Do you want to go?" Vincent withdrew slightly and asked in hoarse and pleasant voice.

Emily nodded, "Yes."

Vincent curved his lips. "Put on your clothes."

"Alright."

On the balcony, the three guards scrambled against the wall like a pyramid, so that the little Hulk could step on their shoulders later. Unexpectedly, when Emily saw Vincent jumped down easily, she jumped down as well without saying a word, which scared them to death.

Fortunately, Vincent found this and stretched out his arms to carry her.

Only Guard D stood far away with such look as "see! I told you". His complacent look displeased the other three guards. They took off their shoes and hit him.

Emily jumped down and saw Harold standing aside. She waved her hand and whispered, "Let's go."

Harold silently followed.

They arrived at a top villa. The security system there was so tight that the car and the driver's face both needed to be scanned. Only after the driver was identified could they be allowed to leave.

Emily sat in the back seat, looking out. The villa was uniquely designed, with rockeries surrounding it. At the front gate, there seemed to be a fountain as one could hear the clacking sound when the bamboo gently hit the stone. But it was too dark to see anything. Only the sound of water could be heard. Not long after the car entered, it stopped. a guard pulled open the door, and Vincent got off the car first, then led Emily forward by his hand.

After taking a few steps, Vincent stopped and turned to look at her, "Why are you smiling?"

Emily pursed his lips and looked at the tie on his chest, trying to stop smiling.

She thought that she lost the tie. It turned out that Irene found it and gave it to Vincent for her.

"I just found that Mr. Vincent's tie is so beautiful and wonder who sent that to you." Emily pretended to be deep in thought. "It must be a woman who is beautiful, considerate, intelligent and elegant!"

"Yes." Vincent curved his lips and smiled dotingly.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

Guard A, "PDA again..."

Guard B, "Why am I here..."

Guard C, "I should not be here to see how sweet you are..."

After the three guards finished speaking, they did not hear Guard D's opinion. They turned around and saw he and Harold were eating melon seeds and had no time to talk.

"..."

There seemed to be no other residents in this villa, or perhaps the other residents had already fallen asleep as Emily did not see any lights in the windows. Fortunately, they had cat paw-shaped lights on the ground that led them all the way in. The strong fragrance of the flowers came along with the night breeze. Emily took a deep breath. "It smells good."

Vincent lowered his head and sniffed at her neck, "It really smells good."

Emily said, "..."

Harold was so shocked that he dropped his melon seeds when hearing this.

The guards looked stunned!

The elevator was very special. When one entered, a face scanning system would appear to scan each face. They could calculate the person's height and weight. If someone stood next to the elevator, it could even get the waistline.

Emily looked at their height difference and silently stood on tiptoe.

The guards all turned a blind eye to this.

Only Harold put his feet under Emily's feet, trying to make her look taller.

Vincent maintained a poker face, but the glimmer of a smile was caught in his eyes. He held her in his arms and said, "That's enough."

Before Emily could understand what he meant, the elevator had already arrived. Vincent carried her out and the guards went to open the door.

There was a suite on the top floor. Once the door opened, the incomparably wide hall and the huge floor-to-ceiling window were in sight. No one turned on the lights. They went in through the darkness. Though puzzled, Emily did not ask. She only held Vincent's hand tightly and followed him to the window.

Looking out from here, one could only see countless lights stretching into the distance. A bright moon was hanging high in the sky with a few stars around it. Emily was staring at the moon when she heard his question. "Do you have any wishes?"  
Wishes?

Emily looked up. His strong handsome features and rolling apple made her spellbound. In his eyes, a glimmer of smile and softness was caught.

Emily looked into those eyes and thought seriously in her heart, 'I wish that I have a lot of money; that I can become strong enough in the future to protect my family. I wish ... Vincent's leg can be cured. I hope that he ... can live a good life.'

Just as she finished her wishes, a rumbling sound came from afar. Emily was startled, thinking it was a thunder. But when she

turned around, the silver fireworks exploded in the sky, lighting up the entire city.

She was so surprised that words failed. Her ears were filled with Vincent's demonic voice. "Hope you like it." \_\_\_ Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 240 It Smells Good 2

Emily stared at the sky. It was hard to imagine that the fireworks would bloom in the sky at the same time until they burned their own lives and fell like raindrops.

The sky lit up for two minutes and six seconds.

Emily finally turned around. Her eyes shone as bright as if filled with stars. She smiled and said, "Happy birthday."

Vincent lifted his eyebrows slightly, "Where's my present?"

Emily seized the tie on his chest, pulled it down, forcing his head down and kissed him.

It was his birthday, but the fireworks seemed to have been prepared for her.

The guards were all eating melon seeds together, and Harold had nothing left in his pocket.

Vincent gave her a gentle kiss, and then carried her out, "I'll send you back."

Emily was a little surprised, "That's all?"

He used to kiss her so hard every time, but this time Vincent only gently kissed her and was about to leave.

Vincent looked at her and said in a hoarse voice, "I'm afraid that if you stay any longer, you won't be able to return tonight."

"..."

When he brought her back to her own bed, Vincent couldn't hold back any longer. He lowered his head and kissed her. Only after hearing Emily lost her breath did he let go of her and left in a strange posture.

Emily covered his mouth and giggled under the blanket.

That night, even the moon smelled sweet. The guards sat outside the balcony, eating melon seeds as they thought.

\*\*

"Where's Emily?" Maury woke up early in the morning and didn't see his daughter. He was so scared that he soon went to look for Harold, who was also not there. He could only ask the



butler.

The butler remembered that he was shocked when he saw Emily standing downstairs at half past six in the morning. After all, Emily was used to sleeping late. This was the first time she got up so early. Of course, he did not know that Emily had changed. Even if she got up early, she would only stay in her room and read books. It was impossible for him to know that. The butler thought for a moment and said, "She said she went to the countryside."

Maury raised his eyebrows and didn't seem to understand, "countryside?"

"For painting." Susan came out of the kitchen with a painting in her hand. "Look, this is from Emily."

Maury did not know painting, but he was happy to see his daughter concentrate on something with such high spirits. Therefore, he no longer asked more. "Just let Harold follow her. Don't let her get hurt."

"Yes, sir."

At this moment, Emily was sleeping in the car and Stephanie was in the back seat, wearing as much as she could to hide herself.

After passing the downtown area, she slowly took off her mask and sunglasses and rubbed her nose. "What you said last night scared me so much that I didn't sleep well. My grandfather died a long time ago. He couldn't be alive. You still don't believe me and insisted that I go and see..."

Emily opened her eyes and said, "It was you who don't believe me, so I'll show you."

Stephanie shrugged. "Alright, that's fine."

Harold took the hot buns and soybean milk that he bought in the morning and handed to Emily. "Miss Emily, you haven't eaten yet."

Emily took it and ate slowly with Stephanie in the back seat. After drinking the soy milk, Emily looked at Stephanie and asked, "Do you know how to drive?"

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
"..."

Ever since she became an actress, she had a car to take

whenever she traveled or at least had her assistant driven the car for her. Stephanie, who wished that someone could open her mouth for her to eat, first met someone who let her drive the car so that the bodyguard could eat breakfast.

As Stephanie drove, she looked at Harold in the rearview mirror. He took several bites to eat five steamed buns, and then drank a bottle of water in one breath. She nearly crashed into the car in front of her because of seeing him.

After he finished eating, Emily asked, "Is there any way to get it?"

Harold nodded.

Emily wanted the surveillance video at the entrance of the Garden Hotel last night because Sydnee and Eliot both met Marquise. She wanted to know if Marquise had publicly admitted that he had done something bad to Eliot last time. Harold switched on Bluetooth and randomly played a song. Although Emily felt that she did not need to beware of Stephanie, she could not show the bottom of her mind. Harold did the right thing. She said as the music started, "The decoration there has begun. Sydnee will be busy with the school in a few days. Find someone reliable to keep watch."

"Yes."

"I'll ask her to prepare the materials and hand them to you."

Emily spoke very quickly. She must have already got a plan in her heart. "You can buy another set in her name and let Noah live inside. It would be too eye-catching to live in hotel. If they were found out, Ferne and Vincent would all be involved."

"Yes."

"A second-hand house would be enough. You two don't need to show up. Find someone to buy it."

"Yes."

Stephanie was disturbed by the loud song. As she turned down the music, she heard Harold say, "Yes!"

It turned out that Emily was telling this guard to do something. The song was turned on to guard against her. Stephanie turned up the music silently and listened to the exciting song. As they stopped at a red light, some people in the other car next to them all rolled down the car windows and sang together.

Stephanie: "..."

She rolled down her window and surprised a man in that car. He

said to his backseat friends, "God, it is a woman who listens to this song. Great! Miss, you earn my respect."

"..."

Stephanie silently stepped on the accelerator.

Fortunately, they did not know her, otherwise she would be trending on the internet tomorrow. She even thought of the headline- "Stephanie, the famous star, drove herself with such excitement that she sang an exciting song along the way..."

She kept driving forward without asking where they were going. When Harold noticed that, they have been fifteen kilometers away from their destination.

"..."

Then Harold drove the car back to the Hump Village. There were still tire traces left on the path when Harold drove in last time. The moment the car entered the village, Emily noticed that Stephanie became stilted for a moment.

Until the car stopped, she still did not return normal.

After Emily got out of the car, she extended her hand towards Stephanie and said, "Aren't you getting off?"

Stephanie slowly got off the car and looked at the deserted village and road. She said in a tiny voice, "All dead."

Emily did not hear clearly, "What?"

Harold's eyes suddenly widened.

Stephanie looked at her and said word by word, "Fifteen years ago, all the people in this village died."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 241 Losses 1

The desolate village was dilapidated. The three of them passed through endless fields and finally reached the village entrance. The old man dressed in coarse clothes was still farming in the field. He had put up a greenhouse tunnel in a small plot of land. What he grew inside, they did not know.

Harold walked forward and called, "Sir."

The old man ignored him, as if he didn't hear or see him. When he came out of the greenhouse tunnel, he noticed that there were more people coming this time. His eyes swept across the group and then his gaze froze.

Stephanie inherited her high nose and big eyes from her parents. At the corner of her eyes was a sesame-sized lacrimal

mole. Usually, it was covered with foundation, but today, she didn't apply any. The old man froze the moment he saw the lacrimal mole.

Stephanie looked at the old man's weathered face and hesitantly called, "Grandpa?"

The old man suddenly turned around and ran away.

Emily and Harold were confused. What was going on?

Stephanie took off her scarf and gloves as she chased after him.

Running too fast, she tripped and fell. Only then did the old man stop and look back.

Harold attempted to help her, but Emily grabbed his arm and shook her head at him.

Lying on the ground, Stephanie said in a low voice, "Sorry, I was mistaken." She gave a faint smile, tears streaming down her cheeks. "If my grandfather were alive, he would have looked for me! He wouldn't run away from me ..."

When the old man heard this, there was no emotion on his face. He turned around and left, nonchalant.

Judging from the old man's reaction, Emily was certain that he was Stephanie's grandfather, but there seemed to be some misunderstanding between the two of them.

Stephanie got up. Her hand was cut by stone on the ground.

Blood was seeping out. She stood there and looked at the wound in her hand in a daze. Maybe out of pain or sorrow, tears gushed from her eyes.

Moments later, the old man returned, with something green in his hand. When he came closer, they saw it was mashed herbs. He applied them to Stephanie's wound, then left again without saying a word.

Harold whispered in Emily's ear, "He doesn't care about me even if I freeze to death. From the looks of it, he is indeed her granddaughter."

Emily kept observing without responding.

Stephanie put her hand on the herbs and suddenly said softly, "When I fell as a child, my grandpa stopped the bleeding just like this."

Emily looked at the old man's retreating figure and turned to Stephanie. "Come on, let's get out here."

"Why?" Stephanie finally remembered the reason Emily had

brought her here. How could she leave without doing anything? Moreover, she wanted to ask her grandfather why he didn't look for her for so many years since he was alive.

Emily said, "We can come back when your grandfather is ready to see you."

Recalling how her grandfather ran away when he saw her, Stephanie nodded in agreement.

When the three of them were about to leave, a coarse-clothed figure walked out hesitantly. By the time the car started, he was already in the path, one of his feet bare. He kept walking as if he hadn't noticed he was only wearing one shoe. The car backed, and dust flew up. Just like that, the car drove off, with his granddaughter inside.

The old man waited for the car to completely disappear before he reached out his hand. Over ten years had passed. His little girl was all grown up.

\*\*

"Jaquan, Randy said that you were on a date with a girl."

Arabella sounded nervous, but she smiled to feign composure.

"Is that true?"

Jaquan looked at the girl who was eating quietly, and said over the phone, "Yes, it's the girl who friended me on WeChat."

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
Until now, Jaquan still didn't know who this girl was. He only knew that her WeChat profile was a black kitten.

"Your ... your relationship develops so fast?" Arabella didn't seem to believe it. The night before, Jaquan had just told her he liked her. How could he be on a date with another woman the next day? She didn't understand or believe it even though Jaquan had personally admitted to it.

Jaquan took a sip of red wine and said, "It's just a meal."

The girl sitting opposite smiled sweetly at him.

After hanging up the phone, Jaquan ordered a warm drink when he noticed the girl didn't drink the wine.

The warm drink brought a big smile to her face. "Thank you," she said to him.

Jaquan still had customers to meet with in the afternoon. When he finished eating, he looked at his watch and said to the girl,

"This meal is my way of making it up to you. I won't contact you again."

She was astonished for a moment. Then she smiled, "You like Arabella, don't you?"

Jaquan did not reply.

"I had guessed it, but seeing that you added my WeChat, I thought maybe I had a chance." She bit her lower lip and said, "I was so happy last night when you asked me out. I should have known that this meal was going to be a farewell dinner."

She seemed a little frustrated, but she wasn't really angry. She even joked, "You should have kept it from me. It doesn't matter whether you're using me as a coverup or for some other purpose. It's just what men do."

Jaquan shook his head. "I don't like it. It's disrespectful for women and irresponsible for myself."

The girl was surprised to hear that. "They say that Mr. Vincent and his buddies are decent men. I didn't believe it at the beginning, but now I know it's true."

When they had added each other's WeChat accounts, they didn't have much to say.

Now that things were clear, they felt more comfortable to talk. Jaquan had to meet a client. After the bill was paid, the two of them parted ways. Before the girl left, she took a picture of Jaquan's back and posted it in her WeChat moments.

"Goodbye, my dream man," it was captioned.

Arabella naturally saw it as well. She didn't know it was a farewell. She thought that Jaquan and that woman were seriously in love. The moment this thought came to her mind, she felt bad. She was distracted all afternoon. During the meeting, she even misread the market rate of return, causing everyone in the meeting room to look at her. In the end, the marketing manager had to take over and preside over the meeting.

When she turned on her phone that evening, there was no new request from Jaquan to friend her on WeChat, nor did he call her. It seemed that him saying he liked her last night was just a dream.

She called him, but after two rings, she quickly hung up and waited for Jaquan to call back.

But he didn't. Half an hour later, Jaquan still didn't call back.

Arabella was so angry that she smashed her phone. Jaquan, in fact, was busy reading the client's files in the firm, preparing for the next day's court. Arabella called him. He happened to be in the bathroom when she called. After returning, he resumed reading the files and updating the data on the computer. After he finished processing all the materials needed for the next day's court, he picked up his jacket and went out.

He didn't even eat yet, but he didn't want to eat out alone. So, he decided to order takeout food. At the entrance of the community, the old lady who sold vegetable pancakes saw him. For the first time, she did not ask him to buy pancakes. "You came back so late," she just said.

Thanks to Emma, he seemed to be getting along with the people in the neighborhood. The elders had never been so friendly to him.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 242 Losses 2

Jaquan nodded. Just as he was about to drive in, he smelled the aroma of the pancakes and said to her, "Give me one, please."

The old lady nodded happily, "Alright!"

A moment later, she handed him two servings. "You've worked hard. Take care of yourself."

With a smile, Jaquan took the pancakes and handed her the money. "Thank you."

When she came back to give him the change, he had left. She stood there and sighed, "Why did his wife and child leave him?"

When Jaquan got home, the lights in the hall were on. He thought that Felice had come, but after he changed his shoes in the vestibule walked into the living room, he saw Collin sitting on the sofa, watching TV, as if he were in his own home.

Jaquan stuffed the pancakes into his briefcase and said, "You got off work early today."

"I was on day shift." Collin stood up and walked to him. As a doctor, he had a keen sense of smell. "Did you buy vegetable pancakes?"

Jaquan placed the pancakes on the dining table.

"It's late, and there was nothing else I wanted to eat. I bought this at the entrance to the community. Do you want some?"

Here's one for you."

"Why are you explaining? I didn't say anything." Collin grinned.

"You didn't buy it because you missed Emma, did you?"

"What's wrong with you? Why would I miss her?" Jaquan snorted, then averted his eyes to the TV awkwardly. "What are you watching?"

"Tom and Jerry."

Jaquan didn't comment on that.

He put down his briefcase and took off his jacket. "What are you doing here so late?"

Collin pushed his glasses and said, "I came to check up on you."

Jaquan loosened his tie impatiently.

"Now that you have, get out."

Collin mischievously observed his expression. "Actually, Emma came to the hospital today."

Jaquan's movements paused for a moment. Then he calmly washed his hands and picked up the pancakes. While eating, he eagerly waited for Collin to continue.

Collin poured himself a glass of water in the kitchen. Jaquan had thought that he would tell him more about Emma, but Collin said a lot more without mentioning anything about Emma, as if that one single sentence was all he had to say about her.

Jaquan couldn't help asking, "Why did she go to the hospital?"

"Who?" Collin feigned puzzlement.

Jaquan glared at him. "Get out if you don't want to talk."

Collin suppressed his laughter and said, "Oh, you mean Emma? She came for a recheck-up. Her leg recovered."

"Oh."

Collin patted his shoulder and said, "I'm leaving."

Jaquan pried his hand away. "Why exactly did you come here tonight?"

"I told you I came to check up on you."

"Bullshit."

Collin walked to the vestibule and abruptly turned around. "I'm taking next week off."

"So?" Jaquan looked at him impatiently.

Collin smiled mysteriously. "I plan to travel. Do you want to join me?"

Jaquan waved his hand dismissively without even looking at



him. "I'm very busy. Goodbye."

Before leaving, Collin reminded him, "I hope you won't regret it."

Jaquan ignored him.

It was just travelling. Why would he regret not going?

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change

It was midnight when Jaquan lay on the bed after a shower.

Only then did he see the missed call from Arabella. It was too late, so he didn't return the call.

Arabella, however, was insomnia, still waiting for his call. She had checked on WeChat more than 20 times. Jaquan hadn't friended her yet.

It only occurred to her after midnight that she cared too much.

\*\*

That same night, Rex came to Vincent's study.

"Mr. Vincent, Harold also went to check the surveillance footage of the Garden Hotel." He paused for a moment before saying, "However, what he checked was surveillance footage at the entrance of the hotel."

Vincent stopped writing. "Should I show the footage Miss Emily is in to Miss Irene?"

"Not necessary." Vincent continued writing, harder this time. "I don't think she will show up again after doing something so shameful."

"Yes, sir."

"There's one more thing ..." Rex hesitated. "Miss Emily also found that place."

Vincent raised his head, his face betraying no emotion, but gentleness was palpable in his eyes. "Trevor passed her the news. No wonder she found Stephanie."

Rex asked with a trace of sadness, "Mr. Vincent, what if she finds out you ..." He left the part "can't be cured" unsaid.

"Don't tell her." Vincent remained calm. "You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs."

Rex said no more, but he felt bad for the losses Vincent suffered.

\*\*

On Peace Road, a shop that displayed all kinds of glasses for

free was still open at late night. Passersby looked up at the LED sign from time to time, where the name of the shop, Glasses, was neatly written.

As if the owner was afraid that customers wouldn't know entrance was free, "free exhibition" was written in formal style beside the sign.

Many people frowned at the sign. Some even complained to their friend over the phone, "Holy shit, I'm telling you, I just saw a shop. Its name is really weird ..."

But since last night, the number of visitors of the shop had reduced because of the owner's new hairstyle, which had changed people's impression of him totally. Formerly, he had looked a gentleman, but now he looked like a fierce bald ruffian with a wound on the corner of his mouth.

After the thirteenth customer was scared away, Armando came to realize something. Was his new hairstyle so ugly?

He touched his head and didn't think there was anything weird about it. All he did was have his hair cut short.

The shop assistants were a young couple. When they saw him last night, they were so dumbstruck they didn't recognize him for a full minute before the girl finally asked in a trembling voice, "Boss, what happened to you?"

The boy whispered to her that women should stay away from men's business.

A reserved man, Armando didn't talk much with the shop assistants. But the young couple had been working in this shop since day one. After so many years, they got to know Armando. Recently, they occasionally would talk about their private life, but Armando would not say it until the young couple asked, and he would only respond selectively.

After another customer was scared away, Armando put on his jacket, ready to leave.

The couple stood up and asked, "Boss, are you going out?"

There were rooms on the second floor, three bedrooms and one living room. Normally, Armando lived upstairs. The rooms downstairs were for the couple. They could not cook downstairs, though. Cooking was only allowed on the second floor.

Armando left without saying anything.

Far away from the shop, he turned on his phone. Janessa hadn't

updated her WeChat moments for three days. She just sent him a voice message. He had walked out of the shop to listen to it, only because he didn't want anyone to hear her voice.

Under the night sky, he gently clicked on the message.

"Don't worry, I'll be back for the New Year, Armando ..."

She seemed to want to say something else, but she didn't. After a long pause, the message ended.

This was the first time Janessa had contacted him since she left. Armando put his phone to his ear and listened to the message over and over again. He couldn't get enough of her voice. When she called his name, it was mesmerizing.

Finally, a smile appeared on his face in the darkness, which he had not had for a long time. \_\_ Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 243 The Quarrel 1

Harold was very efficient. Two days later, he picked out an apartment and showed its pictures to Emily. After getting an OK, he hired someone to sign a contract to buy it. That evening, he delivered the key to Noah.

When Ferne came back from boxing upstairs, he saw Noah taking a bath and asked, "Are you going out later?"

Noah was picky and he was a neat freak. In short, he was difficult with a bad temper. However, Ferne was broad-minded and careless. So they could almost get along well. In addition, Noah had helped him earn quite a bit of money at the Vincent's birthday banquet. Ferne treated him even more warmly than before---although he was given a cold shoulder.

Noah casually tied a towel around his waist and walked out. As he walked, his waist and abdomen muscles moved. He had got testosterone coming out of his pores, like a walking philter.

Ferne, who had been working out hard these days, felt a burst of envy. He clicked his tongue and said, "Fuck, when will I be able to look like this?"

Noah glanced at him. Ferne's beer belly was slightly smaller. He seemed to have lost a little weight, but if he didn't look carefully, he wouldn't be able to tell. The only change was that he was vigorous. His handsome face seemed to be glowing with that vigor.

Ferne naturally noticed Noah's gaze. He straightened his chest proudly. He had already begun to control his diet. Ever since he

fought with Noah in the wine cellar, he had sworn to get his dignity back. Therefore, he went upstairs to practice boxing at regular intervals every day. He did not drink much. He only had one or two mouthfuls of red wine and did not touch any beer. These past few days, he had been exercising moderately. He was worried that over-practicing would cause damage to his muscles. However, in the past two weeks, his stomach had only got a little smaller. He couldn't even see his pectoralis when he inhaled. He was almost defeated. Fortunately, every time he wanted to give up, he saw Noah's coveted figure, and he had motivation again.

Noah walked to the cloakroom and picked up a suit. First, he put on his shirt, then took off his towel. In Ferne's curious gaze, he suddenly turned around and said, "The bills and financial statements have been checked. From tomorrow on, you can do it yourself."

As Ferne nodded, he suddenly realized something was wrong, yet he was not sure what it was. "What?"

These days, Noah had been helping him manage the business of the hotel, including financial statements, daily reports, procurement and attendance. Noah was very patient. He could finish all the work in less than an hour, while Ferne usually had to spend three hours. Later, in order to save time to work out, he simply left all the work to Noah. He had to admit that despite of all the shortcomings, Noah liked to do these things and did them exceptionally well.

"I have to go." Noah pulled up his pants, turned around, and slowly zipped up.

He had just finished bathing. His hair was half wet and his head slightly tilted. Some of his wet hair stuck to his eyebrows, so he frowned slightly because of the irritation. His broken eyebrows were very eye-catching. He was quite masculine with an aura of wickedness.

Ferne didn't usually pay special attention to these things. As if waiting for Noah to explain, he fixed his eyes on him. He noticed that Noah, apart from his conservative picky personalities, bossy behavior, liking of using swear words and passion for cleanliness, he was really a good person. He looked good and had a good figure, needless to say.

"Where are you going?" He finally reacted, "Are you moving out? Aren't you coming back?"

He asked three questions in a row, so it was obvious that he did not want Noah to leave.

Noah thought that he was worried about the trifles, so he patiently repeated, "Today's work has been done."

After Ferne thought about it, he drew the conclusion that he didn't want Noah to leave because he wanted him to go on working for him. He immediately felt that he was too inhumane.

"Thanks a lot. Where are you moving? Do you want to celebrate it?" Ferne immediately went back to being his usual self.

"No need." Noah took the key from the table and then turned to look at Ferne. His expressions had always been ambiguous, making it impossible to distinguish his true emotions. His gaze was rough and tangible. One could almost feel it scratching on the face. However, his voice was as calm as he was. "Contact me on the phone if you need anything," Noah said.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App  
Then he left.

Ferne was a little frustrated. Usually, he would be able to sparring a few rounds with Noah when he came back. Besides, he's a talker. Noah liked to immerse himself in his work helping him check the reports, but he kept disturbing him from time to time. Noah got a hot temper and could always lift and throw him on the sofa in an instant. Noah even ordered him not to swear. Noah was obviously a violent maniac. How could he miss him already the minute Noah left?

Holy shit, could he be masochistic? Ferne was so shocked by his own thoughts that he had goosebumps all over.

He must be too lonely. He had to be.

When the waiter came in to deliver dinner, he saw the Mr. Ferne sitting on the sofa with a worried expression. He couldn't help but ask quietly, "Mr. Vincent, did you two quarrel?"

Ferne didn't understand what he was talking about.

The waiter said boldly, "Men should be coaxed too."

Ferne was confused.

"If you make him happy, he will come back."

Ferne looked at him, even more confused.

The Dalton Hotel knew one thing overnight: Mr. Vincent's boyfriend ran away angrily and would probably never come back. Therefore, everyone looked at the Vincent sympathetically the next day.

Ferne was totally bewildered.

\*\*

Emily watched the surveillance video at the entrance of the Garden Hotel and did not see the scene Marquise hit Eliot which he admitted himself. However, she saw Eliot holding Sydnee in his arms as if he was in love with her.

From this point of view, Eliot and Sydnee are quite suitable for each other. Unfortunately, although they are face-to-face, there is no affection for each other in their eyes. Sydnee is disheartened, while Eliot....

Emily turned off the video and remembered that Eliot had come to her as usual in the past few nights. He chatted with her for a while and took care of her meticulously as before. Emily could not understand it before, but now she knew very well that she could not let him do this anymore. She had to find an opportunity to deal with it once and for all.

Evidently, the fact that she had said she had feelings for Vincent didn't affect Eliot. He might be guessing that Emily didn't understand what these feelings were, but simply thought that Vincent was good-looking.

"Miss Emily," a voice came from the balcony. Harold came in.

"Stephanie just called and asked when we would go again. She is going to start acting right away. When she joins the cast, it is not convenient for her to go."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 244 The Quarrel 2

Four days had passed since that day.

On the day she returned, Stephanie indicated that she would never go there again. There was no other reason. Her grandfather was alive, but he did not look for her. She did not want to go back to him.

Fifteen years ago, a flu caused a disaster in the entire village. Because the kids including her went out to school, they survived. But her young parents died. Her grandfather was traveling and hadn't returned for half a year. The other day

when she saw that her grandfather's name was also on the death roll, she took it for granted that the whole family were dead. Later, she was sent to a shelter. At the age of seven, she was adopted by a wealthy family because of her beautiful appearance. The family treated her well and hired various teachers to teach her singing, dancing, piano, violin. When she was eight years old, she fainted due to lack of rest. However, when she woke up, there was no change. Her schedule was still full.

At the age of twelve, she learned about her foster parents' true intentions when she got a big prize from a contest. Since then, she has been entering various contests, earning millions of reward money for her foster parents at a young age, and even successfully became an actress as they planned.

Her foster parents' abilities were limited and they could not get any resources for her. Therefore, she worked hard and reached where she was now in the entertainment industry all by herself. However, all the money she earned went into their pockets. Her nightmare didn't end until she reached adulthood and used means of law. Then she finally got them to give up their adoptive relationship.

However, even though her family was still alive, she did not know....

She had a grandfather, but she was adopted. Her blood sucker foster parents used her to make money. It took her an entire eleven years to get rid of them. She was afraid of yet longed for kinship. Therefore, the fact that her grandfather saw her and ran away was a heavy blow for her....

Because of that experience of being adopted, even if she wasn't rich, she would still support a poor student every year and ensure that these children lived a better life than she did before.

However, she never thought that the story of the farmer and the snake would really happen to her. She only longed for love and did not care about her ex-boyfriend's past experiences. However, he still abandoned her when she was in trouble and it became the last straw that crushed the camel to death.

When she stood on the rooftop in the cold wind, the thing she cared most was that even if she died, no one would remember her.

She longed so much for someone to really like her, love her, and treat her like a family.

Of course, she wouldn't tell Emily about it, but Emily understood the change in her mood. After all, Emily felt the same.

"When I was seven years old, I was brought to the Britt's. In the past ten years, my mother hasn't looked for me once." On the way back, Emily spoke slowly, her voice carrying a calm tone that did not seem to belong to a girl at her age.

Stephanie looked at her in surprise, "She...?"

Emily could see what she wanted to ask and smiled. "She's alive."

"Why?"

"Adults will always sacrifice themselves to help their children."

Emily looked out of the window with a very calm expression. "I think she must have hoped that my stepmother would treat me better, so she didn't dare to appear."

"Your grandfather is the same. He must have his reasons for not looking for you." She turned to Stephanie and said, "Harold went there and stayed for a week. The old man ignored him. When you fell, he hastily applied some herbs to you. He even lost one of his shoes while running to help."

Stephanie held her hand covered with herbs with a dazed expression. She did not notice this detail.

"Your grandfather loves you very much." Emily was very calm, making it impossible for people to see any exaggerated and artificial elements, as if she was just stating a fact.

"Then what should I do if he won't see me?" Stephanie gradually calmed down as she heard Emily saying,

"Next time you will come and deal with the misunderstanding."

...

It was four days later when they went there again.

Emily picked up her phone and said, "Let's go today."

Elsie went to school today. Beverly was at home which was rare. When Emily passed by Beverly's door, she heard laughter coming from inside. It sounded a bit pretentious. She paused for a moment, and came up with an idea. But in the blink of an eye, she remembered Eliot's face. She hesitated again. If later Eliot knew that she did it, would he... never forgive her?



The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
"Miss Emily?" Harold asked.

Emily pinched her palm and said, "Let's go."

She shouldn't forget the pain Beverly and her daughter had given her, and she shouldn't forget how Elsie stabbed the dagger into her chest.

Eliot was innocent, but his mother and sister were so vicious! When they arrived at the main hall, the butler just came out of the kitchen and saw Emily walking straight out, so he chased after them and asked, "Lunch is coming soon, Miss Emily wants to go out?"

Emily said succinctly, "KFC."

Harold added, "Miss Emily wants to eat spicy chicken wings."

The butler was a little worried. Although Miss Emily had been quite cheerful recently and loved to go out, when would she be able to change her habit of eating KFC? Those things were not nutritious at all.

After Susan placed the dishes on the table, Beverly came downstairs. It seemed that she was in a good mood. She was not picky about the food, just sat down and ate it. She even kindly asked, "Where is Miss Emily? Why hasn't she come down to eat yet?"

"She has gone out." Said the butler.

"Where did she go?" Beverly was alert. This little girl was indeed restless.

The butler replied honestly, "KFC."

Beverly was a bit surprised, "What?"

"I heard that she wanted to eat spicy chicken wings." He added weakly.

"..."

Beverly had always been suspicious. After dinner, she called the driver. She heard the driver say with certainty, "Miss Emily is eating at KFC." Only then did she feel relieved.

However, when she remembered the last time Emily met Maury in the coffee shop, she felt very uneasy. Maury never went to the coffee shop. Although she heard that they happened to meet at the amusement park, Beverly still felt strange, as if everything she did was exposed to others.

After finishing her hamburger, Emily took the family car to the amusement park, where he shook off the driver and got into Stephanie's car, which had been waiting for her for a long time.

"Have you eaten?" Emily handed over a hamburger.

Stephanie waved her hand and refused, "I ate an apple."

"An apple?"

"The calories are already very high." Stephanie pinched her face and said, "I have to lose another three kilos in the next few days before I can be photographed."

"Are you saying that you have an apple for lunch?" Emily finally understood.

"Yeah, like this, I haven't touched it in eight or nine years."

Stephanie pointed at the hamburger in her hand.

"What a pity." Emily took out the hamburger and took a bite.

"It's delicious."

Stephanie was speechless. \_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 245 I'm Using You 1

Stephanie regretted sitting in the back seat.

Fortunately, she carried the script with her. She read it and fiddled with the bookmark. She was going to join the crew the day after tomorrow, so she had to memorize the lines.

Emily looked at the bookmark between her fingers and asked, "What is that?"

It was a rectangular piece of paper, about ten centimeters long and two fingers wide, with a plum blossom on it.

"Bookmark." Stephanie put the bookmark in the script, revealing a section. "See? Next time I'll know where to start."

Something crossed her mind as Emily looked at the petals of the plum blossom. "Is this thing very productive?"

Although Stephanie was a little confused, she used her phone to search for a while. "It sells very well. Look, many shops are making this."

"Why asking?" Stephanie looked at Emily and said, "Do you want to be a bookmark distributor?"

"..."

Harold, who was driving, cut in, "Miss Emily can draw."

Stephanie pondered for a moment before she came back to her senses, "I see. You want to draw on bookmarks, and..."

Emily reached out her hand and said, "Glad to be working with you."

Stephanie was confused.

Emily took the bookmark in her hand and observed it. "You have a lot of fans. The public will follow the trend under your influence. I want you to use the bookmarks with my paintings in the future."

"You want to apply for exclusive copyright?" Stephanie asked.

"Copyright?"

Emily didn't know much about law, and it was the first time she had heard of this word. She used her mobile phone to search.

When the car arrived at the Hump Village, she said to Stephanie, "I'll contact you when I'm ready."

She was still young, but when she spoke, she was calm and composed, looking mature. Stephanie wanted to say something, but Harold already walked to the back seat and opened the car door.

As soon as they got off, they saw a few people coming out of the village. A middle-aged man wearing a hat was introducing the scenery like a tour guide. There wasn't much scenery to be enjoyed. It was just empty land everywhere. The winter was coming, and the surroundings looked desolate.

"It's a great place to spend your life after retirement. Look around! How fresh the air is! How beautiful the view is!"

A cold wind whipped past, and the man chuckled awkwardly.

The two young people with him looked at each other and pondered.

One of them said, "Nobody lives in this village..."

"That's not true! The one you met just now is the famous Doctor Miracle!" The hat man pointed behind him with a proud expression.

"You mean that old man?"

"Yes."

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

"He's Doctor Miracle?"

"If you don't believe me, you guys can do some search on the internet." The hat man looked agitated. His lips were pale from cold, but his face was red. "Doctor Miracle lives here. It means

that this is a nice place to live!"

"Why does he live here alone?" the other young person asked.

The man in the hat sighed. He probably knew that he had already lost this deal, so he told the truth, "To be honest, there was a flu ten years ago. It has been many years. But people still fear it, and they don't want to live here. But look, Doctor Miracle has been staying here for so many years, and he's fine."

"He lives here alone for many years?"

"Why doesn't he go out?"

"Rumor has it that when the flu happened that year, he was traveling around to practice medicine. He'd saved a lot of people, but when he came back, he discovered that everyone in the village was dead. How ironic. He saved so many people out there, but he lost everyone in his village, including his son and daughter-in-law. He has never left this place since then."

"The guilt is torturing him. I hear that he doesn't practice medicine anymore," the man in the hat said as he walked up to Emily and her companions.

Seeing Emily and Stephanie, the man in the hat asked, "What are you doing here?"

The wind had carried all their words over, and the two girls heard everything. Stephanie was silent. Emily looked up and said calmly, "Enjoy the view."

The man in the hat didn't say anything else. He led the two people away. They seemed to be leaving the village.

The two young people turned to look at Stephanie and muttered, "She looks familiar. I think I've seen her somewhere before..."

Stephanie had put on her mask or sunglasses. However, the rabbit hair around her neck made her face very eye-catching. The mole at the corner of her eye was distinct.

When they went in, Spencer wasn't in the field. Harold knew where the old man lived, and Stephanie remembered where her home was.

They walked and took a lot of turns before reaching a small red-brick and red-tile house. The door was unlocked. They went in and saw that there were three rooms inside. The courtyard was not big, but there were all kinds of grass and a few trees in strange shapes. The entrance was covered with green grass. It was winter, but the grass in the courtyard, including the grass at

the entrance, was flourishing.

It was Spencer's lunch break time. No wonder he wasn't working in the field.

They stood in the courtyard for a while. Stephanie was depressed. The conversation she'd overheard just now naturally had some influence on her.

"Since he says that he would no longer practice medicine, let's go," said Stephanie. Emily was surprised.

Emily had never told Stephanie that this was why she had gone to the rooftop to save Stephanie. She was only one step away from achieving her goal, but Stephanie told her to give up. How could she agree?

It would be raining the day after tomorrow. She did not want Vincent to suffer that kind of pain again.

Emily looked her in the eye and said, "I don't want to say this, but I only saved you on the rooftop because I want you to help me make this happen."

In other words, she was using Stephanie. People usually wouldn't say this kind of stuff out loud in person, but Emily just did. And she did it frankly.

"I knew it the first time I came here." Stephanie was surprised for a moment, and then smiled and said, "But I didn't expect you to be so straightforward." Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 246 I'm Using You 2

Emily had hesitated before. She didn't think it was decent to use Stephanie as her leverage. But the winter was coming soon and there wasn't much time left for her. They'd tried Rolando, but Rolando ignored Harold. Stephanie was her only hope now. Stephanie said sincerely, "I still have to thank you. If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't be standing here right now." she looked at the tightly shut door and continued, "If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't have known that my grandpa is still alive."

The door suddenly opened. An old man in coarse clothes came out. His expression was a little strange. He glanced at Stephanie and quickly turned his gaze on Emily, asking, "Who would you like me to treat?"

This girl was clever. She'd "told" Spencer about what had happened to Stephanie through the door. Even though the old man didn't know the details, he understood that this girl had

saved Stephanie's life. If it wasn't for her, Stephanie wouldn't have come here.

Those words touched a soft spot in the old man's heart, and he involuntarily opened the door. He had already lost his son and daughter-in-law. He couldn't let anything happen to his granddaughter.

Emily did start that conversation at the door on purpose. She wanted to make Spencer come out. To help them repair their relationship, she had to let the old man know what Stephanie had experienced. Otherwise, he might continue to torture himself with guilt and never talk to Stephanie for the rest of his life.

"I want you to treat someone for me," Emily said with a sincere look in her eyes.

"What disease?" Spencer walked into the room. "Come in."

Emily walked in and closed the door behind her.

Stephanie heaved a sigh of relief. When she heard the words of the middle-aged man in the hat, she did blame her grandfather a bit. Where was he when the whole village was in a catastrophe? In order to treat some strangers, he left the whole village to die.

His parents were dead. The entire village was dead. It was sad. But her grandfather had been living with the guilt for years. He had already suffered enough. It was about time for him to be forgiven.

She looked at a tree in the courtyard. Suddenly, a hand reached out in front of her, and a strawberry-flavored candy was lying quietly on the large, dark-skinned palm.

She looked up in surprise, only to find Harold standing before her with a wooden face. "If you are sad, have a candy. It'll make you feel better," said he.

"Thank you." Stephanie was on a strict diet. In order to keep fit, she had never had any coffee, hamburgers or snacks in the past decade, let alone any sugar.

However, she did not refuse the candy. She took the candy, peeled it off, and put it into her mouth. It tasted sweet and delicious.

"When Miss Emily saved you, she didn't know you were the descendant of Doctor Miracle," Harold suddenly spoke.

When Stephanie heard this, she knew the bodyguard was explaining for Emily. But if Emily didn't know, why would she rush there?

Besides, if Stephanie recalled correctly, it was this very bodyguard that had saved her back then.

Before she could ask, Emily had already walked out of the room. Spencer looked down and his eyes were red. When he came out, he looked at Stephanie with a complicated expression. In the end, he called out to her, "Wendy..."

Stephanie Smith's original was Wendy Smith. After she was adopted, her stepparents gave her a new name. When she cut off her relationship with that family, she'd set her foot in the entertainment industry, so she got herself a stage name. After eleven years, she was finally able to use her real name. But she only reactivated her surname Smith, and never mentioned her first name "Wendy" in public. It was her Grandpa who had named her "Wendy", which was a symbol to show his deep love for her. She didn't think she was qualified to keep using that name because she had failed him.

Stephanie rushed over and threw herself into the old man's arms, tears falling down her cheeks. "Grandpa..."

Emily gave Harold a glance, and they walked out.

In the room, Spencer didn't ask her about the patient's condition, but about Stephanie. Emily didn't say much. She just showed him a few articles on the Internet and Stephanie's post about her suicide.

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

"I thought she was doing well." After reading it, the old man covered his face in pain.

He secretly went to check on Stephanie once. When he saw that she was doing well, he came back. He did not know what he saw was only a false appearance.

Emily walked forward. Harold did not know what she was thinking. She seemed depressed and somewhat relieved, which was contradictory. Just as Harold wanted to ask, Emily finally spoke.

"Mr. Spencer doesn't want to leave here. Vincent has to come over tomorrow."

Harold heaved a sigh of relief and asked, "Miss Emily, what were you thinking?"

"I was thinking about what Mr. Smith said."

"I thought she was doing well..."

Maybe her mother also thought so. That was why her mother never came to see her.

\*\*

Jaquan's client had a car accident and was hospitalized. He came to the hospital to check on the clients from time to time. It happened to be lunchtime when he finished the work, so he asked Collin to join him for lunch.

Collin had always been busy. He usually had lunch in the hospital canteen. Jaquan had followed him to the canteen a few times, and the food was not bad. This noon, they went to the hospital canteen again. The waitress in the canteen remembered Jaquan. She couldn't help but praise him, "Dr. Mueller, your friend is handsome. You should bring him here often in the future. He'll attract many female customers to the canteen."

Jaquan was used to this kind of compliment. Hearing this, he smiled politely. Quite a few nurses standing in line secretly took pictures of him with their phones. He pretended that he didn't notice.

"Come on. Are you implying that I can't attract girls by myself?"

Collin put his arm on Jaquan's shoulder and teased.

The nurses immediately covered their mouths in amazement, faces blushing.

The waitress added a chicken drumstick for Collin, "No, that's not I mean. You're attractive, of course. This is for you.

Welcome back tomorrow."

Collin blinked at the waitress and took Jaquan to get a table.

As soon as they sat down, Jaquan looked at Collin with disdain, "Did you just charm the waitress for a chicken drumstick? She's old enough to be your mother."

Collin waved his index finger, "I'm sacrificing for the women."

"You really have a broad taste in women," Jaquan mocked.

Just as Collin was about to speak, his phone rang. He looked at the number and smiled. It wasn't a polite smile, but a relaxed and hearty smile with a faint hint of anticipation.

Jaquan wondered who was calling his friend. \_\_\_\_



Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 247 I Don't Understand 1

Collin said to the phone, "... I have no food allergy ... I like ... I also like ... So many things? I'm looking forward to it ... Well, I'll see you tomorrow."

After Collin hung up the phone, Jaquan asked, "Will you hang out with a woman?"

Actually, he just asked casually, not thinking that Collin had had a girlfriend. To his surprise, Collin nodded and said, "Yes."

Jaquan wanted to ask more, but Collin looked at his watch and said, "Time is running out. Hurry up and eat."

Since they communicated through phones, she couldn't be someone from the hospital. However, Collin rarely attended parties outside because of his work. Therefore, it truly surprised him that he had a girlfriend. And it seemed that Collin was very satisfied.

Beforehand, the only woman that could satisfy Collin was Emma...

However, that was impossible. Jaquan quickly denied it.

Even himself didn't know whether the subconscious denial was the reassurance of Collin or the trust in Emma.

During their meal, many nurses made eyes at them, but the two of them were used to it. Occasionally, Collin tilted his head and smiled at the nurses, which would quicken their heartbeat immediately.

"Don't flirt in front of me." Jaquan put down his chopsticks and loosened his tie with his slender fingers. He unbuttoned two more buttons, causing the women over there to exclaim instantly. He calmly stated the truth, "You are no match for me."

Collin was wordless.

When Jaquan returned to the office, he saw a familiar figure standing downstairs. At first, he thought that he had mistaken, but he confirmed it when he approached her.

"Arabella?"

Arabella probably came from the company. She still wore a formal suit with only a down jacket over it, holding a cup of hot drink. She may have been standing outside for quite some time,

for her lips were blue with cold.

"You came to see me?" Jaquan walked closer and asked, "Why didn't you call me?"

Arabella looked at him, "I did, but you didn't answer."

She was referring to the phone call she made that night four days ago. However, Jaquan had long forgotten it, for he had been busy with his client's lawsuit these days. Afterwards, he had to keep going to the hospital to follow up because of his client's car accident. As a result, he was so busy that he forgot about Arabella.

"Sorry, I forgot." Jaquan browsed through his phone for quite a while before he found the record. It was already four days ago. Arabella sighed with relief. Then she seemed to think of something that she became a little nervous. "Have you eaten yet?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

Jaquan felt that the question she asked was a little strange, so he couldn't help but look up at her, only to see her slightly anxious expression. She was nervous. What for?

"No, two people."

After Jaquan finished his sentence, Arabella smiled stiffly and asked somewhat uneasily, "Is it Mandy Ethel?"

"Who?" Jaquan didn't know who she was talking about. "I had the meal with Collin. What's wrong?"

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

"I see." Arabella answered. Not knowing whether she felt lucky or pleased, she then asked tentatively, "Didn't you have a meal with Mandy that day? She even posted it on Twitter. Aren't you ... dating?"

Jaquan was actually very familiar with Arabella's expression. Usually, women who wanted to approach him and woo him would have such a reserved and shy posture. And they would try their best to compress their questions as if they didn't care. He suddenly understood why Arabella came to him. Was it because he didn't answer her phone call four days ago? Or was she unhappy at his having dinner with Mandy?

No. What she cared about right now was who he was dating.

With so many years of hard work, Jaquan couldn't attract the slightest bit of attention from Arabella. But recently, he had accidentally aroused her care and concern. She even asked him with such an expression and posture, as if she was facing Vincent.

Jaquan suddenly laughed.

Arabella was stunned and asked nervously, "Are you dating?"

Jaquan shook his head. He still smiled, as if what he had spent most of his life's energy on the success. Seeing Arabella's concern, he was finally filled with satisfaction.

He finally had this day.

The day when Arabella liked him.

But strangely enough, he felt no excitement or happiness besides satisfaction at this moment, not knowing whether it was because he spent too much time, or he was certain that Arabella would like him. It seemed to happen without extra effort, and all of this was natural, as if he had won the case for his client and he had known the outcome all along. He had no unexpected surprises, just relief and a sense of satisfaction.

Seeing him shake his head, Arabella sighed a relief to herself, "You scared me. I thought you were really..."

"Arabella," Jaquan suddenly called her.

Arabella was stunned for a moment before replying, "What's wrong?"

"I still have things to do in the afternoon. I have to go back to the company first." Jaquan glanced at his watch. "Let's have lunch together tomorrow."

"... Alright."

After Jaquan left, Arabella stood there in a daze for a long time before realizing what she had just agreed to. What did Jaquan mean? Was it a date? It should be different from any previous meals, right?

Was it a date?

Arabella was easily distracted at work these days, not thinking about Vincent, but Jaquan. She wondered that Jaquan used to be on call and would always answer calls as fast as possible, but these days, for some reason, after blacklisting his WeChat account last time, his attitude quickly changed. He was no longer as enthusiastic, but kept her at an arm's length. She had personally defriended him, but she checked many times at

night, wanting him to befriend her. For several nights in a row, she dreamed that Jaquan was hugging Mandy. They were so sweet that Jaquan ignored her despite her scream. After she woke up from her dream, there was indeed not a single text message or call on her phone. Jaquan had not contacted her for four whole days. In the past, he wished he could spend twenty-three hours a day with her. But these days, he had left her alone ruthlessly.

Arabella should have held back, but she was afraid, afraid that Jaquan would really date with Mandy. She didn't know why, but she just didn't want to see such a scene.

When she heard Jaquan's denial, she was exhilarated in her heart, but she did not show it on her face. However, when Jaquan invited her to lunch tomorrow, she really revealed a smile. When she knew clearly what happened, she felt that something was wrong with her.

Didn't she like Vincent? What was going on now?

Jaquan also felt strange when he returned to the office.

'Shouldn't I be very happy and looking forward to it? Why would I still think about work and clients?'

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 248 I Don't Understand 2

He felt that something was wrong with him, so he took out his phone and called Randy.

"I have invited Arabella for lunch tomorrow."

"She didn't agree?" Randy was probably eating, with a swallowing sound from the phone.

"She agreed."

Randy was stunned for a moment and said nervously, "Do you want to invite me?"

"Scram."

Randy knew what happened. "Oh, are you here to show off? Congratulations. You've got what you wanted. Awesome.

Without me, the most handsome strategist, planning for you, you wouldn't have been able to woo her successfully. How is it feeling? Are you exhilarated? Have you gotten the condoms?"

...

Jaquan finally knew what was wrong, but he felt that it was because of the long time that his sexual impulse had lessened.

"I'm very calm right now."

"Come on. Without sex for so many years, you definitely are ready to sleep with the girl since you have won her over."

Randy laughed sinisterly.

"... No, that's why I'm so confused. What's wrong with me?"

"What?"

Jaquan walked to the bathroom and avoided the others in the office before whispering, "I'm not particularly excited."

Randy snorted and said, "Then you're done."

"What?"

Randy concluded, "Either you are cheating physically or mentally."

"What?"

\*\*

It was almost evening when Emily returned home. Matthew sat in the living room and drank tea. When he saw her enter, he glanced at her and asked, "Where have you been?"

"KFC." Emily lowered his head, as if she had done something wrong.

Matthew asked again, "Haven't you visited the Scavo's these days?"

Emily looked up blankly, as if she did not understand this sentence. The butler next to her immediately explained, "Miss Emily, you previously lived with the Scavos. Do you still remember?"

Emily nodded.

The butler added, "Mr. Maury wants you to visit them these days."

Emily was worried about how to find an excuse to go there tomorrow. Matthew showed up at the right time, so she smiled and said, "Alright."

When she went upstairs, she vaguely heard Matthew talk to the butler, "If only she wasn't retarded, she might be able to marry him..."

Matthew was shrewd, wanting Emily to marry Vincent since Elsie couldn't do it.

She didn't get even with Elsie for what happened last time.

Emily asked Harold to investigate the next day of the banquet.

Nearly a week had passed, she still hadn't found out who gave

Elsie that sketch book.

However, Emily had a premonition that it must be from the person behind them.

But why would the person do that?

To irritate Vincent?

To make Vincent angry and vent his anger on the Britts?

Thus, the Scavos and the Britts would be separated? Everyone would give a shove to a falling wall. If the Britts lost this powerful backer, they would also lose many resources in City Y. If they were unable to survive this crisis, they would soon go bankrupt even without others' interference.

No, what if Vincent wasn't angry?

Even if he wasn't angry, Vincent would definitely be wary of them. After all, his sister had died in a car accident. Why would a relic like the sketch book appear in the Britts'?

But with Emily here, Vincent would not think that way, while the person behind Elsie would definitely think so.

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People That person knew that the Scavos had help the Britts through their crisis. He knew that the Scavos and the Britts had a subtle cooperation, so he wanted to destroy it, endangering the Britts until they went bankrupt...

But Elsie rushed to stand out to be others' tool without knowing it. Since she dared to take such a big risk, that person must have given her great benefits.

Who was that person?

Emily texted Harold when she entered the room, "Send someone to keep an eye on Elsie 24 hours a day."

Not long after, Harold called. Emily went into the bathroom, turned on the tap and answered, "What's wrong?"

"Mr. Eliot found it." Harold's voice was clear. "He found the money Beverly misappropriated. They were quarreling in the underground garage."

"Next, Beverly will look for Christy. Tell Christy to get prepared because the money can't be retrieved."

"She also embezzled the year-end bonus at the annual meeting to buy funds."

"Annual meeting?" Emily recalled that there was indeed one,

but she couldn't remember anything specific.

"There will be an annual meeting on the nineteenth of this month."

Emily smiled. The annual meeting was a good place to expose the dirty deeds of the mother and daughter.

"Keep an eye on Beverly and that person. You know, you can create something at the critical moment."

Harold said, "I don't understand."

Eliot hadn't returned yet, and Maury seemed to be unaware of it. That's right. If Maury knew now, Beverly would be washed up.

After all, since she was his biological mother, Eliot would naturally protect her.

Elsie, on the other hand, looked like she was unaware of the suffering in the world. After finishing her meal, she glared at Emily and went upstairs.

Beverly did not go downstairs for dinner, saying that she was too tired and had gone to bed. She did not dare to face Maury for fear that he would see the flaws. Fortunately, Eliot had not told Maury the truth. Otherwise, not to mention eating, she would probably not be able to drink water in the future.

Maury took this time to have a good chat with Emily. There was nothing special about it, just asking if she had enough for dinner, the best food in KFC, if she had any cold drinks outside, and if she bought or liked anything.

To be fair, Maury treated her very well. Even if he had done something wrong in the past, and even if her mother could never forgive him, it still could not change the fact.

He might not be a good husband, but he was a good father.

When Emily went upstairs, she cut herself a bookmark-sized piece of paper with a paper cutter and began to draw. Because it was the first time she drew on such a small piece of paper, almost everything she wanted to draw could not be shrunk within this range. She had wasted dozens of them, and was finally satisfied when she drew the fifteenth one. It was a swallow.

She carefully picked it up and put it under the light. The swallow was painted in oil. The black swallow had a golden tail. It seemed to be a little lonely with only one swallow on such a rectangular piece of paper. Just as she was about to add

another swallow, a shadow covered her head.

"What are you drawing?"

The man appeared without anyone noticing. Fortunately, Emily was more or less used to it. She handed the thing to him and explained, "It's a swallow."

Vincent stretched out his hand and took it. He was dressed in a pure black coat. He came from the dark and entered the light. The gentle light unexpectedly blended with his sharp eyebrows and eyes. He smiled slightly.

"Vincent, I want to take you to a place tomorrow."

When Emily was about to explain that place and Doctor Miracle, Vincent said in a low voice, "Alright."

Outside the balcony, Guard A said, "I want to take you to a place tomorrow."

Guard B, "Is it heaven?"

Guard C, "No, it's..."

Guard D, "It's hell."

Guard A, "What?"

Guard A, "What?"

Guard A, "What?" \_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 249 To Survive 1

Vincent didn't ask where to go, but his meaning was very clear, 'I'll go wherever you take me.'

Emily did not dare to tell him for a moment. She was afraid that Doctor Miracle would not be able to cure Vincent's leg. She was afraid that the higher her expectations, the greater her disappointment.

Eliot often said, "Do one's level best and leave the rest to God's will."

Emily was unwilling to resign to her fate. She had made plans. If Doctor Miracle was unable to cure Vincent, then she would look for another doctor. There were so many excellent doctors in the world, and she would definitely find the one who would cure Vincent.

Before that, she had to handle Beverly and her daughter and find the person behind them. After that, she was willing to accompany Vincent to search for Doctor Miracle.

Vincent did not know that Emily had thought so much in such a



short period of time. He only saw that Emily was looking at the bookmark on the table with her head lowered. She stroked the corner of the bookmark with her delicate fingers, as if she had something on her mind.

Vincent held her warm fingers while his were slightly cold. He sat in a chair and held Emily in his lap before asking, "What's up?"

Emily pointed at the bookmark on the table, saying, "I don't know what to draw."

"This is ... a bookmark?" Vincent saw dozens of bookmarks lying in the trash can.

"I think the paper is too thin, but other things may not be fit to be used to draw. Therefore, I want to seal it with something so that it will last for a long time. Vincent, have you seen the kind of thing I said?" Emily tilted her head and asked.

Vincent put his chin on the top of her head and said, "Yes." His voice was husky, as if it was filled with lust, charming.

After Emily heard this, she was excited, saying, "Is there really such a thing?"

Vincent had turned his phone and showed to her, "Resin. It can be stored in resin."

Vincent's words seemed to have suddenly enlightened Emily. Emily was surprised and excited. Previously, she had no thoughts when she looked at the blank bookmarks. Now, she didn't know if it was because Vincent was sitting behind her or because of the great discovery of resin that she suddenly felt inspired. She took the bookmark and drew what was in her mind.

She needed more money to deal with things, including what Noah and Christy had done. Emily thought, 'As the saying goes, money talks.' Looking at Elsie and Beverly's attitudes, Emily believed in it.

"Well, did Irene help me give you the gift? I thought that gift was lost, and I almost bought you another one." Emily suddenly remembered this matter and turned to look at Vincent, smiling.

Vincent asked, "What gift do you want to buy for me?"

Emily tilted her head and thought for a while. Then she looked at Vincent, her eyes sparkling. "You don't seem to be short of anything, so I want to give myself to you as a gift."

Vincent let out a laugh, and his voice was so low and intoxicating.

He said, "Don't flirt with me."

Guard A on the balcony said, "I'm so jealous!"

Guard B on the balcony said, "I'm really green with envy!"

Guard C on the balcony said, "Me, too!"

Guard D on the balcony said, "Me, too!"

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

Guard A said, "I have been looking forward to that kind of sweet love!"

Guard B said, "Me, too!"

Guard D nodded.

...

At the same time, a guest arrived at Noah's new apartment.

Ferne held a bottle of wine in his hand, his face covered with a gray scarf, only revealing his eyes. He smiled at Noah and said, "Congratulations on moving to your new house!"

When Noah moved in, he knew Emily's plan. Noah didn't want anything to do with the Dalton Hotel, he was worried that the Dalton family and the Scavos would be enemies. Since Noah moved here, he rarely contacted Ferne. Other than business, they had almost lost private contact. Noah did not Friend Ferne on WeChat, and they only had each other's mobile numbers. It seemed that they were not close enough to be friends. It also might be because they had been staying in the suite of the Dalton Hotel, and there was no need for them to add each other on WeChat.

Noah didn't think much because he was outside almost every day. But Ferne thought of Noah every night when he checked the accounts. Every time Ferne thought of Noah, he would sigh. Ferne thought to himself, "As the saying goes, when you get used to extravagance, it is hard to be frugal. Noah silently helped me with my work for a few days and I was relaxed. But he suddenly left. I have to do these things by myself. I really miss him!"

All the waiters in the hotel knew about it, and many of them hinted to Ferne, "Say sorry to Noah and bring him back. If he doesn't come back, you can go to see him."

Although Ferne didn't quite understand why they said that, after thought about it, Ferne felt he should go to see Noah. After all, they had been through a lot. Now that Noah moved in a new house, it was normal that he went to congratulate Noah. Noah was wearing a short-sleeved shirt, and his body was still dripping with sweat, looking like he had just finished a sex. Ferne was shocked. 'Do I disturb him?'

Ferne looked shocked, causing Noah to turn around to glance at him, saying, "Why don't you hurry in?"

Ferne closed the door and entered. He saw Noah turn off the treadmill and take a towel to wipe his sweat. Noah went to the table and poured himself a glass of water. Then, he asked, "I've moved in for a few days. Why are you congratulating me today?"

Ferne looked around and found no women. He saw Noah turn off the treadmill and immediately realized that Noah was probably running just now and was disturbed by him.

Ferne lay down on the sofa and said, "I have to take care of the hotel's affairs and work out these days. I'm so tired."

Noah recognized what Ferne meant and only said, "I see."

Ferne was still thinking of letting Noah help him work with computer here, but Noah ignored him and just drank water cup by cup.

Was the water that good? Seeing Noah drinking water, Ferne couldn't help but feel a little thirsty. He stepped forward to grab a cup and took a sip.

Ferne suddenly thought of something after taking a sip and said, "Stop drinking water! I bring wine here!"

Noah lifted his clothes, revealing his strong and beautiful abs. He said, "My muscles are flabby. I can't drink for the time being."

Ferne was speechless.

Ferne squeezed his fleshy belly, and scolded Noah in his mind, "You are just to show off your abs!"

Ferne moved his gaze away. Although he was a man, he had to admit that every time he saw Noah's good figure, he wished he could touch Noah's muscles. \_\_\_\_\_

"Where's your sister?" Ferne finally realized that Christy was not here.

Noah pointed to a closed room and said, "She's inside."

Noah put down his glass, walked over and knocked on the door, saying, "There's a guest."

Christy came out. She was wearing fluffy pajamas and looked like a white bear. Her legs looked thinner and fairer. When she saw Ferne, she was not surprised. She even smiled and said, "I knew it was you."

Ferne was shocked.

When Christy came out, Ferne accidentally glanced at her room and saw a detailed map stuck on a wall, marked with red and black arrows. Just as he was about to take a closer look, he suddenly saw a little robot next to his feet.

Ferne asked in surprise, "Didn't Eleven leave? He's back?"

Christy nodded, "Yes."

Ferne held his chin, saying, "Trevor rarely left it with anyone else for so long. Furthermore, he lent it to Emily back then, but in the end, it came to you..."

Trevor.

Christy had heard of this name several times. At first, she thought it was the name of the little robot. Later, she found out that it was the owner of the little robot. But now, after hearing Ferne's words, she felt Trevor seemed to be her peer.

Such a young man, who created a little robot, should be a very famous person. Why hadn't she heard of him before?

Christy picked up the little robot and kissed its cold cheeks, saying, "Probably because I look too lonely."

Seeing this, Ferne's heart skipped a beat, "My God! You..."

Ferne stared at Eleven and found that the little robot was not struggling to escape, then he heaved a sigh of relief and said, "Don't scare him..."

Christy thought that Ferne was talking about the little robot.

She smiled and didn't say anything. She thought, 'It's just a storm in a teacup. The little robot has seen everything.'

'Wait! Everything?'

Christy suddenly remembered the time when the little robot flew to the Dalton Hotel to look for her. It stared at the wall and a video screen was projected out from its eyes. This scene must

have been personally witnessed by the little robot at the scene. Then, when she occasionally changed clothes naked, or came out naked ... Were those scenes all transported to its owner? Christy was stunned for a moment, then looked at Ferne and asked, "Where is that Trevor you mentioned?"

There was doubt that Trevor would definitely be able to see her every move. Christy suddenly remembered that every time Emily saw the little robot, she would squat down to talk to it and kindly call him Trevor.

Thinking of this, the details that were usually overlooked also came to her mind. When she was wearing a bathrobe, the little robot lowered its head and did not dare to look at her. When she was bathing, the little robot turned around...

It wasn't that it had its own thoughts, but that its owner controlled its behavior.

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Ferne looked a little sad and said, "He is in the Peck's. He is the young master who is in the garret and doesn't show up, Trevor Peck."

Christy looked shocked. Ferne didn't know if Christy accepted this explanation or if she was surprised by it. Christy opened her mouth slightly and looked at the little robot beneath her feet. The little robot probably heard the conversation and was standing there in a daze. It stared at Christy without blinking, as if it was nervous or uneasy.

Mr. Trevor was autistic and didn't like to talk. For more than twenty years, he never went out and only stayed in the garret. There were many secrets in City Y, but Christy had long heard of the secret of the Pecks. It was precisely because she knew about it that she didn't even recognize the young master of the Pecks when she heard the name, Trevor.

Since it was Mr. Trevor, Christy did not feel the slightest bit uncomfortable being peeped at. She could even imagine the scene of the young man turning around stiffly and awkwardly when he saw her take a bath.

However, why did such an autistic youth send his little robot to her?

If it was used to monitor her for Emily at the beginning, why

would it still be by her side now that it had been so long? Moreover, Ferne said Eleven should have been following Trevor, rarely staying outside for such a long time. Why? "I have things to do. I will go back to my room." Christy carried the little robot back to her room.

Ferne looked at her back and said, "Did I say something wrong?"

Noah had known that the owner of the little robot was Mr. Trevor. However, seeing that Christy didn't have nightmares when the little robot was by her side, he did not explain this matter to her. Noah was afraid that Christy would return the little robot to Trevor after she knew this matter.

Christy was a very lonely person. Even though she looked charming and could attract the attention of all men when she went out, she didn't love anyone. Right now, there was only one faith left behind in her mind. She just wanted to live on and find out the boss behind the scenes.

It could be seen that Christy was intimate with the little robot. If she knew that this was the private property of an autistic person, Christy would definitely not possess it. She might even go to apologize.

Noah turned around and asked, "Have you eaten yet?"

Ferne turned on his phone and said, "I'll have the waiter bring it."

Noah walked into the kitchen and said, "No need. Go sit over there."

Ferne followed in shock, "What do you mean? You cook by yourself? My God! Can you cook? Are you fucking kidding me?"

Noah held the kitchen knife in his hand and gestured at him, "Don't swear in front of me."

Ferne shut his mouth.

Noah was washing and cutting vegetables. He was skilled and had a natural posture. He even wore an apron. Then, Noah opened fire and poured oil. When Noah was cooking, the muscles in his back were clearly visible. Through the thin black T-shirt, Ferne could see Noah's muscles clearly.

Ferne felt that Noah was simply a god-like existence. Noah was a clean freak, old-fashioned and overbearing. However, he could cook. This contrast was simply unbelievable to Ferne. After staying with him for a long time, Ferne actually felt that

Noah was actually quite charming.

"Why do you know how to cook?" After Noah turned off the fire, Ferne asked immediately, his face full of interest as if he had spied on Noah's big secret.

Noah took the dish from the top of the cabinet. Hearing this, he glanced at Ferne. There was no emotion in that glance, but Ferne felt it was filled with emotions. Before Ferne could see clearly, Noah lowered his head. Mixed with the ear-piercing sound of the shovel scraping into the pot, Noah said in a low voice, "In order to survive." \_\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 251 See You Later

Ferne had never forgotten his first meeting with Noah. Noah wore a mask, exposing only his chin. He was tall and sturdy. His straight suit was perfectly pressed against his body. All his moves were natural and casual, making it hard for others to associate him with bad words.

How could a person like him say these words with such an expression?

Ferne didn't know what happened to Noah, yet he realized that his previous impression of Noah was wrong. Noah was not a rich man with high social status. He saved those children mostly because of his past experience. Ferne didn't not know what happened in the past, but judging from the present situation, it could not be good. Noah's expression was as gloomy as what he wore on that rainy day when he saved him from the police station.

"Come out for dinner."

The sound of knocking waked up Ferne. He then realized that

there were three bowls of rice and two dishes. One of the dishes was probably the leftover of the lunch. Noah heated it up and brought it here, but it was placed in front of himself.

"Enjoy yourselves, guys, I'll eat later." said Christy in her room. Noah did not say anything. He handed chopsticks to Ferne and said in a low voice, "Let's get started."

Ferne was particular about food. The chef of the Dalton Hotel was recruited by him personally. He didn't make the final decision until tasting more than a thousand dishes. In the end, his tongue was almost numb. What delicacies had he not eaten in the hotel all these years? Noah's words were not a compliment, but to get mentally prepared. After all, Noah's cooking skills might...

Oh my god!

Ferne almost held his breath to try the first dish. Out of courtesy, he was going to praise without any thinking, but after taking a bite, he couldn't help but say, "How about being a chef in my hotel?"

Noah ate leisurely, as if nothing happened.

Ferne tried the rice. Oh, my goodness, how could the rice be so delicious?

He then reached to the leftover in front of Noah, yet was stopped by him. "This is the leftover." said Noah with frowned eyebrows.

"What's the big deal?" Ferne was puzzled. "Why can't I eat it if you can?"

This was a plate of Braised Cabbage with Beef.

Instead of the beef, he took a piece of cabbage and put it into his mouth. At that moment, the cabbage dipped in the soup stirred up his appetite. Ferne was almost excited. "How could it be delicious?"

Noah wiped his mouth with a piece of tissue. Hearing these words, he looked at him as if he wanted to say something.

However, he opened his mouth but said nothing.

Ferne said while eating, "I know I'm rude, but it's really delicious. How about coming to my hotel as a chef if you have nothing to do? Your annual salary could be up to one million, I promise."

After finishing the food in his mouth, Noah answered, "Too late.



I've been working for someone else."

Ferne had forgotten Noah's deal with Emily, thinking that Noah had really found a new job. He questioned, with a displeased expression, "Who is your boss? How much does he pay you?"

"Eight thousand a month," Noah said calmly.

"..."

"Any progress?" Ferne poured himself a cup of red wine. After thinking for a while, he poured another cup for Noah, even though Noah had clearly said that he would not drink.

"Nothing."

Noah and Christy had been narrowing their targets these days. They marked all the bars and entertainment venues they have entered, crossed off safe places and circled suspicious places in red.

They had searched this city for many years, yet found nothing. The fire at the villa seemed to alarm the group, causing them to keep quiet. Noah and Christy, however, lost their clues.

"It's fine. Many people have been secretly sent out to investigate. They will find something. Take it easy." Ferne was handsome when he was serious. Hearing these words, Noah looked at him a few more seconds.

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"What?" Ferne wiped his mouth, "Is there rice on my face?"

"No." said Noah, raising his brows.

"Then why do you stare at me?" Dalton looked at him weirdly.

"By the way, my employees are strange these days. They keep urging me to talk to you. I'm a man, ok? Why do I talk to you ... I don't know if I'm thinking too much, but I always feel that they are strange..."

"You think too much." Noah took a sip of the red wine.

"Don't you say you don't drink?" Ferne pointed at him and said, "Men are always liars, right?"

"..."

The saying made sense. However, was it really all right for a man to say such words to the other man?

They finished their meal, yet Christy still stayed in her room.

Noah showed Dalton to the door and said, "Contact me through phone. Don't come here again."

"Are you worrying about my safety?" Ferne smiled lightly,

"Come on, I am..."

Noah interrupted him, "Save it. I just worry about my sister."

...

Christy stared at the little robot in her room. She did not say anything but just stared at the robot, as if she was looking at Mr. Trevor through the eyes of the robot.

Mr. Trevor, in the garret, knew that she couldn't see him, but was stunned by this kind of gaze.

They looked at each other for a long time.

Finally, Christy broke the silence, "Why are you always around me?"

The robot didn't answer. It was as quiet as usual.

A few seconds later, it seemed that something came to Christy's mind. She explained, "I don't mean that being stared by you makes me feel uncomfortable. I'm just ... curious, why do you give it to me if you need it?"

She used the word 'stare' rather than 'monitor'.

The robot remained still, as if it was looking at her, yet it appeared like that the person on the other side was not there at all, so it did not respond.

"You can leave now," Christy patted the robot's head. "Go back to your master."

The robot seemed to understand this command. It stretched its legs and took a few steps outside.

Christy felt sad for no reason. Probably, she was too lonely.

However, the smile on her face was so perfect, as if she had practiced countless times.

"You don't even say a goodbye. You will not come back, right?"

She asked.

The robot turned back before jumping out of the window, it seemed to speak, but it said nothing. As the window opened, it jumped out and flew away.

"That's it." Christy thought, "We will never meet each other."

She was drowned in a sense of loneliness, and hugged herself tightly.\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 252 Go home

Then the door opened, Noah walked in. Seeing her, he sighed

and gently hugged her.

"It's gone?" he asked as he didn't see the robot.

"Yes." she nodded.

"It might come back." Noah looked out of the window.

"Will it?" Christy looked up at him and asked.

"Of course." Noah answered.

It took the robot a long time to fly back to the garret. The young man reached out and held it in his hands. Then, he gently touched its head, as if he could still feel the warmth left by Christy.

There were still a few letters on the keyboard. They meant goodbye, but they were deleted too quickly, that's why the little robot said nothing as it left Christy.

Trevor wanted to say something, opened his mouth, yet no sound came out from his throat. He hadn't spoken for a long time. He almost forgot what it felt like to open his mouth. However, at this moment, the beautiful woman's expression appeared in his mind. She looked at him and said, "Don't you even say goodbye? We will never see each other again, right?"

"See you later."

He said it so weakly that no one could hear.

Who cared? No one could hear it, and it would not happen again.

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Emily, required by her grandpa, visited Mr. Rolando with a lot of gifts the next day. After that, she asked the driver to come back to inform that she was having lunch there and would come back later.

Hearing the message, Matthew was happy, thinking that,

"Maybe that young man really likes my granddaughter."

However, he changed this mind after a while. Rolando liked that girl, so he might be the person who invited her for lunch. That young man, probably, hadn't meet her at all.

At this moment, Emily was sitting in the back seat, hand in hand with Vincent.

In front of them, there was a tablet. It was playing a movie of Stephanie. Emily downloaded her movies and planned to give the tablet with these movies to Doctor Miracle.

On their way to the doctor, she casually played one. The

journey was long, and she kept worrying about whether the doctor could help Vincent. Thus, she just played a movie, thinking they would arrive soon after the movie finished.

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The movie was Stephanie's early work. Her performance was natural, even though she was immature at that moment. Her speaking was great, without any sign of recitation. In the movie, she was a music undergraduate. She was involved in a murder during a visit back home. In the incident, she was stunned. When she woke up, she faced trials, with shackles on her hands. She was at a loss and didn't know what was going on. Then, the movie turned to the entrance of a railway station. Stephanie's father stood there with a few partners. They smoked cigarettes and observed pedestrians. Then they found their goal, which was a rich man with glasses. He was serious. However, there was a Barbie doll on his briefcase. It seemed to be the result of a prank, yet he didn't take it down. He kept calling after coming out of the station and shouted, "I'm here..."

However, he was surrounded by a gang to the corner before he finished speaking. Someone held a knife against him and asked him for money and mobile phone. He didn't resist and hand out all his belongings, including that briefcase.

The man said in calm, "Can you leave me that doll? I mean, it's useless to you."

Few people could remain calm after being robbed. This man made the gang feel afraid. After a short eye contact, they cruelly killed the rich man.

Then they left. There was the man lying on the ground. The doll was on his body.

Then the scene turned back to Stephanie. The undergraduate played by her finished her piano training. She greeted her classmates with a smile. However, a cold expression appeared on his face after she turned around. It looked like that she was turned into another person. Then, she went back to her apartment and picked up a listening device. Yes, she was monitoring to her stepfather, the stepfather that her mother remarried when Stephanie was four years old. He had many secrets.

Later, she heard that her stepfather was talking to those people again. It sounded like he was dissatisfied with the group of people asking him for money every day, so he decided to go back and settle the matter once and for all.

Stephanie hurriedly bought a ticket and went back. She followed behind her stepfather and saw him taking out a bag of money and handing it to those people. Then he killed those people when they were drunk. All of a sudden, he found that someone had stabbed into his heart. The dagger was stabbed in from back. He slowly turned around and saw the person behind him. His eyes were widely open in surprise, but his body had fallen to the ground.

Stephanie stuffed the dagger into one of the dead men. Then, she took off her gloves, messed up her hair, dirtied her clothes, and slapped herself heavily. Then, she took out a rope to tie her legs and found a long stick to knock herself out...

As she woke up, the judge had ruled that his dad died trying to save her from a kidnapping of a gang. However, after a detailed investigation, people found that her father was not her biological father, but one of the murderers of her biological father a decade ago. At the end of the movie, the college student portrayed by Stephanie, dressing in a black suit, stood in front of a tombstone. Then she left, the camera turned to the tombstone. It was her biological father, and there was a pink Barbie doll near the tombstone.

The movie was full of mysterious. The plot was compact. It was the beginning of Stephanie's fame. The student played by her was a good girl in the eyes of classmates and teachers. However, nobody knew that she was so cold. She must have practiced countless times, so she could remain calm at the moment she stabbed her stepfather.

Many details were scary, including her coldness after getting out of the car when her stepfather drove her to school, and her cold expression when she turned around after dinner.

Emily realized that they had arrived at the destination when the movie finished. She asked in surprise, "Why don't you let me know when we arrive?"

Vincent took out his handkerchief and wiped away her tears, "So touching?"

That's the moment Emily realized that she had cried. She

hurriedly wiped it off. She didn't know if she was touched by the death of the natural father, or the choice of Stephanie. The girl carried all the hatred on her back and waited a long time for the opportunity to revenge.

"Let's go." Emily cheered herself up, got off the car, and held Vincent's hand.

She didn't hear what Rex said as they got off, "It's still the same after all these years."

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Chapter 253 Luck

Rolando didn't go out today. When everyone arrived at his house, Rolando was sitting in the courtyard and cleaning the grass he had just plucked. No one knew what he was going to do with it. He did not look up when he heard someone coming. Only after he finished the cleaning did he look up at others. First, he glanced at Emily, who he had seen before, and then he looked at Vincent.

Mr. Rolando revealed a thoughtful expression. Then, he looked at Emily again and heard her say, "Mr. Rolando, he's very important to me. I hope you can cure him."

Vincent looked at Mr. Rolando with a faint smile.

Rolando observed him for a while, and washed his hands. Then he said to them, "Come in."

Emily noticed that Rolando's expression was strange when he looked at Vincent, but she couldn't tell why. However, she could be sure that Rolando didn't have any hostility. It was just that he looked at Vincent's face for a long time, as if he was confirming something.

Rolando went in first. Just as Emily was about to enter, she was stopped by Rolando. "Wait outside."

As he spoke, Vincent stepped in. Just as he turned around, Mr. Rolando had closed the door. Emily could only see that Vincent seemed to give her a determined look through the crack.

Probably doctors all had their own peculiarities and no one was allowed to watch. Emily was nervous, but she couldn't show it. She just pretended to be fine and paced back and forth outside the door.

However, what happened inside the door was different from what she thought.

Spencer, Doctor Miracle, sat on a chair and poured himself a cup of tea. After drinking for a while, he said, "You are so lucky and you are still alive."

Vincent sat opposite him and only show a slight smile when he heard this, "Well, I'm just lucky."

It was not easy to become the patriarch of the Scavo family. He was able to become the patriarch not only because of Mr. Rolando's support, but also because his mother was accidentally killed in the internal disorder of the Scavo family. Actually, this was an important factor that motivated Vincent to risk his life the patriarch.

At that time, Vincent was only thirteen years old, and his sister was only seven years old. However, his mother did not protect her youngest daughter at the critical moment, but protect him by sacrificing herself. Hence, Vincent witnessed the death of his mother. He remembered that the bullet was clearly flying towards him, but was blocked by his mother.

She shouldn't have protected him. Vincent thought about it that the worst thing his mother had ever done was to save him. But, she indeed protected him.

That period of time when his family was experiencing internal disorder was the darkest time. Everyone used dirty means to frame others, and what they wanted was only the patriarch. Vincent had been studying with his cousins since young. His mother had once taught him not to forget his initial ideal. No matter what he wanted to do, he could just do it. Even if he wanted to abandon everyone in the Scavo family and go out into the world, his mother would also agree with that.

His mother never doted on him. If he made a mistake, she wouldn't scold him. Even if he had a fight with his cousins, his mother would only tell him to stand in the corner as a punishment. After he knew what he had done was wrong, he would not be allowed to explain. He was just sent back to sleep. The next day, his mother would admit that all the mistakes were made by her, instead of Vincent. In front of the entire family, she kindly apologized to everyone. That kind of scene impressed Vincent deeply. From then on, he would never make any mistakes.

He knew why his mother was not close enough to him, but he

still envied his sister for resting in his mother's embrace. Mother would always stay in his sister's room to tell her stories and wait for her to fall asleep. Children always yearned for parent's love and care. But after that, he seemed to be mature overnight. He became very respectful to his mother, and much more sensible when dealing with others.

As the boys in the family grew up, the annual exam also came, which was a test for the future patriarch. Even though Vincent's mother didn't teach him a lot, like how to handle the affairs of his family, or how to deal with the family business, Vincent seemed to be born to be a leader. In the past when he was playing with his cousins, occasionally, he heard that those people discussing business in front of him. In the five examinations of "Literature, Commerce, Law, Industry, and Martial Arts," he won first place in each exam.

He knew a secret, so he couldn't bring shame to his mother.

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Parents were not allowed to be judges if their children took part in that exam. Thus, the five examinations were quite fair. It was the fact that he won the first place that brought a calamity to him in the future. He thought that his mother would be very happy. After all, he had inherited his father's will. However, when he returned home, he saw his mother sitting alone in the study holding a photo of his father. She was talking, but she sat so far away that Vincent could only hear a few words, "... Perhaps this is his fate."

Whose fate?

He didn't know it at that time. But the next year, something happened the day before the inheritance ceremony.

His mother died. She pounced on him and protected him. She said before she died, "Take good care of your sister."

Vincent's hands were covered in blood. His sister's crying and Mr. Rolando's angry voice echoed in his ears. They were so noisy, but he didn't seem to hear them. He grabbed the gun from the bodyguard beside him and rushed out.

He was too weak, and before he could take revenge, he was knocked unconscious by Rolando and thrown into the room.

He didn't become the Patriarch. He had to guard his mother's



remains for three years. But the family needed a patriarch. A cousin won the first place in the examination and became the patriarch.

At that time, Vincent was too naive. He thought that there would be no accidents. Until one day, his sister died in his car and her corpse was exploded into pieces. Vincent knelt on the ground and held a piece of burnt clothing. He let out a miserable roar like a beast.

Why?

He was not involved in competing with others for the position of the "patriarch". Why did his mother and sister die? Why? During that year, it was the most desperate period of time for Vincent, and he was almost mad. After his mother died, he hired a group of expendables. Afterwards, these people helped him kill his cousin, which was only because the cousin might have participated in the assassination of him.

Might?

Vincent curled his lips and sneered. He would rather kill his cousin by mistake than let anyone off.

Most Scavos were dead or crippled because of his slaughter. Of the thirty cousins of the family, only eleven survived.

Vincent was so ruthless that he was even cursed by one of his aunts. However, he turned a blind eye to this and continued to do what he wanted. He was as cold as an envoy that came from hell, and he looked dour and gloomy.

Rolando then helped him become the patriarch. Under his management, he brought his family business back to life, which was nearly bankrupt. At the end of the year, the dividends were twice as much as that of the previous years. People began to admire him. However, a lot of people died for his success. There were still some people who were dissatisfied with him, but they were too weak to make a difference.

At the age of seventeen, he was almost assassinated again.

However, this time, the bullet only hit his thigh. He could clearly feel that his blood was instantly frozen and he was about to die.

This was the only thought he had at that time. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 254 poisonous

The guards cut open his trousers and saw a large area of purple

spreading out.

The bullet was poisonous!

The guards took him to the hospital, but on the way, they bumped into a teenager with white hair. The teenager was also in a hurry and wanted to get in their car, but the guards scolded him and pushed him away.

However, the next second, the teenager gave his arm a cut and fed Vincent with his blood. It was already too late for the others to stop him. The teenager said, "My blood can detoxify his body."

The guards immediately stared at him as if they wanted more blood him. The teenager was so frightened that he immediately jumped out of the car and ran away. He even scolded the guards, "You guys are so ungrateful!"

Vincent naturally didn't know about this. A week later, he woke up. He could walk, but he would feel much pain on his injured legs every rainy day. No one told Rolando that Vincent was injured. Rex secretly visited a lot of famous doctors and finally found Spencer Smith.

At that time, Spencer didn't want to see anyone, so he didn't pay any attention to Rex. Rex waited there for an entire month and didn't get Spencer's approval. Afterwards, Vincent personally went over to meet Spencer after his wound was healed. No one knew what he said to Spencer. After Spencer checked his injury, he just shook his head.

"I can't cure you. Just go home and wait for your death."

For the past ten years, Vincent, who was once young and naive, sat opposite Spencer. He looked calm and dignified. He was even like an emperor by sitting there. He seemed to be relaxed and there was even a smile on his face. He looked at Spencer and said indifferently, "I'm just lucky."

Lucky?

Spencer never believed that a person with good luck could survive that kind of poison!

However, the person in front of him was still alive. Spencer was puzzled and curious at the same time "I can't guarantee that I can cure you, but I'll have a try."

Vincent nodded, "Then thanks."

"Take your clothes off."

...

When Spencer and Vincent came out of the room, Emily was the first to rush to them. She stared at the Doctor Miracle and asked him, "How is it?"

The Doctor Miracle said honestly, "I've tried my best."

Emily had just heaved a sigh of relief, but now she became anxious again. She just couldn't get over it. However, Vincent held her hands and comforted her after coming out.

Emily forced a smile and handed the tablet to the Miracle Doctor. She showed him a few downloaded movies and said, "These are Stephanie's movies. You can watch them at any time. This is a charger."

She told Spencer every detail very carefully. It looked like she was talking with an old man, instead of a young doctor. Spencer took the tablet, thanked her, and then closed the door.

Everyone was accustomed to his impoliteness. Emily and Vincent came outside. On the way, Emily did not ask anything. She only held Vincent's hand and walked with him. Vincent's hand was very cold. But when she held it, she could feel the warmth of his palm.

Just like Vincent. Although he looked very cold, only when you got to know him did you know that he was quite nice.

"What are you thinking?" Vincent looked at her.

Emily shook her head. "At the beginning, when you were in the room, I thought a lot about the past and the future. When you came out, I thought about whether he could cure you. But now, walking along the road with you, I suddenly don't know what to think. My mind just goes blank."

Her hands were trembling slightly when Vincent and Spencer came out. She must have been thinking a lot by herself outside.

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Vincent held her hand firmly, "I'm fine. Don't worry."

Emily still remembered what she had said when she first met Vincent, which was November 17, next year.

She lowered her head and naturally changed the topic. "Rex just picked the apples on the tree."

"Yes."

Emily looked up at Vincent. Her eyes were clear and bright,

filled with disappointment. "He is very familiar with this place. I just thought that since I was able to find Doctor Miracle, you must have searched for him long ago."

Emily lowered her head, like a child who did something wrong. She sounded dull, "I've done nothing to help you."

"No," Vincent embraced her with his long arms. His voice was very low and pleasant. "You are here with me. And you've helped me a lot."

Emily did not know that the first time Vincent saw her was not in his room.

The first time he had seen her was at a banquet. There was a thunder shower outside. Vincent had an unbearable pain on his legs, so he was sent back by the guards. Halfway, he saw a little girl whose entire body was drenched. She was only about eleven or twelve years old. She had fair skin and her eyes were black and bright. She lowered her head and walked out without realizing who she had bumped into. When she noticed it and looked up, tears were all over her face. Her eyes were filled with grievance, fear and panic, because she just bumped into a stranger.

But at that moment, she suddenly took out a lollipop from her pocket and handed it over, "Does it hurt? Here you are."

She thought that the man in front of her looked so painful because of her, so she forgot that her sister had deliberately splashed alcohol on her. She just wanted to take care of the man in front of her and gave him the only lollipop.

Vincent endured the pain. His face was pale and his forehead was covered in sweat. Hearing what the girl said, he pinched the arm of a guard and wanted to leave quickly.

But when he returned, he slept until midnight due to the tranquilizer. When he woke up, his mouth was dry and he wanted to drink water. Then he saw a lollipop on the bedside. He didn't know which guard took the lollipop without his permission and placed it beside him.

Ever since his sister's death, he had never eaten sweets or candies again. Apart from the darkness, there was only coldness in his life.

Unexpectedly, he reached out and took the lollipop. He peeled off the wrappers and put the lollipop in his mouth.

The sweetness immediately filled his mouth. The lollipop is

strawberry-flavored, which surrounded his body and weakened his coldness. Instead, he looked so gentle and tranquil. He finished the lollipop quietly and thought of the little girl. Her wet eyes made her look like a deer, pitiful and attractive. The weak were pitiful, and it was hard to keep them around. Just like his mother and his sister.

"Mr. Vincent, Miss Emily has arrived home."

Vincent came back to his senses because of Rex's words. He looked out of the window and the sky was overcast. It seemed like it was going to rain. "Go back."

"Yes!" \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 255 The Weather Changed

When Jaquan arrived at the restaurant, Arabella was already there. Usually, she would be late. But this time, Jaquan did not expect her to come so early, so he was quite surprised.

"Why are you here so early?" He asked.

Arabella was slightly disappointed when she saw that Jaquan didn't bring her anything. But she quickly said as if nothing had happened, "I've been busy for a few days, and have one day off today. So I want to come out early to feel the outside world."

The implication was that, 'Don't think too much. I didn't come here so early for you. Because I wanted to breathe the fresh air, I came out earlier and wait for you in passing.'

Jaquan didn't care about this. They were too familiar with each other. He knew what Arabella would say, so he didn't argue with her. He just said, "Order whatever you want."

Arabella was a little unhappy, but she suppressed it. She forced a smile and said, "Then I'll start!"

Jaquan was more accustomed to her temper as Miss Arabella. Seeing that she suppressed herself and didn't say what she wanted, he thought maybe Arabella also wanted to change herself and leave a good impression on him.

But he liked the way she was before.

"I guess you either have an emotional affair, or have sex with other women."

He suddenly recalled what Randy had said to him

Jaquan couldn't help but laugh. How could that be possible?

Perhaps he was too tired from work recently to think about

those things.

After ordering the dishes, Arabella changed the topic and looked very upset. "The recent advertisements made by the company are too bad. Sometimes, there's something wrong with the messages of the advertisement. While sometimes, the celebrities they invited act like a diva."

After she came back from abroad, she gradually took over the family business. The Peck family had been involved in many industries, and not all of them could help the Pecks to earn a lot of money. Later, they could only make some achievements in the advertising industry. Afterwards, all the employees were sent to learn the advertising. Thus, the Peck family almost monopolized the advertising industry.

Even the Scavo Corp would need their help to shoot the videos about the cause of the public good. It was simple to imagine how promising the Peck family was in advertising. Arabella probably wanted to show that she was a woman devoted to her work after returning, but she forgot one thing. When Jaquan entered the company, he would be an incomparably professional lawyer. But once he walked out of the company, he would start to enjoy his life. He didn't like to discuss the business when eating.

He knew about Arabella, but Arabella didn't seem to know him. Thus, the next topics were all about her advertisement and his lawsuits, for example, the case that had just been closed last week.

"He won the lawsuit, and why did he commit suicide?" Arabella had gathered much information about the case. Otherwise, she couldn't have asked such a detailed question. "Fortunately, he survived."

Jaquan could tell that she wanted to care about him, but the way she cared about him was truly unacceptable. Occasionally, he would nod and smiled slightly to show that he was listening. However, he couldn't help but think in his heart, 'what's wrong with us?'

Were they too familiar with each other so that they had nothing to talk?

However, Armando and Janessa were more close to him. But Jaquan never felt embarrassed when staying with them, even if

they did not speak to each other. What was wrong with Arabella and him?

As Arabella drank wine, she also felt the awkward atmosphere. She had tried to put forward some topics with great enthusiasm, but Jaquan seemed not to care about it at all. She was a little depressed. In the past, it was Jaquan who tried desperately to think about some topics to chat with her. But now, everything had changed. Thinking of the past, she couldn't help but look cold. Well, she didn't want to talk anymore. Jaquan really liked such a quiet atmosphere, so he ate for a while. Someone sent a message on WeChat. He clicked and glanced at it. Everything was fine in the company. When he wanted to put the phone down, he accidentally saw a photo posted by Collin.

There were six delicious dishes on a square mahogany table, which were all home style. He had eaten them and they tasted very good. Three bowls of rice were beside them. On the photo, a woman was placing chopsticks. Her hands were fair and slender, but Jaquan knew that the woman was very powerful. She had once punched his mouth and made it bleed. Some friends commented below.

"Is this an official announcement that you are lovers? Congratulations!"

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

"Wish you a happy life!"

"I'm just curious about why there are three bowls of rice. Who else is there?"

"Hey, Doctor Mueller. Why don't you even say anything to us?"

"We had a promise that we would be single forever. But you didn't keep your word and have a girlfriend!"

"Where are you? Why haven't I seen this place before? Where is your girlfriend from?"

"Quickly bring your friend over. Let's have a gathering."

Seeing that Jaquan was in a daze, Arabella asked, "What are you looking at?"

Jaquan came back to his senses and said, "Nothing."

He put away his phone and remembered the expression on Collin's face when he answered the phone. He felt a little

irritated.

That bastard actually went to see Emma without telling anyone! He forgot that Collin had invited him before Collin left, but he refused.

When Jaquan thought that Stony might happily hug Collin and act coquettishly in front of him when he went to see Emma, Jaquan would feel upset. He felt as if his son had recognized another man as his father. He took a sip of red wine and asked, "Have you finished yet?"

"Yes." Arabella could tell that Jaquan was in a bad mood.

When they came out of the restaurant, the sky was overcast and it was likely to rain. Arabella thought they might not go shopping. She said, "What about next?"

Jaquan didn't know what to do next. They saw a movie theater, so he pointed to it and said, "Let's go to the movies."

Arabella nodded happily, "Alright. I haven't seen the movies for a long time."

Jaquan went to buy popcorn and bubble tea. He knew what Arabella liked. As for Arabella, she chose a comedy. After getting the tickets, they waited for a moment and entered the movie hall.

Because it was weekend, there were many couples in the theater, and there was almost no empty seat.

After Jaquan and Arabella sat down, a few more couples came and sat beside them. Before the movie started, young boys and girls around them took advantage of the darkness and began to kiss. Jaquan frowned. He clearly felt that Arabella was stiff.

Then, she took a sip of the bubble tea and look down at her phone.

Jaquan tilted his head to look at Arabella. The screen light of her phone happened to shine on her face, which made her face turn pink and look beautiful.

He should have kissed her at this moment.

However, for some reason, his mind was filled with images of Emma kissing him. It was a slight and casual kiss, and Emma kissed him because she mistook him. But that kiss was quite unforgettable.

As he hesitated, the movie began. Arabella glanced at him. Jaquan was very handsome, and he had soulful eyes. When he wore glasses, he would look much more charming. Now, he



stared at the screen and the light illuminated his face. His side face was hid in the darkness. Only his lips and chin could be seen clearly.

Arabella stared at his lips for a while, and then turned away. She thought that Jaquan would kiss her, and she was even prepared how to refuse him.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 256 comedy

It was a comedy, and it was full of punch lines. The entire hall was filled with laughter. Arabella was also very happy. She had probably not come to the theater for a long time. So she watched a movie she liked and laughed happily. Every time she laughed, she would turn to look at Jaquan. But she could only see Jaquan's calm expression.

"Isn't that funny?" She stopped laughing and whispered to him. Jaquan forced a smile and said, "Well, it's funny."

To be honest, He had seen the film before. He watched it with Emma at home. At that time, he also laughed a lot. But as he turned around, he saw that Emma was very calm. The woman seemed to be indifferent no matter what funny movies she saw. Back then, in order to test how she would laugh, Jaquan showed her a video called "Who Could Suppress Laughter". In the video, people of different ages and races laughed loudly. There were children, old men, black and white, men and women. There were all kinds of laughter. Perhaps one of them could make the audience in front of the screen laugh loudly. But Emma did not. From beginning, she was very calm until the end of the video.

Jaquan lowered his head and took a sip of bubble tea. Damn! Why did he think of that woman again?

After the movie, Jaquan and Arabella came out. Beside them were young couples, walking hand in hand. Some of them put their arms around the shoulders of the other. They just looked so intimate. But for Jaquan, he always behaved properly.

Arabella was originally worried that what she should do if Jaquan did something to her when they watched the movie. But she didn't expect that Jaquan didn't want to touch her at all. She heaved a sigh of relief. However, she didn't understand why she felt a little upset.

It was already four o'clock in the afternoon when the movie was over. They came outside and saw that it was raining. Although it wasn't raining heavily, it was getting colder. Arabella only wore a thin coat today. She was feeling hot in the warm temperature at the cinema. But the moment she came out, she was shivering due to the coldness.

Jaquan took off his coat and put it on her. Arabella held the sleeves and whispered, "Thank you."

Jaquan showed a strange expression at her.

"What's wrong?" Arabella asked.

"When did you say 'thank you' to me?" Jaquan looked up at the sky. "No wonder the weather has changed."

"..."

"Jaquan, please give me time," said Arabella as she rubbed the floor with her shoes.

In order to enjoy the romance, some young couples covered their heads with jackets and walked out. Jaquan's gaze swept across the crowd and then he turned to look at Arabella. "What time are you talking about?" He asked.

There were many people beside them and Arabella was embarrassed to say it in front of them. So she blushed.

She didn't know what was going on these days. She was always thinking about Jaquan. But the man she liked was clearly Vincent. When she saw the photo posted by Mandy, she suddenly panicked. She thought that Jaquan and Mandy were together. Jaquan hadn't come to see her once in four days. He didn't even send her a single text message or call her. She didn't sleep well for four nights. Finally, she couldn't help but run to Jaquan on the fifth day to ask him.

She had to admit that when she heard Jaquan's denial, she was very happy. But she also realized one thing, which was that she liked Jaquan.

Jaquan didn't figure out what was happening until he asked the question. Arabella wanted to accept him and not to love Vincent anymore. As for the "time" she mentioned, it meant after she made up her mind, they could be real lovers.

Perhaps she was weighing the stakes. Should she choose Vincent or him? Hearing what she said, Jaquan wasn't excited or happy at all. He curled his lips and said, "What if I say that I

won't wait for you?"

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Arabella looked at him in surprise.

"It's good that you like Vincent." Jaquan's voice was mixed with rain, which sounded inexplicably pleasant. But what he said wasn't so pleasant. "You look more real when you love Vincent."

"Do you think I pretend to like you?" Arabella was stunned.

"Randy once told me a law in the social psychology." Jaquan turned to look at her. Arabella had always been exquisite and beautiful. From the moment she entered the movie hall, there were many men staring at her. She should be proud of her beauty and she never cared about showing herself to others. She flaunted her beauty and enjoyed the attention of everyone. Jaquan thought of the banquets that she had brought him to. He was like a decoration that belonged to her. She held his arm and wandered around the lobby. Sometimes, they would receive some compliments. Then, he would be thrown away just like a pair of disposable chopsticks.

Jaquan looked at her with a solemn expression. "Actually you don't like me. It's just that I haven't contacted you for a few days, and you are not accustomed to it."

Arabella was stunned for a moment and then suddenly laughed. Her eyes turned red with laughter, as if she heard something really funny. "You keep saying that I don't like you. Isn't that you don't like me?"

The surrounding people roughly sensed that they seemed to be quarreling, so they couldn't help but cast their gazes at Arabella and Jaquan. Arabella rarely argued with people in public, for that she was afraid of being embarrassed. But today, she just couldn't help it. She had been wronged all afternoon. Now that she had the chance to say it out, how could she suppress it?

"In the past, you would always give me something when you came out to see me. It was either flowers or funny stuff. But today, I arrived an hour earlier and waited for you. I thought about what gift you would bring me, like a fool! But you didn't! From the meal to the movie, I was always thinking about the topics. Have you thought about me? Normally, it was you who

tried to make the conversation. But today, I am the one who has been trying to talk with you. Isn't it enough for me to change so much for you?"

Arabella almost roared. After she finished speaking, she ran out crying. The rain was getting heavier and heavier, and she rushed out to the rain. Jaquan was worried about her, so he hurriedly followed. He took large steps and caught up to her soon, stretching out to grab her arm.

Arabella struggled and cried, "Didn't you say you like me? Why did you push me to Vincent when I want to be closer to you? Vincent doesn't like me. Now, you don't like me as well."

They soon got wet in the rain. Jaquan used his hand to cover her up, but Arabella suddenly embraced him. "Jaquan, can you stop ignoring me? I'm so sad. You ignored me for several days. I thought you didn't like me anymore..."

Jaquan opened his mouth and wanted to say something. He liked Arabella, right?

He wasn't sure himself. Today's date should have brought them closer. However, it made him feel that they were driven far apart.

Over the years, to love Arabella had been a belief for him and he was very persistent. But when she really liked him, he hesitated. He muttered as if he was hypnotizing himself, 'I like Arabella. I always like her.'

In love, the one truly devoted one would never care about how much he or she had given to the other person. Arabella was so wronged just after one afternoon. Jaquan couldn't understand this in the past. Every time he saw Arabella cry, he would feel distressed and he wished he could get her the stars. Now that he understood all this, he no longer had the same feeling as before.

Because at this moment, he actually thought of Emma.

No matter how much Emma had paid, she wouldn't cry and ask for rewards from others. Even if she risked her life to save others, she would also say "it's no big deal". Jaquan didn't even see her cry once. She was completely different from Arabella. She could endure all the grievances and pain, and she wouldn't cry out.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 257 Borrowing Money

"Where are you? Why aren't you home?" Jaquan sent Arabella home and then took a bath. After seven o'clock in the evening, he went upstairs to Collin, but found no one there.

At eight o'clock, he couldn't help but call Collin.

Collin sounded very relaxed. "It's raining. I am gonna stay here for one night and go back tomorrow." As he was speaking, he seemed to have said something to someone beside him. "Just put it here."

"Someone is beside you?" Jaquan keenly sensed and was even certain that the person was Emma.

"Yes."

Collin admitted it, but didn't say anything else.

Jaquan felt a bit unhappy. He then asked, bracing himself for the unpleasant consequence, "Who is it?"

"Guess." Collin chuckled.

"..."

Jaquan gave up his pretense. "You can't be sleeping in Emma's room?"

Collin let out a meaningful laughter. "What are you thinking? There's a room next door. She was bringing me hot water then."

Jaquan noticed the teasing voice and deliberately ignored it. He only asked, "So she's gone?"

"No."

Jaquan frowned. "She stays in your room at night. People will talk about that behind your back."

"Are you serious? She has lived in your house for so long. Why didn't you care about that?"

Jaquan was made speechless.

Collin laughed even more happily. "Those people are right. The dishes she cooked are really delicious. By the way, did you watch the videos in my WeChat moment?"

"No." Jaquan now knew that Emma had left. Otherwise, Collin would not have spoken like this. He couldn't help saying angrily, "Collin, you can't have that idea in your mind, can you?"

"What idea?"

"..."

'Damn you, Collin! You shameless bastard.'

Jaquan wanted to smash his phone, but Collin was still saying

leisurely, "I heard that you went out with Miss Arabella today."

"How do you know?" Jaquan was surprised.

"I was tricking you. So you did go out with her." Collin sounded to be stunned for a moment.

"..."

"So you are officially in a relationship now?" Collin asked again.

"Holy shit, how do you know?" Jaquan was shocked.

"Now I know." Collin clicked his tongue and said, "You two are so efficient."

"..."

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Jaquan hung up the phone, exhausted. The TV in front of the sofa was still on mute. He took the remote control and pressed on the volume button. It was still the cartoon "Tom and Jerry". This afternoon, Arabella had become his girlfriend.

However, he didn't feel excited at all, which made him feel strange. He had always thought that to be with Arabella was his dream all these years. So, even if he didn't feel excited, he still hugged Arabella.

He had been taking a fancy to this girl since childhood. She was willful sometimes and would occasionally become arrogant and lose temper. But she was kind. Although she was no longer as pure as she used to be, she was still the one he had liked since childhood.

Thinking of this, he couldn't help but put on a relaxed smile.

Before he fell asleep, he watched the video Collin had posted in his WeChat moment. It was a seven-second video. In it, a four-or five-year-old wearing a rainbow raincoat was holding an umbrella for a young woman. She was collecting the rain to wash the dishes. He was short, but was holding an extremely large umbrella. The umbrella seemed to be very heavy, so he held it up with both hands. The young woman was wearing only a sweater and an apron. She stood with her back to the camera. In the video, only her slender waist and tied-up long hair could be seen. Rain drop fell on the umbrella, tiny droplets of water splashed, generating a pleasant sound. The mother and son made a quiet and peaceful picture.

But what Jaquan noticed was that the woman's hair was tied

with a red cherry hairband.

It was a gift from him.

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It began to rain not long after Emily got home. It rained late into the night. She knew that Vincent was struggling with the pain again. Her mind was in a turmoil. She sat at the table and drew a few bookmarks. Then, her phone rang.

It was Harold.

"Miss Emily, the person you asked me to investigate..." He hesitated for a moment before saying, "is from the same place as Beverly. They even went to the same school."

That person was Daniel, the director of the Marketing Department of Prosperity Group.

Emily had intended to ask Harold to get someone to fabricate some evidence for Beverly so as to defeat Beverly and her daughter once and for all. But Harold now found out that the two of them had known each other before. That was such a surprise.

"Keep investigating." Emily painted with much strength and paused as if she thought of something. "Is that Daniel's wife in City Y? Find out where she is. Invite her to the annual meeting. There will be a good show."

Harold understood that Miss Emily was going to get rid of Beverly and her daughter at the annual meeting.

"Yes, Miss Emily."

Emily had been trying to think of a perfect plan these days. She didn't want Eliot to know that she was the one that had done all these things. Eliot and Beverly and her daughter were related. She didn't want to put him in a very difficult position, nor did she want to give up the chance to get rid of her enemies just because of him. So she could only complete her plan step by step secretly.

At the same time, in Elsie's room next door.

"Mom! I've earned another 200, 000 in less than half a month!"

Elsie excitedly handed her phone to Beverly. Elsie could only see the figure of 200, 000 on the screenshot Christy had sent her.

"Stop fussing." Beverly calmly ate the bird's nest soup, but her eyes were filled with joy. In this way, she would be able to clear 600, 000 by the end of the year. She had gotten kickbacks when she purchased for the company. With the five million she had,

she could start her own company.

That was her plan. She decided to frame the accountant for stealing the money. Without the money, Maury would lose the large order. What was worse, he would have to pay three times the compensation according to the contract. Maury would not be able to provide half of the money. At that time, he could do nothing but to wait for the Britt Group to go bankrupt.

Beverly had never thought of betraying Maury even when he had nearly strangled her. Now that she had met Daniel again, she was motivated and encouraged to betray Maury.

She had left her contact information for all the outsourcing companies in the Marketing Department and Channel Development Department when she had been working in the Britt Group. Therefore, she was sure her company would function well. Moreover, Daniel would join the company. As the director of the Marketing Department, she knew his stuff. Beverly trusted him.

Maury would definitely cry and beg her, right?

Beverly sneered. As long as she thought of the scene that Maury seized her by the throat hard, her entire body trembled. If Maury knew what she was going to do next, he would definitely regret not having strangled her.

Unfortunately, he never had a chance again. \_\_

PROMOTED CONTENT Adkeeper Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 258 plan

In the Britt Group.

Eliot had been sleeping in the company for several days. It was understandable for him to do that because he was usually busy. But as the New Year was coming soon, different projects were coming to an end. He didn't have to work around the clock.

Others did not understand why he had been working so hard.

Eliot himself knew that the company was doomed.

Beverly had taken five million and refused to say where she was gonna use it. No matter how he threatened her, she kept saying she had spent it. He naturally did not believe it. But he didn't know where the money was. She was his mother, but she chose to watch the company collapse indifferently. She hated Maury and the entire Britt Group.

Eliot couldn't get five million for the company. These past few



days, he had been contacting his friends in the university. After all, it was a large sum. Even if he would borrow money from 10 people, each had to at least lend him 500, 000. These friends weren't that wealthy and they were all doing small businesses. They may be able to lend him 100, 000 or 200, 000 at most, but 500, 000 was impossible.

Moreover, as the Britt Group had been on the verge of bankruptcy before, many people did not dare to lend him the money. They were afraid that they would never get their money back.

He kept looking at his contacts on the phone, then he saw Sydnee's name. The Dickersons had always been elegant and lofty and seemed to have nothing to do with money. They were indifferent to fame and wealth and they didn't care much about money.

He hesitated for a moment and made a phone call.

...

"You said my brother borrowed money from you?"

Emily had just finished bathing when she received a phone call from Sydnee who also sounded very surprised. "Yeah, I can't believe it either. I don't know if you know about this, so I did not agree to lend him. I told him I need to think about it."

"Thank you." Emily muttered, "You did it well."

"Did something happen to your company?" Sydnee asked, afraid to hurt Emily's feelings.

"Not a big deal." Emily sounded like five million was nothing important. Sydnee admired Emily so much for her fortune when hearing her indifferent tone.

She thought for a moment and then said, "Actually..."

Emily sensed her hesitation. "You wanted to know why I didn't tell Eliot I have so much money, right?"

"Yes."

"I have my plans." Emily put down the towel and looked at her hazy figure in the mirror. She raised her hand and wiped away the water on the mirror. "In two days, you call him and tell him you will give him money after New Year."

"Alright."

After hanging up the phone, Emily stood there and thought for a moment before going out.

She had been ignoring an important clue.

Eliot was efficient and his room was neat and tidy. The bed was covered with blue and white sheets, the curtains were navy blue, and the upper half of the curtains was like dazzling white waves rolled up by the wind.

There were many books on the bookshelf and desk. He liked taking notes while reading, so there were bookmarks and notebooks on the desk. There was only one pen in the pen holder.

She remembered that her brother used this very pen to teach her how to write including his name.

She retracted her gaze and walked to the bedside. She picked up one or two strands of hair on the pillow and held them in her palm and walked out.

But she bumped into Elsie at the door.

"What are you doing here?" Elsie was in a good mood because she had made a profit, so she wasn't as mean to Emily as usual. Although Emily was shocked, she did not hide her hand. She only looked at Elsie, looking retarded, and asked, "When will Eliot be back?"

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

"How do I know it?" Elsie said impatiently.

Emily lowered her head as if she felt hurt.

Elsie was looking at Emily. Although she looked down on her, she had to admit that Emily looked well these days. Even if she was a cowardly retard, she was as beautiful as a doll.

Emily was like this when she was sent here at seven. At that time, Elsie had been very worried that all the boys in the school would like her. But to her surprise, Emily did not dare to go out and hid in the room every day. She was relieved then.

But as time went on, Emily became prettier. Now, she seemed like she had just finished bathing. Her skin was as fair as porcelain in the light. Her eyeballs were like black grapes. Her head was lowered now and only her pointed chin and pink lips could be seen.

Elsie stretched out her hand jealously to pinch Emily's face, but she felt her hair being pulled. She glared at Emily in pain but found Emily covering her head in fear. Emily then turned around and ran to her room. As she ran, she shouted, "Elsie,

don't beat me!"

"You retard, shut up!" Elsie was so angry that she chased after Emily to beat her.

"What are you doing!" Maury's voice came from behind.

Elsie's fury dissipated a bit instantly, but her voice was still filled with anger. "She pulled my hair!"

"Why did she pull your hair?" Maury did not see what Emily was doing. He only saw Elsie stretching out her hand towards Emily, and then Emily ran away. He jumped to a conclusion. "Did you try to beat her?"

Elsie was furious and retorted, "I just want to touch her face." Maury didn't believe her. "Elsie, don't go to school these days. Stay in your room. If I see you treat Emily like that again, you have to move to the countryside!"

Hearing the word "countryside", Elsie shrank and trotted into the room.

She didn't want to go back to the country. There were many mosquitoes.

Returning to her room, Emily spread out her palm. There were a little long hair and a little short hair.

She put the long hair and the short hair into two transparent bags, then texted Harold. A moment later, Harold came in from the balcony and took away the things on the table.

The moment he got it, he saw what was inside. He couldn't help but feel a little surprised. But as he always kept a poker face, even though he was surprised, he didn't show it.

"There should be my dad's hair in the back seat of his car. Go pick up some and send them for a test." Elsie sat at the table, looking so indifferent that no one was unable to see what she was thinking.

"Yes!"

When Harold was about to leave from the balcony, he heard Emily's voice coming from behind.

"Harold."

Harold turned around and didn't say anything. He just looked at her fixedly.

Emily did not look at him, but lowered her eyes and asked, "Will Dad hate me if I break up his home? Will Eliot hate me?"

What if the people she wanted to protect hated her?

"Miss Emily, you just need to do what you think is right." Harold

said seriously.

"Thank you, Harold." Emily looked up at him, her eyes filled with determination now. "Now I know." \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 259 Cellar

Emily stayed in her room for four whole days. During these four days, she only worked on her paintings and read books. After completing a dozen bookmark designs, she finally asked Harold to send out one design and had the factory customize it according to her requirements.

Before Harold left, he even asked, "Just this one?"

Emily nodded, "It is enough."

She only drew one pattern. It was the shape of a raindrop. It was attached to the window glass, forming a huge water droplet. It was lifelike. If it could be sealed with resin, the shape would be more vivid.

She asked Stephanie to advertise for her. There was no need for her to advertise too much. Just one design was enough for the public to know her talent. Then she would apply for copyright protection and sign an agreement with the manufacturer.

In the past few days, she had also finished two other paintings, she asked Harold to take them to the Dalton Hotel, she didn't expect that someone would buy them right after the delivery. Vincent's purchase had lifted quite a new wave of buying paintings. Many followers tried to buy one. However, there were fewer paintings than the customers' needs, thus there was a shortage of supply. There were too many people competing for the two paintings, the tension almost led to a fight. In the end, the owner of the Dalton Hotel came forward and held an unofficial auction to sell them to the highest bidder.

One was sold at the price of five million, the other at six million. Emily earned tens of millions in just one day, which made Ferne envy. However, at this moment, she wasn't happy at all.

Because, the test results came out.

Harold did not read the test results. He went to another city to find a doctor to do the test. After all, everyone in City Y knew Maury and Beverly. To be on the safe side, he went to the neighboring city. After the test was finished, he had someone send it over by express delivery. Then, he brought the test

result to Emily as soon as he received the express delivery. Emily read the test results with no expression on her face. After reading it, she put it aside and said to Harold, "Help me with one more thing."

...

At the same time, Christy and Noah finally found clues in their long search.

Noah joined a chat group. There were all kinds of people in the group. Every day, they would share pictures of girls with stockings. Sometimes there were even naked pictures of minors. Everyone in the group used these pictures for their daily entertainment. He had joined this group for more than a month, and no activity had been held so far. Now, the group organizer suddenly said that in order to celebrate the first anniversary of the group's establishment, there was an anniversary event.

Someone in the group asked, "Do you have any younger ones?" The organizer smiled sinisterly, "Of course."

The organizer hosted this event for money, and the group members did not lack money. Some of them asked in the group how much money they should pay. Instead of sending private messages, this time the organizer clearly marked the price at 5,000 per night for one girl and sent out the message in the chat group.

Dozens of people immediately signed up, and Noah blended in. To be on the safe side, the organizer took a deposit of 2,500 in advance. After they actually met the girls, he would collect another 2,500.

After Noah changed his clothes, he warned Christy, "Don't rush to save people. This time, we need to find out where their source is. As long as we cut off the source, we can save more children. Therefore, don't be impulsive."

"When did you see me being so soft-hearted?" Christy asked him while wearing stockings.

Noah was stunned for a moment before he realized that the person he should warn was Ferne.

Christy took out two black earrings from the box and handed one to Noah. "New type, Emily sent them over. Try it on first."

Noah put it on without saying a word and walked out the door.

Christy's voice came from the earring, "Can you hear me?"  
"Yes." Noah looked at the earrings through the reflection of his phone screen and said, "Let's go."  
Christy also took part in this activity, as Noah's female companion, in order to cover up his "bad hobbies" for him. The venue for this event was somewhat remote. It was like a dilapidated auditorium. However, tables and chairs were removed. The building only had one floor, and the curtains on the stage were still there.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
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After arriving at the place, they discovered that there weren't many participants. It seemed that there were only about 30 people, the number was exactly the number of people who signed up in the chat group. After entering, every participant was attracted by Christy.

Christy was dressed in a sequined gown today. The golden light was quite dazzling, and her curvaceous figure attracted many men. Of course, their eyes were fixed on her. Some men did not stare at her with lust. Instead, they just glanced at her for a moment before moving their sights away.

After all, what they really liked was coming right away. Quite a few curious men walked over and asked Noah, "Why did you bring your female companion here?"

Noah smiled without revealing any traces. "I used to take a female companion to cover up for this kind of event. I didn't expect that it is unnecessary for this place."

Noah used a simple statement to mark himself as an experienced player, and relaxed the participants' alert, and even made them feel a little excited to find another fellow companion.

"This is the second time I've participated. The last organizer ... was caught. After waiting for a few days, I thought that no one would host another one. I didn't expect this event will really happen."

"The one who got caught is somewhat lucky anyway. I participated in one before, and the organizer was stabbed to death on the bed..."

"I know that. I heard that he was killed by the girl..."

When they spoke, none of them noticed Christy's expression. She stiffened for a moment, then smiled perfectly at Noah as if nothing had happened. All sorts of amorous feelings appeared in her eyes.

"Have you ever thought of buying a girl and keeping her at home?" Noah suddenly asked. His resolute face was a little fierce at the moment, but no one paid attention to his expression. Because the organizer had arrived, everyone turned to look at the organizer. Hearing his words, they did not turn around and said, "This won't work. If someone finds out, your life will be over. Furthermore, how can you hide a person without being found out? At least there must be a cellar." When the others heard this, they turned around and began to discuss,

"I heard that the welfare institute has a cellar for children."

"Bullshit, why don't I know? Which welfare institution?"

"I just heard about it. I didn't say it was true."

"There are a lot of cellars in the rich people's homes. Maybe each rich family in the City Y has one..."

"I don't have one at home."

"Don't pick on me."

"The organizer here probably used girls for business. He won't sell one to me." Noah said regretfully.

A group of people nearby immediately began to chatter.

"Why buy from the organizer?"

"That's right. The organizer is just a middleman. He would definitely charge a high price. Furthermore, I have to say, what he have are not first-hand products."

"If you want to buy one, why don't you contact Merinda directly? She has resources, but I don't have any contact information. Someone told me before but I didn't dare to buy one. I still have a wife and children at home."

"Merinda?" Noah put on a puzzled expression naturally. \_\_\_\_\_ Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 260 transactions

The organizer on the stage had started his speech, so Noah couldn't ask any further. He just exchanged glances with Christy and then looked at the stage. The red carpet looked more dilapidated under the illumination of the lights.

"As for you guys, you all finished your payments, so those who didn't pay won't get the address." The organizer waved at them because there weren't many people and he didn't prepare speakers or microphones. He stood on the stage and stared at the people below. Then, he noticed Christy and quickly turned his gaze away. "Next, please come to me and finish the payment."

Christy did not ignore the snake-like gaze in his eyes. It was extremely disgusting.

However, she acted as if she had not seen anything. She fixed her eyes at the organizer seriously as he spoke.

The organizer was a middle-aged man in his forties. Although he wore a mask and only exposed a pair of eyes, the light in those eyes was enough to let people know his character clearly.

Especially after hearing his words, one could easily know that he was a greedy person.

The others were unhappy.

"We haven't seen the girl yet, how can we pay first?"

"That's right. Didn't you say that we pay after we meet the girl?"

"Yeah, where is the girl? Are you joking with us?"

"If you dare to collude with the cops to cheat us, you will be finished!"

Some men fiercely warned. Hearing these words, many people changed their expression. Some even went up to grab the organizer's arm and said, "Is this a set-up?"

The organizer was very calm. "Quiet, don't quarrel. Pay first, the girls are behind us. You'll see when the curtains open."

Those people still didn't let go of him. The organizer had no choice but to walk over to the curtain and pulled open the thick and dusty curtain with the crowd around him.

The backstage was also slightly dirty. It had probably been cleaned up a little bit, there were sofas, beds, and dozens of dressing tables inside. In the innermost corner, there were 30 girls squeezed like quails.

No more no less, exactly thirty.

In front of them, there were six men guarding.

Christy, who had been through a lot, couldn't help but be shocked when she saw this scene. What did it mean for thirty



girls being here?

It meant 30 families had been destroyed!

"How about it? You have seen the girls. Where's my money?

Give it to me, pick your own place and have some fun, keep one thing in mind, bring my girls back alive." The organizer said

lewdly. He reached out his hand and said, "Pay first."

Only then did the group of people pay the money without hesitation.

Noah and a group of people walked in. Before he entered, he inadvertently swept a glance at Christy. The latter nodded and then walked to the side, quietly observing the evil deeds of this group of animals.

The organizer had been paying attention to her for a long time, seeing her not even blink under this circumstance, he seemed to understand. He knew that some rich people would always bring a female companion just in case, if they really ran into a cop, they could use their female companion as a cover.

This woman's expression did not change for a moment. It seemed that she had seen quite a few things with her master.

The organizer clearly wanted to move his gaze away, but he couldn't help looking at the woman's waist, her curved buttocks, and her two slender long legs. If these legs were placed on his shoulders ... he swallowed evilly.

As for her master, he didn't seem to have time to take care of her. As the organizer thought about it, he walked over to Christy and said, "Do you feel cold here? There's a room over there with the heating on. Come on, you need to wait at least a while."

Christy smiled charmingly at him, "No, if I leave, who will be responsible for anything happens later?"

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

"What will happen here?" The organizer laughed wretchedly,

"To tell you the truth, we have organized a dozen events here, and nothing unexpected has ever happened before."

Of course, his words had an element of advocacy, but when Christy heard the number, her eyes instantly turned cold.

Fortunately, she quickly moved her gaze away and tilted her head, "I can't be too far away."

It meant yes.

The organizer laughed happily, "Not far, not far! Just over there."

There were still some drugs left in his room which specialized in dealing with disobedient children. If he gave her a drink later, could she be able to say no at that time?

Thinking of this, he almost couldn't restrain his excitement.

The organizer enthusiastically brought Christy to the room without noticing the expression on Christy's face.

Meanwhile, Noah had been assigned a girl. Now all men were in the backstage, no one were afraid any more. Some went out to find a place, some were sitting directly on the sofa or table. In short, the whole place was filled with horny men.

The girls were kissed and touched by men who were at least twenty years older than them. Some of them wept, some cried, but their voices were weak, like mosquitoes. Not only did they not cause pitiful feelings, instead, their responses awakened the desire of these animals.

Noah bent his arm and took out something from his pocket and stuffed it into the girl's mouth. The girl was shocked and wanted to spit it out, but Noah suddenly grabbed her neck. He raised his eyebrows and said ruthlessly, "Swallow it!"

The girl could only swallow in humiliation.

Noah pulled off his tie and leaned over to the girl's ear, whispering, "Don't die, remember."

The girl opened her eyes wide in surprise. The next second, her clothes were torn apart. She was exposed to the light and couldn't help crying, but she didn't call for help.

Noah looked at her in confusion, "Can't you speak?"

The girl's eyes were teary and she didn't speak. He looked at the other girls, struggling or crying, but none of them said anything. His heart sank, "All of you can't speak? Are you all mute?"

The girl probably understood. She nodded and placed her hands together on her chest, begging him to let her go.

Noah asked again, "Where are you from? Orphanage? Welfare institution? Or church?"

Every time he asked, the girl just shook her head.

There wasn't much time left. From the moment he entered, he had set the watch's time to twelve o'clock. The watch was connected to the ones outside. Once the time of his watch was

adjusted, the ones outside would be changed simultaneously. After two minutes, his team would start action. He asked in haste, "Can you write?"

The girl nodded and reached out her hand to write on his chest. Before she could finish writing, the sound of a siren reached from outside. It was so sharp that it was like the sound of death which brought endlessly horror in the night.

The men nearby had only just taken off their clothes. Before they could really do any harm to the girls, they were so frightened by the sound of the siren that they almost immediately put on their pants and ran out. As they fled, they shouted, "Organizer! Are you setting us up?"

Quite a few people ran out, while the organizer was drinking red wine with Christy in the room. Of course, the organizer had added drugs in this wine already. The disobedient children would be very obedient after drinking this wine, allowing others to do whatever they want.

Christy just shook her glass of red wine and laughed quietly through it. She also put the tracer into his pocket when the organizer turned around to pour wine.

As soon as he returned to his base...

Suddenly, the sound of a siren pierced through the air. The organizer was stunned for a moment and suddenly grabbed Christy's arm fiercely. "How did the cop find this place? Was that you?"

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 261 The Evil Hands

"Are you trying to frame us up?" Christy was fearless, grabbing his collar. "Take us out now. If we get caught, you won't be able to walk away from it!"

Her retort reminded the organizer of the situation, and he immediately rushed out, followed by those men, who caught him like headless chickens, railing against him. "Damn it! You dare to set us up?"

Someone even came over and punched the organizer. "If I get caught, you're dead meat!"

These people might be respected with their social status, and their reputation would be damaged and their promising career would be ruined if they got caught because of this.

Therefore, many of them rushed to the organizer when he came out. As he struggled, the organizer's mask fell off, revealing a pockmarked face. Everyone tried to strangle him, wishing to kill him.

At the sound of the sirens, the six bodyguards started to take the thirty girls outside. The dozen men guarding the door rushed in, each of them dragged two girls out.

In the blink of an eye, only the organizer was left in the auditorium. Badly beaten up, he curled up on the ground and shouted, "It's not me! Listen to me. Don't panic. Follow me. We'll talk after we get to a safe place."

The people shouted, "Hurry up and lead the way!"

At the back door to the backstage area of the auditorium, there was a storage room, where some old junk was piled up there.

After the organizer led the people in, he closed the door and said, "Hush. Don't make a sound."

In the darkness, more than thirty people quietly squatted in the corner. As the footsteps approached, someone shone a flashlight. The beam swiftly flashed across the flustered faces of the men through the wooden door to the storage room.

Someone said, "Where did the thief go?"

Another man said impatiently, "Are you sure he came here?"

"I don't know."

"Then why do you come here?"

"To try our luck. It's not easy for us to go out on such a cold day. We can get a bonus this year if we catch a thief with a criminal record."

"Come on. I just want to stay in the car and enjoy the heating in this damn weather." The man yawned and said, "I'm going back. You go ahead."

"Forget it. This place is eerie. I'm going back too."

When the sound of footsteps died away, everyone in the storage room quietly let out a sigh of relief. They were scared out of their wits. They had thought that they were betrayed by the organizer. However, it turned out to be two cops on patrol. The organizer realized that he had misunderstood Christy. Moreover, he had been wrongly beaten up. Once the cops left, he hissed, "I make money from you, so I can't possibly report you to the cops. Damn you. If you think about it, you'll find it

unlikely."

Even though it was a false alarm, the people had lost their mood. They seemed to be frightened. During the long time when they hid in the darkness, they imagined the distain in the eyes of their neighbors, relatives and friends after their reputation was damaged.

However, some bold people asked the organizer anxiously once the cops left, "The cops came before we started. We can't continue tonight. You took the money. What are you going to do?"

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

"I know. Don't worry. I won't pocket your money. However, it's too risky now. You have to wait for a while." The organizer wouldn't give them back the money.

Someone said, "What if you change your mind? You should return the money to us."

Someone echoed, "That's right. I think it's too dangerous. What if we get nothing after we pay and get caught by the cops in the end? Who will bear the responsibility then?"

"I promise that the place we choose next time will be very safe." The organizer extended his hand and earnestly assured them. However, no one could see his expression in the dark. Many people bottled it after they got frightened by the sirens. They waited for five minutes, and no one appeared again. The organizer opened the door and said, "Come on. Let's go out. It's safe now."

The people scattered away. Noah walked at the back and leisurely lit a cigarette. He took a slow puff and put his arm on the organizer's shoulder. "Did you take my woman to your room for a drink just now?"

The organizer's legs gave way when he looked at Noah's gloomy eyes, but he explained with feigned composure, "There is heating in the room."

Noah paused, as if he understood. "Oh, I see."

The organizer had attempted to hit on Christy, but now he didn't even dare to glance at her.

Noah seemed to remember something and asked, "Do you have any clean ones? Any virgins that you have just got?"

The organizer extended his index finger and thumb, rubbing them. "Yes, but the price..."

"Money is not an issue." Noah puffed the smoke at the organizer's face. "Call me once you have any fresh girls. I don't lack money."

The organizer could tell that Noah was the richest man among these people. He was handsome, and the woman beside him was a stunning beauty. One could imagine how wealthy he was. Of course, this special hobby couldn't be discovered by others. Normally, rich men tended to keep a few young girls in their private villas, so no one would find out. If anyone saw the girls, he would just cook up an explanation that they were his nieces. In short, no faults would be found in any investigations.

Noah's words disarmed the organizer, who gave a lubricious smile and said, "Don't worry. I'll call you when I have new girls."

Noah merely said, "Okay", and tossed the cigarette butt into the organizer's palm like a king.

Rich men liked to treat people like servants. The organizer cared for nothing but money, so he sucked up to Noah, who was wealthy. After he saw Noah off, he happily picked up the cigarette butt and looked at it.

'Damn it. He is indeed a rich man, and he smokes costly cigarettes.' He greedily sniffed the smell of the cigarette, a satisfied and vulgar smile appearing on his swollen and bruised face.

He thought he was going to make a fortune from this wealthy man.\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 262 address

On midwinter evenings, it got dark early in City Y. There were no stars in the pitch-black sky.

It was an ordinary night, but it was unusual.

The owner of the Dalton Hotel returned to his suite early, and he did not even have dinner delivered. The staff had a good gossip about that their boss had broken up with his boyfriend. Ever since his boyfriend walked out in a fit of anger, their boss had been depressed. He was not in the mood of doing anything all day long. Today, his spirit was lifted, but he looked tense. His eyes were extremely bright, and he looked like a poisoning

leopard.

Ferne was waiting for a phone call. Noah asked him to arrange a police car to search near the appointed location for the purpose of scaring the organizer. However, if anything went wrong, Noah and Christy would not be able to come back.

Ferne had intended to join them, but Noah refused on the grounds that his face was conspicuous. Noah had a point there. After all, Ferne ran a hotel, and he was considered one of City Y's young and promising entrepreneurs. However, Ferne felt disgruntled with the word 'conspicuous', which didn't sound like a word to describe a man. Instead, it sounded like the word for the most popular courtesan.

Time crawled to 22:11 in his wild imagination. His phone vibrated. It was a message from Noah. It was a period.

Ferne was exasperated.

'Damn it. Can't this guy type more words?'

'Thankfully, he is fine.' Ferne let out a sigh of relief. He changed and went upstairs. These days he was practicing boxing. It was said that it took twenty-one days to form a habit. After practicing for two months, he finally took to the feeling of sweating profusely.

After he changed clothes, Ferne went upstairs. A waiter came out after he finished cleaning the arena. However, he stopped at the door and saw Ferne go to the sandbag and gave it a fierce punch.

The sandbag swung slowly, revealing a portrait on the sandbag. It was Noah's face.

The waiter shook his head. 'Mr. Ferne is turning his love into hate.'

...

Jaquan had been busy for several days. His client was hospitalized, so he had to go to the hospital and followed up on the case. The trial date had been postponed due to the hospitalization of his client. However, the opposing lawyer proposed a settlement. His client wanted to fight for the best interests in court, but at the same time he was worried that it would cost more to hire a lawyer. Even if he won the lawsuit, he would get less. In short, the indecision of the client had greatly affected his mood. As a result, he had completely forgotten

about Arabella these days.

By the time he sorted out the things with his clients, four days had passed since he formalized his relationship with Arabella. On the fifth night, he managed to call Arabella after work, briefly explaining that he had been busy recently. Arabella was understanding and didn't complain, but she seemed to be in low spirit.

"Tomorrow is weekend. I'll take you out."

"Okay." Arabella's mood was lifted. "Where are we going?"

Jaquan didn't have any idea, so he asked, "Where do you want to go?"

"The Cultural Palace." Arabella suggested.

"Okay. I'll pick you up tomorrow."

After hanging up the phone, Jaquan looked at the time. It was half past ten. He flexed his shoulders and drove out of the garage. Afterwards, he opened the window to get fresh air. The traffic wasn't congested at night, and he kept his speed at 60 mph. He relaxed at the view and the cold breeze on the winter night.

He stopped at the red light and tilted his head to look at the car beside him. It was a long van. The window at the front passenger seat was open, but the man sitting on it saw Jaquan's car window was open, and he slowly rolled up the van window. Jaquan looked away and rubbed his fingers on the steering wheel. When the light turned green, the van sped away. Jaquan was behind the van. In the high beam light, he saw a girl's face pressing against the rear window of the van ahead of him.

When he drove closer, he found that it was a poster.

He rubbed the place between his eyebrows, thinking he was so tired recently that he had an illusion.

He didn't know that the girl on the van was beating at the window with tears in her eyes, but she was fiercely slapped by a burly man and passed out.

...

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

When Noah and Christy got home, they went to the computer.

There were two electronic tags. One was placed on the girl and the other on the organizer.



The electronic tag on the organizer was hidden in a lighter. If it was discovered, no one would suspect it was an electronic tag, as it was normal for a man to have a lighter in his pocket. At this moment, the tag on the organizer displayed its location on the computer. A red dot was moving towards the east of the city. However, the girl's location ... was in the north of the city. Christy quickly spread out the map, on which every street and alleyway was fully detailed. Her hand had been moving towards the north of the city.

However, Noah's finger slowly moved towards the east of the city. Finally, the red dot on the computer stopped.

Noah quickly made a mark on the map, and Christy firmly pressed a position on the map. The red dot had not moved there, but according to the map, there were no other roads nearby, so she put her finger on the place that the only route would lead to.

When Noah was about to say something, he gaped at the position on the map.

He recalled what the girl had written. It was a G. He had failed to figure out the name of the place. Now it dawned on him that it was only part of the name.

He looked at the place that Christy pointed at. It was the GY Temple.

The girl was in the GY Temple.

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At the GY Temple.

A group of men took the girls into the temple through the back door in the dark and put them in a side hall, where there were two rows of beds for the girls to sleep on. They counted the girls and locked the door. Afterwards, they went to the main hall.

A monk in his fifties or sixties was knocking on a wooden block in the main hall. When he heard the noises behind him, he stopped and opened his eyes, asking, "Did the police find out?" The men shook their heads. "We don't know. We brought them back when we heard the sirens. We have no idea what's going on there."

Just as they spoke, a middle-aged woman wearing plain clothes came in. She had a very kind face, which looked amiable when she smiled. There were a few wrinkles at the corners of her

eyes.

She pushed open the door to the main hall and came in with a smile. "Pockmark has just sent a message, saying he is safe." The men in the hall were unruffled. As far as they were concerned, it didn't matter if Pockmark died. After all, Merinda would find a good substitute, as their mission was to transport and ensure the safety of the girls.

"You guys can leave now." Merinda waved her hand.

The men left.

Merinda knelt down on the mat and prayed. Afterwards, she stood up and lit incense, saying with a smile, "It's time to restrain ourselves these days. They've been investigating harshly recently."

"It's up to you." The monk got up from the mat and put away the wooden block.

He was dressed in a grey monk robe. His face was old, and his eyelids were droopy. Because of that, his eyes looked very small. From the distance, his face seemed kind and genial. However, when looked closely, his small eyes glinted with cunning.

After he pushed open the main hall door and went out, he took the key to open the side hall. Merinda followed behind him.

When she saw him enter the room where the girls stayed, she did not stop him. Instead, she said to the several men standing at the door, "Go and get some food."

She was dismissing them.

The men knew that every time when the abbot came, Merinda would send them away. Even if they left, they knew what would happen in the room.

For many years, the girls in the side hall had never managed to escape from the abbot's evil hands. \_\_\_\_\_ Billionaire's

Reborn Baby

Chapter 264 nightmare

Emma was not surprised with the number, raising her eyebrows slightly. "Are you willing to leave him?"

Bernice got aggrieved again. "But he doesn't like me... If he likes me, why doesn't he come often? When he comes, he quarrels with me. He smells of perfume from other women and he has lipstick marks... I'm so angry..."

"Don't men behave like that when they engage in social activities?" Even since she was old enough to remember, she had been taken out by her eldest brother and second brother a few times. A group of men were sitting in the private room, accompanied by seductive women in sensual clothes.

"Why does he need to engage in social activities?" Her mother became angry. "It's a pity that you are not a boy. If you were a boy, you would have a small share of such a large enterprise. Now those two damn women are happy. Sons usually take over the business of the father. Needless to say, the inheritance will go to the sons of those two damn women!"

Emma wanted to say, "I don't want to inherit it at all", but she bit her tongue.

Her mother was a dependent woman by nature, who needed a man to pamper her. However, she felt aggrieved to spend her best time in an empty villa, and she was reluctant to swallow it. She knew a whining baby always got the attention, and that bastard would send something over after the fight today. This was what she wanted. At least, the other women would think he cared for her.

This was enough. Hadn't they fought for so many years just to win the affection?

The crying tired Bernice out. She leaned on Emma's shoulder and sniffed, asking in a muffled voice, "Emma, do you think I am useless?"

Emma touched her well-preserved hair and said, "You've done a good job. Don't quarrel with him the next time if you want something. If you continue like this, he won't come again."

Her mother got angry again. "I dare him not to come! If he doesn't come, I'll go to the mansion and make a scene!"

Emma looked at her grey hair and felt distressed. "Mom, have you ever thought of leaving this place?"

Her mother said excitedly with a longing look like a naive girl, "Langkawi, the Island where I can bask in the sun and enjoy the beach breeze. That old bastard promised me to go there long time ago, but we never went..."

"I mean leaving here for good," Emma said softly.

Her mother fell silent.

After a long time, she said as tears coursed down. "I can't leave

him."

Emma looked at the rain beating at the window, feeling irritated with the persistent noise.

"You will understand later. If you meet a man you like very much, your heart will ache a lot when he likes someone else. If I had Heartless Pills, I would definitely feed you one, so that you will not fall in love anyone and will not feel any heartache like the TV dramas..."

"No." Emma smiled faintly. "I won't fall in love with anyone."

"Why do you say that?" Her mother looked at her in surprise. Suddenly she had a frightened look on her face, and she shouted at Emma with ferocious eyes, "Emma, where are you? Emma!"

"Mom! Mom!" Someone called her in her ears, finally waking her out of the dream.

She panted slightly, sweat on her forehead. The sky cleared up. The rainstorm last night had finally stopped. It would be a fine day. After the rain, the air was exceptionally fresh with a slightly salty smell of wet clay.

Stony wiped her sweat with the back of his hand and asked, "Mom, did you have a nightmare?"

"It's not a nightmare," Emma said. She didn't know how to explain it, so she changed the topic. "Why did you wake up so early?"

"Mom, did you forget? Yesterday you said you'd take me to the Cultural Palace," Stony said with his big bright eyes.

Emma smiled apologetically at him. "I'm muddled from the sleep." She looked at the clock on the wall. It was five past six. It was not early. "Okay. I get up now."

"Mom, I'll help you put on the socks." Stony found a clean pair of pure white socks and sat on the edge of the bed, clumsily putting them on her feet.

Emma looked down at him with a gentle smile on her face.

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Thinking of that dream, her smile froze. Were they still looking for her these years?  
They should be.

...

After the rainstorm, it became colder.

At the gate of the Cultural Palace, a young couple stood opposite each other. As it was the weekend, many couples brought their children to the Cultural Palace. There were also young couples. However, it was rare to encounter such a beautiful couple. Therefore, the two of them attracted most of the attention.

They were Jaquan and Arabella.

Jaquan was casually dressed. He wore a down jacket and slacks. However, Arabella dressed up for the occasion. She was attired in an elegant dress with a white fur coat, which flattered her delicate face. Today, she wore light makeup, and she looked stunning from near or far.

The library of the Cultural Palace was the largest library in City Y, so it attracted the children as well as the bookworms. Many people brought their own mats and thermos flasks, planning to spend the weekend in the library. Some people bought popcorn and coke and went to the cinema inside. Some people took their children to visit historical and cultural sites to increase their historical knowledge. There were other facilities like studio, recreation hall, activity hall, and leisure hall. The Cultural Palace was large, where people could spend a whole day.

Arabella stood at the gate and looked at the crowd, realizing it was weekend. The sea of people disheartened her. Dressed like this, she couldn't squeeze in with others to visit.

Jaquan knew from the look what she was thinking. He looked behind her and asked, "There is the GY Temple over there. I heard that there are Begonia flowers blooming all year round. Do you want to go there?"

Arabella quickly nodded. "Okay."

Not long after they left in the car, two people walked out of the Cultural Palace. They were Emma and Stony. Tea Manor was not far from the Cultural Palace, and Emma borrowed Sydnee's car. She had brought Stony to the Cultural Palace before. At that time, they spent a whole day in the place, but this time Stony went out after an hour.

"Are you tired?" Emma asked.

Stony shook his head without saying anything.

When Emma was about to say something, she saw a family of three happily passing them by, and she instantly understood.

Most of the children who came to visit were brought by their parents. As it was weekend, most of visitors came with their families. It was crowded. Emma had just been stopped by someone who asked for her help to take pictures. It was a family of four, standing in front of a pool and hugging each other intimately.

When she returned the phone after taking the photo, she saw the longing in Stony's eyes.

"Do you want some snacks?" Emma asked. There were vendors at the gate selling snacks as well as souvenirs of the Cultural Palace.

Stony shook his head. The two of them stood at the gate, and people came and went. Stony took a few steps back. He looked up and saw a pagoda high above. He pointed at it and asked, "Mom, what is that?"

"It's a pagoda." Emma took a look and said, "It seems to be a temple. Do you want to go visit it?"

Stony nodded.

"Okay. Let's go."

Emma looked at the place from the distance. It was a temple. Thinking of that dream in the morning, she pinched her fingers. She wanted to go to the temple and pray for blessings. She wished everything would go smoothly and she would be in good health.

However, she did not know that she would be involved in another incident and her fate would be intertwined with that man. \_\_\_\_\_ Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 265 The Free Life Pond 1

Begonia flowers bloomed next to the Free Life Pond in the GY Temple. There weren't many people around. Most visitors went straight to the Grand Hall and prayed for blessings. Afterwards, they bought incense and burned it in the incense cauldron. The rich bought thick incense, while the poor bought small incense, which cost a few dozen. They could save some of it for the next visit.

There were two side halls next to the Grand Hall. One was the GY Hall, and the other was the Hall of Samghrma.

The derivation of the temple's name was a legend. Many years ago, the temple was struck by lightning in every thunderstorm,

and its sign board got damaged many times. In the end, the old abbot suggested the name be changed into GY Temple. Even since then, natural disasters had been averted.

As no cars were allowed to park at the gate of the temple, it took quite a while for Jaquan to find a parking slot. Afterwards, they went through the main entrance and heard several fortune tellers shout, "Come on. I can tell your fortune of marriage. I don't charge you if I'm wrong."

Arabella was tempted, taking a hesitant look at one of the fortune tellers. He was a canny moustached man in his forties or fifties. He wore a black ancient-style robe, which showed the sleeves of the padded jacket under it. There was a flag on the side with the words "Divine Telling" written on it. With his sunglasses, he looked like a blind street prophet.

The moustached man noticed Arabella's hesitation through his sunglasses, and he quickly stopped her with a horsetail whisk in his hand. "Miss, I see that you are a blessed person, because your face is pink like peach blossoms, and the space between your eyebrows is wide. Would you like me to tell your fortune?"

Arabella asked, "What kind of fortune can you tell?"

The moustached man waved the whisk at his arm. "Everything. Marriage, achievements, birth, death, and illness. I can tell you anything you like to know."

"Don't believe him." Jaquan frowned and looked at him. He tilted his head and said to Arabella, "He looks like a liar."

Arabella hesitated for a moment before walking away with Jaquan. Although the moustached man lost the chance to earn money, he was not upset. He sat down on the stool and watched them leave, sighing, "They look like a good match, but unfortunately, they are not destined to be husband and wife..." Just as he was sighing, other fortune tellers started shouting again as they saw more visitors coming. The moustached man got to his feet and took a glance. He saw a four or five-year-old boy whose eyes were exactly the same as the man just now. His sunglasses almost slipped down in his shock. That was why the man and the woman just now were not destined to be husband and wife. It turned out that woman was a home wrecker. But she didn't look like a mistress at all.

The little boy took a few steps and quietly stopped to wait for

the person behind him. Everyone looked back, thinking the mother of such a handsome boy should be a beautiful woman. However, they sighed in disappointment after they saw her. The mother was too plain to be noticed in the crowd.

The moustached man stroked the moustache above his lips and thought to himself, 'No wonder the man has a mistress. That's because his wife is so plain.'

Thinking of this, he looked up at the plain woman. He was shocked. Although this woman looked ordinary, there was auspicious air around her. Her husband would adore her in the first half of her life and her children would treat her well in the second half of her life. She was destined to be a rich and dignified person. It was extremely rare!

"Miss, would you like me to tell your fortune?" The moustached man hastily stopped Emma.

Emma stopped and looked back at him. Her eyes were calm, as if nothing could alarm her. She had a plain face, but her eyes were penetrating, daring people to ignore her.

She said with a melodious voice, "No, thank you."

It was weird. When she was not talking, people could hardly notice her. However, when she spoke, she had the great personal charisma which invested her face with certain glamour.

Before Emma left, Stony suddenly turned around and threw a five-yuan note into the box in front of the bearded man.

The moustached man was speechless.

The child treated him as a beggar.

The moustached man stared at the child's face. Just as he was amazed by the child's future, Stony grinned at him and walked away without looking back.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

The moustached man touched his moustache and sighed, "This family is simply too scary. It's a pity that I didn't study the man's face just now..."

There weren't many visitors this day, but there were more peddler at each gate selling candied fruit or spices, whose smell attacked people's noses.

Disgusted by the smell, Stony covered his nose and ran away.



From the distance, they saw the Free Life Pond, where there were turtles and goldfish. Stony threw a coin into the wishing well and pulled Emma to the Free Life Pond to see the turtles. Emma went to buy some bread to feed the turtles.

Arabella and Jaquan arrived at the Free Life Pond, where Begonia flowers were in full bloom. There were golden chrysanthemums surrounding the Free Life Pond. From afar, it looked exceptionally beautiful.

A few visitors came over to feed the fish in the Free Life Pond with fish feed. Some visitors bought fish and experienced freeing the fish. Arabella watched them, eager to try.

Jaquan said, "I'll go buy it."

Arabella nodded, "I'll go to the ladies."

"Okay. I'll meet you here."

"Okay."

Jaquan walked over to the fish fishmongers and saw the mother and son squatting on the side. The woman was wearing a white down jacket, and her hair was tied at the back of her head with a red cherry.

The child next to her was four or five years old, pointing at a small goldfish in front of the fishmonger and shouting, "Mom, I want that one."

"Okay." The woman's voice was soft.

Emma paid for the fish and fish feed and turned around. Only then did she see Jaquan, who stood a meter away with a surprised expression on his face. He said, "I didn't expect to bump into you."

Emma didn't think too much, as she thought it was only a greeting. She politely nodded at him and said, "What a coincidence."

"Mr. Jaquan, are you visiting here as well?" Stony happily greeted Jaquan, "Are you alone?"

Jaquan suddenly felt a little embarrassed. He involuntarily looked at Emma and then whispered, "No, I come with a friend."

Emma handed the fish in the plastic bag to Stony and said to him, "Aren't you going to free the fish?"

Stony nodded. "I'll go now. Goodbye, Mr. Jaquan."

Jaquan had thought that Emma sent Stony away in order to talk with him, but right after Stony left, she nodded at him politely

and said, "Goodbye."

Jaquan was lost for words. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 266 The Free Life Pond 2

Jaquan bought two goldfish and a few slices of bread. He thought that they might be thirsty later on, so he went to buy two cups of milk tea. Looking at the price list, he thought of Emma he had just met. He asked the shopkeeper to make one more cup of milk tea. After ordering it, he asked the shopkeeper to put eat less sugar. Emma did not seem to have a sweet tooth. Emma and Stony went to the Free Life Pond, where Stony freed the fish. She did not look back at Jaquan. Afraid to bump into him again, she walked forward with Stony. She found something was wrong in the front.

A few young peddlers selling snacks and toys were walking around, but they kept stealing glances at the side hall. As Emma went by, she looked suspiciously at one of them. This man walked steadily, and she could tell he had practiced kung fu. He held a big pinwheel with his callous fingers.

Emma observed them discreetly and detected with her sharp perception that there was something wrong. When she took Stony's hand and was about to leave, she suddenly heard a woman's voice. She looked back and saw no woman around. She ran a few steps and then turned around, reminding Stony, "Go hide in a safe place."

After she ran a few steps, she added, afraid that Stony might run into a bad guy, "Go look for Mr. Jaquan at the fishmonger's."

Stony nodded and ran away.

Emma walked around the main entrance of the side hall and saw that the window was open. Some men were moving the children out. Arabella let out a cry, and she was discovered. A burly man covered her mouth and dragged her away.

Emma frowned. After thinking for a moment, she rushed over at high speed. When she got closer, several men ran to her, trying to cover her mouth.

But they had underestimated this woman.

Emma did not fight with them. She dodged their attack and rushed up to Arabella, "I will just take her away. I don't interfere

with your business."

Arabella's mouth was covered, and she was crying silently.

When she came out of the bathroom, she saw some men move a child out of the window. The child seemed to be unconscious without making any sound.

She didn't dare to make a sound. When she turned around and ran, someone grabbed her and covered her mouth. She had thought that she would die here, but she met Emma again.

Last time Emma came to rescue her from danger, so Arabella somehow felt relieved. She was certain that she would not die here.

Those men didn't seem to have the intention of releasing Arabella, let alone Emma. As they hesitated, they heard footsteps, as if many people were running over. The man who was holding Arabella said resentfully with disappointment in his eyes, "Do you know that you've ruined our plan?"

Arabella shook her head in bewilderment. She could not make a sound.

Emma stared at the man and then looked at the other men surrounding her. They moved their hands towards their waist with the standard posture of cops to draw guns.

A short distance away, the footsteps were getting closer, accompanied by people's voices. A man near Emma said to his headset, "We've been discovered!"

Someone in the headset said something, and the man person resolutely waved his hand at his men in depression, "Retreat!"

"Captain..." According to the plan, this was the best time to capture the suspects.

"Shut up! Retreat now!" The captain took the lead and left, and the men quickly followed him.

Arabella was released. She covered her neck and gasped for breath. She tried to run away, but she tripped over her high heels and fell to the ground. She was wearing a long dress, which made it difficult for her to get up. When she sat there in panic, a pair of hands helped her up. She looked back and saw a strange man. She fell to the ground again in horror.

Emma pieced together a simple story from her own observations. The group of men who caught Arabella just now were actually cops. They were on a secret mission, but Arabella

discovered them. They were worried that the plan would fail, so they covered her mouth. However, Arabella's scream attracted another group of men, who were evidently the culprits who hid the children.

Emma was raged that these men had the nerve to abduct and sell children openly. If those cops worked with her, they would be able to arrest these men. However, the captain gave the order to retreat. Now there were only Emma and Arabella, who was on the ground.

When she was thinking, she saw that Arabella caught by the men over there.

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
"Help..." Arabella cried and extended her hand to Emma.

...

After Jaquan bought the milk tea, he saw Stony rushing over breathlessly. Stony grabbed his pants and shouted, "Mr. Jaquan, quick, come with me!"

"What's the matter?" Jaquan was startled by his urgent tone, and the three cups of milk tea fell to the ground. "Did something happen to your mother?"

Stony said as he ran, "I don't know. I'm afraid that something will happen to her."

Jaquan's heart tightened for no reason. He immediately took Stony's hand and strode forward. He was too fast for Stony to catch up. After running for a few steps, Jaquan simply picked up Stony and carried him under his armpit, dashing forward.

Stony was jolted badly and he felt nauseated. He tried not to vomit. When they arrived, he pointed at the back of the side hall. "Mom is over there..."

Jaquan rushed forward. Suddenly, he seemed to see a familiar figure. He tilted his head slightly and looked over. There was nothing. It seemed to be an illusion.

When he got to the place, he saw people lying on the ground. Arabella hid on one side, shivering. Next to her was a woman, who was quietly putting on a white down jacket. Her movements looked awkward, as if her arm was injured. When she turned around, her white jacket was very clean, while Arabella on the ground looked dirty, as if she had been dragged on the ground for some distance.

"What happened?" Jaquan walked over with a solemn expression. He glanced at the people lying on the ground. They were injured to varying degrees. Some of them suffered dislocated shoulders, while most of them suffered hurt chins. They couldn't speak, and they moaned on the ground. "Who are they?"

There was some blood on the ground. He wondered who was wounded.

Jaquan was walking towards Arabella, but Emma suddenly grabbed his arm.

He looked at her in surprise. Emma pulled him silently all the way to the rear window of the side hall. The window was open, and they could see the inside clearly if they lifted up the wooden pane.

Emma opened the window. Jaquan gasped at the sight.

There were twenty to thirty teenagers lying inside, and each of them closed their eyes. They looked like sleeping, but they looked more like they were dead.

"This is..." He was shocked. "What's going on?"

"I don't know." Emma exhaled. A streak of blood stained her fair face, looking frightening.

Jaquan reached out to wipe the blood off her face, not realizing this was an intimate move. When he found that she wasn't injured, he heaved a sigh of relief. Emma frowned slightly and avoided his touch. "You have a buddy who used to be a cop, haven't you?"

Jaquan was surprised that she even knew about this. Just as he was about to ask, she said, "Call him and ask how to handle this situation. I guess he won't suggest you call the police."

"You..." As Jaquan dialed the number, he walked towards Arabella, who was shocked but did not get injured. He looked back and saw that Emma had gone far.

He stared at her back and found she was walking awkwardly. The phone was connected, and Ferne's voice came through with unusual anxiety and seriousness.

"Go now! Don't stay there!"

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 267 Don't Move

"I heard there's a fight over there!"

"Yeah, I just went there to take a look. Many people are lying on the ground. I wonder if they're dead..."

"I just saw a lot of blood. It's too scary..."

"I heard that someone is dead!"

"Really? Heavens! Why didn't anyone call the police?"

"Death in the temple will be a jinx. It should be the abbot who suppressed it..."

"Nonsense, the police have arrived!"

"This place is so far from the police station, how could they arrive so quickly?"

"I heard that they have been ambushing here for a long time..."

Ferne took off his headset and mask, hung up the phone, and kicked the tree fiercely. The thick osmanthus tree was broken by his kick.

He hurriedly ran out. After about five minutes, he finally got in a car. His voice sounded upset, "Mission failed."

Noah looked ahead and said emotionlessly, "Got it."

Ferne punched him on the shoulder, "Hit or curse, make it quick!"

Noah tilted his head to look at him and said in a weak voice, "Will it help?"

...

Neither Noah nor Christy participated in this mission. Worried that she would see the people she met last night, Christy was watching the tracker on the computer at home. Noah just drove his car and wore a mask to act like a truck driver, while Ferne took the role of the captain of the mission. He wore a beard and looked very different from before. As long as one was not familiar with him, he would hardly be recognized.

The plan was to wait for the suspect to come close to the children and then they would catch him, but they didn't expect that when Ferne brought the team to the side hall to take a look, they found that those children were lying there with their eyes closed, as if they were dead.

They talked via headphones. Noah, who was in the car, said, "Don't alert them. Just stay put."

The three doors of GY Temple were all guarded, and there were people in front of and behind the side hall. A team member

violated the order and went to see if the children inside were still alive. If they were alive but they didn't move and missed the opportunity to rescue them, then the mission would be meaningless.

Ferne hid it from Noah and gave that person a minute.

Unexpectedly, something happened.

They opened the rear window and went in. One found the daughter of their captain lying inside. He immediately carried her out. Fortunately, the child was still alive, but she was unconscious. At that point, Arabella saw him...

Ferne didn't see Arabella. At that time, he was still in the main hall. Noah suspected that the abbot in the temple was involved in this matter, so he asked Ferne to pretend to be a pilgrim to offer incense so he could have an eye on the abbot.

When the accident happened, Noah immediately ordered to retreat and to leave the spot for the policemen who had been ambushing there via the headset. Plan B was implemented. The plainclothes policemen would pretend to be real ones and went out to offer incense, and they would discover the side hall, open the rear window in curiosity, and then find the children. They would act like they found the children by accident.

However, this clue was cut off, and the clues followed may never be found. They saved children from the side hall, but more children might suffer elsewhere.

Ferne stared at the monk who had been knocking on the wooden fish, but no one had come to contact him from the beginning to the end. Noah's cold voice came from his headset, "Retreat!"

Ferne knew that the plan had failed, and the saddest one would be Noah.

He could even imagine the scene of Noah losing all his hope. He was instantly enraged and he wanted to grab the monk who was knocking on the wooden fish and beat him up. However, he couldn't. He silently retreated and saw Jaquan and Arabella. The woman mentioned earlier in his headset was Arabella.

He even had hatred towards Jaquan.

But most of all, he hated himself. Today, he was the leader, and he would be responsible for any problems occurred.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

Ferne punched the car window. Noah, who was in the driver's seat, was still quietly looking ahead. A report from the plainclothes police sounded in his headset. They had arrested all the people managing the GY Temple. This was a big thing, and the GY Temple would be closed for half a month.

After a moment of silence, Noah threw a handkerchief over. Ferne lowered his head and looked at his hand. The joints of his bones were bleeding.

"We've got ambulances. They will take all the children to the hospital," Ferne whispered.

All of them, including the child with the tracker.

And this clue was completely cut off.

Noah didn't say anything. A few minutes later, orders of the withdrawal came from his headset. Noah expressionlessly started the car. Ferne looked out of the window, and the tower in the rearview mirror was getting farther and farther away.

It was getting farther and farther.

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Emma bought a bag of wet tissue from the shop, and then had Stony wait at the door. She went into the bathroom alone and stood in front of the washstand.

There was no one in the bathroom. They probably all went to rubberneck. She no longer cared as she directly took off her down, revealing a bloodstained arm. She tilted her head slightly, took off her sweater, and wiped the blood with a wet tissue. Because the wound was on the back of her shoulder, it was very difficult for her to clean it. She wiped the blood off, and then put on her sweater again. The sweater was stained with blood, and the bloody smell was so strong. She frowned slightly, took a breath, and raised her arm to put on the down again.

At this moment, someone grabbed her arm.

When she turned around, she looked at the person who came with some surprise. It was Jaquan.

Jaquan pressed down on her hand and lifted her sweater. He didn't do it in a bottom-up manner, but leaned over and did the opposite.

Emma frowned and took a step back. She wanted to avoid him, but he blocked her way. Behind her was the washstand, and in



front of her was the man. There was no way to escape from him.

"It's fine." Emma raised her hand and shook his hand off.

Jaquan clutched her arm, and his usually gentle face was now filled with rage, "Don't move!"

He lifted her sweater and saw a knife wound on the back of her shoulder. Although it was not deep, the wound was still bleeding. The pure white sweater was dyed by shocking amount of blood, and her pure-colored underwear was also soaked in blood.

Emma shook off his hand before he could finish checking her and continued to put on the down. The wet tissue that was used to wipe off the blood was placed on the washstand. She placed it under the tap, washed the blood off, and then threw it into the garbage can.

After this, she didn't even look at Jaquan and turned around to leave.

It was like facing a stranger.

Jaquan grabbed her arm again and stared at Emma's calm face. His beautiful eyes were burning with anger. A moment later, he silently pulled her away.

"I'm fine. What are you doing?" Emma struggled. Her brows furrowed as if she was annoyed to be grabbed so intimately by Jaquan.

"What is your concept of being hurt?" Jaquan turned around and he became very cold. "Tell me."

Emma frowned as she looked at him. She didn't seem to understand why he was so angry. When they walked out of the bathroom, they see Stony squatting at the door with Arabella by his side. She had probably recovered from the incident just now. However, her hand was still covering her neck. She was probably scared.

Seeing Jaquan come out, Arabella stood up. Only then did she see Jaquan holding Emma's wrist. Her expression froze for a moment before she asked, "You...?"

Emma tried her best to shake Jaquan's hand off, but she failed.

"She's injured. Let's go. I'll take her to the hospital." Jaquan pulled Emma out by force, then turned to look at Arabella and said, "Go with us."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

## Chapter 268 Monster

Arabella didn't feel good. Having been strangled and dying, she hadn't recovered from scare. And she had to take a statement as the "only witness" because Emma, who ran too fast, was unnoticed.

Before he left, Ferne had arranged for them to delay the taking of statements in case Arabella and Jaquan were revenged on by the villains.

Arabella didn't know about this. After Jaquan's negotiation with someone, she left the police station, caught in his arms.

Getting away from danger, Arabella found herself in a mess.

The dirt, the tears and the makeup made her forget about danger and fear. Her image was now the more important thing.

Jaquan took her to the bathroom. She washed her face at sink at the door, and then she noticed Stony squatting nearby.

Jaquan had noticed Emma walking strangely. His heart sank when he saw Stony standing at the entrance of the bathroom.

Before Arabella could ask Stony anything, Jaquan walked straight into the ladies' bathroom. She guessed that Emma, who had seen her being a coward, was inside. Arabella didn't want to see her because that would remind her of how brave Emma was and what a wimp she was. She was useless and a burden to Emma.

She did not expect Jaquan to bring Emma out. The surprise in her eyes made Emma frowned and she tried to shake off Jaquan's hands. But he clutched her hand.

Jaquan thought of nothing but bringing her to the hospital. He did that in case she escaped halfway. He was so worried for Emma that he forgot about Arabella, who also needed his comfort.

When he saw Emma's injured and bleeding shoulder, there was only one thought left in his heart: Take her to the hospital.

He walked with Emma, leaving Arabella and Stony far behind. Emma would have punched him to let go of her, if not for her injured shoulder. The struggles had made her pain worse and she held her breath. When she got to the car, she had figured out the reason for Jaquan's actions. She turned around to find Arabella's long face. She was sure.

Jaquan was using her to make Arabella jealous.

"There's no need to do this. She likes you." Emma suddenly said.

She walked behind Jaquan. Her gaze was calm. She raised her head, only to see the back of Jaquan's head. His hair grew a little longer and she could smell the scent of his perfume, which had become familiar to her since she lived in his house. He got three rows of them in the cabinet of the bathroom whose bottom was filled with empty bottles. She always knew that he was devoted.

Jaquan turned around, and asked in puzzlement, "What?"

The golden sunlight shone on them. The sun was surprisingly warm in winter.

Emma looked him in the eye quietly for the first time. He had wrinkled eyelids and narrow eyes which seemed affectionate in the sunlight. He looked puzzled, as if he did not hear what she said, or couldn't get it.

Emma wouldn't repeat it. She just looked at him quietly. She wanted to figure out from his eyes the reason for his anger that made him barge in the bathroom and grab her hands. Before she could get an answer, she was stuffed into the car, her seat belt fastened.

Coming from behind and seeing this, Arabella had a complicated feeling that was beyond expression. The smile on her face vanished. She directly got in the car and so did Stony. The car started. People in it were filled with complex emotions.

**A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City**

**No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People**

When Jaquan was driving, he realized that his anger was totally unreasonable.

He calmed down and wondered why he was so furious just now.

He glanced at Emma who was looking out of the window with a calm face. The scarlet cherry hair band set off her dark hair and her fair cheeks.

There was a small mole on her earlobe. It was so cute that it looked like a drop of ink on a piece of jade. It added to her charms.

When she found him looking at Emma on the front passenger

seat for the third time, Arabella couldn't help but call, "Jaquan." Glancing at her from the rearview mirror, Jaquan said, "I'll take Emma to the hospital first. If you want to go home, you can take a taxi there."

Arabella paused. She glanced at the front passenger seat but couldn't see Emma's expression. She then looked at Jaquan through the rearview mirror, who looked unfamiliar to her at this moment.

She murmured, "OK."

Emma was injured, presumably, Jaquan would take care of her in the hospital, but why?

Emma was injured in order to protect her. Arabella looked at the rearview mirror and said hesitantly, "Emma, I'm sorry. Thank you for saving me. I'll pay the hospital expenses for you." Emma looked at her through the rearview mirror and replied calmly, "It's fine. I should do this."

Emma's words reminded Arabella of the scene again.

Seeing Arabella being dragged, Emma quietly took off her jacket, placed it on the rock nearby and walked calmly to her. A few men rushed to take her. Just as they reached her, the arms of the two men were broken by her so quickly that no one could see it clearly. They cried out in pain.

Arabella stared at her, shocked. Emma stood there quietly with calm eyes, which seemed to be calm forever. She narrowed her eyes at her as a comfort. Meanwhile, her hand movements were fierce and quick. Seeing that many of their people's arms and chins had been broken by her, several men dashed forward to clamp Emma's arms, while a man rushed over and pointed a dagger to her neck. Emma turned around promptly. The dagger missed her neck but cut her shoulder. It bled immediately. Regardless of the wound, Emma turned around and kicked them away. Then she grabbed the knife and stabbed at the man's neck. She didn't stop until it was about to pierce the skin with her eyes calm as usual. She was like a monster that could take people's life in seconds.

Everyone was beaten to the ground. Emma walked over to Arabella and reached out her hand to her. Arabella was so scared that she didn't dare to touch Emma's hand. Emma withdrew it understandingly, picked up her jacket and put it on gently.

She was good at telling people's feelings from their countenance. She was familiar with fear in people's eyes, which she saw a lot when she grew up. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 269 Who Expressed Love First?

As he drove to the main road in the city, Jaquan took his phone to call Collin. He opened the phone speaker and placed the phone on the holder.

"I'm on the way to the hospital."

"What happened to Miss Arabella?" said Collin, sounding a little tired.

Jaquan looked guiltily at the rearview mirror and said, "No, it's not her."

It suddenly aroused interest of Collin. He asked with obvious relish, "It's Emma?"

"..."

Jaquan regretted opening the phone speaker, but if he turned it off, it seemed that he wanted to cover up the fact. He could only interrupt Collin, "Find me a female doctor."

"It sounds strange! You call me to look for a female doctor?"

Collin paused for a moment, his tone rising. He smiled and said, "Why not me? I can't see your wound?"

"..."

Jaquan looked sulky and said, "I have to hang up now."

No one spoke in the car for a long time. It was extremely quiet. Arabella lowered her head to look at the dirt on her clothes. She recalled the scene when she was dragged to the ground but Jaquan didn't ask her if she was afraid at all. In the past, he would at least take off his coat and put it on her, but today... There seemed to be a gash on Arabella's leg with a burning sensation, but Jaquan only cared about Emma and wanted to send her to the hospital. Even Collin knew about Emma. Arabella felt a little jealous, but as she turned her head to see Stony, she suddenly felt relieved. It was impossible for Jaquan to fall in love with Emma, for Emma had her child.

And it was because of Arabella that Emma got injured, so Jaquan took Emma to the hospital for the sake of Arabella.

At the thought of this, Arabella felt more at ease.

"Pull over," Arabella said, "I want to get out of the car."

Jaquan pulled up to the sidewalk and said, "Did you call ... the driver?"

Before he could finish it, Arabella opened the door and got off. She stood by the side of the road with her cheongsam covered with dirt and hair messy, but she looked to be in good mood. She walked to the door of Emma's side and knocked on the window. Emma rolled down the window. Arabella said to her, "Sorry, I need to go back and change my clothes. Jaquan will take you to the hospital. I'll go to the hospital after I change my clothes."

It sounded like that it was Arabella who let Jaquan to send Emma to the hospital.

Emma knew that Arabella was emphasizing her position in Jaquan's heart. Emma nodded faintly but did not speak a word. From the moment when Arabella showed the fear, Emma's attitude towards her had naturally changed and she became even colder than before.

Jaquan frowned. Just as he was about to say something, Arabella smiled and waved at him through the window. Then, she turned around and went to take a taxi.

Jaquan restarted the car and turned around to look at Emma. Before he could say anything, Emma said, "Just stop at the gate of the hospital."

She took Jaquan as a driver.

Jaquan didn't speak until they arrived at the entrance of the hospital. Both Emma and Stony got off the car.

"Thank you." Emma nodded politely.

"Thank you, Mr. Jaquan!" Stony was very enthusiastic.

Jaquan pulled out the key and got out of the car with them, "I'll take you there."

"Arabella has left." Emma said.

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Jaquan looked at her in puzzlement, "I know it."

"She has left, why you...?" Emma was confused.

"What?" Jaquan took a few steps forward. He looked at his phone and immediately raised his head to say to Emma, "Hurry up. Collin has found a doctor."

Jaquan took the lead. Behind him, Stony quietly tugged at Emma's trousers and asked, "Mom, you're injured, aren't you?" Emma didn't want him to know it. She had planned to deal with it quietly and apply some medicine after she got home. But Jaquan suddenly rushed in and took her to the hospital without saying a word.

"Just a slight injury." Emma touched Stony's head.

"Mom, don't lie to me." Stony looked at her nervously, "Mr. Jaquan is so worried. You must be seriously injured, right?"

"He's not worried about me." Emma suddenly didn't know how to explain Jaquan's strange behavior.

But she knew that Jaquan loved Arabella and his love for her would never change.

\*\*

When Emily learned about the failure in the GY Temple, she was in Hump Village, where she received Christy's message which said "we lost it".

Today was a big day for Noah, and it was also the first time Vincent had received treatment. She told her father that she would go to KFC but came here.

Stephanie was not close to Spencer. They still spoke very little when they stayed with each other. Stephanie usually squatted there to watch Spencer hoeing, picking herbs, or checking the vegetables. Spencer built a greenhouse, where there were all kinds of vegetables.

Stephanie was about to begin her work, so she came here almost every day. When Emily came today, she was a little surprised when she saw the washing machine at the door. But when she saw the air conditioners installed in all of the rooms, she was not surprised at all. When she saw the brand-new kitchen utensils and extractor hood in the kitchen, she didn't say anything. She just pointed to the microwave oven and asked, "Are you sure the elderly people can use this?"

"I'm going to get him a cook," Stephanie said frankly, "But he doesn't agree with me."

There were a few clothes hanging on the clothesline. Spencer had very few clothes. Only four sets of clothes were found in his wardrobe. He wore the four sets all the year around. If it was cold, he would add one. If it was hot, he just took off one.

"He's old, and he lives here alone. What if..." Stephanie sighed,

"What if something bad happens but I'm not with him? What if I can't come back at once?"

Emily nodded and said, "You're pretty thoughtful."

"I didn't expect you to be Mr. Vincent's girlfriend." The topic was suddenly changed.

Emily was still a little confused. She didn't understand why the topic was suddenly changed to Vincent.

Stephanie looked at Emily with her chin on her hand. The mole at the corner of her eye was not covered, and it looked particularly conspicuous now. "I guessed it when you called me to work for commercials, but..." Stephanie tilted her head and pondered for a while before saying, "You look very young but Mr. Vincent is very mature, so I didn't associate you with him."

Emily nodded and said, "I think so too."

Stephanie didn't reply.

She asked another question curiously, "I don't think you pursued him first, but Mr. Vincent doesn't seem to be the one who would go after a girl because he looked standoffish...."

Emily lowered her head and looked at the text message on her phone. "We lost it" from Christy was very eye-catching.

She stopped the conversation with Stephanie, and took her phone and said, "I'm going to make a call."

After Emily left, Stephanie felt rather bored. She turned around to look at Harold who was standing still and asked, "Do you know who expressed love first?"

Harold was confused, "Who?"

Stephanie fell silent.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 270 I'm Dumped

Emily called Christy after going outside. She did not care about the result. Of course, she'd better succeed, but it would be a big problem if she failed. Whether the other side would find her and Noah, and whether they would be revenged? Emily was so worried. When the call went through, she said, "I can find another house for you."

"OK." Christy did not refuse. Obviously, she shared the same thought with Emily.

"Be careful." Emily said.

"OK." Christy said in a bad mood.



Before hanging up, Emily added, "I will help you when I'm done here."

Christy squeezed out a smile, "Thank you."

Emily put away her phone and walked back. After a few steps, she felt something in the air. She reached out and found it was snow.

It was snowing.

In the room, Spencer was still treating Vincent. The others were all having fun at the door. Harold and Rex were staring at a grass at the door and guessing its name.

Stephanie was the judge.

"It's snowing." Emily walked over and said.

Then they all looked up to the sky. The white snow fell down, cooling down the air.

Emily glanced at the wooden door and looked at her watch. An hour had passed since Vincent entered the room.

In the room.

A huge wooden bucket was placed in the room. Vincent was in it. Spencer was giving him a needling, and then he threw medicines into the bucket to assist the treatment. He could only find very few medicines in a short period of time, but it was enough for him to take a medicated bath.

However...

When Vincent stepped out, he was only in a pair of black panties. The room was warm with the air conditioning on. He straddled on the stool. Spencer put a row of needles on the side. Then he picked up a long one and stabbed it into his leg. The blood Vincent bled was black. Spencer collected it with a bowl calmly.

"You were born with poison, otherwise you would have died earlier." Spencer put down the bowl and picked up another needle to stab it in Vincent's knee.

Vincent looked up with an indifferent expression. As he didn't speak for too long, his voice was husky. "You mean that poison saved me?"

"That poison can't kill you. But if a pregnant woman takes it, there is a risk of miscarriage. So it mainly does harm to pregnant women. Its harm to children is still unclear. Children will definitely die if their mothers miscarry. But if the child

survives, this poison will have little effect. You obviously got the poison since fetus. Now, you are almost immune to other poisons. "Spencer said, and then threw the used needles into the wine jar for disinfection.

Vincent's face changed, but soon he returned to normal.

Spencer had settled down long before. He adventured in the world fifteen years ago, and at that time...

"You are not surprised at all," Spencer glanced at him. "You already knew?"

"Yes." Vincent said without expression as he put on his clothes.

"I remember your mother..." Spencer wrinkled his face and pondered for a moment. "Normally speaking, if a child is poisoned, the mother cannot survive."

Vincent paused for a moment and did not say anything.

Spencer stopped his words. Instead, he put the bowl with blood on the table. Then, he took out a transparent bottle from beneath the bed. Inside was a small yellow-brown scorpion.

"It's hard to find it in winter. It took much time to catch it."

Spencer poured a little blood into the bottle as he spoke. Then the little scorpion walked in the bottle restlessly with its entire body stained with blood. It walked back and forth anxiously and finally lowered its head to taste the blood.

Spencer smiled and turned around to look at Vincent, "You're lucky." He pointed at the little scorpion in the bowl, "We succeed."

After the door opened, Spencer walked out first. Then Vincent followed. Rex and Harold immediately moved out the wooden bucket and cleaned it up.

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
Seeing Vincent was fine, Emily heaved a sigh of relief. She wanted to ask Spencer some questions. But when he turned around, Spencer was no longer there.

"Where's Mr. Spencer?" She asked Stephanie.

Stephanie shrugged, "He left."

Emily knew that Spencer would not come back for a while, so she gave up.

She walked over to Vincent and gently held his hand. Before Spencer went in, he had said that needling after a medicinal bath really hurt. It was very hard for normal people to endure

the pain.

Vincent held her hand too. Her hand was very cold while his was warm.

"Why are your hands so cold?" Vincent frowned slightly as he put her hand on his neck to warm her up.

Emily wanted to take her hands back, but he held her tightly. She put on a sweet smile at him.

They didn't see each other for nearly a week. As others were still here, Vincent only rubbed her hair.

Stephanie was surprised and said to Harold, "I know who the suitor is!"

Harold asked, "Who?"

Stephanie didn't answer.

Before Emily and Vincent could continue to talk, Rex handed over the phone. As the New Year approached, the enterprises of the Scavo Corp at home and abroad were making their closing summaries. Vincent was very busy these days.

Vincent walked out to answer the phone as he still firmly held Emily's hand. Walking outside, he turned on the hands-free and lifted Emily's chin to kiss her.

Emily shivered in the cold air.

"You're thinner." Vincent said in a husky voice.

He put his hand on her waist and then touched her back. When Emily raised her face, he bent down and kissed her on the neck. Emily didn't dare to make any noise, because a manager was reporting on the other end of the line, "Currently, its market penetration rate is much higher than its occupation ratio..."

...

As Harold failed to pull Stephanie back, he finally reached out to cover her eyes to calm her down. He really didn't expect that she would see them kissing. He felt embarrassed when saw that.

Stephanie shook off his hand. "I will have a kiss scene in my next series. I want to learn from it first."

Harold was speechless.

Harold said, "Don't you have a boyfriend?"

"We didn't kiss yet." Stephanie smiled awkwardly. "I was dumped."

Harold said nothing.

Vincent stood straight and said to the other end of line, "Send

me the quarterly report of the previous year's trial index." His voice was huskier and deeper than before. The person on the other end recognized it, so he wanted to show concern for Vincent, but he was worried that he would say something wrong. He only said respectfully, "Yes, Mr. Vincent." Then they hung up the phone. Vincent stroked Emily's red lips and said in a husky voice, "I'll see you tonight." \_\_\_\_\_

Peck's 1

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 271 The Peck's 1

More than ten ambulances arrived at the entrance of the City Hospital. The health workers who were waiting there directly went to the ambulances.

Seeing this, all the reporters who were waiting for big news at the hospital entrance immediately raised their cameras. But the only thing they captured was a twelve or thirteen-year-old child lying on a stretcher. Then, when more than thirty children appeared under their cameras, all the reporters were shocked. "It looks like they are in moderate unconsciousness after taking a certain dose of sleeping pills. There are no wounds on their bodies. Their pupils are normal, and their tongues are all defective...." The doctor conducted a fast examination and gave an order to the health professionals, "Send them to the monitoring room 1."

The nurses pushed the stretchers forward.

Not long after, the police car arrived. Two special police officers came off the car and followed the doctors and nurses with serious expressions. When the children entered the hospital, they stood at the door with guns in their hands.

The reporters immediately knew that something serious had happened. When they called for details, they found out that it had something to do with the GY Temple. Therefore, they directly grabbed taxis and went back to prepare for the news scripts.

In the emergency room, a male doctor found a secret after performing a general exam on a child. He had the nurse send the child back to the monitoring room and examined the rest of the children one by one....

Ten minutes later, the doctor walked out in sweat. He headed to the police officers with a gloomy face. However, the director of the hospital showed up in his way.

"Director, I want to tell you something. I just found out that..."

The doctor said in a nervous tone. The director smiled at him and said, "Let us go to my office and talk. What could it be that scares you so much?"

The doctor felt that the director's smile was a bit strange, but he did not give another thought and followed the director into his office. Then, door was closed. It could be vaguely seen that there was a large "Potter" on the crystal nameplate on the office's desk.

...

Collin leaned against the corridor's wall and looked at Jaquan. Jaquan was uncomfortable being stared at for a long time. He frowned and shouted at Collin, "What are you looking at?"

"Nothing." Collin smiled maliciously. He did not say or explain anything. Instead, he stood there, with his arms crossed, and kept staring at Jaquan with his intense gaze.

Jaquan poked at Collin with two fingers, "Look away, or I will poke you blind!"

Inside the door, a female doctor was bandaging Emma's shoulder.

Collin raised his chin and pointed at the door, "How did she get hurt this time? To save lives?"

Jaquan could not help but ask, "How do you know?"

Collin raised his eyebrows and smiled without saying anything else.

It was very easy to understand Emma, except for Jaquan.

Collin sighed softly.

"What that look was in your eyes?" Jaquan frowned and shoved him, "Mind your own business. Go. I can take care of this."

"I have not spoken to her yet." Collin raised his chin towards the door again.

"I can send your words to her on your behalf," Jaquan said.

"Thank you, but no." Collin refused and laughed bitterly, "I want to talk to her by myself."

"..."

"Doctor Mueller!" A nurse rushed over and said, "More than

thirty children were sent to the hospital. One of them started vomiting suddenly. But I could not find Doctor Kucher."  
Collin immediately became serious, "Where are they now?"  
The nurse answered, "Room 3."

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
"Let's go."  
"OK."

Just as Collin left, Jaquan received a phone call from Ferne. Ferne sounded nervous, "Where are you?"  
"I am at the hospital." Ferne's voice reminded Jaquan of the thing that happened in the GT Temple. He knew that he had possibly ruined Ferne's plan. Therefore, he wanted to apologize to Ferne on behalf of Arabella.

"Why are you there?" Ferne asked.

"Emma was injured."

Ferne suddenly shouted, "Damn, where is the person we are looking for?"

Then he said to Jaquan, "Jaquan, if you see anyone you know, do not talk to him!"

"Who?" Jaquan was confused.

"Just remember what I said!" Ferne hung up the phone. Before hanging up, Jaquan heard Ferne's angry shouting.

"He must have gone to the hospital!"

...

In the emergency room 3.

Collin cleaned his hands and put on a pair of sterile gloves before he walked into the room. The nurse behind him reported, "We guessed that it was because of something she ate, so we did not take an abdominal CT. Doctor Mueller, do you think we need to do a scan?"

The girl was lying on the bed with a pale face. Her consciousness had not come back to normal. It was more likely that the vomit was her body's situational reaction because she would start vomiting once she moved her head aside.

There seemed to be something else in the garbage can. Collin picked it up. It was a black object with a red-light sensor at the bottom. The light was flashing.

"Doctor Mueller, what is this?" The nurse asked when she saw Collin pick up an item from the trash can.

Collin held his glasses with another hand, "It looks like a toy."  
"I see. No wonder this girl vomited so frequently." The nurses went back to their work.

On the other side, Collin quietly put this black item into his pocket. A wisp of deep thought slid through his eyes.

Suddenly, the door was opened, and Doctor Kucher came in. A piece of nervousness flashed on his face when he saw Collin, but he quickly calmed down and asked, "What brings you here, Doctor Mueller?"

The nurse explained, "I called Doctor Mueller. This child keeps vomiting."

"Let me take a look." Doctor Kucher walked to the girl and did some examinations.

Collin watched from the side when Doctor Kucher suddenly raised his head and look at him, "Doctor Mueller, I can handle this. You can go."

"Of course." Collin smiled at him, "Thank you."

Doctor Kucher wiped the sweat off his forehead with his sleeve, "It is my job."

Collin took off his gloves and cleaned his hands. He saw two armed policemen standing at the door of the monitoring room. They looked alerted.

He grabbed a piece of towel paper and wiped the water off his hands. Then, he threw it into the trash can and left. Something in his pocket was flashing with a red light. \_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 271 The Peck's 1

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in his pocket was flashing with a red light. \_\_\_ Billionaire's Reborn  
Baby  
Chapter 272 The Peck's 2

Christy was packing up the useful materials in the room when she received a call from Ferne, "Your brother is missing." After hanging up the phone, Christy directly turned on her computer and began to locate Noah.

Ferne guessed correctly. Noah was on his way to the hospital. He needed to make sure that the tracker was not found by others. If the doctors or the policemen found it, then they would know that there was a mole at the last group event. Christy packed everything in a paper box and sealed it with tapes. She put the box into the storage cabinet in the hall downstairs and locked the cabinet. Then, she put on her hat and mask and went to the garage.

Because Ferne's car was too expensive and eye-catching, Noah bought two cheaper grey cars, one for him and one for Christy. At this moment, there was one car in the garage. Christy went into the car and started the engine. She called Noah but no one picked up the phone.

Christy frowned and put down her phone. She stepped on the accelerator and went out.

Noah had arrived at the hospital. He pretended to be a patient's family member and was consulting a nurse about a medical record that no one knew where it came from. From the position he was, he could perfectly see the entrance of the monitoring room, where the two policemen stood at.

"What is going on over there?" He asked the nurse as if he were curious.

The nurse was cautious, "I have no idea."

Noah did not ask any further and thanked the nurse. He took the medical record and walked back. Not long after, he changed into a white coat and passed by the door of the monitoring room. The two policemen did not stop him.

Noah walked in. There were two nurses inside. They were confused when they could not see his face because he was wearing black-rimmed glasses and a green mask. They asked, "Excuse me, do you work here?"

As soon as they asked, Noah answered, "I just came over from

there. How are the children?"

The nurses did not suspect him anymore and answered his question when he changed the topic, "They are doing ok, except for one child who keeps vomiting. We already sent that patient to the ER. Doctor Kucher is there."

Noah looked around and did not find the little girl. He suddenly realized that she might be the one who kept vomiting.

"Thank you." He said indifferently and walked away.

The two nurses waited for him to leave before looking at each other in a confused gaze.

"Who is he?"

Noah walked towards the ER when he left the monitoring room. He saw a group of people pushing a bed over, and the girl was laying on it. He was a bit excited but quickly calmed down.

When the group approached, he walked over and asked with a frown, "What is going on here?"

Although the nurse did not recognize Noah, she assumed that he was a doctor because of his white coat. She did not want to offend him. Therefore, she answered obediently, "It seems like she ate some wrong food, and that was the reason she kept vomiting. Doctor Kucher prescribed some medicine, and we will give her an infusion later."

"Wrong food?" Noah asked.

The nurse nodded, "Yes, she spat out a lot of things."

"Where is the vomit?" Noah kept asking.

"What?" Although the nurse felt strange, she did not think too much. Some doctors liked to study these things. She pointed behind, "Probably they are still in the big trash can in the emergency room."

Noah nodded and stopped in front of the bed. He leaned closer to the girl and checked her eyes. After pretending to be examining her, he said indifferently, "Alright, you can take her in."

"OK." The nurses continued moving. When they entered, they turned around and looked at each other in confusion.

"Was that guy a new doctor here?"

Noah looked around, but he did not know which room was the ER. There were three different ERs, but room 1 and room 2 were both occupied at this moment, leaving only room 3. He

thought for a moment and decided to enter emergency room 3. He came into a doctor when he went in. The doctor looked nervous. He tried to look at Noah calmly then left. He was too flustered to realize that Noah was not a staff of this hospital. Noah raised his eyebrows. He turned around and looked at the doctor. Somehow, he felt that something was wrong. But time was limited. He did not give another thought and sneaked into the ER.

Noah did not see the tracer anywhere in the room. He pretended to tidy up the equipment and walked out after a while. Then, he walked to the emergency exit and sent Christy a text message.

"Send me the live location of the tracker."

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black  
Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!  
Christy was parking at the hospital entrance. She opened the computer and connected it to the hospital's network. Then, she started the program to track the tracker. The signal range was gradually narrowed and locked to one spot. She sent the location to her phone and received Noah's text.

She typed back.

"No."

Noah was so angry when he saw Christy's reply. He sighed when he saw the next one.

"I am at the hospital."

Christy still sent him the location of the tracker. Noah clicked on it and found out that it was only 160 meters away. The ER was at most 50 meters away from him, and the monitoring room was only at a 100 meters' distance.

He thought for a moment and walked in the direction showing on his phone.

After Christy sent out the location to Noah, she started the car. It was because she saw Pockmark, the group leader!

The man just came out of the hospital. There were two other men in the car. Christy did not dare to get too close, so she could only follow them in a distance. She almost lost him because of a traffic light.

It looked like Pockmark noticed her after about 10 minutes.

Their car made a turn and showed up again after a while behind

Christy's. Christy became nervous. She only had a mask on. If they forced her out of the car, she would be recognized. And she had followed them from the hospital. They would not believe her no matter what she said.

Seeing that the car was about to catch up to her, she hurriedly made a turn and entered a yard of a house. After she stopped, she saw a tall tree in front of her through the windshield.

A few servants surrounded the car door shortly and looked at her curiously. Christy lowered the car window and pulled down her mask with a smile, "I am sorry, I just started driving so I am not good at it. I accidentally drove in."

The servants had a good temper. They laughed when they heard Christy's explanation. They even gave a compliment, "You are beautiful! You are even prettier than our young miss!"

Christy was alerted, but she felt that she was thinking too much. She kept the smile and asked, "What is this family?"

"We are the Pecks. Do you know our young miss, Miss Arabella?" The servant asked with a smile.

Christy's expression changed when she heard the family's name. The servants thought that she knew Arabella and came closer to her.

"Do you know each other?"

"It is true that the beauties always know each other."

"Miss Arabella just went out and got mud on her, so she changed her clothes and headed out again."

"What is the appropriate way for us to call you?"

Suddenly, some noises came from the outside and the servants stopped talking. Christy felt weird. She peeked out and saw a small robot flying over. It started to land steadily in front of her and stood firmly on her car's mirror.

The servants became so excited.

"Mr. Trevor, what do you want to eat?"

"Mr. Trevor, do you want steamed buns or dumplings?"

"Mr. Trevor, why do you come out?"

"God, I need to tell the masters that Mr. Trevor is finally out!"

"Be quiet! All of you. Mr. Trevor, are you hungry?"

Only then did Christy realize that Mr. Trevor they were calling was the little robot, Eleven, in front of her, who had accompanied her for days and nights.

Eleventh did not say anything. He just stood on Christy's mirror

and stared at Christy for a moment. Then, it stretched his legs and was about to head back.

Christy's heart skipped a beat and she asked, "How is it going?"

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Chapter 273 He Was Done 1

She was asking the robot, but also the one who was controlling the robot. She did not know who she was greeting.

Eleven did not move. After a long time, the servants witnessed the little robot nod slowly.

The servants covered their mouths in surprise.

They could not believe in their eyes. On the other hand, Christy smiled at the little robot, "Stay well. See you." She waved her hand to the robot and drove out.

The little robot flew in the middle of the air and watched her leave. Then, it flew back to the garret. Three carp windsocks hanging at the garret were dancing with the wind as if they were waving goodbye to someone they loved.

When Christy came out, she saw the words on the door: The Peck's.

She shook her head and laughed at herself with disappointment. She did not know if it was destiny or fate.

The little robot flew back into the garret. There was a bed in the garret, with a thick curtain hanging around it. A pale and thin hand with blood vessels seen stretched out from the curtain.

The little robot flew into his palm. The robot's material was cold, but it seemed like the hand's owner had been used to it.

The hand just gently held the robot and took it in. Then, the curtain closed, and the garret returned to silence once again.

There was a computer in the garret. The only thing that had changed was that Christy's car disappeared from the screen.

On the other side, Noah found the location of the tracker in the hospital. It was Collin's office. Collin was reading the medical records. Hearing the knock on the door, he raised his head with a fake smile on his face.

The nurse came in and smiled, "Doctor Mueller, your handsome friend said he is leaving, and he wanted me to let you know."

Collin smiled and stood up, "Let me take a look."

Noah turned around and looked down at the medical records on his hand. Collin glanced at Noah when he walked past him.

However, Noah was wearing glasses, and a mask covering the lower half of his face. Therefore, it was hard for Collin to see his appearance.

Noah followed him and the tracker on Noah's phone kept blinking a red signal. It showed that the target was only 5 meters away from him, and that was Collin's distance from him. Noah looked at Collin's white coat. He was sure that the tracker he was looking for was in Collin's pocket.

Collin walked through the corridor and smiled, "Are you leaving now?"

Emma and Stony sat on the chair. They stood up when they heard Collin's voice. Emma smiled at him, "I am sorry that I have to bother you every time."

She looked at Collin but saw Noah with her gaze. Noah made a gesture to her when she was about to move her gaze.

Emma settled her mind and went back to normal.

"It is my luck to have you bother me." Collin rubbed Stony's head, "Little fellow, why did not you protect your mother this time?"

Stony clenched his fists and said in confidence, "I can protect her soon!"

Collin and Emma looked at each other and suddenly laughed. Jaquan was back after buying the medicine and saw this scene. There was a complicated feeling inside him. He was jealous. But this scene was unprecedentedly harmonious as if they were a real family.

Jaquan was about to speak when someone patted him on the shoulder. He turned around and saw Arabella.

"Why are you here?" Jaquan was surprised.

Arabella's smile frozen, "Am I not welcomed here?"

"No, but you should go home and have some rest. Aren't you scared?"

"I want to visit Emma." Arabella looked at Emma who was chatting happily with Collin, "She seems to like Doctor Mueller very much. So does her son. They look like a family." As Arabella spoke, she glanced at Jaquan and wanted to see his reaction. Jaquan frowned slightly, "Let's go to them."

Seeing Jaquan's reaction, Arabella did not feel comfortable.

Jaquan walked to them and said, "What are you chatting



about?" He was asking Collin but looking in Emma's direction. Emma did not say anything. She nodded slightly at Arabella politely and distantly.

Stony smiled and waved his hand, "Goodbye, Mr. Jaquan and Mr. Collin."

Jaquan was stunned, "Where are you going?"

"We are going home." Emma said in a flat voice.

Arabella started speaking, "Why don't you come to my house and take some rest? I have many empty rooms."

"There is no need." Emma sounded distant.

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Arabella stood there awkwardly.

"You can live in my house." Collin invited them with his smile.

There were some lights in his eyes.

"Sure. Thank you."

Emma agreed!

Jaquan looked at Emma with surprise, whereas Arabella was relieved.

Collin was also surprised. He was stunned for a moment before he smiled and looked at Jaquan. Then, he said to Emma, "OK.

Let me ask for a leave."

"Mr. Collin, I want to go with you!" Stony raised his hands and shouted in excitement.

Collin squatted down, "Of course, little fellow." He picked up Stony and turned around. Emma stopped them and said,

"Stony, behave yourself."

Without any notice, Emma obtained the black tracker in Collin's pocket.

Emma immediately recognized the item the moment she got it. It was strange for her that Collin had this tracker, but when she thought of the children from the GY Temple, everything was clear.

She only interacted with Noah once. Noah was quiet and had many thoughts in his heart. Thinking about that night in the Single Paradise, the three of them went out for a long time. It was like they went to the KTV for work rather than having fun. Christy worked for Emily, and Emma trusted Emily. Although Emily looked young, she was very organized and did not act like

a person in her age. Her personality was not as lively as a girl of her age either.

To a certain extent, Emma and Emily were very similar to each other. They had no desire for new things in their lives.

However, she was assured that they would not take revenge on society. Therefore, Emma believed that Emily's people, such as Noah and Christy, should be good people.

Therefore, after she saw Noah's gesture, she gave a sign back to him that she would help.

"Do not worry, with me here, he will not cause any chaos."

Collin held Stony and left.

Emma smiled as she watched them leave. She was looking at Noah who was standing on the edge of the corridor. She made a gesture to Noah, telling him that she already got the tracker.

Noah pointed in the direction of the garbage can.

Emma smiled, implying that she received the message.

However, In Jaquan's eyes, Emma was smiling and watching Collin leave. He was furious that Emma agreed to live in Collin's house. He could not control himself even though Arabella was by his side.

"Why do you agree to live with him?" Jaquan grabbed Emma's wrist, "I remember that we talked about this."

Collin's parents would not allow them to be together. It was hard to be a part of the Muellers.

Emma remembered everything.

But she had to tell Jaquan one thing.

"Not everyone can marry me."

Emma was not very pretty. Her eyes were always calm.

However, when she said the words, nobody found them funny.

Instead, they felt the aura she released.

Just because she did not like to talk and had an indifferent temper did not mean that she was easy to bully.

Arabella sensed the meaning in her words and pursed her lips without interrupting. She raised her head and looked at Jaquan's expression.

Jaquan was stunned.

As soon as Emma finished speaking, she turned around and left, as if Arabella and Jaquan's reactions were not important to her at all. She passed by a garbage can and threw something into it without looking back. She walked in the direction of Collin's

office.

Jaquan's heart was full of disappointment. He looked at Emma's back and could not tell who she was talking about. Was it just about refusing Collin, or did she mean that she would reject the whole world except Collin? His heart was beating violently.

"Jaquan," Arabella called him. She was so close to him, but for Jaquan, it sounded as if it was far away, "Let's go and eat something."

Jaquan looked at Emma's disappearing back. He was silent for a long time before he answered, "OK."

He was still holding the medicine in his hand. They passed by a few trash cans, but he did not throw them away. He just kept holding the bag tightly.

When they left, Noah pretended to be passing by and went to the trash can. He lowered his head and picked up the black tracker inside. Then, he turned around and made sure nobody saw him. Emma's cold gaze was familiar to him. He felt as if he had seen it somewhere before. However, Noah did not think too much and left.

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Chapter 274 He Was Done 2

Emma had arrived at Collin's office. Stony was standing at the door, obediently. A few nurses were teasing him, but he said seriously in a childish voice, "You guys, please do not try to trick me."

The nurses laughed even harder, "Is this boy Doctor Mueller's son? They do not look like each other. This boy is so cute!"

Emma walked forward and said to the nurses, "No, he is my son."

When the nurses saw her, they immediately stopped laughing and had some thoughts in their hearts. Doctor Mueller was so handsome. Why would he find someone that is so normal?

Emma knew what they were thinking. Over these years, she was very familiar with the disappointment in people's eyes when they saw her face. It was like her ordinary look did not meet their standards for beautiful things.

But she never cared about it. Beauty was not about appearance but the inside. She kept this principle in her mind. Therefore, no matter how beautiful a woman was, she was never surprised or

jealous.

"Where's Doctor Mueller?" Emma asked Stony.

A nurse answered before Stony, "Doctor Mueller is in the changing room."

"Please tell him that we will go back first." Emma nodded slightly. Then, she picked up Stony's hand, turned around, and left.

Stony waved goodbye to the nurses politely.

The nurses waved their hands back and stared at Emma's back.

"She looks familiar. Was she the one who was bitten by a snake and did not make any sound?"

"It is her! The boy is her son!"

"Now I remember!"

"Wait, I suddenly feel that she and Doctor Mueller are perfect for each other!"

"Yes, Doctor Mueller always has a smile, whereas she never smiles. Wow!"

"Who are you talking about?" Collin suddenly interrupted.

The nurses were nervous and hurriedly turned around. Collin had changed into a dark coat with an orange sweater underneath. There was a gray velvet scarf in his hand, making the joints of his fingers slender and beautiful. His fingernails were neat. He was slightly holding the scarf, which revealed his perfect and attractive hands.

The nurses were all staring at his fingers and could not move their eyes.

One of them remembered Emma's words and told Collin before he left.

After knowing that Emma had left, Collin held his glasses and sighed softly, "Emma, why did you lie to me? I am hurt..."

He covered his chest as if he were hurt, but there was a slice of joy in his eyes under the lenses. He still had that white coat hanging on his arm. He touched the pocket of the coat.

The thing inside his pocket had gone. So far, Stony and Emma were the only ones that had come into close contact with him.

"How many secrets does this woman have?" Collin thought to himself and dialed a number, "Director, I am not taking leave anymore. The plan has changed..."

Emma brought Stony out of the hospital door. Stony asked, "Mom, what is that thing?"

She would never do it without Stony's cooperation. However, she knew that Collin would find out when he changed his clothes. She did not know how to explain, so she could only leave.

She hoped that they did not cause him any trouble.

"It is a black tracker." Emma explained, "You can track a person wherever he goes if you have this on him."

Maybe this was the difference between her and other mothers. She would treat her son's questions seriously. Instead, she would answer every question Stony asked with utmost seriousness. If she did not have an answer, they would go to the library and find out the answers together.

Stony exclaimed, "Wow, this is impressive."

Emma continued explaining, "There are many accessories, such as bags and buttons on clothes. They could be made into trackers. They are exquisite and unremarkable, but they are more expensive."

After Stony heard this, he looked at Emma and did not say anything, as if he had recalled something.

Emma tilted her head to him, "What do you want to ask?"

"Mom," Stony looked at Emma and asked, "Why don't you say goodbye to Mr. Jaquan?"

"I said it." Emma thought for a moment. She thought she should have said it.

"That is good to hear." Stony was relieved.

There was one more thing he did not say because he did not want to make his mother angry.

He liked Mr. Jaquan more than Mr. Collin.

On the other side, not long after Jaquan took Arabella out to eat, he received a phone call from Ferne. Ferne told Arabella not to go out for the next few days. He was worried that someone would recognize her and find an opportunity to take revenge.

After hanging up the phone, Jaquan drove Arabella back. It was dark when he arrived home. He bought four sets of vegetable pancakes for the first time and delivered them to Collin's door. He did not knock on the door, did not enter the password, but just hung them on the door handle.

After half an hour, Collin called Jaquan.

"Thank you for the dinner." His tone was still flat. Jaquan was embarrassed, "I bought them for Stony, not for you."

"Really?" Collin sounded relaxed, "I had three servings by myself."

Jaquan could not believe his ears, "How could you eat this much?"

"I was too hungry." Collin yawned, "I am tired now. I am hanging up."

"Wait a moment!" Jaquan rubbed his nose, "Well..."

"What?"

Jaquan raised his head and saw the bag of medicine on the coffee table. He immediately said, "I forgot to give them the medicine I bought."

"Who?"

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"..." Jaquan gritted his teeth. "Collin!"

"Send it yourself," Collin covered his mouth and laughed, "Do you want me to send it for you?"

Jaquan hung up the phone hatefully, then picked up the bag and went upstairs.

He was thinking about what he needed to say when he saw Emma. However, when he entered the password and get in Collin's apartment, Collin was the only one who was sitting on the sofa and soaking his feet. No one else was here.

Jaquan's eyes widened, "Where are they?"

"Who?" Collin dragged his voice in a lazy tone.

Jaquan tossed out the cotton slippers in his hand, "Collin! Could you just be normal?"

Collin laughed maliciously, "You are the one who came in and looked suspicious. How would I know who you are looking for? Arabella? She is not here with me."

Jaquan's expression could not be worse.

He rushed to the sofa and was about to strangle Collin. Collin immediately reached out and shouted, "I lost. I lost!"

Jaquan glared at him fiercely. It looked like he would strangle Collin if Collin did not tell the truth.

Collin stopped teasing him and shrugged his shoulders, "Emma

was not here. She left when we were at the hospital."

"What?" Jaquan could make a guess, but he was still surprised,

"I thought she said that..."

"Never take people's words seriously."

Jaquan was stunned. But Emma did move in the last time when she said that she was staying with him.

"Jaquan," Collin put down the medical record in his hand and looked at Jaquan, his friend for many years, "What do you mean?"

"What?" Jaquan did not understand.

"You already have Arabella, why are you still interested in Emma?" Collin's question was sharp, "Emma is not stupid. She would not allow herself to be used by you."

Jaquan frowned, "I did not use her."

When he rushed into the bathroom and saw the wound on Emma's shoulder, his anger seemed to have been explained, but he intuitively denied it.

"No, you did not." Collin analyzed for Jaquan, "You will only make Arabella hate her more if you continue treating her well." Collin's words remained in Jaquan's mind when he walked out.

"What would Emma do?"

"She will only stay farther away from you."

He looked at the bag of medicine in his hand, walked to the trash can at the elevator entrance, and threw it in.

He got into the elevator and went back to his apartment. He changed his shoes, took a shower, changed his clothes, dried his hair, went to bed, turned off the lights, and slept. All the moves were like a rigid robot.

After half an hour, he got up from the bed, turned on the lights, opened the door, and went upstairs. He opened the lid of the trash can by the elevator and took the bag of medicine out.

"I will pay for the breakfast. How much is it?"

"Five thousand."

"It is daylight robbery!"

"Then don't go to the wrong room next time. See you."

"I do not want to be hospitalized."

"What do you want? You want to live in my house, don't you?"

"Yes, sorry to disturb you."

"I will do it."

"Thank you. But there is no need to do that."

"Why are you so hostile to me?"

"I just want to be nice. Has your mother been hurt by a man before? Why does she treat me..."

"Yes, I was hurt by a man. Therefore, I do not like you."

"Well, thank you for saving Arabella. Let me know if you need anything in the future."

"No need."

"It was no bother."

...

Jaquan's mind was full of Emma. Her indifferent face, her cold words...

After he entered the door, the door locked. He leaned against the door. The moment of Emma looked at him, leaned over, and started kissing him...

He pressed between his eyebrows. He told himself to stop thinking about Emma.

However, he could feel Emma's wet and soft lips on his again. He closed his eyes and the sense of alcohol appeared again. It was cold and intoxicating.

He was done.

Jaquan told himself that he was so done.\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 275 Shower 1

In the Britt's.

It was rare for the whole family to have dinner together. At the table, Beverly had been helping Maury with the dishes. Eliot only put food onto Emily's plate occasionally. Only Elsie was left unattended, and she was sulking.

Maury gave a bowl of soup from Susan to Eliot and said, "The annual meeting is coming soon. Work harder these days. Have more soup, and don't get sick."

Eliot took the soup. From his black circles, it wasn't hard to see how busy he had been these days. "Thank you, Dad."

Eliot had a cold these days and had coughed for a few days, so he didn't go to the company. Now that with Beverly and Eliot, there was nothing important in the company. He didn't attend to it anymore and only focused on recuperating. Although he didn't particularly trust Beverly, he trusted Eliot more than anyone.



"Emily has lost weight as well." Eliot put a drumstick in her bowl. "Your favorite drumstick."

Emily didn't say anything, but just pushed her bowl of soup to him and said, "Dad, it's for you."

Maury was overjoyed and said, "Thank you." After saying that, he drank all the soup.

Beverly smiled nonchalantly and said, "It's not like there's no soup. It's simply a bowl of soup. Susan, serve more soup."

Just as Susan was about to leave, Maury coughed and said, "That's OK. I'm full."

Elsie took a sip of the soup and frowned, "How can it be so unpalatable?"

Eliot was wiping his mouth. Hearing this, he said coldly, "Don't have it if you don't like it!"

Elsie was scared by him. She did not reply, but lowered her head and took small bites.

Beverly mediated the dispute and said something else, persuading Eliot into going upstairs. Then she pushed Elsie. "Don't be angry with your father. It's you who will suffer at last."

Eliot and Emily also went upstairs one after the other. Seeing their backs, Elsie threw her chopsticks angrily. "He and Eliot treat me as an invisible person! I was sitting right next to him. How could Eliot put no food in my plate! How could dad be so happy when served soup by that retarded?"

Emily could hear such a loud noise. So as Eliot. They didn't stop walking. Eliot turned around and looked at Emily. She had slightly lowered her eyelashes, casting shadows on her small face. He couldn't discern her emotions.

But even without guessing, she must be very sad.

Eliot patted her shoulder and said, "Don't mind what she said."

Emily raised her head and smiled at him. Her smile was innocent and harmless, and her eyes were as bright as the stars in the universe.

Eliot couldn't help but cover her eyes. "Don't smile at others like this."

Emily stopped smiling, confused.

Eliot sighed softly, "Your gaze would easily seduce others into committing crimes." He rubbed the bangs on her forehead until

her long hair covered her eyes, and then let her go with satisfaction. "Go to sleep."

Emily became alert. She was too relaxed to restrain herself when facing Eliot just now.

She pinched her fingertips and lowered her head as she entered her room, thinking that Eliot would not talk to her like that after the annual meeting.

She was a little distracted. After entering the room, she did not turn on the light. Only after a few steps did she feel that something was wrong. A person was sitting on the edge of the bed in the dim wall lamp.

She turned around and locked the door. Then she went straight to the balcony, closed the door, and drew the curtains. Then she turned around in the dark, while the man was no longer there.

She had just reached out with one hand when she touched the man's suit, slightly cool and had an expensive and high-class texture.

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"Vincent." She said softly.

The man answered softly, his voice slurred as if with lust and it somewhat hoarse and inviting.

Emily inexplicably remembered the sound when he kissed her fiercely, which was somewhat similar to the sound he had just made.

Her ears suddenly burned, and she retracted her hand silently.

Vincent had a good eyesight in the darkness. He saw she take back her tender hand. The little woman stood obediently.

Revealing from her silk-like long hair, her delicate flushed ear was bewitching.

He smiled gently, his dark eyes filled with joy.

"You get shy." He leaned himself close to the delicate ear. As he spoke, his thin lips brushed the fragile and sensitive ear bones, sending shivers down to the woman beneath.

"These few days," He said, raising his hand and gently hooking her chin, his voice hoarse and charming, "do you miss me?"

Emily met his eyes somewhat passively and thought to herself, 'Why should I be shy?' Although she didn't know why she flushed, she was sure that it was a sign of shyness.

Probably because they hadn't seen each other for too long, they were somewhat unfamiliar. Besides, there was also thrill, for the room was dark, and the sound of footsteps on the stairs outside were clear. It was unknown if it was Susan or Beverly. Emily reached out her hand again. This time, she reached out to Vincent's face and carefully stroked his eyebrows, eyes, nose, and lips one by one. After that, she lightly tiptoed and put one hand around his neck. She gasped at his ear and said as what he had done, "What do you think..."

Having said that, she remembered his previous additional movements and gently nibbled his ear bone.

She did not know that her actions had almost instantly ignited a fire in the man's heart. Vincent suddenly tilted his head and kissed her in his arms, clasping her slender waist with one hand. Then he straddled her and fell back a few steps into the large bed.

He kissed fiercely, almost wanting to swallow her.

Just as they could not withhold themselves, someone twisted the handle. Emily instantly bounced up. Then she hurriedly pushed Vincent and whispered, "It's Eliot!"

Vincent gasped. He kissed her fiercely once more when he heard this. Then, he got up. Instead of going out, he went into the bathroom.

Emily closed the bathroom door, turned on the light on the desk, and then walked over to open the door.

"Why do you lock the door?" Eliot came in with a glass of milk and said, "Drink while it's hot."

"I don't know. It's unlocked." Emily pretended to not know it.

She took the glass of milk and intended to smile at him, but Eliot's words occurred to her. She didn't smile then. She only lowered her head and obediently held the glass.

Eliot could only see her rosy lips. He looked away at the desk behind her, and asked, "What were you doing just now?"

"Prepare to take a bath." Emily put the milk on the table.

"Still haven't showered?" Eliot looked at her again, "Why are you flushed?"

"..."

Emily picked up the milk on the table and said, "I'll shower after I drink it."

As she spoke, she raised her head and drank. She looked like a

cute animal when she drank milk. She had tender eyes and fair skin, and her long eyelashes cast a fan-shaped shadow over her small face.

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Chapter 276 Shower 2

Eliot wiped her mouth with a napkin after she finished drinking. He looked at her for a moment and said, "You've lost weight recently. You now have a thinner chin."

Emily had been exercising these past few days. Her originally fleshy face had been slimmed down a bit, making her pair of big eyes exceptionally black and bright. At this moment, she slightly narrowed her eyes that he could not see the gloss in her eyes clearly.

Emily took the napkin and lowered her head. "I'll do it myself." Eliot was slightly stunned. In the past, Emily had never refused him. Now, she seemed to have her own mind that she would go wherever she wanted. She no longer stayed up late waiting for him, nor she hugged his arms and acted coquettishly when seeing him. It seemed to be a long time since the last time she called him brother.

Since when, exactly, did his little girl seem to have stopped being ..... so intimate with him?

"Do you want to take a bath?" Eliot sat down on the chair and said, "Go ahead. I'll sit here for a while."

Emily put down the cup and looked at him blankly.

Eliot waved his hand and said, "Nothing special. I haven't sat down with you for a long time to have a good chat. You go take a shower first. I'll just read here."

"..."

Emily's expression was somewhat ... subtle. She obediently took the rabbit pajamas and went into the bathroom. As she closed the door, she saw Vincent leaning against the washstand in the bathroom with one leg slightly bent, fiddling with her rabbit headband.

Hearing the sound of the door opening, he tilted his head slightly to look over. He was handsome, with deep facial features, black eyebrows and tall nose. He pursed his lips. Probably because it was a little hot in the bathroom, he took off his coat, only wearing a black shirt. He unbuttoned his collar

and stood sideways. Emily could see his Adam's apple from that angle.

'Probably because we hadn't seen each other for too long.'

Emily thought. 'Otherwise, why would she want to hug Vincent like this?'

Emily pretended to be calm as she took out her phone and texted Sydnee, "Call my brother."

Sydnee was puzzled, but she did not call back, only texting to ask, "Why?"

"Find a topic to chat with him for half an hour." Emily sent another message.

Sydnee broke down, "It's impossible! I can't say more than three sentences to him!"

However, Emily never replied after that message.

Sydnee bit her finger and thought for a moment. She browsed through the address book for a while before she finally found Eliot's name. With determination, she called him.

After Emily finished texting, she leaned against the door, attending to his movements outside. Sure enough, not long after, Eliot stood up, opened the door and walked out.

Emily sighed with relief before she looked up at the man leaning against the washstand. His two long legs were exceptionally attractive, which revealed powerful lines of muscles through his trousers.

From a distance, it was impossible to discover that this leg was injured.

"Aren't you going to take a bath?" Vincent filled the bathtub, then looked at her meaningfully. "What about showering together?"

"..."

Emily knew his principles and was not afraid of him at all.

She stood there and began to undress one by one. Then, she stepped on the carpet barefoot, walked to the bathtub, and slightly leaned over to feel the temperature of the water.

She bent down, revealing her thin back, and her white jade-like skin shone seductively under the light. She lifted her leg and entered, her white and tender feet rippling the clear water.

Vincent stood behind her, gasping. He looked up, only to see the little woman sitting in the bathtub provocatively saying to

him, "Come on."

Her smooth black hair draped over her shoulders, against which her small face appeared paler. Her big eyes were black and bright, and had a sly glint in it now. A sparkling droplet of water fell on the tip of her curved nose. Her rosy lips were slightly open, and he could see her pink cute tongue.

Vincent looked at her and gritted his teeth secretly, as if with great determination.

A coquettish woman.

Vincent didn't shower with her, but ... helped her take a bath. He covered her whole body with bubbles. His large palm with a thin cocoon seemed to be on fire, burning her skin wherever he touched. At first, Emily could endure it, but she couldn't help but laugh later. Because it was too itchy, she dodged. And she fell into it carelessly because of the slippery bathtub.

She sat up after drinking a few mouthfuls of bath water, but before she could breathe, her lips were covered again.

...

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When Eliot received Sydnee's phone call, he was nervous for he thought that she had met Marquise again. He asked as he went downstairs, "Where are you now?"

Sydnee, "At home."

Eliot paused, "Is he at your door?"

"Who?" Sydnee was confused.

"... Marquise." Eliot asked hesitantly, "Not Marquise?"

"Oh." Sydnee finally found an excuse. "Yes, it's him. I just met him again, and I was a little scared. I..."

"Where is he now?" Eliot asked.

"He seems to still be at the door." Sydnee lied, covering her face.

"I'll be right there." Eliot took the car keys.

Sydnee was nervous, "Hey, wait a moment!"

According to what Emily said, she only needed to chat with him for half an hour. It shouldn't be like this!

"What's the matter?"

"I mean, what if you come over and fight again?" Sydnee came up with a good excuse, "You'd better not come."

"No." Eliot said, "I won't fight."

"What if he fights? Or what if he forces you to do it?" Sydnee talked sense slowly.

"That's my business, as long as you're not hurt." Eliot thought she was worried about him and smiled gently, "Don't worry about me."

'You thought too much. I really wasn't worried about you.'

Sydnee laughed awkwardly, "I'm fine."

"If you're really fine, you won't call me."

'Your sister asked me to do so! It was your sister!'

"You're not a pretentious girl."

'Thank you for your insight.'

"I'll drive over immediately. Wait for me. I'll hang up first." Eliot had arrived at the garage, hung up the phone and got into a car.

"Wait!" Sydnee looked at the hung phone call, thinking to herself worriedly, 'Emily's brother is coming!'

What was going on?

Where could she find Marquise now?

If Eliot came over and saw no one, wouldn't he suspect her?

No. That was not the most serious problem now. What would her parents think if Eliot appeared at their doorstep at night?

She was washed up!

Sydnee's brain was in a mess. She struggled for a moment before calling Emily, trying to get his sister to call Eliot back.

However, nobody answered as she called for many times.

When she was on the edge of breakdown, Emily finally answered. "Emily! Tell you what, your brother is coming to my house soon. Hurry up and call him back..."

"She's taking a bath." A low, seductive male voice came from the other end of the phone.

\_\_\_\_\_ Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 277 Despicable 1

Sydnee simply replied, "Oh," when she heard that Emily was taking a bath.

She froze for a while.

Then she suddenly realized what was wrong and covered her mouth with her hand in astonishment and panic. Finally, she managed to greeted Vincent calmly, "Hello, is that Mr. Vincent? Good evening."

"Yes, it's me." Vincent seemed to be in a good mood.

Hearing the man's voice, Sydnee could not help but think of a

scene in her mind: while Emily was taking a bath, Vincent was holding the shower head for her ... She told herself to stop imagining the sexual scene.

"I ... I'll leave you two to it. You ... You two can continue."

Sydnee hurriedly hung up the phone.

After hanging up the phone, she found that her problem was still not solved. So what should she do next?

Then she suddenly realized that she could tell Eliot that Marquise had left his house!

Sydnee thought that was really a good idea and immediately called Eliot. But as she was about to speak, she heard her parents' voice from the door, "Sydnee, that man called Marquise is here again!"

Sydnee froze.

The timing her parents spoke could not be worse.

Still in shock, Sydnee held her phone and heard Eliot's gentle voice coming out from the phone, "I'll be there soon. Don't worry."

But she did not want Eliot to come at all!

Sydnee almost wanted to cry.

That was just an unexpected calamity!

She wondered why on earth Marquise went to her place at that moment.

...

Vincent hung up the phone and placed it above the wash basin. Emily just got out from the bathtub. She wrapped a bath towel around her body. Her hair was wet, and there was an alluring fragrance around her.

"Who called?" Emily asked.

"Sydnee."

"Why did she call?" Emily was puzzled. She had vaguely heard a car engine sound when she was taking her bath, and she wondered if someone in the house headed out late at night.

Vincent said, "Your brother went to her place."

Emily was dumbfounded.

What?

Vincent took a towel and wrapped her long hair with it. He used his slender fingers to comb her hair lock by lock and said, "I'm going abroad for a meeting tomorrow. It might take a few days



before I come back."

Emily froze and looked up at him. Her deer-like eyes were moist, harmless, and adorable as she said, "Alright."

Vincent touched her face and couldn't help but kiss her on the lips again.

Emily took a few steps back to avoid his kiss. Her lips were still red and swollen, and they hurt from just being touched.

Vincent chuckled and spoke with his chest voice, "My fault."

Emily pouted without saying a word.

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Vincent caressed her earlobe and said, "Be a good girl and don't pout."

Emily's heart softened. Even though Eliot also said nice things like this to her a lot, she had never felt so sweet. She felt as sweet as if honey had been poured into her heart.

She put on her rabbit pajamas and suddenly remembered Christy's text message. She asked as she looked at Vincent's chin, "Noah's plan failed. Can you send a few people to protect them secretly?"

Vincent agreed without hesitation, "Okay."

Emily was pleased. After changing into her pajamas, she took out a hairdryer and began to dry her hair.

Vincent stood behind her and stretched out his long arms to wrap them around her. He asked, "Is there anything else you want to tell me?"

"No." Emily looked at the two people in the mirror. The man was so tall that had made her look small.

He lowered his head slightly. He breathed on her neck and it tickled her. His deep voice went into her ears, and she felt as if he was tapping her heart with his voice. He said with his breathy voice, "Are you sure there isn't?"

Emily turned the hairdryer up all the way and said with the loud background noise, "Come back early."

Vincent kissed the back of her neck. His voice was hoarse but affectionate, "Okay."

He made a promise with just one word.

At that time, Emily did not know how dangerous Vincent's trip would be, nor did she know that this was the first time Vincent

had promised anyone to come back early, and to come back alive.

Vincent's flight was at midnight. After leaving the Britt's, he chatted with Rolando for a while, and then went downstairs and headed to the airport.

Rex instructed the guards while holding a suitcase.

"No. 1 and No. 2, protect Noah and Christy secretly."

"No. 3, stay at the Scavo's and protect Mr. Rolando."

"No. 4, stay at the Britt's and protect the little Hulk."

"Mr. Vincent is going without us this time?" Guard 1 asked, "Let No. 3 go with Mr. Vincent."

The four guards were all selected carefully. Each of them had outstanding abilities. No. 3 could react well in all aspects. Other than his relatively low EQ, his every ability was better than others'.

And there was also No. 4. Well, he was too pretentious. No one liked him, and no one voted for him.

Guard 4 was speechless as he wondered why they had to involve him in this discussion.

Vincent came out and saw the guards. He greeted them and got into the car, "I'll leave the house to you guys. Protect it properly."

The guards said in unison, "Yes sir!"

"And protect her with your life." Before the car door was closed, everyone heard Vincent's deep voice. They all understood that the word "her" meant Emily, and they immediately turned to look at No. 4.

Guard 4 understood the importance of that order and replied, "Yes sir!"

All the hostesses in the Scavo family had an unfortunate life. The last Mrs. Scavo and Vincent's sister all died because of him. Everyone in the Scavo family knew about it.

This was the first time in many years that Mr. Vincent fell in love with a girl. The guards all saw it with their own eyes and remembered it. They swore in their hearts sincerely.

They would do their best to protect Emily, even with their lives. Until they died.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 278 Despicable 2

Sydnee came face to face with her mother Janice when she went downstairs. Janice said with a gloomy expression on her face, "He said he has something to tell you. Your father and I have locked him out, but he doesn't want to leave."

Sydnee nodded, "I know. I'll go take a look."

"Don't do anything stupid, my child." Janice warned Sydnee because she was afraid that her silly daughter would really say yes to that bastard.

"I know." Sydnee knew she wouldn't.

When Sydnee walked out of the living room, she recalled what Emily had said to her for no reason.

"You will meet a better man in the future."

"Don't rush into marriage. There are good men ahead, and you just have to wait."

She had gathered her courage and finally curled her lips into a smile.

To think about seeing Marquise again, Sydnee was calm and without compunction. Marquise was standing by the iron railing in the distance, and behind him was his long shadow in the street light. He was overjoyed to see Sydnee come out.

Marquise had the good look of a playboy. Putting aside his dissolute private life, he could actually be seen as a talented young man in City Y. After all, his family was rich. He had the capital to indulge in feasting and revelry every night, and he also had the capital to choose any woman he wanted.

However, that woman would never be Sydnee.

Sydnee knew it was impossible for her to be with him for the rest of her life. The moment she saw him, her heart was as calm as the smooth surface of a lake. Even when she was standing there at the door, she was just thinking about what expression she should put on when Eliot arrived.

Although the two of them were standing face to face, what they were thinking were different.

They remained silent until Marquise spoke, "I know you're not with Eliot." He stepped forward and smiled unconsciously, "He hasn't come to see you, and you haven't met him alone or gone on a date with him."

Sydnee wondered if Marquise would never give up if she didn't get married with Eliot.

Sydnee frowned as she looked at him. She had never known

that she was being watched. And to think of what would happen if Marquise found out what she had been doing for Emily ...

"I know. You guys are trying to deceive me together." Marquise continued to indulge himself in his own fantasy, and his tone was incredibly serious and sincere, "I did something wrong before. I know it. But I hope you can give me a second chance." Sydnee interrupted him, "Eliot and I keep in touch by phone." She unlocked her phone and turned to the contact records. The last phone calls she had made were all to Eliot. She pointed to the records and said, "I was chatting with him before you came here."

Marquise froze, "That's impossible." He smiled, but his smile was a bit bleak. "You don't even like him, how could you be with him?"

Sydnee asked back in confusion, "Why wouldn't I like him?" She took a few steps back from Marquise and continued, "Eliot has a good personality and good family background. Most importantly, he is good-natured and we have shared topics. His speech and his manners are elegant. My parents also like him very much."

"He has met your parents?" The expression on Marquise's face changed.

"Yes, long ago." Sydnee saw the headlights of a car, and she knew that Eliot was there. She immediately felt reassured, and she began to speak without hesitation, "My parents are very satisfied with him, and so am I. He is very nice with me, and I like him very much."

"He is nice with you?" Marquise didn't believe it, "How?"

"He's busy at work, so he doesn't have time to meet me during the day. He always comes to see me at night." Sydnee lied without blushing, "Do you still want to hear more about how nice he is with me?"

Actually, she couldn't make up more stories, but she didn't know Marquise had completely mistaken the way she put it. If Eliot always went to see Sydnee at night and was nice with her ... What else could it mean other than that?

Marquise looked at her furiously, "You ... You did it with him?" Sydnee was dumbfounded, "What?"

Marquise angrily grabbed her shoulders with her hands, "Did you sleep with him?"

Sydnee felt pain in her shoulders because he was clenching her shoulders too tightly. She intuitively talked back as she heard his words, "Yes, I did!"

Marquise was so angry that he wanted to trump the wall. As his fist was in the air, Sydnee thought that he was going to hit her, so she flinched and shouted, "Eliot!"

Eliot, who had just gotten out of his car, immediately rushed over. He separated Marquise and Sydnee with one arm and held Sydnee in his other arm. All of that happened in the blink of an eye.

Just as Eliot was about to let go of Sydnee, he saw Marquise rushing towards them in fury. Eliot intuitively turned around to protect Sydnee in his arms. When he was punched in the back, Sydnee could hear a muffled thud.

She raised her head and looked at Eliot. Since Eliot was standing with his back to the light, Sydnee couldn't see his expression clearly. She could only hear his voice. It was neither too low nor too high, but it was especially reassuring. "Don't be afraid, I'm here."

Sydnee suddenly remembered that Eliot had never been in a fight in school. He was well acknowledged as a gentleman. Because he was gentle, courteous, humble, and friendly, he was Prince Charming of many girl students in all grades.

His eyes were tender and his smile was as bright as the sunlight. When the wind brushed off the hair on his forehead, he would narrow his eyes slightly. That was a beautiful scene that many girls could never forget.

Sydnee did not know why she suddenly remembered that scene at that moment, but she knew clearly that what was happening now was just a matter between her and Marquise, and Eliot shouldn't have been involved in it. But Eliot had got himself involved in it deliberately to stand up for Elsie. After fighting with Marquise last time, he got tightly tied to Sydnee.

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She did not know Eliot well. But since he had never had a girlfriend or a woman around him when he was still in college

and after he graduated for so many years, Sydnee knew that he must have had either a special reason or a dream girl in his heart, and she would never be so narcissistic to think that he was into her.

Because of what had happened between Marquise and herself, Sydnee no longer believed in love.

She didn't want to be tied to Eliot.

However, she had used Eliot as an excuse to reject Marquise repeatedly.

She found herself despicable.

Very despicable.

Eliot took Sydnee to the door in his arms and then unbuttoned his suit jacket quietly, as if he was about to fight with Marquise. Sydnee held onto his hands. In Eliot's puzzled gaze, she walked towards Marquise slowly.

Eliot was worried about her. He took a step forward, wanting to shield her with his body, but Sydnee pulled his sleeve and shook her head to indicate that she would be fine. Not feeling reassured, Eliot still stood beside her, in case Marquise would dash towards her and hurt her.

Marquise originally did not believe Sydnee's words which had zero credibility, but he really began to believe them after he saw Eliot's attitude.

"Marquise, go home." Sydnee walked up to Marquise and said calmly.

Marquise clenched his fists and the look on his face was pained and sad as he felt betrayed, "Sydnee, it's not easy for me to have a chance to get out, and I just wanted to ..." He couldn't finish the sentence and finally let out a furious roar, "How could you do this to me?"

"What makes you qualified to say something like that?" Sydnee asked back.

Her expression was calm, and there was even a faint smile on her face. But what she said was merciless, "Who are you to me?"

"You're not even a virgin yourself. Why should I be a virgin?" Sydnee didn't give him a chance to talk back and even said something that she normally didn't dare to say, "And why should I wait for you? I don't even like you. If I want to give myself to someone I like, then that's my own business. It has

nothing to do with you."

"If it wasn't Eliot, then it would be someone else. It would not be you. It would never be you."

It was suddenly quiet.

"Why?" Marquise asked awkwardly, "Why did you suddenly hate me this much?"

"I don't hate you," Sydnee thought for a moment before saying seriously, "On the contrary, I'm very grateful to you."

Marquise did not think that was a compliment and asked, "What?"

Just as he had expected, what Sydnee said next destroyed his last glimmer of hope.

"You showed me the true nature of men and completely shatter my fantasies about love. I sincerely want to thank you for that."

Marquise was lost for words.

That was a heavy blow for Marquise, and he left, dejected and despondent.

After Marquise drove his car away, Eliot smiled and said to Sydnee, "You don't look talkative. I have never thought that you could be so eloquent."

Sydnee was dumbfounded.

Only after she heard his words did she realize what she had said in front of him.

"You're not even a virgin yourself. Why should I be a virgin?"

"If I want to give myself to someone I like, then that's my own business. It has nothing to do with you."

"If it wasn't Eliot, then it would be someone else. It would not be you. It would never be you."

Sydnee covered her face with her hands. Good heavens! What on earth did she just say!

"Goodbye." After saying that in a hurry, she rushed into the house.

Eliot was left alone outside the door. He stared after her in surprise. He suddenly thought of something and shook his head with a wry smile.

He thought of the scene of Sydnee standing between him and Marquise when he almost got himself involved in a fight. Even though she was clearly solitary and a girl with few words and few friends, she still said so many bold and explicit things to stop them from fighting.

She probably exhausted all her courage to do that.  
A good girl like her was worthy of a good man who was nice with her.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 279 Choice 1

The coldest time at night, Noah finally returned to the new home that Christy had moved into overnight. It was closer to downtown, but it was in a remote and unremarkable alley. The first floor was a row of shops that sold furniture and daily necessities. They lived on the second floor, and there were only two floors.

It was a little noisy during the day, but the whole street quieted down at night. However, the downtown area next to the street was still bustling with people who were enjoying their nightlife. Christy was tidying up the room. The air conditioner in the hall was turned on. Noah took off his down jacket and faced the warm air. He had no expression on his face, and he didn't know it was because his face was too cold, or his heart was numb. His eyes were closed, and even if they were opened, one probably couldn't see any emotions in them.

Christy handed him a cup of hot tea, "How did it go?"

Noah threw the down jacket to her and said, "I got it."

"What did they say?" Christy opened the pocket of the down jacket and took out the black tracker.

She was talking about the police station.

Noah drank a mouthful of hot tea, and his throat was moistened. Then he said with a trace of weariness, "It's just a scapegoat. The others kept their mouth shut."

Logically speaking, such a big case would at least draw the attention of police forces of different places and the media. However, the bureau was worried about the public opinion and stopped the news from spreading out. It also ordered the major media to remain silent, so as not to cause social panic.

After all, the citizens were taxpayers, and the victims were only minors without any social status. Some of them were missing, some were abandoned as they were born disabled, and a few were bought from remote mountainous areas. There was no risk of being reported, and no one would call the police.

This was the reality.



It was dirty and unbearable.

"Can you find out?" Christy sat down. Her beautiful eyebrows knitted together. The black tracker in her palm was thrown onto the coffee table. She looked at her palm. The palm lines were tangled. They said that a girl with clear palm lines had good luck. Then did she have bad luck in her life?

Noah took a sip of hot tea and put down the cup, "I can't. I can't find out."

Christy became quiet.

After the fire at the villa, she knew that the truth would always be covered up because people only wanted to see what they wished for, and they did not want the sins to be seen by others. They didn't even want to admit that the sins existed.

In a word, they denied the existence of those girls.

Even if they knew who the real victims were, they would not have sympathy for the girls.

Christy pinched her fingernails and suddenly remembered something, "Didn't you say you had saved one?" She looked at Noah with obvious hope, "We can let that girl testify as a witness!"

Noah looked at her and didn't say anything.

Christy calmed down, and they looked at each other. She only heard Noah's slightly mocking tone,

"What do you think?"

They all knew that the victim's family would not allow their daughter to testify. They were eager to get rid of it.

Furthermore, that person was an Armed Police Force, so how could he be willing to gamble on his future?

"Why did you suddenly leave the hospital today?" Noah asked.

"I met the group leader. I followed him for a while, but he almost discovered me." Christy suddenly remembered the little robot and its slow nod.

Very cute.

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

"Why are you laughing?" Noah waved his hand in front of her eyes, "What are you thinking?"

Christy touches her face, "No, I recall a person I met on the way

who is cute."

Noah stood up, took off his sweater and prepared to take a shower. He raised his head and said, "I thought you only liked robots."

It had to be said that after getting along with each other for a long time, they would have pretty good gut feelings.

Christy, on the other hand, had some curiosity towards Trevor, because she had a strange illusion through the robot's nod, as if Trevor were nodding at her with restraint.

This feeling was so subtle that she began to image his appearance in her mind.

She took her phone and typed in the words, Trevor Peck. Many pieces of information appeared in the search box. She looked for a moment and suddenly put her phone away.

What was she doing? Did she have nothing to do?

Trevor, who was far away in the garret, stared at the computer. The photo screen, with his name on it, paused for a while and shut off.

The little robot stood quietly at his feet, staring at him with its pair of gray gemstone eyes, as if it did not understand what he was doing.

Trevor looked at the computer screen motionlessly. Not long after, the phone screen was on again. This time, she was no longer typing his name, but clicking on the map search. She started to work.

Trevor could not see her face, but he could guess that at this moment, she would have a cup of hot tea in her hand. Beside the hot tea was a notebook, and she held a pen in her hand. Her long black hair was wrapped around her head.

She would unconsciously bite her pen, frown slightly, and stare at the screen without blinking.

Trevor had dreamed of her twice. He was a shallow sleeper, and he rarely dreamed of people, because he hadn't gone out for a long time, unless someone came to see him.

They were separated by a thick curtain and couldn't see each other.

But he could hear them.

Because he had stayed in the small garret for a long time, his ears were sensitive. He could even tell what kind of person the other party was from the voice.

What he disliked the most was hearing human voices. Whether it was from a man or a woman, an adult or a child, he did not like it at all. In his childhood, he wore headphones all the time and could not hear anything all year round.

The quietest world was the purest.

He quietly looked at the computer screen. The phone was sliding on the map. There were three small words on the map, the GY Temple.

Not long after, the phone was off again, and the entire computer screen went black.

She never turned on her phone again.

Trevor quietly looked at the black computer screen, motionless, waiting for her to turn on her phone again.

This was the only connection between them. \_\_\_\_\_ Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 280 Choice 2

Two days later, St. Peter's Cathedral, Vatican, Italy.

The cathedral, which normally held tens of thousands of pilgrims, was so quiet. Apart from the rhythmic sound of leather shoes stepping onto the ground, there was no other sound.

In the corridor to the right of the door was work of Michelangelo, 'Peter'. It was done when he was twenty-three.

On the left side of the third chapel, and on the opposite walls of the second and third chapels, was the bronze monument built by Bolewolo for Enoch VIII.

Standing in front of the monument was Vincent. He was dressed in an ink suit and had a straight collar. His expression was exceptionally cold. His eyebrows were slightly knitted, revealing a mark between his eyebrows. He stood slightly sideways, and the line of his jaw was sharp.

"Mr. Vincent." Rex came in from outside and whispered, "People are waiting in the middle hall."

Vincent raised his left wrist and gently adjusted his cuff links with his right hand. His eyes were filled with indifference and coldness, "Let's go."

Walking along the middle hall, a dignified aura filled the air. The most eye-catching thing was the bronze canopy directly below the dome. It was thirty meters tall and supported by four twenty-meter-tall spiral copper pillars. It looked majestic and

tall. There was a guardian angel at each corner of the canopy. Behind them, four copper pillars with phoenix tails folded upwards supported a huge copper ball. On the copper ball was a cross, the symbol of the Catholic.

A dozen or so Europeans stood beneath the cross.

All of them were about forty years old. Some of their hair had already turned gray. The youngest was only around thirty-five years old. Their eyes were deep. Some had square faces, wide jaws and looked rich.

Hearing the footsteps, the group of people turned around and smiled.

"Hello."

"Long time no see!"

"How is your family?"

Vincent nodded slightly. Instead of using Italian, he replied in English, "Very good. Thank you for your concern."

Several Italians were standing beside two translators who were translating in fluent English at the same time.

Someone noticed he only brought Rex with him, not the four guards. They asked curiously in Italian, "Where's your bodyguards?"

"It's safe here, isn't it?" Vincent glanced at them. His thin lips curled up slightly into a faint smile.

A few Italians laughed when they heard the translation. "That's right!"

"Why isn't Ethen here?" One of them asked.

Everyone else had already noticed this. At this moment, when they heard someone mention it, they echoed, "Yeah, we have an appointment with him to talk about the next plan."

"He's sick," Vincent said indifferently.

"Sick? Is it serious?" A middle-aged man with a square face and a broad chin asked. He had a beer belly, but he liked to wear a white shirt. The temperature in Italy was not low in winter. He wore only a white shirt, tightening his beer belly and covering it with a white suit.

"Nothing serious. He will be fine." Vincent looked at him and said.

The middle-aged man, Caspar, smiled as he met Vincent's gaze. However, he felt that this young man's gaze was like a thin

blade, cutting open a person's nerves inch by inch. However, he still stared at Vincent until Vincent tilted his head to look elsewhere.

Another person said, "Before this, we discussed with Ethen about opening a casino in Rome next year. Everyone present will have a piece of the pie."

"What a pity," Vincent suddenly said.

A group of people thought that he agreed, so they looked at him with laughter and then at the translator. The translator forcefully translated, "He said it was a pity."

The laughter on everyone's faces disappeared.

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"What do you mean?"

"Why did you say it was a pity?"

Vincent looked at the cross above everyone's heads. He did not quite understand why these people, whose hands were all stained with blood, liked to come to such a sacred place and even acted like devout believers.

He looked around faintly and revealed a trace of regret in his face, "The Scavo family doesn't engage in pornography, drugs and gambling. This is a rule set by the family. It has been maintained for many years. Ethen is too young to reject you. Therefore, I came here to apologize on behalf of him for disappointing everyone."

...

After coming out of St. Peter's Church, he arrived at St. Peter's Square in front of the church. Rex finished the call on his headset and bowed slightly. "Mr. Vincent, the people sent out haven't found Mr. Ethen's whereabouts yet."

"Keep looking." Vincent lowered his head and looked at the white pigeon that was looking for food. His tone was indifferent.

"Yes."

After Rex notified the other side, he suddenly thought of something and asked hesitantly, "Mr. Vincent, could he collude with Caspar?"

"If I were him, I would kill me first and then do something else. He could pretend to be sick and injured. This way, it would be

easier to get close to me and assassinate me successfully."

Vincent turned to look at St. Peter's Church. His thin lips curled up slightly, and his eyes were filled with a hint of bloodthirst, "If he and Caspar reached an agreement, what do you think would happen tonight?"

"Mr. Vincent..." Rex felt nervous, "Then do you still want to find him?"

Vincent put on his sunglasses, revealing only the tall bridge of his nose, as well as his hard chin and thin lips. His voice was indifferent but with a sense of hostility.

"Only by finding him will we know who he chose."

...

In an underground casino, a group of people were all in short shirts, revealing their hairy arms. Dozens of white people sat around a table, and across the table sat a Chinese.

The man was young, about twenty-five years old. He wore a white shirt with only a button on it, revealing a large area of skin. Beneath the button, it was his abdominal muscle, and a long and narrow scar was on his lower abdomen.

He touched the cards, and his right index finger knocked on the table from time to time. He raised his head slightly, revealing a beautiful oriental face. He was smiling slightly.

This person was Ethen.

Just as he put down his cards, a hand fell on his shoulder. He turned around and shouted in surprise, "Caspar!"

An Italian man with a square face and a broad chin stood behind him. This man was Caspar. He was still in the white shirt and his belly was swollen with two straps.

"Did you have fun?" Caspar asked.

"Yes," Ethen said with a smile, "This place is not bad. I'm just a little tired after playing for a long time. I want to go back to sleep."

"There's a room upstairs. I'll have someone take you there," Caspar said enthusiastically.

Ethen nodded in agreement. "Alright, let's go. I'm too tired." he said casually, "Where are my two bodyguards? Why aren't they here?"

Caspar smiled and said, "They were too tired to take care of you. I told them to rest."

His bodyguards were ordered to rest by someone else. It didn't

sound like they were going to rest at all. Instead, it felt like they were imprisoned.

However, Ethen seemed to have noticed nothing. He said in surprise, "Thank you so much." \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 281 Die for Nothing 1

He was fluent in Italian. Unlike Vincent, Ethen laughed all day long. He was used to smiling to others. Anyone who saw him would feel more comfortable. Moreover, he was so good with words that every Italian who met him liked him.

However, although this young man had the right to speak, he didn't have the right to decide.

As for Vincent, when he took over the business, he was still a teenager, but at that time, no one could see through him. He had a cold face, and his emotions were indistinguishable. He was clearly a child, but he dared to contend against adults. He competed for his shares, and easily controlled the adults. He earned more profits for the Scavo family than in the past years. After all, it was in Caspar's own territory. He didn't want to be bullied by a child, but he couldn't cut off the partnership with the Scavo family. He could only endure this for more than ten years.

Right now, although Ethen's abilities weren't outstanding, he was easy to handle. As long as Vincent died, the master of the Scavo family would naturally be Ethen. At that time, Ethen would have to agree to their casino plan even if he didn't want to. After all, no one would hate money.

Caspar had a good plan in his heart. He smiled at Ethen and said, "Relax here. We are partners. It's good that you treat me as a friend."

Ethen blinked at him, "That's for sure. By the way, has my phone been repaired?"

A few days ago, his phone accidentally fell onto the ground and was broken. Caspar helped him repair it. During this period, Caspar let him relax and have fun here. In the blink of an eye, several days had passed.

Caspar patted his head and said, "It was fixed long ago. I forgot to send it to you. I'll have someone send it to you later."

Ethen's heart skipped a beat, but he still smiled, "Alright."

When they walked towards the room, Ethen was already prepared for the worst. Caspar would not kill him. Keeping him here was to lure his cousin out, but from his words just now... His cousin was already here.  
Was Caspar planning to attack his cousin?

Ethen walked around the room. The phone on the table was out. He was a little anxious, but he suddenly calmed down. With Vincent's intelligence, he wouldn't fall into the trap of Caspar.

...

At the same time, in an Italian hotel.

Vincent's room door was knocked on, and a waiter outside shouted, "Room service!"

The moment the door was opened, the people outside fired a shot at the people inside.

The silenced gun did not make any sound, but there was no one inside the door. The people outside looked strangely at the back of the door. He was hit on the face by Rex's elbow. Then Rex smashed the gun hilt directly on the back of the man's neck. The man was immediately unconscious.

The other man pointed his gun at Rex, and a dart hit the man's wrist. He just turned around, and his neck was hit by another dart.

Two men quickly hid in the bathroom and shot towards outside. Rex hid behind the corpse. A few minutes later, there was no sound in the bathroom.

At the same time, three men in black came in through the window. They lowered their heads and respectfully said, "Mr. Vincent, the four people outside are down!"

Vincent threw the last dart into the red heart on the wall, then stopped and turned to look at Rex who came out of the bathroom, "Let's go."

"Yes!"

The four of them moved all the corpses in the room to a truck. Then, Rex drove out a Bentley. Vincent lowered his head and sat in the car. The two cars drove in the dark, one in front of the other.

Not long after, they encountered a red light. When they stopped and waited, a car came from the side. Then there was a sound of knocking on the rear window.



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A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

Rex's expression changed. Before he could react, the sound of explosion came from the rear window. Countless bullets shot in, each with deafening explosion.

Rex's entire face twisted and let out a heart-wrenching roar, "Mr. Vincent."

...

Emily was suddenly woken up from her sleep. She was sweating and panting. Then, she took out her phone and looked at the time. It was past five o'clock in the morning.

There were no missed calls and no unread messages in her phone. She edited a message to Vincent.

"I just had a nightmare."

There was no reply.

She sent another message,

"I dreamt that something had happened to you, and you lost a lot of blood."

Half an hour later, no one replied. An hour later, still no one replied.

Emily simply stood up and sat down on the table to start drawing. Her heart was not calm, and the things she drew were also messy. Warm colors and cold colors alternated, and the finished painting was not good either. She threw the drawing paper into the trash can and laid a new piece of white paper.

She sat down and painted quietly and patiently. It was Vincent in the painting. The color was cold black. He was in a black shirt and a black suit. Even his eyes and eyebrows were black.

The only things red in the painting were the lips of the man.

She finally calmed down.

Her phone suddenly vibrated. She hurriedly picked it up, but it was not from Vincent. It was Harold.

"Miss Emily, are you alright?" Harold asked, "The lights in your room were on since five o'clock."

"Yes, I'm fine. I just had a dream." Emily explained indifferently.

After hanging up the phone, Emily looked at the calendar, took a pen and highlighted the date of 18th. Tomorrow was the annual meeting.

That day finally came.

Elsie went out with Beverly after breakfast. She said that she was going shopping to buy a dress for the annual meeting tomorrow.

Emily looked at Beverly carefully at the dining table. Beverly also wore makeup, fine powder covering the crow's feet. She also put on the popular lipstick. She looked young in a white down jacket and even had her hair permed.

"Mom, your hair style is very pretty. I also want it." Elsie was good at pleasing people, and Emily had got used to it.

"You look good just the way you are." Beverly patted Elsie's head and comforted her. Then Beverly looked at Emily, who was eating quietly, and thought that Emily was as pretty as her mother.

Otherwise, how could she be a mistress? Billionaire's  
Reborn Baby

Chapter 282 Die for Nothing 2

Emily felt that gaze and stared fiercely at her. She kept taking the porridge, slowly like a retard.

Finally, Beverly retracted her gaze impatiently and said, "Let's go."

Elsie quickly mended her makeup and followed her out. They had been peaceful for the past few days and did not cause any trouble for Emily. It was because Maury was at home.

Emily texted Harold under the dining table, "Follow them."

Afterwards, she continued to eat quietly. Not long later, Maury came down. He had a bad cold recently and had no appetite for breakfast. A few days ago, Emily always brought porridge to him and forced him to drink some. Maury helplessly agreed to come down for breakfast in the future and go to the garden to take a walk for fresh air.

When Maury came down, he clearly felt that he was getting old. He was panting a little when he went down the stairs. Just as he arrived at the dining table, he saw Emily smiling as she raised her head and said to him, "Dad."

The kid looked like her mother very much and became more and more beautiful.

Her temper was the same as her mother's. She looked gentle, but she was actually stubborn.

Maury walked forward and gently touched the top of her head,

"Have you finished?"

Emily shook her head and said, "I'm waiting for you to eat together."

"Alright, I'm hungry too." Maury smiled happily.

Susan just happened to bring breakfast from the kitchen and poured another glass of milk to Emily. "Miss Emily, drink more milk."

Emily drank obediently.

The father and daughter ate their breakfast quietly at the dining table, while Susan and the butler stood aside, watching with a smile.

Emily seemed to be different.

Although she would sit there quietly to eat in the past, it was as if she was not only there for eating. She was eating with her father. Her gaze was gentle, not stupid or ignorant.

Susan and the butler were just about to take a closer look when Emily's eyes looked curved again, as if the gentle expression just now was their illusion.

After breakfast, Emily went around the garden with Maury. In the cold winter, some of the flowers and grass in the garden were moved into the greenhouse, and others could only be covered with a plastic film.

They entered the garden, took the plastic film off the flowers, and gently brushed away the droplets on the flowers. It took them more than half an hour to finish.

Then they went out for a while. Maury noticed that Emily often stared blankly at a place for a long time. This kid seemed to stop growing up mentally after having a high fever when she was seven years old.

Maury was sorry for her. No matter what Emily wanted to do, he would unconditionally approve. However, she was very sensible and obedient. It was mostly because that she wanted to please him and the new family. Maury had never thought about this before, but after experiencing so many things, it seemed that this child was not stupid. She only wanted to survive in this family so that the family could truly accept her. After Emily finished looking at a leaf, she turned around and left. Maury also stopped his thoughts and followed.

There was a strange feeling in his heart. Emily seemed to be

different from before, but he couldn't tell the specifics. He only looked at his daughter's beautiful side face and her slightly indifferent eyes. He finally felt that this kid was different from before.

She had never had such eyes before.

Such a cold gaze was like that of a stranger.

Emily walked a few steps and realized that she was distracted.

She also noticed that his father was observing her. She immediately put on a smile and said, "Dad, I'm tired. Let's go back."

"Alright."

After they returned, Emily saw that Harold had also returned, so she went upstairs and entered the room.

Harold was already standing in her room with a sealed bag containing photos of Elsie and Beverly shopping today. In the photos, there was another person beside Beverly and her daughter.

Emily knew it. She fixed the sealed bag again and handed it to Harold, "You know what to do."

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

"Yes!"

There was still no text message or phone call from Vincent. She picked up her phone and called.

Suddenly, she remembered that Vincent was abroad, so she should not be able to reach him.

She hung up the phone again and stared blankly at the interface. Then, she reached out and stroked the ring hanging on her chest.

She clearly remembered that when she woke up from her nightmare this morning, the ring on her chest emitted a red light.

Something must have happened to Vincent.

"Harold," Emily called Harold. "Go to the Peck's for me."

...

Ethen took a quick shower in the bathroom. When he got dressed, there was a knock on the door. He opened the door and saw two beauties with blonde hair and blue eyes. They were in black lace, revealing their long legs. The two women

leaned against the door frame and gave him a charming look before coming in.

Ethen whistled to them. Caspar, who was standing at the door, walked out and smiled at him, "There is a saying that every minute of the wedding night is precious. I will leave you alone." With that, he laughed loudly, his beer belly stirring like a big belly of a black bear.

"Caspar." Ethen smiled helplessly, "If my brother finds out that I'm not doing my job, he'll kill me." Then he gestured at his neck and stuck out his tongue.

Caspar laughed even happier, "Don't worry, he won't. He won't have the chance."

His words were very straightforward.

Ethen was stunned for a moment, "What?"

"Ethen, you're somebody, but your brother is holding you back. You don't need to follow his order anymore. I know that his existence is a huge threat to you, so..." Caspar smiled and narrowed his eyes, "I got rid of him."

He used his chubby fingers to copy what Ethen had just done. Ethen acted like he was in shock. In fact, he did not believe that Caspar could kill Vincent, nor did he believe that a man like Vincent could be easily killed.

"The business of opening a casino will bring us fame and fortune. You know how much wealth this business will bring. Trust me. You know how good money will be than your brother."

"Money will bring you countless beauties." Caspar said, as he used his chin to point at those two women standing in front of the door.

"Is that so?" A deep and faintly male voice sounded, filled with killing intent.

"Of course!" Caspar straightened his body and smiled as he looked at Ethen. A moment later, he noticed something and slowly turned around. He realized that the question just now was not from Ethen, but ... Vincent!

He didn't die!

It was also at this moment that he remembered that Vincent was the only person who spoke English in front of him!

"It can't be!" Caspar cried out and instantly pulled the two women in front of him. However, he did not outspeed Ethen.

The smile on Ethen's face disappeared, and Ethen forcefully clutched Caspar's neck, twisting his chubby arms into a strange posture. Ethen stepped on Caspar's back and pressed him down on the ground.

The two beauties were so scared that they hid in the room and did not dare to come out.

"Ethen! You!" Caspar struggled, "Kill him! Kill him! Our family will only cooperate with you in Italy!"

Ethen chuckled softly. His words were nonchalant, "Goodbye.

Ten years ago, with so many of my men, we didn't kill him. I don't want to die for nothing." \_\_\_\_\_ Billionaire's Reborn

Baby

Chapter 283 Curse 1

Caspar had heard of the riot in the Scavo's more than ten years ago. But he thought of it as a rumor. Noticing the Scavos' indifferent tone, he panicked. They could even kill their family members without blinking an eye. To them, what was he? Suddenly, Caspar felt cold sweat trickling down his back. He rolled his eyes and suddenly shouted at Vincent, "Ezra! Don't believe him! He asked me to kill you! He has wanted to replace you as the new head! So, he forced me to attack you! Now that things have been revealed, he makes me his scapegoat! Ezra! You must not trust him!"

Vincent didn't seem to hear anything. He stood still on the corridor, leaning lazily against the wall. Then he raised his chin slightly and looked over, his eyes arrogant and cold.

Rex, who was beside Vincent, had walked over with a murderous look in his eyes.

"You can't kill me!" Caspar shouted in fear. "If you kill me, my family won't let you go!"

Ethen looked down and brushed his instep. "Don't worry. No one will turn on money."

"What?!" Caspar's eyes widened uneasily.

Ethen explained kindly, "Just like you want to kill Vincent and let me take over his position, we can kill you and switch to someone who obeys us better."

"No!" Caspar screamed in despair as Ethen ripped off his head.

"Oops." Ethen raised his head and blinked at Rex. "Sorry, it's an accident."

At the sight of it, Rex quickly returned.

Ethen glanced at the two beauties inside the door. Noticing their faces turned pale with fear, he soothed with a smile, "I won't kill women. So, just leave."

The two women came out trembling. Just as they arrived at the door, they met Caspar's bodyguards. They were so scared that they ran back. Noticing Caspar lying dead on the ground, the bodyguards immediately drew their guns.

Then the two beauties died tragically on the corridor.

Ethen sighed regretfully. But when he raised his eyes, he noticed that Vincent had disappeared. He stopped sighing, beat the dust off his trousers, and went after him.

When he arrived outside, Ethen found a poor car at the entrance. It looked like it had been sprayed with countless bullets.

Just as he was about to ask, Rex shouted nervously, "Mr. Vincent!"

Ethen looked up and saw Vincent had fainted in the car. His black shirt was slightly wet on the chest. Ethen reached out and touched it. The blood was like a bright red flower slowly blossoming in his palm.

\*\*

Harold rushed to the Peck's. When he was wondering which door had no alarm, a little robot flew out of the wall and stopped right in front of him.

Harold recognized it and immediately explained the reason for his visit.

The little robot circled in mid-air for a moment before it sounded. "Sorry, I can't help you."

Harold thanked it again and ran back.

The little robot returned to the garret and went inside the thick curtains. A surveillance video was playing on the computer.

About five people got out of a car and fired bullets from different directions at a car.

The little robot destroyed the video and then destroyed another one about what happened in the hotel corridor.

After that, it sent a message to Rex. "OK."

A moment later, Rex texted it back. "Good, thank you."

Trevor then sent a message to Rex. "How is Vincent?" Emily just

sent someone to ask, but I didn't say anything.

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More  
After a while, Rex replied, "Unconscious."

Trevor no longer asked since the constant pop-ups reminded him that he had too much else to do. He clicked off the chat window and checked all the keywords about death.

It was overwhelming.

"I can't hold on any longer.... I hope that death will free me and give me a new life."

"Why is everyone else's world beautiful? Why am I the only one living in hell? Why? Will they let me go if I die?"

"Goodbye, Mom and Dad. I'm sorry. I can't accompany you. Don't be sad after I die."

"I heard that death is very painful, but I'm not afraid. It is the best thing for me."

"Since you want me dead, why did you give birth to me? Why do you hate me so much?! I hate myself too.... I want to die, ... but I'm so scared...."

"He said he loved me, but he still betrayed me. I wish I could kill him, but I can't. I can only kill myself."

"When will that devil let me go? Who can save me...? I'm dying...."

Trevor looked at the various keywords on the page. They were posted on Twitter, Facebook, and some other social networking sites.

Without expression, Trevor found out the IP addresses of these people, attached the suicide note to it, and then sent it to a person named J.

Trevor was very efficient at sending messages.

A moment later, J replied, "Are you interested in developing SOS software all over the world?"

The system that Trevor developed only applied to the domestic people. Any signal of suicide would be captured by the keywords in his computer. Then, he found out the people's IP addresses and sent them to J. After that, someone would go save them.

Most of them were teenagers. Some of them were going through a rebellious phase. They might look powerful on the



outside, but on the inside, they were very fragile. They wanted to die when they were scolded by their parents, criticized by their teacher, excluded by their classmates, rejected by the opposite sex, and even hated by themselves.... Their inner life was both simple and complicated. They lingered between life and death with a mix of hope and disappointment. They were conflicted. They wanted to die, but they hesitated in fear on their way to death. They were the hope for the future, but they were filled with despair. Some of them were adults. Adults had to withstand various stresses and strains. In times of despair, some of them would write down all their mistakes, while some would not say a word. However, what they had in common was that once they decided to die, the expectation of rescuing them was low. There were also some elderly people. Most of them didn't announce the date of their death on the Internet. They only left a post "XX's grandfather killed himself" before they committed suicide resolutely! And their posts were forgotten since then. Trevor checked all the pages that popped out and then texted J back.

"I'll give it a try."

At the same time, Harold arrived at the Britt's.

"Mr. Trevor said he didn't know. He can't help." Harold quietly went over the balcony and walked to the table.

Emily put down the brush in her hand and said softly, "I know." Then she stood up, her face expressionless. "You can go. There is much to do tomorrow."

"OK." \_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 284 Curse 2

After Harold left, Emily could not calm down. So, she took out a brush and continued to paint.

Suddenly, her phone vibrated. She took it and checked the text message. It was from Vincent. There were only two words.

"I'm fine."

She was finally relieved.

On the other side, Rex put down Vincent's phone and looked up at the tightly closed operating room. His face was rigid, but he

still remembered that when Vincent was sober, he grabbed his arm and said to him.

"Tell them I'm fine."

Rex knew Vincent wanted both Rolando and Emily to not worry.

"Rex, why are you here?" A female voice suddenly came from behind him.

With a worried expression, Rex turned around and saw Irene. She was wearing a trench coat, black culottes, and a bright red sweater. She looked cool and neat.

As Irene walked over and noticed Rex's worried look, her smile faded. She pointed to the operating room and asked in disbelief, "Is Vincent inside?"

\*\*

Ever since she knew that Jaquan was with Arabella, Felice had hardly come to his apartment. However, in the past half a month, Jaquan didn't call her at all. Although she felt disappointed, she cooked dinner and brought it to him.

Jaquan got off work early these two days. Arabella couldn't leave home recently, so they kind of fell out of touch. After work, he would read the customer information or run on the treadmill for an hour.

Felice arrived at 4 p. m. and saw Jaquan running on the treadmill on the balcony. The window was open. He was wearing only a short shirt, but his face was covered in sweat since he had been running on the treadmill for more than an hour.

"Mom," Jaquan turned off the treadmill and wiped the sweat off his face with a towel. "Why are you here?"

"You don't go to see me. Can't I come to see you?" Felice put the dinner in the kitchen. Then she washed the fruit and put it on the tray.

"Of course, you can." Jaquan walked to the bathroom to take a shower.

Felice asked, "I cooked dinner for you. Why did you get off work so early?"

"OK," Jaquan nodded.

Felice said tentatively, "Jaquan."

Jaquan had just walked to the bathroom door. Hearing that, he turned around and said, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I..." Felice looked at Jaquan's expression in confusion. "I just feel that you don't look very happy. Do you have some problem at work?"

Jaquan felt as though he was being X-rayed, so he frowned and retorted, "No."

"Then what happened?" Felice asked. "You don't get along well with Arabella?"

"No, don't worry about it. We're fine." Jaquan entered the bathroom with a frown and said impatiently, "I'm going shower." As he said that, he closed the door.

"Oh, do you know where Emma lives?" Felice asked.

Jaquan immediately opened the door and looked at her nervously, "Why are you asking me that?"

"Your father has caught a lot of fish. I'm going to give her some. She likes the fish I cook." Felice sighed, "She didn't come. Perhaps because you're with Arabella, she feels embarrassed here."

Jaquan's back stiffened as he said impatiently, "I don't know." Then he slammed the door.

Felice murmured, "It's OK that you don't know. I won't blame you. Why are you so angry...?"

Jaquan took off his clothes and stood under the shower. In a fury, he closed his eyes. The warm water flowed down from his head. He suddenly remembered Emma's long white legs when she was bathing in Mount Phoenix and the big...

"Damn it!" Jaquan shouted as he washed his face casually. Then he took a towel and wiped himself carelessly. After getting changed, he went out.

Felice was cleaning the living room when she saw Jaquan coming out. She held up a bag and asked, "Are you hurt? Why did you buy so many bandages and medicines?"

Jaquan was wiping his head with a dry towel. Hearing that, he paused. Then he walked up to Felice and took it over. "No, I bought it for a rainy day."

Felice stared at him in confusion.

Frowning, Jaquan said, "Never you mind."

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No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
"Well..." Mrs. Cox went to clean up another place. When she

came out of the bathroom with the garbage bag, she saw Jaquan was still carrying that bag. He frowned as if he was making a big decision.

"If you don't need it, give it to me. My neighbor seems to be injured," Felice suggested.

Jaquan immediately put it away and said, "Maybe I'll be injured tomorrow. I'll need it then."

Felice was puzzled.

She was going to throw the garbage and then went back.

However, when she reached the door, Jaquan called her.

"Mom!"

Felice turned around and said, "Huh? What's wrong?"

Jaquan looked at the floor and said in an angry tone, "I'll help you deliver the fishes!" He looked so irritable as if he was going to kill someone.

"..."

"Actually, there aren't many. You don't have to do it yourself," said Felice weakly.

Jaquan's face turned red. "Just do as I say! You go get the fishes now!"

Felice wondered if her son went crazy.

Jaquan's house was not far away from the Cox's. Just as Felice arrived downstairs, she saw Jaquan dressed neatly in the car.

Jaquan raised his chin and said, "Get in!"

Over the years, Jaquan had rarely sent her home, so she was very happy.

She sat in the passenger seat and noticed the bag of medicine in the back seat. Confused, she pointed at it. When she was about to ask, Jaquan said coldly, "I take it with me in case of a car accident."

Felice was furious. "Don't jinx us." After some thought, she pointed at the bag and added, "Well, I won't ask you. Do you really have to curse yourself?"

"..."

Jaquan fell silent.

When they arrived at the Cox's, Jaquan didn't get off. Felice asked him to come down to see his father Allen. "Since you have come, go see your father."

Jaquan waved his hand and said, "Mom, hurry up and bring the fishes over."

Allen, who had just arrived at the door heard their conversation. He was cut to the heart.

Only then did Felice realize that Jaquan sent her back was purely for the fishes. However, on second thought, she found he was in such a hurry to give the fish to Emma.

Wasn't he with Arabella?

When Felice returned with the fishes, she looked solemn.

Jaquan placed the fish in the trunk and got in the car to leave.

Noticing Felice's expression, he asked, "Mom, what's wrong with you? Don't you want to give it to Emma?"

"..."

Felice was cross. "Jaquan, I'm telling you, you must do what your conscience tells you."

"Ah?" Jaquan looked at her confusedly.

Felice was worried that Jaquan didn't understand, so she put it bluntly. "I mean, you can't keep a foot in both camps. Do you understand?"

Jaquan got that and tightened his hold on the steering wheel.

"Mom, I know."

Felice was relieved.

After Jaquan drove away, she covered her heart and said, "Why did I persuade him? It will be great if he and Emma get back together, but I feel sorry for Arabella."

Allen came out with his glasses on. "What are you whispering alone?"

"You won't understand." Felice looked at him with disdain, turned around, and went in.

Allen was cut to the heart again.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 285 Obvious 1

When Jaquan arrived at the Lotus Tea Manor, it was already dark.

He parked his car and took the bag of medicine from the back seat. Halfway, he realized that he forgot the fish. He turned around to get it. Then he stood at the door and thought for a while before knocking on it.

Sydnee was not here recently, but she hired two servants. One was responsible for cooking and the other cleaning up the house. As the former servant was sick, she hired younger ones.

In their forties and having children, they were dexterous and diligent.

Just as the cooking servant brought the dishes to the room, she heard the bell and came to open the door.

Jaquan thought it was Emma. He almost blurted out the opening line that took him a long time to prepare. At sight of the middle-aged servant standing behind the door, he swallowed his words back.

"Hello, are you here to stay the night?" the servant asked with a smile.

Jaquan hesitated and didn't nod. The servant studied his expression and asked, "Are you looking for someone?"

Jaquan was stunned and then gave a stilted nod.

The servant smiled. She just thought that he was looking for his girlfriend. Feeling his embarrassment, she smiled kindly and said, "Come in."

Jaquan walked in.

Stony was practicing outside. Cross-legged and his eyes closed, he sat on a stone. When he smelled a familiar perfume, his eyes opened and he cried out in delight, "Mr. Jaquan!"

Jaquan's heart melted. He walked over and touched the boy's head. "It's getting dark. Why are you sitting here alone?"

When the cooking servant found they knew each other, she assumed that Jaquan came for Emma. However,... Emma said that her husband was probably abroad. The servant sized him up. He was wearing casual clothes and the watch on his wrist was expensive. And she could tell from his temperament that he was rich. Why would he come all the way to the countryside for Emma?

She scrutinized him again, suddenly alternated her gaze between Stony and him. After a while, she came to realize that they were family.

She smiled and left. Now that Jaquan wasn't a guest, there was no need for her to entertain him.

Stony replied with a smile, "I'm practicing." When he saw Jaquan holding something in his hand, he asked, "Mr. Jaquan, what's in your hand?"

When Jaquan was about to speak, he raised his head and saw Emma from the crescent-shaped door. She was wearing an

apron and had a faint smile on her face. Seeing Jaquan standing outside, she paused and a trace of surprise crossed her face. In the midnight, servants would hang a lantern at the entrance of the tea house and behind the door. The lantern by the door illuminated a tiny space. Under the dim yellow light, Emma's eyes softened.

Without waiting for Emma to speak, Jaquan coughed softly and said, "My mother has been worried about you. She asked me to check on you and bring you the fish."

He handed over the bucket in his hand. When he remembered the injury on her shoulder, he withdrew his hand. "I'll carry it into the kitchen."

Before Emma said something, he walked straight in.

Emma and Stony followed behind. The lights in the kitchen were still on. Emma just finished cooking. There were two small wooden barrels on the table. Inside were egg fried rice, mixed with corn, carrots, sausage and pickled vegetables. Above them was a heart-shaped fried egg.

Jaquan smelled the aroma, the moment he entered. As soon as he put down the fish, he saw Emma following behind him. Not knowing what to say, he pointed to a few sausages hanging on the side and asked, "What is this?"

"Last time, I had it at the lodgings and it tasted good, so I learned to make it." Emma put the fish under the sink and wanted to clean it up later.

To her surprise, Jaquan said, "I like it too."

Emma paused for a moment without turning her head or responding.

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Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

"My mother might also like it." Jaquan added. Seeing that cherry hairpin on Emma's hair, he felt a little satisfied and happy.

Emma checked the fish one by one and found that it was caught by the hook. She put it down and turned on the tap to wash her hands. With her back to him, she said, "There are sausages in the supermarkets over there."

Jaquan asked straightforwardly, "Can't you give me some?"

Emma wiped her hands with a towel, then turned to look at him

and said, "I don't want to."

"Why?" Jaquan stared blankly at her face. He didn't know why this plain could arouse his emotions easily.

Emma pondered for a moment and said seriously, "Gifts carry the giver's love for the recipient. I don't want you feel that way. My life is pretty good now."

This was the longest conversation she had with him since they had known each other for so long, but what she meant was simple.

She was rejecting him.

Jaquan recalled Emma's words that day somehow.

She said, "Not everyone can marry me."

This shattered that tiny bit of satisfaction and happiness he had just now. The corner of his mouth twitched. "I just feel that it's not easy for a single mother to take care of a child, so you want to help you. Don't get me wrong."

Emma said indifferently, "Thank you for your concern."

"..."

"Mom, can we eat now? I'm hungry." Stony poked its head form the door.

"Sure." Emma's face softened. She picked up the two barrels on the table and walked out.

Stony came in and took two spoons. Before he left, he saw Jaquan standing there with a sullen face and asked, "Mr. Jaquan, do you want to join us?"

"No." Jaquan looked down and walked out. "I'm going back."

Stony followed Jaquan out and shouted to Emma inside, "Mom, Mr. Jaquan is leaving!"

When Emma just brought the meal in, she heard this, without blinking an eye. Then she turned around and looked over flatly, as if Jaquan's return was no surprise, and it was not worth making a fuss about.

Jaquan felt a surge of anger for some reason. He took a few steps and almost reached the crescent-shaped door. When he turned around, he saw only Stony chasing after him. Emma didn't follow.

He got furious, turned around and walked back in. In front of Emma, he took out the bag of medicine from his pocket and threw it on the table.

"Don't thank me!" With that, he turned around and left.



He strode out without looking back. His gait was resolute. When he got in the car and found no one after him, his head drooped in frustration. With his head on the steering wheel, he sighed. Suddenly his phone rang. In a daze, he took a while to answer it. It was Arabella. \_\_\_\_\_

s 2

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 286 Obvious 2

"Hey, where are you?" Arabella asked.

Guilty, Jaquan said, "At home. What's wrong?"

"Oh." Arabella paused for a moment and smiled, "Nothing. I'm just asking."

"OK." Jaquan answered, but he didn't start another topic to smooth the way for a good chat. Neither of them spoke. The atmosphere was like this, filling them with awkwardness.

"Go to bed early." Jaquan said.

"Alright, you too." Arabella hung up.

Jaquan exhaled a breath and switched off his phone. As he looked into the darkness before him, felt so calm. Staying in the car for a moment, he started the car and left.

At the same time, Arabella stood in front of his house. After the call, she expressionlessly left the elevator.

Behind the crescent-shaped door, Emma was cleaning up the fish after having her meal. Stony was dawdling and watching Emma scraping the fish scales.

"What's the matter?" Emma tilted her head to look at him and asked, "Are you not going to read your books?"

Stony looked at her confusedly and asked, "Mom, why don't you ask Mr. Jaquan to have dinner with us? We had a meal with Mr. Collin at home last time."

Emma didn't stop scraping the scales, "No reason."

He thought for a moment and asked, "Are you still mad at him?"

"..."

"Mom, it's obvious you don't hate him anymore." Stony muttered, "Obviously, you..."

His voice was quiet that Emma did not hear what he said. She remembered the way Jaquan came in with the fish in his hand. Her indifferent eyes were lit up.

"I don't hate him." Emma said softly.

She never hated him.

"Then why?" Stony asked in confusion.

Yeah, why?

Emma opened her mouth, but nothing came out. Only a faint and gentle smile touched her lips.

\*\*

Italy.

Exhausted, Ethen entered the ward. Since Vincent was injured, he was supposed to handle the rest of the business. His business partner dropped dead. He had to explain it not only to the other Italian partners, but also to Caspar's family.

More importantly, he needed to convince Caspar's family that the Scavos would not harbor a desire for revenge.

Over all these years in Italy, Ethen knew what tricks these sophisticated people were playing. He led his men into the Caspar's and warned, "If anything happens to Vincent, the entire family of Caspar's will be doomed!"

Caspar's family members just got up with drowsy eyes.

Surrounded by this group of people holding guns, they did not dare to refute it.

The next second, Ethen threw Caspar's body in front of everyone. Uninterested in the panicked, shocked, and miserable expressions of others, he turned around and left.

He intimidated the whole family in this simple and brutal way.

Bearing trade-offs in mind, Caspar's family would choose to sacrifice a dead person, not fight against the enemy.

Ethen knew it well. Of course, the real cause of Caspar's death must remain a secret. After running around for more than four hours, he finally arrived at the hospital before dawn.

Vincent was already moved from the operating room to the ward.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

Ethen entered and found a woman sitting on the edge of the bed. The beauty was Chinese with impressive features, having a sharp feel to them.

"Is her Vincent's girlfriend?" He turned to look at Rex and asked.

Ethen was away from home for a long time, so he didn't know much about Vincent's relationship. At this moment, he saw the beauty sitting beside Vincent's bed and took her as Vincent's girlfriend. He was surprised. After all, Vincent was single for many years, and didn't seem to be interested in women at all. Although he had doubted that Vincent was gay, he never asked about it.

The corner of Rex's mouth twitched and Rex shook his head gently.

Vincent was straight.

Relieved, Ethen thought that it made sense and most women wouldn't get Vincent's attention, judging from Vincent's poker face.

Irene heard some noise and raised her head to look over.

Ethen immediately grinned and said frivolously, "Hey, beauty." "Hello."

Irene greeted him indifferently and went quiet. She just looked down at Vincent lying on the bed. He was shot in the chest and pale from blood loss, which made him look less sharp and indifferent but fragile. His thin lips were dry and chapped. She took a cotton swab and dipped it in water to wet them.

Rex stepped forward to take the cotton swab. In fact, he snatched it from her. His sudden action took her by surprise. Then she heard him say, "He might not want to see you, when he wakes up." He told her more than three times.

Irene did not say anything.

When the strange and pretty woman appeared and took away the gift that Emily wanted to give Vincent, Irene knew that she shouldn't be so brazen and see Vincent again.

But now, he was injured, lying motionlessly before her. She wanted to stay with him quietly.

Even if he didn't want to see her at all.

Although Ethen wasn't sure, he didn't ask further. He just looked at Vincent and asked Rex, "What did the doctor say? When will he wake up?"

How could anyone hurt Vincent? That was the question he wanted to ask.

Ever since the riots ten years ago, Ethen had never seen Vincent injured again. Vincent was a cold-blooded, arrogant, and ruthless business genius. He was sharp-eyed and had good

judgment about business. Besides, he was sensitive to risks. "The medicinal effect hasn't dissipated yet, right? It will probably take more than half an hour." Rex explained. Because Irene was here, he did not say much about Vincent's injuries. Ethen suppressed his confusion and checked his watch. "I'll take a nap in the next room. Call me when he wakes up."

Rex nodded.

After Ethen left, Irene was still sitting on the edge of the bed. Rex didn't drive her away, because the Scavos and the Potters were cooperating. He just put up with her.

Not long after, Vincent opened his eyes. In that instant, he gave a sharp and murderous look. When he adapted to the light and saw Irene beside the bed, he narrowed his eyes to hide all the hostility.

"Mr. Vincent, are you awake?" Rex has been guarding him. The moment he found Vincent awake, he asked, "Do you want some water?"

Vincent frowned slightly as he put his hand on his chest. Then he gestured for Rex to help him sit up.

Rex hurriedly adjusted the bed. Soon, the bed rose. Vincent tilted his head to look at Irene on the edge of the bed, and looked away, as if he did not see anything. Or he saw her but just took her as a decoration.

Irene wished to get roasted rather than such humiliating indifference.

She stood up and wanted to turn around and leave. But somehow, she remained still and said angrily, "Yes, I did it. I admit it. I was just jealous, but was there anything wrong with it? I love you. Am I wrong? You're injured but where is she? Does she know? Even if she knows, what can she do for you? The Britt family is going bankrupt and will not be able to help you. You need me. Our marriage will do you more good than harm."

She grabbed Vincent's hand excitedly. "You need me, Vincent. It's fate for us to meet here. I never thought that I would meet you here. I decided to give up. It's true. Can you try to like me? I can give you more than she can..."

Vincent's lip curled slightly and he looked up. He sneered coldly, "You're nothing before her."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

## Chapter 287 Calculation 1

His biting words hurt Irene, so her expression immediately changed.

"I don't believe you will be with a retard. Even if she is not a real retard, at least everybody thinks she is! So she will always be! For the rest of her life!" Irene, embarrassed, said angrily, "My family will bring glory to you. Her family will only humiliate you. Her birth mother is a mistress, and she is an illegitimate child..."

"Enough!" Vincent frowned and said coldly, "Get out."

Irene stood still. She didn't plan to say this, but seeing Vincent's cold side face, she couldn't help it.

She really wanted to hug him, the man she fell in love with at first sight.

But she had slowly turn around and leave in silence. Her high heels clicked on the floor, which was extremely rhythmic.

After the ward door closed, Rex handed over a mobile phone.

"Mr. Vincent, Miss ... Miss Emily sent a text message and I have replied it for you."

Vincent did not take his phone. He supported his head with his hand on his temple and said, "Send them an email in my name. Tell them Ethen will be in charge of the cooperation in Italy."

"... Yes, sir." Rex hesitated for a while, but did not ask eventually.

He wanted to say something. He opened his mouth several times and almost shouted out.

"You got something to say?" Vincent found Rex wanted to say something.

Rex's jaw tightened and he lowered his head, "No."

"Go call Ethen in."

Rex answered, "Yes, sir."

...

The annual meeting of the Britt Group would be held at the Starfish Hotel in downtown City Y.

This year was considered as a difficult year for the Britt Group. Therefore, the annual meeting this year drew more attention than previous years. More guards were hired, and even the venue was a bit more luxurious.

Eliot arrived at the hotel at 2:00 p. m. He then began to check

the stage, the wine list, gifts, parking spaces, and other matters. An hour later, the employees of the company arrived one after another.

Maury came with Emily. He wore a suit and an overcoat.

Although he had not recovered from his cold, he was in good spirits and looked happy.

Emily stood beside him dressed in white. She wore a light make-up. Her eyelashes were thick and long and when she blinked, they looked like butterflies about to fly. Her nose was straight and delicate. Her lips curved slightly and were plump, pink and attractive.

The two got off the car and waited at the door for a moment. Not long after, Matthew's car arrived. The driver helped him down.

Emily called out, "Mr. Rolando."

She had always been a little afraid of him. Matthew knew that. He glanced at her, feeling that Emily looked somehow different. She was not that timid in front of him.

A figure blocked his view. It was Maury. He took a few steps down and held him. "Let's go."

**Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!**

**A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City**

Matthew suffered from a leg disease. Cold wind would do harm to his legs, and it was difficult for him to walk in winter. So he only went out for major events. Today was the annual meeting of the Britt Group. He had to come even if he was terminally ill. He was walking with a cane and was dressed formally. Even if his hands were very cold because of the weather, he didn't say anything.

Maury tried to help him in, but Matthew waved his hand and refused, "I'm not that old. Let's go."

He saw from the corner of his eyes that Emily handed the handkerchief to Maury. Maury had a bad cold and had a running nose. His nose was red and would hurt if she wiped it with a tissue, so she gave him a soft gray handkerchief. As Maury probably didn't realize that his nose was running, when Emily handed the handkerchief over, he didn't take it, so she naturally wiped it for him.

Matthew was a conservative man who preferred sons to

daughters. He had married off his two daughters to other wealthy families, which had brought Maury many opportunities and saved a lot of money. More importantly, they had earned quite a lot.

However, because of the Diaoyu Islands conflict, several supermarkets were attacked and boycotted. They had no choice but to announce the closure.

It was very difficult for the Britt Group to venture into other fields, and it was very also hard for them to turn the tables this time. Matthew wanted the two sons-in-law to help, but they were helpless.

His other two sons were doing just fine. Maury had suffered a loss before, so he didn't want to work in the same company with his own brothers. Therefore, Matthew had been on separate ways with his two sons and didn't have much contacts with them.

Matthew had no choice but to turn his attention to his two granddaughters. Needless to say, the retard was useless. Elsie could marry a powerful person. It was best if this person could help the Britt Group.

This was a good idea. Unfortunately, it didn't work.

Elsie not only had offended the Buckley family, but also got herself discredited. She had become the biggest laughingstock in City Y and had even sullied the reputation of the Britt Group. However, she was useful to some extent. Otherwise, the Scavo family wouldn't have helped the Britt Group when it was in danger. Thanks to its timely help, some companies had decided to cooperate with the Britt Group for the sake of the Scavo family.

Matthew's thoughts drifted far away in an instant. He paused for a moment and looked at Emily again. He found that Emily was much prettier than her sister. Unfortunately, she was a retard. Otherwise, it would be a good idea to marry her off to the Scavo family...

Emily did not know what Matthew was thinking. Her head was lowered slightly and there was a transparent earbud under the cover of her long hair. Now, Harold was saying something. "She's here."

There was still half an hour left before the start of the annual meeting. Maury, Matthew and Emily were waiting in the

lounge. Maury was reading his speech carefully. He wanted to praise several subordinates at the meeting. They had never abandoned the Britt Group, so Maury was grateful to them from the bottom of his heart and was willing to treat them with more sincerity.

"I'm going to the restroom." Maury said and then looked at Emily, "Stay here."

Emily nodded. Thinking of what he was going to face next, she looked at him worriedly, "Dad..."

Maury thought she was scared and comforted her, "Don't be scared. Grandpa is also here. I will be back soon. Don't go out." "Alright." Emily lowered her head, hiding all her emotions.

After Maury went out, he pocketed his speech. Then, he walked along the corridor to the restroom. A man was walking in front of him and suddenly dropped an envelope. But he didn't seem to realize and continued to walk.

Maury shouted, "Hey, young man, you dropped something!"

When the young man turned the corner, Maury found that he was wearing his earphones, so he could not hear. \_\_\_\_\_

vBillionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 288 Calculation 2

Maury picked up the envelope. It felt like there was ... a pile of cash in it.

He took a few steps to chase after the young man, but he was very curious. So he opened the envelope and found there were pictures in it.

They were pictures of Beverly, as well as director Brooks of the Marketing department of Prosperity Group. Maury had met him in the café.

In the pictures, Beverly and Daniel were shopping and smiling. They looked very happy. They even hugged in several of the pictures. There were also a few pictures of Elsie. The three of them were like a family, all smiling happily.

Maury clenched his fingers, as if he wanted to crush the three people in the photos.

He put the photos away and called Harold, "Where is Beverly?" He held back his anger and called her by name, not Mrs. Britt as he usually did.

Beverly and Elsie had arrived a long time ago. Although



Beverly's family was not that powerful now, Beverly was a capable person. When Eliot was injured and hospitalized, she had been in charge of the company. All employees thought highly of her.

Beverly was in the lounge on the top floor of the hotel now. She had just received the room number that Daniel had sent her. Although she was confused why he came to her at this time, she decided to go there since Daniel had always been bold. She blushed at the thought of some of his behaviors, then took the purse and went upstairs.

At the door of Room 2099, she knocked once and the door opened.

Daniel stepped forward and hugged her. "Missing me already?"

Beverly said coquettishly, "Didn't you invite me?"

Daniel thought that she was playing hard to get. So without thinking much, he reached out and put his arm on her waist and walked in. "Come on, hurry up..."

"You are so horny..."

The door was shut.

Harold appeared on the corridor. He held his mobile phone and hesitated in telling Maury on the other side of the phone. "Mrs. Britt ... is in Room 2099."

Maury was stunned, and was speechless for a while. "What? She's upstairs? In Room 2099?"

Harold didn't answer.

Maury breathed heavily and said, "OK, I know."

His entire body trembled. He wished he could pick up something and kill the shameless couple. But he couldn't, because today was a big day for the Britt Group. He couldn't ruin it.

However, rage bubbled below the surface of his mind. Maury felt his hot and saw blood flowed out. He washed away the blood and then went into the elevator with photos in his hand. Before the elevator door closed, a woman came in. She looked a few years younger than him, wore light makeup on her face, but her haggard face was also filled with sorrow. She had probably cried before. The corners of her eyes were red, her mouth were tightly pursed and her lipstick smudged. She held a document in her hand. Her entire arm was trembling because

she was holding it too tight. Getting closer, one could hear the clattering sound of her teeth.

After Maury pressed the button, he kept telling himself to calm down. However, when he thought of what he was going to see later, he couldn't resist the urge to beat them.

Only when the elevator door opened did she realize that the woman did not press any button and was heading to the same floor as him.

He didn't think too much and walked straight ahead until he reached the door of Room 2099. He stopped and found that the woman in the elevator had also stopped.

She did not look at him, but stared at the number 2099, which could be interpreted as "loving someone forever."

She looked at it for a long time until tears fell. Finally, she gritted her teeth and reached out to knock on the door. She did it so hard that the veins on her neck bulged. She looked like she was going to destroy them all.

Maury sensed something was wrong. Why did she know about this room? But before he had the time to think about it, the door was opened and Daniel, being impatient, was standing inside. When he saw the person at the door, he instantly became panicked. "Why, why are you here?"

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City  
He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Behind him, Beverly was slowly putting on her clothes and walking over. "Who is it?"

She raised her eyes, saw Daniel's wife and sneered in her heart. She had planned to meet his wife for a long time. Now she saw this woman, she felt so pleased with her capability of stealing other's man. She looked even more arrogant. Because the door was only halfway open, she thought the man standing beside Daniel's wife was here to help, so she didn't take him seriously.

"Well, well, well, isn't this Mrs. Brooks?" Beverly sneered bitterly. "Why are you here? Looking for your husband?"

"Yes, I'm here to look for my husband. Be careful. Maybe your husband will come here to look for you!" Daniel's wife, Lily, had never worked since their child was born. She was devoted to housework and their child. It was understandable for her to not know Maury. However, the man had followed her from the

elevator. She couldn't help but to wonder what the relationship is between him and Beverly.

She was just guessing. She didn't know the person standing beside her was Beverly's husband at all.

Beverly didn't even know Maury was standing outside. Hearing Lily' words, she laughed arrogantly, "Wipe away your tears." Lily wiped her face. She looked at the shameless man and woman in front of her. She could imagine what they were doing when she knocked on the door. She calmed herself down, but could not hold back her tears.

"Daniel, what is this!" Lily took out a piece of paper that she had tightly held along the way. "Why Beverly and Elsie's name are on your will?"

"What will?" Daniel was confused.

Beverly was surprised for a moment. She tilted her head and looked at Daniel with a smile on her face. "You willed something to us?"

Daniel hadn't made a will.

Hearing Beverly's words, he frowned, "What will?"

"Are you serious?!" Lily unfolded another piece of paper and asked, "What is this?!"

It was the result of a paternity test, showing a 99.99% probability of paternity.

Daniel frowned, his face full of disbelief. "Where did you get it?!"

Lily thought he must be feeling guilty. Then she wiped away her tears and said hatefully, "Is this true? Just tell me. Do you have an illegitimate daughter with her?! That girl named Elsie!"

Beverly was stunned for a moment. No, something was wrong. Elsie was indeed Maury's daughter. How could she be Daniel's child?

Only now did she come to her senses. Why did Daniel's wife suddenly appear?

"Why, why are you here?" She asked, her face filled with panic.

Daniel finally realized that he had been tricked by Beverly. He stared at her with a gloomy expression. "You sent me the room number, and then you asked my wife to come. And the fake will..."

Beverly was so confused and was about to refute when a familiar ring rang.

It was time for the start of the annual meeting. Eliot went to the lounge for Maury, only to see Matthew and Emily sitting there. They said that Maury had gone to the restroom, but Eliot didn't find anyone in the restroom, so he called.

Maury said to his phone, "Room 2099 on the top floor. Come here."

When Beverly heard his voice, she was so shocked that her entire body trembled. As the door was completely opened, she saw Maury clearly.

Daniel was also shocked. Even if Beverly wanted to plot against him, she wouldn't get herself into trouble, would she?

"You, you ...?" Daniel stared at his wife and then at Maury, completely confused why both of them were here.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 289 Coercion 1

Maury was extremely calm. He extended his hand to Lily and said, "Let me see."

At this moment, Beverly suddenly reached out for the test sheet, "No! Maury, listen to me. That's fake! Elsie is your daughter! I can swear!"

Maury pushed Beverly away against the door. He read the test result carefully, word by word.

Only now did Lily realize that she guessed correctly. The man standing beside was really Beverly's husband.

She smiled delightfully, and said harshly, "Are you panic now? Go ahead. Why do you stop swaggering like just now?"

Beverly glared at her and then turned around to hold Maury's arm, "Believe me, please. Besides, we are here to discuss the details of a project. You misunderstand...."

Daniel also calmed down after a while, "Mr. Maury, let's calm down and talk it out. We've been framed today...."

Before he could finish, Maury punched Daniel's chin. Daniel staggered a few steps. Before Daniel could hit back, Maury punched him again and entered the room. There were still jackets and shoes scattered in the room. Beverly stood up in fear and was about to run away. But she was choked by Maury. "What project requires you to take off your clothes?" Maury asked slowly. But he clutched with great strength. Beverly could feel that the hand around her neck was tightening. The fear of

death made her face pale.

"Help me!" Beverly reached out to Daniel and shouted in fear, "Help!"

Daniel didn't want to care about her, but he couldn't bear the humiliation of being punched twice by Maury. So, he turned Maury around and punched him.

Beverly escaped when Maury loosened his hands.

Seeing her husband was punched, Lily grabbed Beverly's hair and slapped her twice, "You bitch! How dare you to seduce my husband!"

Beverly shouted in pain. She just escaped with great difficulty, and now she was grabbed by Lily and slapped twice. Then, she immediately forgot all the nobleness and elegance of a lady and started to tussle with Lily like a shrew.

This was what Eliot saw when he rushed over. The hotel security guards probably saw it on the surveillance cameras as well. So, they sent a few people to help. And those people arrived shortly after Eliot.

Although the security guards did not know the four people, they did know Eliot. After all, Eliot came here many times from the appointment to the holding of the annual meeting today. They knew he was the general manager of the Britt Group.

The security guards greeted him and then headed to the corridor.

But Eliot raised his hand and stopped them, "Excuse me, can I handle this?"

The security guard said with a smile, "Of course you can, Mr. Eliot. But you may need to hurry up. Our boss is still waiting."

Eliot nodded and handed each of them a pack of cigarettes. He smiled gently and said, "The annual meeting will begin soon. Enjoy yourself there."

The security guards took the cigarettes with joy. And they thanked Eliot politely.

After the security guards left, he turned around and put on a serious look. He walked step by step to the Room 2099. Maury had already seen someone there. He knew it was Eliot, so he stopped. After fighting for a while, he was already tired. He entered the room to find tissues to wipe his running nose.

Daniel was about to leave, but his wife was still being beaten by

Beverly. He tried to stop the fight but was scratched by the two women's long fingernails. Instantly, a bloody scar appeared on his face.

He pulled Beverly up with anger and shouted, "Enough!" "She hit me! Why didn't you pull her?" Beverly shouted at him with messy hair.

Just as Daniel was about to speak, his wrist suddenly hurt. He was pushed away fiercely. He raised his head and saw Eliot looking down at him coldly.

Maury just went out and saw Eliot. He pointed at Daniel and said, "What cooperation does he have with our company? Cancel it quickly. No matter how much the penalty is, don't cooperate with this kind of person again."

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No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
Eliot had guessed what would happen here before. He didn't expect that his father would catch his mother dating another man in such a place.

This totally shamed him.

"Dad, the annual meeting begins," Eliot said plainly.

Maury picked up a messy piece of paper on the ground and handed it to him, "Forget about the annual meeting. Take a look at this first."

This was Daniel and Elsie's father-daughter DNA test report. Maury did not notice that the moment Eliot took the report, Eliot's face suddenly turned pale. And when Eliot saw that the examinee was Elsie, he let out a breath secretly.

When he saw the result, he frowned slightly. Obviously, this report was fake.

Elsie was indeed his father's child. He had investigated about this.

Beverly hid behind Eliot and pulled his sleeve, "Eliot, tell your father that this is fake. Someone framed me. Elsie is your father's child."

Eliot wanted to grab her shoulder and question her. What about him?

But he restrained himself and lowered his head to say to Maury, "Dad, grandpa is still waiting down there. There are so many employees waiting as well. Today is very important. These

things..." He tilted his head to look at Daniel and said angrily, "I'll deal with them later."

Maury looked at him. Perhaps the DNA report influenced him, he felt Eliot's face was so strange.

He began to suspect everything. And he didn't realize that his gaze had changed.

Eliot raised his head and saw that gaze. He instantly lowered his head, clenched his fists tightly and didn't say anything.

Maury looked at him for a long time, and he took out his phone and dialed Harold, "Come here." After hanging up, he said to Eliot, "I'll handle this."

Eliot knew that Maury didn't believe him anymore.

Beverly stood on the side in embarrassment, holding Eliot and said, "Eliot, listen...."

Eliot shook her off coldly and said, "Shut up!"

This was the first time he looked at Beverly with a cold gaze and spoke to her like this.

Beverly was too shocked to say a word for a while.

Lily had been ignored by everyone since she stood up. She looked at Daniel and said mockingly, "I always wondered why you socializing in daytime. It turns out you're out to meet your lover..."

Daniel became furious, "Shut up!"

Lily was irritated. She pointed at Beverly and said, "No! I'm going to say it! If you dare to do so, you need to bear other's criticism. Is this your reward for what I've done for you so many years? You cheat on me with a married woman! Why this old and married woman?"

Ever since Beverly saw Eliot, she calmed down. Even if Lily pointed at her now, she had no strength to fight back. Her cheek was burning because of those two slaps, as if reminding her that all of this was not a dream.

No, it shouldn't be like this.

But how did things turn out like this? She had no idea at all.

Beverly was afraid that another chaos would be caused, so she urged, "Then let's go down first." And she gave Daniel a hint.

\_\_vBillionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 291 Report 1

As long as nothing would go sideways at the annual meeting,

she was confident that this matter would be settled. After all, Elsie was not Daniel's child. The DNA test sheet was clearly forged by someone who wanted to frame her!

Beverly was stunned. Why would someone forge this to frame her?

If there was someone who want to set her up, it could only be that retard Emily. But could she come up with such a complicated way?

She was clearly not smart enough for it.

Beverly felt that something important was ignored, but she couldn't recall it at the moment, so she could only put it aside and fix the current matter with all her might.

Daniel saw the hint in her eyes. He pursed his lips and stopped talking. But his wife saw their eye contact and was pissed off. She said to Beverly, "Since it was a forgery, why did you tear it apart? Are you trying to hide something?"

Beverly was so angry that she gritted her teeth. She finally got rid of it but the woman stirred up trouble again.

Daniel frowned on his wife's words. He pulled her wrist and said, "Enough. I'll talk to you later."

Lily held back all her grievances and unwillingly shut her mouth. All she wanted from her husband was a word that he would never see this woman again. When she saw that DNA test, she panicked. The only thing that kept her 'safe' was her children. If Daniel had any bastard and he wanted to take his kids in, they might get divorced. How could she let such a thing happen? She would never divorce him no matter what. Ever since she married him, she hadn't worked. She had long forgotten what it was like to go to work. She was totally a housewife.

What concerned her most was that Daniel would abandon her. Therefore she came here with her so-called evidence and stood against Daniel. Even he would abandon her eventually, as long as he admit the DNA test was authentic, she could prove that he cheated on her in their marriage. And she could get much money.

She had made all her plans. But she didn't expect that she would see the two of them coming out of the hotel room in disheveled clothes when she came over. All her plans were gone and all she felt was endless rage.



She didn't want to give in. What she wanted was Daniel confessing and that woman begging for her forgiveness. But now, everyone acted like nothing happened, and even invited them to the annual meeting.

Everyone went downstairs with their own thoughts. Only Maury gave Harold a glance before leaving. Harold nodded, hinting that he got it. All of them walked into the lift. Everything seemed fine but it was not.

Elsie's back was drenched, and she didn't dare to breathe heavily.

When the lift arrived the twelfth floor, Matthew and Maury took the lead. Only then did she let out a light breath and looked at Beverly in fear. She whispered, "Mom, what's going on?"

Beverly grabbed her hand to comfort her and said, "It's fine. Don't ask. Let's go."

Elsie knew that it was not a good time to ask questions, so she hurriedly followed along.

There were only Eliot and Emily left in the lift. Just as Daniel and his wife came out, Harold took them to the lounge. He said that they were going to attend the annual meeting, but it was just an excuse. When they got into the lounge, Lily was already a little confused. Just as she was about to ask something, the door was closed and Harold was guarding the door.

Only then did Lily realize that they had been detained! She tried to open the door. Daniel grabbed her arm and said, "What are you doing?"

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"How can she keep us here?" Lily had cried just now, and the tear stains were like two rivers. "It was that woman who seduced you. Why not lock her up? Why us? How could he?" For some reason, Daniel completely ignored his wife when seeing her like this.

At his age, man always had affairs. But his wife came here and caught him. What a shame.

"I asked you. Why are you here?" Daniel asked with a long face. "Someone texted me to come." She said, "It must be her. She tried to set me up, but the hunter becomes the prey."

Daniel intuitively retorted, but thinking about it, he felt that this was indeed something Beverly would do.

Lily's eyes suddenly widened, "Are they trying to kill us?"

"No way!" Daniel was shocked by her and covered her mouth. "I told you, I had nothing to do with that bitch. You are gonna shut your mouth and I'll talk to you when we get home."

"Is there anything I can't say?" Lily glared at him, "Tell me, was that your illegitimate daughter?"

"Bullshit! That's nonsense. Are you out of your mind?" Daniel scratched his hair in frustration. There were still wounds on his face, and the corners of his mouth hurt when he opened his mouth to speak.

"She even looks like you!" Lily was angry and aggrieved, "How dare you raise a bastard behind my back..."

"Enough!" Daniel said sternly, "Where did you get those things?! It's not true at all! And my wills? Where did you hear it from? I've never made any wills!"

"I ... I..." Lily thought for a moment before hesitantly saying, "Someone sent me something. It was this DNA test report... I came here because someone sent me a message... "

Daniel's expression turned gloomy. "Someone is messing with me!"

Seeing his face, Lily believed him. "How could this be? That was not your daughter? And you were just talking business up there?"

Daniel saw that she almost believed, and immediately coaxed her a few times to patch up his lies.

At the door, Harold listened without missing a single word. He thought to himself, "Miss Emily will make you pay."

On the other side, Eliot, Maury, and the others arrived at the Annual Meeting Hall in a strange and silent atmosphere. The host on the stage was the director of the marketing department of the company. He was probably worried that the boss hadn't come yet and the employees would be too high. Therefore, he took the microphone and held an impromptu meeting on the stage. Everyone was sitting there with their eyes fixed. All of them were solemn and strict. It didn't seem like an annual meeting, but rather a general meeting.

Just as Maury and others entered, the marketing director saw them and said through the microphone, "Next, let's have Mr.

Maury from the Britt Group make a speech."

The people below applauded warmly. \_\_\_\_\_ Billionaire's

Reborn Baby

Chapter 292 Report 2

Emily and Elsie each found a place to sit down. Elsie immediately grabbed Beverly's arm and asked impatiently, "Mom, what happened? Why did Dad fight with Daniel?" Before Maury stepped onto the stage, he had someone treat the wound on his face. The lights had also been dimmed. This way, when he stood on the stage, no one could see the wound on his face.

He was still thinking about what had just happened, and could hardly calm down. He stood on the stage and stared at the speech draft the entire time. He read it stiffly, as if he was angry. The employees below the stage could not help but straighten their backs when they heard it, as if they were being lectured by a leader.

After Maury finished reading all of them, he forced out a smile and said, "Tonight, I wish everyone can have a good time. I wish everyone a happy New Year and continue to work hard in the coming year."

The audience applauded.

Maury smiled as he stepped down, but that smile didn't last for 3 seconds.

A few people suddenly showed up at the entrance of the long banquet hall. They looked middle-aged, and they wore glasses and a black suit, and held a document in their hands. Maury was fretted to see the white paper document, as if it was another paternity test. He looked at Eliot obscurely. And they were both stunned when their eyes met.

Eliot's eyes were filled with confusion and uneasiness, while Maury's were filled with scrutiny, like surveying his son. Eliot didn't dare to move a little bit, not even to blink.

Maury had walked towards the door. Before stepping down, he gave the marketing director a look. The marketing director immediately took the microphone. He began to warm the atmosphere. But the staff had seen those people coming in at the door. There were whispering, worried that something would happen to the company. No one put their eyes on the

stage. The director of marketing was also a bit absent-minded. After all, the company had an accident and many people were gambling. He was also gambling because a company could only see the hard work of its employees when it was at its worst. When the enterprise was revitalized, the boss's praise for the employees would be much more proportional.

He almost thought the year-end bonus would be doubled, but a group of people suddenly barged in with solemn faces, like serious judges in a court, and the paper document in their hands was like a ruling.

Maury quickly walked to the door. Only then did he see the new CFO following behind them. The former CFO never showed up, and Maury didn't care, during that time, he was busy with Eliot's problems, all the company affairs were handed over to Beverly. It took a long time for Maury to know about the CFO. Because the former one didn't quit, he asked for a long term off. At last, Maury had no other way but to recruit a new one.

When Maury stopped, the new CFO quickly trotted over and whispered, "Mr. Maury, there is a mistake in the year-end bonus. I just went back to the company to print the voucher, but these people came and said that we were evading taxes..." He took out a list from his hand and said, "Leave alone that. When I checked the bill, I found that ... some money is missing." Tax evasion was such a big deal, and a new CFO told him to take it easy?

Maury's eyebrows twitched. He was pissed off. Then, he saw a report handed over by the CFO. It was the remittance slip of the project that the Scavos had cooperated with. Because the project would not start until the end of January, the account had been left at the bottom. The CFO had not checked it during the past few days when he came to the company.

However, what did the CFO tell Maury at this moment?

Missing money?

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?" Maury raised his voice in disbelief.

Before the CFO could speak again, the group of people were already impatient. They shook the paper document in their hands and said to Maury, "Are you Maury, the legal representative of the Britt Group?"

"Yes." Maury faced them.

"We have received an anonymous report that your company is suspected of tax evasion. We just went to your company and only the CFO was there. Therefore, we now request you to follow us back to the company for verification." Said the leader. "What are you doing back at the company?" Maury found something wrong. He turned around and immediately grabbed onto the shoulder of the CFO. "Everyone else is attending the annual meeting. What are you doing back at the company?"

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Obviously, he didn't hear what the CFO had said the moment they met.

"Print the voucher," the CFO explained again. "There's something wrong with the summary of the year-end bonus accounts. I went back to check the bill."

"What's wrong with the year-end bonus? Why didn't you say anything at the meeting yesterday?"

He was doubting the CFO. After all, the CFO was the closest to money.

The CFO explained patiently, "The statement of accounts is correct, but the amount of money in the card is incorrect."

Maury suddenly calmed down when he thought of Beverly's face. He then looked at the man in a straight suit and said, "Alright, I'll come with you."

Eliot rushed over. He grabbed Maury's arm and said, "Dad, I'll go with you."

"No, you stay here and run the annual meeting. Don't worry, it's fine." Maury smiled at him with a placating smile. However, that smile was very faint. He took a few steps and suddenly turned around to say, "Call your mom over. I'll meet her at the door."

Eliot was stunned for a moment before realizing something and his expression changed.

Maury saw it. His face stiffened for a moment. He took a few steps and grabbed Eliot's shoulder. Apart from being disappointed, there was also great anger in his eyes. "You knew about this? You knew it and you allowed your mother to make such a mistake?!"

Eliot was speechless.

"Tell me, did you know?!" Maury asked angrily.  
Eliot closed his eyes and nodded.  
Maury roared, "Where did that money go?!"  
Eliot shook his head. He didn't know, he really didn't know.  
"Great, you..." Maury nodded and laughed angrily. "Excellent."  
Then, he turned around and followed the group of people out.  
The annual meeting was in complete chaos. The employees all  
shrank together in fear and some came over to eavesdrop, but  
they could not hear it clearly. Everyone was distracted. All of  
them wanted to know what was going on.  
Seeing Mr. Maury leaving angrily, leaving his son with a pale  
face, the employees looked at each other. They knew they were  
going to go bankrupt.  
Beverly was texting Daniel under the stage, preparing a string of  
confessions, but she didn't see anyone coming at the door. It  
was Elsie who noticed something was wrong and pushed her.  
Only then did she move her gaze away from the screen of her  
phone and look behind her. \_\_\_\_\_  
Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 293 Pickled Vegetables 1

It was impossible to hear what they were talking about from  
afar, but Beverly saw the CFO and then the furious Maury. In an  
instant, Beverly figured that her misappropriation of the money  
was exposed!

She planned to get the money back before the end of  
December. But she gave in to greed and didn't send the money  
back.

However, before she could steal them all, Maury had noticed.  
Beverly hurriedly picked up her bag and was about to leave.  
Before she left, she pulled Elsie and said, "Hurry up. Follow  
me!"

Elsie was confused. "What are you doing?"

But she couldn't beat it, so she followed Beverly and bowed  
slightly to sneak out.

In the hall, apart from the main entrance, there was only the  
backstage door. However, if they wanted to get to the  
backstage, they had to walk in front of all the employees. When  
Beverly bowed slightly and walked out with her daughter, for  
the first time, she slumped her shoulders without any posture

of grace. She almost trotted out of the hall.

After she got out, she immediately called Christy. But she got anxious because that line was busy. Afterwards, she thought now that she had come this far, why not just ran away with the money?

However, she wanted more. If she was given more time, the entire Britt Group could fall into her hands.

Unfortunately, things went sideways.

She ran back anxiously and Daniel was just coming out with his wife.

He saw her faces and knew something was wrong. He couldn't help but take a step forward and ask, "What happened?"

Due to his wife's presence, Beverly looked at him and shook her head. "It's fine."

His wife was extremely pissed off at their eye contact.

At this moment, Harold, who was waiting at the door, already saw Beverly and Elsie coming, so he did not stop Daniel and his wife. Now, the four of them met again. Harold flicked a pearl with his middle finger and hit Daniel's neck. He cried out in pain. His wife asked nervously, "What's wrong?"

Daniel clutched his neck, looked back and saw Harold not far away from him with a numb face. Daniel looked at him in suspicion for a moment and then turned around. "I don't know. I think I was bitten by something," Daniel said.

He was in severe pain. His wife hurriedly pulled open his collar and checked. She turned around and slapped Beverly in the face. "Slut! Is there nothing between you two? What is this?"

Daniel remembered Beverly liked to leave a mark on his neck the most. She left two hickeys on him back in the room.

His collar was ripped open, revealing the kiss marks that were still stained with lipstick.

His wife was trembling in anger. She dragged Beverly's hair and began to fight. Beverly was irritated. Regardless of Elsie standing at the side, she immediately fought back screaming.

Elsie looked at them in disbelief. She already knew that her mother and Daniel had an unusual relationship, but when she went shopping, she pretended to be not knowing. While accepting the gift from Daniel, she happily called him Mr. Daniel.

At this moment, everyone's mask was torn apart in broad daylight. Beverly lost her disguise and turned into a spiteful shrew. Elsie also lost hers. Daniel was trying to stop them, but the two women kept scratching cheeks. He could do nothing but roar, "Stop! Stop!"

Soon, the noise attracted other guests in the hotel. Elsie was so embarrassed that she found herself a lounge to hide.

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This was what Eliot saw when he came over. He strode forward and grabbed Daniel's wife's wrist. Beverly took the opportunity to slap her in the face. Just as she waved her hand, she was stopped by Eliot.

Beverly shouted like crazy, "Eliot, that bitch hit me! Let me go! I'll kill her!"

Eliot closed his eyes. He was too tired to make himself heard. "Mom..."

While Beverly was still struggling, Eliot suddenly threw her on the wall and squeezed her shoulder. His eyes were as red as a trapped beast's, and he roared hoarsely, "Can you calm down?" Beverly was shocked.

Daniel's wife was also frightened. It was quiet in the hotel, but many guests and even some employees in the Britt Group came to see what was going on.

Eliot restrained himself and calmed down. Later, he raised Daniel's collar and shouted, "Harold!"

Daniel's wife was shocked and went to get rid of his hand. She shouted out of fear, "What are you going to do? Let go of my husband! Let go of him! What are you going to do? It's murder! Help!"

Harold hurried over and Eliot pushed Daniel towards Harold. "Don't let him go."

Afterwards, he pulled Beverly and turned around to leave.

Beverly and Daniel's wife shouted at the same time, "What are you doing?"

Harold already brought Daniel back. His wife had no choice but to curse around Harold. However, Harold turned a deaf ear to her and went on.

Beverly hit Eliot's arm and back and shouted, "Let go! Your



sister is gone! I have to find her!"

Eliot was running out of patience. He frowned deeply. The rage in his heart was restrained to the extreme, and he could barely hold it any longer. If he exploded, it would make everyone present shudder.

Beverly was dragged a few steps away by him. She already figured out what he was going to do. She immediately scratched the wall with her hands and feet. "No! I'm not going! Where are you taking me? I'm not going!"

Eliot laughed, but his smile was faint, making him look a little cold and mocking. "Mom, you're an elder. Don't leave the mess to your children."

She had lost her presence while fighting with Daniel's wife. She had no time for her grace and only knew that she could not go with Eliot.

"Eliot, let go..." Beverly tried her best to get rid of Eliot's grip. The back of Eliot's hand was scratched by her fingernails, but he did not let go.

He pulled her out of the hotel and stuffed her into Maury's car. Beverly turned around and saw Maury's face and went quiet. Maury looked at her as if he was looking at a dead person.

Beverly was extremely shocked. She could not open the door, so she could only wind down the window and shout at Eliot, "Eliot! Help me! I'm wrong. I mean it. I'm wrong..."

However, the car already started. Eliot only paused for a moment, and then he stepped forward firmly.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 294 Pickled Vegetables 2

Emily was still sitting at a table below the stage. The employees around her were gossiping in front of her. After all, a seven-year-old child could not understand what they were talking about.

Thus, Emily heard so many voices.

"Shit! Is the Britt Group going down?"

"Did you see the expression on the CFO's face just now? I feel that something is wrong."

"Big news! There's a fight outside! Guess who it is."

"Who? Could it be the boss?"

"No, no, no, it's not the boss. It's his wife!"

"Holy shit! What's going on?"

"I don't know the details, but Mr. Eliot just pulled Mrs. Britt out, but I heard that she cheated on the boss, and her lover was also there..."

"Wow! Is it true? Holy shit! It's really big news!"

"There's more! I heard that the one who hit her was the wife of her lover!"

"Shit!"

"I heard..." The gossip lowered his voice so that Emily could not hear him clearly, but the others who heard him clearly gave strange cries.

"Oh my god! How is that possible? Is Elsie a bastard? They have deceived Mr. Maury for over 20 years!"

"Yes, poor Mr. Maury!"

"Then ... what about Mr. Eliot?"

"Oh lord, is Mr. Eliot..."

Emily drank a mouthful of the cold water in front of her. The cold water entered her throat, and she felt cold inside.

Suddenly, a hand reached out from the side. It took the cup in front of her, poured out the water, and poured another cup of warm water for her.

"That one is cold. Drink something warm." The girl's voice was a little rough, not as gentle and pleasant as normal girls.

Emily heard the voice and turned her head to look over and found a girl sat beside her. She looked about the same age as Elsie, and her skin was tanned and very beautiful. Smiling, she had big eyes and a prominent nose.

Emily only felt that she looked familiar, but for a moment, she couldn't remember. She didn't answer.

When the girl beside Emily saw Emily lowering her head, she obviously misunderstood. She suddenly said, "Don't worry about what they said. If you don't want to stay here, I'll take you home."

Emily looked at her in doubt, as if she did not understand, but she did actually. She was just confused why the girl would help her.

The girl could see the confusion in Emily's eyes and scratched her forehead. She said somewhat embarrassedly, "Don't you remember me? I'm your cousin. Lynn. Lynn Britt."

Lynn?

Lynn!

Emily's eyes widened as she heard all sorts of voices in her mind.

"Elsie, come with me to your second uncle's home tomorrow."

"Why? I'm not going."

"Your cousin has passed away. Come with me to comfort him."

"What? Which one?"

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"Lynn, that pretty one with tanned skin."

"How did she die?"

"Domestic violence. She was beaten to death by her husband."

"Dad, see? Lynn died so miserably. I don't want to be like her. I don't want to marry some scum, okay?"

"..."

Emily pulled herself from her memory and looked at the girl in front of her. In a cold-colored dress, the girl was very polite and allowed Emily to size her up. The girl smiled, "My sister came last year, but I came this year. It seems like we haven't seen each other in five or six years."

The relationship between Maury and his two brothers was not good. It was only in recent years that they began to have nice visits. Emily had indeed not seen this cousin for many years, but still remembered her name because it was the first time Emily had heard the word "domestic violence". She asked Eliot that night, "Eliot, what is domestic violence?"

And here was his answer.

"Domestic violence is something that only incompetent men would do," he said. "He vents all of his dissatisfaction with himself and society on his beloved family, because only family members will not resist him, not disobey him, not harm him, and will condone him, especially those who choose to endure domestic violence."

Emily sensed the warmth on her hand. It was Lynn reaching out to grab her hand and gestured to her. "I'll take you out to find your brother."

Emily was pulled out. The lights above her head shined on her shoulders. Occasionally, she would turn around and look at

Emily with confirmation. Then, she smiled at Emily. A kind beam spread over her slightly tanned face.

As soon as they got out, they saw Eliot walking towards them with a cold face and heading for the other side of the corridor.

Lynn shouted, "Eliot!"

Eliot didn't recognize her and kept walking.

Lynn scratched her forehead awkwardly, then turned her head to look at Emil. "Shall I take you there or...?"

Emily looked at her silently.

Lynn thought for a moment and said, "Forget it. I'll send you there. I'll come back when you are safe."

Emily suddenly remembered that the first time she saw Lynn, Lynn gave her a lollipop. On her slightly bronzed face was a warm and kind smile.

"Why aren't you talking? Are you afraid of me?" Lynn tilted her head and asked, "But you're getting more beautiful. You look like a porcelain doll. Do you know about porcelain dolls?"

Emily blinked and didn't know how to answer.

Lynn suddenly smiled and said, "Your skin is so fair. I really want to touch it ... I'm afraid that if I touch your face, I will leave a stain on it."

Emily said, "..."

Eliot walked to the door of a lounge and was about to enter when someone quietly opened a lounge next door. Inside, Elsie carefully poked out a head.

Elsie walked out guiltily when she saw Eliot standing in front of her. She looked left and right before asking, "Eliot, where's mom?"

She was always like this, hiding behind after fighting.

Even if Beverly fought for Elsie, Eliot had no doubt that Elsie would hide far away and even despise her mother for acting like a shrew.

He didn't have time to pay attention to her. He walked to the lounge where Harold was waiting, then opened the door and walked in.

Elsie made a grimace at his back.

When she turned around, she saw Lynn walking over with Emily hand in hand and shot a disdainful look at Lynn. She even pinched her nose and took a step back, as if she had smelled something bad. "What are you doing here?"

Lynn knew that Elsie didn't like Emily, so she didn't entrust Emily to Elsie. She could only look at the direction behind her and smiled kindly, "I'm looking for Eliot."

"Why are you looking for my brother?" Elsie looked at her impatiently. Suddenly, she smiled mockingly, "What, are you trying to sell him pickled vegetables?" \_\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 295 Rescue

As far as Lynn could remember, her house had been filled with boxes and jars of pickled vegetables. Every weekend and holiday, her parents were worried the safety of Lynn and her sister when they were at home alone. So they brought the girls along when they went out to sell pickled vegetables.

At that time, they had no loudspeaker. Lynn would shout loudly in the wind, "Pickled vegetables! Anyone wants pickled vegetables?"

Because of what her parents did, Lynn would always be teased by her classmates and neighbors who knew it through her entire life. However, she would never look down on herself or feel sad for being inferior. They were selling the pickled vegetable, not stealing or robbing it.

"Look at what you wear today. You are like a peasant. It's so ugly." Elsie looked at Lynn's clothes with disgust, and then turned to Emily, "You retard, why do you make friends with her? Get over here."

Lynn didn't show any emotion even when Elsie was laughing at her, but she frowned and said with some dissatisfaction when she heard the word of retard, "You are her elder sister. You should be the closest to each other. Why did you humiliate her?"

"Mind your own business, village girl." Elsie rolled her eyes and coldly snorted, "If you like her, then take her away. She is a perfect match for you, a retard and a bumpkin."

Lynn became angry and shut up.

The winning of the argument made Elsie as arrogant as a peacock. When she was leaving, she deliberately hit Lynn's shoulder and looked at her contemptuously.

Lynn rubbed her shoulders and said to Emily, "You must hide from her when you are at home in the future."

Emily nodded slowly.

This delighted Lynn a little bit. "Finally you give me some reaction. I thought you don't want to talk to me because you hate me."

Emily didn't respond. She was never an outgoing person and didn't easily trust others' sudden enthusiasm to her. She would tend to give out a reaction after a careful consideration.

Lynn pulled Eliot and they arrived at the entrance of the lounge where Eliot was in. Harold stood motionlessly at the entrance loyally. He didn't stop them or open the door for them.

Just as Lynn was about to knock on the door, she heard a furious roar from inside, "Do you want to die?"

"Somebody, help! Let him go! You will kill him. Bastard! Let go! Let him go! Honey, how are you?" A woman screamed.

Lynn took a step back in confusion. She looked at Emily and muttered to herself uncertainly, "Eliot is a gentle man. Maybe we came to the wrong door."

However, Eliot's roars came right after, "Where is the money? Did you take it? Speak!"

Then a loud sound of 'Bang' came. The door was hit by someone's body inside and shaking because of the force.

Lily was screaming and howling. Daniel was begging for mercy. And Eliot was still roaring.

Lynn hurriedly pulled Emily and went back. As she was walking, she was still turning around to see if anyone chased out. After walking for a long distance, she discovered that Emily was calm the whole time.

Lynn suddenly sighed, "Actually, it is nice to be you. You won't feel afraid or have any troubles. You're innocent as a child. No, you're exactly a child."

As she spoke, Lynn stroke Emily's head gently. She didn't use much strength because she didn't want to scare Emily and be refused.

Emily did not move. She stared at Lynn with her big wet eyes without blinking.

Lynn moved down her hand and touched Emily's face. "It's so soft. You look like a beautiful doll."

"Lynn!" From afar came a shout, "We are about to leave!"

Lynn quickly replied, "Alright! Coming right away!"

Then Lynn took Emily to the lounge where Harold was standing. As soon as she reached the door, it opened. Eliot walked out breathlessly with a few scratches on his neck. There was even a bloody wound on his right cheek. Eliot looked quite gloomy and imposing.

Lynn stopped in front of him and didn't dare to act.

Eliot looked over here and saw Emily. Only then did he wipe the blood off his face and forced a smile. "Why are you here?"

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Emily blinked and looked at Lynn.

Lynn then explained, "Sorry, I brought her here. I have to go back so I can only send her to you for the sake of her safety."

She smiled at Emily and said, "I'm leaving now. See you next year."

Emily watched Lynn walking away and suddenly realized that she might not be able to see Lynn next year. Emily turned around and took out a business card from Eliot's pocket. She ran a few steps and grabbed Lynn's arm.

Lynn looked back at Emily confusedly with a smile, "What's wrong?"

Emily didn't say anything and just handed Lynn the business card in her hand.

Lynn took the business card and recognized that it was Eliot's phone number. She looked at Eliot behind Emily with a confused expression, "What does this mean?"

In the past, when they came, Eliot would only nod slightly at them as a greeting. He barely spoke to them. But today, he sent her a business card. Lynn was too shocked, and her big eyes were wide open.

Although Eliot didn't know about Emily's intention, he had his guess, so he gently looked at Lynn and said, "Call me if you have any need."

Lynn revealed a surprised smile, "Thanks, Eliot."

Lynn put the card carefully in her wallet, and waved to Emily and Eliot, "Happy New Year, goodbye!"

Emily watched her leave without saying a word.

If it was at usual, Eliot would definitely ask Emily why she did so. But now, he had other matters to deal with. There was

something wrong with the the company's tax paying. He still had no clue about money that Beverly took. What was more, Maury started to doubt the DNA test report. So Eliot had no time to care about the trifles in front of him.

The only thing Eliot could do now was to make sure the success of the annual meeting of the Britt Group. After a moment of silence on the corridor, Eliot calmed his expression and took Emily back into the hall.

Eliot ordered, "Don't walk around, sit there and I'll take you home when it's over."

Emily nodded obediently.

On the other side, Maury's car arrived at the Britt Group. There was a look of fear in Beverly's eyes, and her hair was messy. Before seeing Beverly, people from the Tax Bureau still thought that there might be some misunderstandings. But now they didn't feel any surprise.

During Eliot's hospitalization, Beverly almost controlled the whole Britt Group. Maury was resting at home during that time and knew nothing about Beverly's doing.

Only when the accountant printed out the tax lists did Maury know how many tax bills Beverly had evaded.

Beverly had also pocketed the money from Mr. Vincent.

"Where's the money?! Where did it go!" Maury almost pushed Beverly onto the wall in the finance office and shouted. He squeezed her neck with one hand with a great force, and Beverly's face turned puce. Beverly found it hard to say anything, "I ... money... she..."

People from the Tax Bureau came to stop Maury. "Mr. Maury, please calm down."

Maury angrily pushed them away, "Calm down?! She took five million! How am I supposed to calm down?" Maury turned to Beverly and gritted his teeth with hatred. "Where is the money? I'll give you another chance. If you don't say, I'll call the police. Beverly, you can't get away with this!"

As soon as the pressure on Beverly's neck was released, Beverly took a deep breath. However, hearing what Maury said, Beverly panicked before resuming her breathing to normal. She begged, "Don't!"

"Then tell me, where is the money?" Maury's chest also heaved up and down out of anger.



"I invested it." Beverly shrunk her shoulders and said as she looked into Maury's eyes. "Listen this out. There's no risk in this investment plan. I've already earned 100, 000 this month."

"Alright, I'll give you ten minutes to get that money back."

Maury looked at her coldly and said.

The people from the Tax Bureau were still checking the details of evaded tax. As the total amount kept rising, Maury's heart was beating faster and he felt a

headache. \_\_\_\_\_ Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 296 Deceiver

Beverly took out her phone and dialed a number. But the phone didn't get through. Maury was right beside Beverly when she dialed that number. He could clearly hear the mechanical female voice from the phone. "Sorry, the phone you dialed has been turned off... "

Beverly's face turned pale. "It's impossible. Why is it turned off? No way."

At this time, someone from the Tax Bureau came to have a look and said, "You have met a fraud."

Beverly shouted, "How can this be?"

Maury seemed to be unable to support himself and shook a little. He leaned himself on a table beside him. In front of him, Beverly was still explaining with a pale face, "It's not a fraud. How could it be? I invested five million. How could it be?"

The people from the Tax Bureau calmly comforted Beverly, "I have met someone being cheated by a fraud at another company. These two phone numbers are similar. Maybe it's the same group of frauds."

Beverly asked in a daze, "So my five million is gone?"

The person from the Tax Bureau nodded, "Yes, but you can call the police and file a case since it is a large sum of money."

Maury's heart was beating faster than before. He pointed at Beverly and wanted to reprimand her, but he couldn't straighten his own breathing. Suddenly, Maury felt everything in front of him went black, and fell to the ground amidst the shouts.

The accountant was shocked, "Mr. Maury?!"

The people from the Tax Bureau also became nervous and came forward to Maury, "Mr. Maury?"

Only Beverly heaved a sigh of relief and then pretended to be panic, "Darling! What's wrong with you? Don't scare me!" The sound of an ambulance whistled through the sky above City Y.

Emily sat down below the stage and was enjoying the shows prepared by the employees for the annual meeting. Although more than half of the employees had left, some employees were still unwilling to give up the show they practiced for days. They insisted on presenting it even though there was no audience.

Eliot sat beside Emily. Unlike Emily, who remained calm all the time, Eliot was nervous. Although his eyes were fixed on the stage, Eliot was clearly thinking about other things. Emily knew exactly what was on his mind, but she could not say anything. Emily just poured a cup of hot water and handed it to Eliot.

Normally, it would be a piece of cake for Eliot to notice Emily's difference from usual after some observation. He should have realized that today's Emily was not the one he knew.

Emily didn't laugh at the people's mistakes on the stage along with the group behind her. She didn't show any concern when she felt her brother's bad mood. She acted indifferent and calm.

With so many employees gossiping about her father and her stepmother, Emily was still able to drink her water at ease.

Eliot's phone suddenly rang. He quickly answered it. Someone in the phone said something, and Eliot immediately stood up and said, "What? Which hospital?"

Emily's hand stopped when she was drinking water. She had a bad hunch. Sure enough, when she raised her head to look at Eliot, she met with his melancholy gaze as Eliot lowered his head and looked at Emily.

"Father fainted all of a sudden..." Eliot spoke in a horse voice as if he just finished hiking in the desert, "... He is at the City Hospital now."

When Emily and Eliot arrived at the hospital, the light in the emergency room was still on. Beverly quickly wiped away the tears that did not exist and cried to Eliot, "Eliot, you finally came. I am so scared. Your father..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Eliot grabbed her wrist and said, "Mother, did you do it?"

Beverly panicked first but pretended not to understand what Eliot said, "What, what are you talking about?"

"I know it's my fault to escape the taxes, but I also did this for the company. The company needs the money at that time. I thought I did the right thing. Isn't this what other companies would do?" Beverly said anxiously. "And, I invested the money. But when I call my contactor of the company I invested..."

Eliot didn't want to listen to her anymore. He closed his eyes out of disappointment and asked, "Did you have anything to do with father's fainting?"

Beverly took a deep breath and glared at Eliot in disbelief, "What did you say? How is that me? Oh right, it's the money. He fainted because of that money. Maybe he was too angry..."

Eliot suddenly punched on the wall, "Mother, I hope you didn't lie to me. This is the last time..." Eliot gritted his teeth so hard that blood almost came out. "that I will believe you."

Beverly was shocked by Eliot and didn't dare to move. After Eliot left, she gently covered her chest and gasped for breath. Eliot's gaze just now made her scared. She immediately called Elsie and said, "Get rid of the things in the box in the bottom of my drawer. Throw it far away. No one can find out about this..."

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

After this, Beverly looked in the direction of the emergency room in the distance and slowly widened the smile on her face. Nothing would change even if Maury found out this beforehand now that he was in the emergency room.

By the time Maury woke up, she would own the entire the Britt Group.

That five million was also hers.

Beverly opened her phone and looked at the number she dialed just now. It was the number of a fraud in City Y that she googled from the Internet. Beverly gently slid her finger over the screen, clicked on the name of Christy and dialed out.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is not in service." Before Beverly could say anything, she was stopped by the voice. Beverly's entire back froze. She dialed it again in disbelief. But it was the same result.

Beverly dialed again and again, and the voice was repeating.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is not in service."

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is not in service."

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is not in service."

Only then did Beverly panic. The blood on her face instantly faded away. She took out Elsie's phone and called her again.

She almost wailed, "Elsie, she is a liar! A liar!"

Elsie did not understand, "What do you mean?"

"She's a liar! A liar! She cheated the money out of us! No one answered the phone! The number is fake! It's fake! I've called more than ten times! No one answered!" Beverly roared in an obsessed way. She couldn't help but tremble in anger.

Elsie finally understood and said, "How is that possible! No way! I'll give it a try! Don't worry..."

Elsie hung up the phone in a hurry.

Beverly took her phone and waited anxiously. The time was ticking away. Suddenly, her phone rang. She thought it was Christy and nervously looked at her phone. But it was Elsie.

Beverly had formed a guess in her mind, but she still asked nervously, "How is it? Did you get through?"

Elsie cried, "No! Mother, the number doesn't exist! She lied to me! She's a liar! Mother, we have to call the police!"

Beverly was in panic but still managed to think straight. "No! You can't call the police!"

"Why?"

"This is the company's money. If the police find out that I was embezzling the company's money..." Beverly thought of what Maury had said at the company before and her face turned pale. "I will go to jail."

"Then what should we do?" Elsie was lost, "Mother, what should we do?"

"Let me think." Beverly took a deep breath.

"Okay."

Beverly suddenly looked in the direction of the emergency room where the light was still on. It was still unknown whether Maury would wake up or not. Beverly asked anxiously, "What about the things I just asked you to throw away? Did you throw them away?" Elsie said, "Yes. What's wrong?"

"Go get it back." A gloomy look flashed in Beverly's eyes as she looked at the emergency room.

\_\_\_\_\_ Billionaire's  
Reborn Baby

## Chapter 297 Go home

In the superior single ward, Italy.

Ethen was peeling an apple, juggling a Swiss Army knife in his hand. The peel was evenly cut into one piece. The bottom of it had fallen steadily into the trash can. He asked without looking up, "Vincent, you didn't intentionally get hurt just to hand all those businesses to me, did you?"

Seemingly in a casual manner, he actually slowed down slightly in peeling.

In less than a day, the Scavos had knew Vincent was shot in Italy. Knowing that Vincent's injury was so serious to attend to his official duties, they handed over all matters in Italy to Ethen by Vincent's request.

More than a decade ago, when Ethen was still a child, Vincent had become the head of the family. Although Ethen was unconvinced, he had an instinctive fear and dread towards Vincent. One could see no innocence and harmlessness of young men in Vincent. When he stared at someone with his dark eyes, he was like a vulture that was aiming at carrion, arousing one's fear and panic.

After Ethen had grew up, he never dared to think about becoming the head of the family. He knew how much blood had been shed fighting for this position. He did not want to see his siblings kill each other a second time.

Therefore, he had always been obedient to the arrangements of the family and done his part of the work. Since he studied abroad, Vincent directly ordered him to go to Italy to take over the family business bit by bit. He had been in charge of cooperation in Italy for three years. It seemed that he was more popular than Vincent with his Italian partners. However, he knew that as long as Vincent existed, the business in Italy would return to him at any time, while Ethen was at best a handyman for him, in danger of losing his job at any time.

It could not be said that their relation was not so close because his kindness to Vincent was self-sentimental from the beginning. Occasionally, he would act cute to enliven the atmosphere. Vincent was indifferent to anyone that Ethen could not see through him.

He didn't understand. Wasn't Vincent afraid that he would have

the rebellious mind of killing him if left in Italy?  
Even his parents had subtly mentioned a few times.  
"Ethen, since you have the ability, I will support you. If you want ... your father and I will get prepared."  
Prepare for what?

Kill Vincent?

Just for the position of patriarch?

Having been in Italy for so many years, he had been a distinguished guest for his Italian partners. He knew that only status and power could bring one the greatest benefit in the world. During these years, he had met many bosses, both explicitly and implicitly, in many business venues in Italy. Some of them were family businesses. For the sake of profit, they had suffered countless casualties. It was as if everyone had a knife hanging around their necks, waiting for the moment it fell. He even wondered if Vincent had left him here for several years just to train him...

"Have nothing to do?" Vincent looked up.

Ethen came to his senses. The peel in his hand was broken by the force of the blade. He looked down at the remaining piece of red peel, feeling it was an eyesore. He quickly peeled it off before looking up and smiling. "No, I haven't seen you get hurt for years. I'm a little scared that you are injured right after your arrival. In case the family thinks more..."

He paused in due course and winked at Vincent. He was somewhat fawning, for he was worried that the family would blame him for Vincent's injury.

Vincent looked up at him and didn't speak for a long time.

Ethen also looked at him, but he was naturally inferior to Vincent. After a while, Ethen stopped smiling.

Then Vincent said calmly, "You've done well in Italy these three years. Even if I don't come this time, you'll still handle it well."

He paused, taking the Swiss Army knife in Ethen's hand and played with it. His voice was deep, "There's no need to play those tricks in front of me. You know I don't like it."

Ethen sighed, "If I had known earlier, I wouldn't have played tricks to get you here."

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More Every year, in order to show his loyalty, he would pretend to make great efforts to complete the tasks. He would even find a reason for Vincent to come here every year, so that Vincent could witness in person his control over Italy, including Ethen himself.

Recognizing his self-accusation, Vincent tossed the Swiss Army knife back to him and said calmly, "Go pack up and get ready to go home."

Ethen looked at his watch and said, "It's still early."

Vincent smiled slightly and said, "I asked Rex to book you a flight."

Ethen looked at Vincent in surprise. "You mean to go home? Go back to ... my own home?"

Vincent nodded.

"Wow! I'm going home!" Ethen laughed loudly. Although exaggerated, he was truly excited. He bent down to hug Vincent on the bed. Perhaps it was impossible for them to hug in such an awkward position, so he only lowered his head to rub Vincent's cheek with his hair slightly. Then, he stood up and said, "Thank you, Vincent."

Other boys of the same age in the Scavos had left for other countries as early as their teens, either studying or chosen to learn unpopular subjects by the family there. Due to the distance, many of them in the side branches were sent away at a young age, and they weren't able to return until grown up. Ethen was undoubtedly lucky. He stayed in Italy after studying abroad, so he didn't feel uncomfortable at all. Although Vincent was reticent, he would solve problems for him and comfort him. The other siblings naturally couldn't enjoy such treatment and had to make their own way out.

Although other main-branch children of the Scavos were also studying abroad, they weren't highly valued by Vincent, having an insignificant status in the family. In fact, their parents were too embarrassed to attend the family meeting.

Every time Ethen's parents participated in the family meeting, they would call Ethen.

"As soon as Vincent came in today, he first greeted us before he finally greeted your uncles..."

"He still remembers our favorite tea. His assistant is quite

sensible. Ethen, you can also nurture one."

"One of your uncle beat his child yesterday and was left alone by the Patriarch today. I don't know what they said, but he seemed to be happy when he came out..."

"I always thought he was still young, but now, even your father and I can't see through him. He's only in his twenties, but he's as fierce as a wolf. When will you be like him, Ethen?"

"Although indifferent, he is very similar to the old patriarch in every aspect. He is as ruthless and decisive as the old patriarch, but too scary and not gentle enough. If only you were the patriarch..."

Ethen knew without thinking that Vincent knew what his parents were thinking. Not only did he know, he also took good care of them, giving them enough respect at the family meeting.

Vincent was not easy-going. Only Ethen, among dozens of young men in the Scavos, dare to approach him. Not to mention approach him, they would only greet him with nods during the New Year holidays and escape hastily, leaving their embarrassed parents to ease the situation, "He ... something happened..."

However, Vincent remained indifferent for twenty years. With his cold expression, he almost scared everyone away before anyone could approach him.

Fortunately, knowing him for so many years, Ethen had more or less figured out his personality. And that was why he dared to occasionally make jokes and act cute.

After staying in Italy for a few years, he did feel homesick, but he did not dare to go back. He was worried that Vincent would misunderstand and hand over the work in Italy to someone else, so he did not dare to go back.

Now that Vincent had officially handed over all matters in Italy to him and allowed him to return home, Ethen calmed down after a brief period of excitement. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 298 Over There

"Vincent, I can't go back for the time being. I still have something to do."

Vincent seemed to know what he was worried about and



nodded. He said calmly, "Leave it to me."

Although Ethen oddly sensed that Vincent seemed to be trying to send him away, he held back from asking more questions and just nodded in agreement.

Before leaving, he saw a beautiful figure outside the ward. He turned around and laughed. "Vincent, who is that girl? How come she peeks at you every day?"

Vincent pretended to fall asleep as if he hadn't heard it.

Ethen shrugged and went out. Rex nodded at him and watched him leave before closing the door and walking in.

Vincent didn't open his eyes. He asked, "What's wrong?"

"One of our Guards sent a message." Rex lowered his head and said, "Maury suddenly fainted and is being rescued in the hospital."

"Beverly?" Vincent slightly opened his eyes and looked over, frowned slightly.

"It should be." Rex said.

"Find someone to keep an eye on her, and have someone help her covertly if necessary."

Naturally, he referred to the little Hulk.

"Yes!"

Waiting until no more orders, Rex turned around to leave with a subtle expression. He thought that Mr. Vincent should be impatient to go back on hearing this news. He didn't expect Vincent to be so calm.

Lying on the bed, Vincent took out his phone and opened the SMS chat interface. He saw two messages from Emily and Rex's reply, "I'm fine."

Holding his phone, he did not type a single word.

The moment he was shot, he truly realized how dangerous it was for Emily to impose his feelings on her. He seemed to be in the center of the storm and would end tragically at any time.

To her, their relationship had no guarantee.

After thinking quietly for a moment, Vincent called Rex in and instructed, "Call Abel Baker."

Abel was Vincent's private lawyer.

Rex asked in confusion, "Mr. Vincent, what happened?"

Vincent said indifferently, "I want to change my will."

Rex, "..."

"Book a flight for the day after tomorrow." Vincent said without raising his head.

Rex thought to himself that Mr. Vincent really missed the little Hulk. While he was still thinking, Vincent said in a low voice, "I'll go over there."

Over there.

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change  
Rex was silent. Sure enough, Mr. Vincent got injured on purpose this time in order to go over there.

...

The City Hospital, City Y

Eliot and Emily all went to the hospital, leaving behind a large group of employees confused and restless. It was Matthew who came out to pacify them and hosted the annual meeting before he went to the hospital.

Maury had been transferred to the ward.

Emily and Elsie were at the side. Eliot was asking the doctor about his condition, while Beverly was standing at the door. A nurse pushed a cart in from afar. It was the medicine for Maury. Beverly took a step closer to her and asked with concern, "Is it for my husband?"

"Yes." The nurse replied.

There were two bags of liquid medicine in the sterile box, two small bottles on the side, a set of disposable syringes, a box of iodine, and a box of cotton swabs. There were also hand sanitizer and a set of medical gloves hanging beside the cart. There was no place for her to mess about.

Beverly smiled and welcomed the nurse in. Eliot looked at her seriously. Beverly was guilty and unconsciously lowered her head. Eliot only thought that she was guilty of fainting her father, so he felt guilty without thinking twice.

Emily, however, stared at Beverly for a while before looking away as if nothing had happened.

The nurse pushed the cart in and stood by the bed. As she started mixing the medication, the doctor walked over to check the medicine in the cart and said to Eliot, "Ring the bell if you need anything."

Then he walked out.

The nurse patted the back of Maury's hand, stabbed the needle in and covered it with a medical tape.

"Are you hungry? I'll go buy some food." Eliot broke the silence first. He looked at Emily and asked, "What do you want to eat?" Emily shook her head.

Eliot didn't say anything else. After asking Elsie, he turned around and left, directly ignoring Beverly.

A few minutes later, Matthew also came in. He was on a crutch and wearing a formal suit, only his grey hair a little messy. He was unhappy on seeing Beverly, but Maury's condition was much more important than this shameless daughter-in-law. Therefore, he asked Elsie, "What did the doctor say?"

Elsie only heard a few words, but Matthew didn't like people to stutter. She told everything she knew, "The doctor said it was because he was too furious that he had signs of a stroke, but it's not for sure. It could be the aging of other organs in his body that affects the functions, like a temporary failure or something ... It would be clear when dad woke up."

Matthew sighed with relief. After all, he was old. He was exhausted to rush over and relieved to know Maury was fine. He looked to the side and saw Emily stand aside to offer the seat to him.

He sat down and looked at Maury on the bed leaning on his crutch.

Beverly was anxious about Matthew's long stay. She had no chance to mess about.

The ward was eerily quiet. But not long after, someone knocked at the door. They thought it would have been Eliot.

Unexpectedly, two policemen walked in when the door opened. "Excuse me, may I ask who Beverly is?" Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 299 Grandpa

Beverly was shocked, so she didn't say anything.

Elsie asked anxiously, "What happened, Mom?"

In the ward, there were four people, an old man leaning on a walking stick, two girls about eighteen, and Beverly. It was easy to tell who is Beverly, so the policemen directly walked to her and asked, "Are you Beverly?"

Beverly took a step back and answered nervously, "Yes, I am. But who are you?"

Obviously, they are policemen. But Beverly wondered why the policemen would come here for her?

At this moment, Beverly was filled with confusion, unease and fear.

A policeman ordered, "You need to come with us." Then he handcuffed Beverly.

Beverly dodged anxiously and shouted at the policemen, "Wait a minute! Why should I be arrested?"

A policeman answered, "Someone called the police and said that you misappropriated a large amount of company's loan. So we will bring you to the police station for interrogation."

Beverly froze with horror and screamed, "Who called the police?"

Beverly looked at Emily and thought, 'It couldn't be Emily who called the police. Could it be Eliot?'

Just as Beverly was guessing who called the police, there was a sound of walking stick beating on the ground, which also beat on Beverly's heart. Matthew stood up calmly and said in a deep and vigorous voice, "It's me."

Beverly immediately explained, "Mr. Matthew, did you misunderstand me? I didn't do that. I..." Beverly's mind suddenly went blank. She only thought that Matthew blamed her for it, but she forgot the most serious problem. Beverly continued, "I have no relationship with Daniel."

Matthew stopped Beverly before she finished speaking. He angrily struck the floor with his walking stick and then pointed it at Beverly, shouting at her, "Don't disgust me with such things!" Standing by the ward bed and watching the policemen handcuff Beverly, Elsie turned pale and couldn't move a single step. She was worried that she would be implicated, so she hurriedly lowered her head when Beverly looked at her.

The policeman escorted Beverly out and said, "Let's go. Don't waste our time."

Beverly finally understood Matthew's meaning, so she hurriedly explained, "Mr. Matthew, I'm making an investment. I've made quite a bit of money. Please believe me." Beverly continued to beg Matthew.

Matthew made a gesture to the police. He turned to Beverly and said, "Alright, I will believe you as long as you transfer the

money back now."

Beverly hesitated for a while.

Beverly looked embarrassed at this moment. Finally, she gritted her teeth and said, "OK, I will make a call."

But she still couldn't get through Christy's phone. Beverly did not dare to call her again, so she decided to call Daniel. As long as Daniel helped her this time, Beverly would repay him in the future.

However, Daniel did not answer either. Beverly did not give up and continued to dial the number.

Matthew sneered, "Do you want to tell me that you were cheated? My son is so foolish that he is cheated by you. But that doesn't mean you can fool me!"

Although Matthew was old, he was still domineering. He stared at Beverly with threat and distrust in his eyes, like the eyes of a dying tiger eager to devour the people outside the iron fence. Beverly was horrified by this gaze and shrank back in fear, "Mr. Matthew, trust me, please!"

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

However, Matthew stopped her and didn't give her the chance to finish her words. Mr. Matthew waved to the police and said, "Officer, please take her away right away!"

Elsie stood by the bed and trembled violently.

Elsie wanted to say something for Beverly, but Elsie knew that whatever she said, her grandfather would not listen. She just walked to the door and watched Beverly be taken away by the police.

Beverly didn't dare to let others in the hospital know what happened, so she silently followed the police out. The two policemen covered her handcuffs with their jackets. Along the way out, Beverly felt that everyone seemed to laugh at her. So she lowered her head.

Shame and anger ignited in Beverly heart, driving her crazy.

When Beverly was brought to the police station, she was so uneasy that she forgot the thing in her pocket.

In the ward, Matthew and Elsie lowered their heads and kept silent, lost in their thoughts. Emily looked calmly in the direction of the door, and her index finger tapped on her knee lightly.

Obviously, Emily was waiting for somebody.

Soon, Eliot arrived with two bags of food in his hands. He pushed open the door and saw Matthew sitting there angrily.

Eliot greeted him, "Hi, Grandpa."

Matthew glanced at Eliot and answered perfunctorily, "Hi."

Elsie curled her lips in grievance at the sight of Eliot. At this moment, Eliot noticed that Beverly was not there. He looked at Elsie and then handed Elsie and Emily the lunch packed in the bag. Eliot also handed his lunch to Matthew. There was still one left in the bag, which was for Beverly.

Since Beverly wasn't in the room, Eliot put her lunch on the table and walked to Elsie. Eliot thought that Elsie was worried that she wasn't Maury's biological daughter, so he gently touched her head to comfort her.

But Elsie whispered, "Mom was taken away by the police."

Eliot shrieked in surprise, "What?"

Elsie glanced at Matthew in fear, and then whispered, "She was taken away because of the money." Elsie dared not to continue. Elsie talked about the money in a low voice, but Matthew still heard it. "Why do you know about the money? Does this family belong the Brooks', instead of us?"

Elsie turned pale and didn't dare to say anything.

Eliot felt that Matthew also blamed him. So he did not refute, either.

Matthew wanted to test if Elsie knew about the money, but he hadn't thought that his grandson also knew it. Matthew used to trust Eliot, but now he was furious. So he shouted at Eliot, "You're stupid! The company will be handed over to you! How can you do that!"

Matthew paused and looked at Eliot and Elsie in disbelief. His fingers pointed at them and trembled slightly, "You two really disappointed me."

Elsie did not understand, but she could feel Eliot was shocked at Matthew's accusation.

Seeing Eliot's reaction, Matthew was shocked. He stared at Eliot with confusion, then turned to Elsie. Finally, he turned his gaze to Emily. At this moment, Matthew felt dizzy and suddenly staggered.

Only Emily was close to Matthew, so she stretched out her hands to support him. Matthew had difficulty in breathing and

it took Emily a while to take Matthew back to his chair. Then, Matthew called his lawyer with his trembling hands and said in a weak voice, "Come to the City Hospital."

Matthew's assistant also rushed back from outside at this time. Behind him were Harold and a woman. When they entered the room, Eliot recognized that this woman was Daniel's wife, who had made trouble at the door of the suite on the top floor not long ago.

As soon as Lily entered, she asked, "When will you release my husband?" \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 300 Check-up

Her hair was in a mess probably because she had no time to tidy it up. There was a deep red nail mark on her face and it looked a little scary from afar.

Eliot ordered Harold to lock Daniel and his wife up before coming here. He didn't expect that Matthew would ask Harold to bring them over again. But Eliot didn't know why Matthew only asked Lily to come, not Daniel.

Matthew sat on his chair and asked, "What is the list in your hand?"

Before Lily came out, she quarreled with Daniel and was scolded by him for a long time. Only then did Lily know that what she had done almost cut off Daniel's path of retreat. Daniel would have a hard time in the future and Lily herself would also suffer from that.

At this moment, Daniel was locked up, but Lily didn't dare to call the police. She was afraid that Daniel would lose his job if the news was released.

The only way out was Matthew, who seemed to be powerful enough to change the situation. Lily thought for a moment before saying, "That was a misunderstanding."

Lily thought to herself, 'Only by settling it properly can Daniel come out safe and sound.'

Lily decided not to get divorced because it did no good to her. She had no job and no income. The child may be awarded to Daniel. Moreover, Daniel didn't mention it, so she wouldn't take the initiative to put it forward. What's more, she tried to save the marriage.

Lily knew that her husband had an improper relationship with Beverly. But the Brooks is prestigious, so definitely they didn't want to be influenced by this matter. Therefore, Lily explained to Matthew that the relationship between Daniel and Beverly was merely a misunderstanding.

"It turns out that I have misunderstood Mrs. Britt. So I want to apologize to her, and that's all. Now, I want to go home." After Lily finished her words, she looked at Matthew sincerely, hoping that he would agree to let them go.

Matthew looked at her gloomily, "I want to hear the truth. If you tell a lie, I won't let you go and I will call the police to investigate."

A shiver ran down Lily's spine, but she insisted, "It's a misunderstanding."

Mr. Matthew's phone suddenly rang. It was the policeman. "Mr. Matthew, we just found out that Beverly secretly threw something into the garbage can. It's a medicine. The Laboratory Department has just checked it." Then the policeman paused. Matthew immediately looked at Maury on the ward bed and asked in a deep voice, "What is it?"

"It's a medicine that lowers one's immunity. One will feel tired and sleepy after taking it. Occasionally, it will have such symptoms as cold and fever. If one is excited, he is much likely to die of a sudden cerebral hemorrhage, or suffer from a stroke or paralysis."

Mr. Matthew took a deep breath and then asked, "Did she confess?"

"Yes. She said that the medicine was from a man named Daniel. So we have issued an arrest warrant."

Although Mr. Matthew's phone was not hands-free, people present can hear the policeman clearly because it was silent in the room. On hearing that, Lily turned pale.

Hearing these words, Eliot stood there in shock. Seeing his pale face, Elsie came to realize how serious it is, though she didn't hear the policeman's words. Then fear and uneasiness began to arise in her heart.

In the room, Emily lowered her head silently, as if she was looking at her feet. Her long eyelashes fluttered, casting a vivid shadow on the wall. Her index finger stopped, as if she had just



finished watching a play and at this moment she was enjoying the play silently.

Lily immediately refuted, "Impossible!" Nervous and anxious, she turned pale and uttered her words incoherently, "I.... It can't be Daniel! Beverly lied! She lied! He didn't do it! Daniel won't hurt anyone! Beverly is a liar! Don't believe her!"

Matthew hung up the phone and said, "The police will give me an answer." Matthew was confused and he looked at Eliot and Elsie who were standing beside the ward bed. Then, he turned to Lily and said, "It seems that we have nothing to talk about. See you at the police station."

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

Lily was almost scared to death, so she screamed, "I promise to tell the truth! I promise! I believe Daniel. He must have been framed."

Eliot clenched his fists, and the veins on the back of his hand tensed up. Taking a step forward, he said nothing.

Standing by Eliot in fear, Elsie could not even breathe in the atmosphere of great tension.

It seemed that the following minutes passed slowly. Eliot could see the movement of Lily's lips, but couldn't figure out what she had said. At this moment, Matthew's gaze turned to Elsie. Eliot knew that Matthew would immediately shift the gaze to him. And this gaze meant that Matthew suspected Elsie and Eliot, so he wanted to collect more clues from their reaction.

Eliot managed to control his grief and indignation. Maury laid on the ward bed with white sheet, and his face was indifferent and calm. Eliot took a few steps forward and reached out to hold Maury's hand.

Here was Matthew's decision, or order.

"Let's have a check-up for the three children."

After heaving a sigh, Eliot closed his eyes and uttered a few words calmly, "Grandpa, there's no need to do that."

Matthew raised his head to look at Eliot. Elsie also inferred from Lily's words that she might not be Maury's child. Trembling out of fear, Elsie looked at Eliot uneasily to seek his support, only to find that Eliot seemed to be distressed.

Eliot withdrew his hand and looked at Matthew quietly. Then he

admitted, "I'm not his child."

On hearing these words, everyone in the room froze.

Elsie widened her eyes and looked at Eliot in surprise. Then she pulled Eliot's sleeve and asked uneasily, "Eliot, what are you talking about?"

Emily fluttered her eyelashes and raised her head to look at Eliot with suspicion, only to see him turn away. But Emily didn't know who he was avoiding.

He added, "Elsie is Maury's child. But I'm not."

Matthew leaned on his walking stick, without saying a word.

Elsie couldn't believe it. She grabbed Eliot's sleeve and kept crying, "What are you talking about, Eliot? Why did you say that? What's wrong with you?"

Matthew suddenly asked, "When did you know that?"

Just as Eliot was about to reply, Matthew waved his hand and said with disappointment, "Forget it, it's not important."

In the ward, there was no other sound but Elsie's cry. Lily had left. Harold sent her back to the hotel. Even if Lily begged Matthew to release Daniel, Daniel would still be taken away by the police, because the police had issued an arrest warrant. The lawyer finally arrived. His professional intuition made him keenly aware that there was something wrong. Therefore, he only greeted Matthew with a nod. Then he waited quietly at the side without saying anything. He didn't even ask anyone about Maury when seeing him lying on the bed.

Matthew insisted, "Take the three for a checkup." His assistant nodded and then made a gesture to Eliot and Elsie before walking out of the ward.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 301 Testament

Beverly was taken away by the police. Maury was still lying unconscious on the bed. Elsie was in a disturbed state of mind, 'Eliot was not my brother!' She grabbed onto Eliot's sleeve and asked anxiously, "Eliot, you are my brother, right?"

Eliot did not answer, but followed the assistant out.

He had waited for this day for a long time, but he didn't expect that when it finally came, his heart would hurt so much.

He didn't even dare to look back at Emily, not even for a second.

The three sat quietly on the bench and pressed their cotton swabs. The assistant took the three labeled blood samples to the doctor and asked for the fastest test.

Elsie's cry broke the silence. She asked, "What about Mom? Eliot, Mom's still in the police station..."

Eliot didn't say anything.

"Are you going to leave her there?" Elsie threw away the cotton swab and stood in front of Eliot, regardless of her bleeding arm.

"You are not the son of Maury, but Beverly is still your mother. Now she has been arrested, you must help her..."

"I'm very tired." Eliot propped up his face with his palm and whispered, "Stop talking. Quiet down for a while."

Elsie still cried.

Eliot was so annoyed that he was about to yell at Elsie to stop her from crying. Suddenly, a woman stood in front of him and gently hugged his head, with a soft hand covering his hair.

The fruity fragrance on her was soothing.

It was Emily.

At that moment, Eliot was on the verge of tears. He stretched out his long arms and tightly hugged Emily in front of him.

Elsie was puzzled when she saw this scene. She queried, "Eliot, you don't really like this retard, do you?"

Elsie had previously thought that Eliot was just taking extra care of Emily, a retard. But when Eliot admitted that he was not Maury's child in the ward, Elsie recalled how nice Eliot had been to Emily in these years and began to think, 'Perhaps Eliot is really in love with Emily!'

Moreover, at this time, Eliot and Emily hugged each other tightly, one sitting and the other standing. They really looked like a couple.

When the assistant came back, the three of them returned to the bench.

"We won't get the test results until tomorrow at the earliest.

Let's go back to the ward," the assistant said.

The three of them stood up without a word and walked towards the ward.

The lawyer came out of the ward as Eliot and the others came in. The lawyer nodded slightly to show greeting and then left.

Elsie stared at a document in the lawyer's hand and did not say

anything.

But she knew that it was a will.

Matthew changed his will. He must have given her and Emily the portion that belonged to Eliot.

Inside the ward, Matthew was putting his glasses in his pocket.

Then, he pinched the bridge of his nose to relieve eye strain.

Eliot, Elsie and Emily walked in. Seeing that Maury was still not awake, Eliot said to Matthew, "I am going back to the company."

"You don't have to go. I've sent someone to take charge of the company," Matthew said calmly.

Even though Eliot was prepared to be rejected, he couldn't help but felt upset.

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

He lowered his head and said, "Then I'll go back home."

Matthew didn't say anything. He acquiesced Eliot to leave.

Then Eliot left.

Elsie didn't dare to be alone with Matthew in the ward.

Fortunately, she still had Emily. But Emily, a little retard, didn't understand anything and couldn't share this kind of fear and uneasiness for her. After staying for a while, Elsie made an excuse to go to the bathroom and went out.

Only Matthew, Emily, and the assistant remained in the ward.

They kept silent and stayed beside Maury's bed. None of them felt embarrassed.

Not long after, Maury slowly opened his eyes. Perhaps because he couldn't get used to the blinding light, he closed his eyes and opened his eyes again after a while.

"Water..."

When Emily heard that, she hurriedly went to get some water.

The assistant beside Matthew looked at her in surprise. Emily reacted quickly, not like a retard at all.

After getting a cup of the water, Emily put a straw in it. She brought the water to Maury and slightly tilted the cup to make it easier for him to drink.

When Maury saw her, he smiled weakly, "My Emily has grown up and can take care of me now."

Emily was wondering, 'If Maury had known that even his fainting was part of my plan, would he have said the same thing

to me?'

"Where are they?" Maury woke up a little dizzy. Thinking about the mess in the company, he felt a big headache. He frowned and said, "Call Eliot."

Emily held the cup in her hand and did not move.

Matthew said, "I let him go back. I've sent someone to take charge of the company."

Maury took another sip of water before asking, "Where did he go? Home? Was he sick?"

"He said that he was not your biological child." Matthew leaned on his cane and said word by word, "That's what he admitted!" Maury's entire body froze. He raised his head to look at Matthew and then at Emily. It seemed that he didn't believe, "What do you say?"

Before Maury could recover, Matthew gave him another blow.

"I just had my lawyer change my will. Your will is up to you.

Also, Beverly has been sent to the police station by me. Not only did she embezzle company funds, but your fainting this time was also because of her. She wanted to kill you."

Maury was confused and suffered a terrible headache. He put his hands on his head and took a few hard breaths. He lay back on the bed without saying a word and tried his best to digest what Matthew had said.

Matthew thought that Maury didn't believe him and was about to say more when a tear slipped out of the corner of Maury's eye.

Emily reached out her hand to wipe the tear off for Maury.

But more and more tears came out before she could wipe them away.

Emily heard Matthew sigh. Then, the ward door was opened and closed again and again. Everyone left, leaving only her and Maury, who was crying silently.

She wrapped her arms around Maury's head, as hard as she hugged Eliot. Maury and Eliot were the two closest people in her life. \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 302 Compassion

At the end of December, several major events happened in City Y.

First, the Buckleys had moved. It was said that Marquise had been traumatized by love and planned to go abroad to get over. His whole family went with him. Because the Buckleys left with Marquise just before the Spring Festival, people in City Y thought that they probably would not come back.

The second thing was about the Britts.

Beverly was detained by the police for embezzling public funds and poisoning her husband, Maury. And her son, Eliot, was probably dissatisfied with his father and moved out of the Britts' to live alone.

The third thing was still about the Britts.

It was said that after Maury was discharged from the hospital, he did not bring his eldest daughter to the company to assist him. Instead, he brought the little retard with him, even when he had meeting, which made everyone feel puzzled. Most people speculated that the Britt family was on the verge of decline, since there was no one else could take over the company but a retard.

Of course, quite a few saw the good in Emily who sat there quietly. She was beautiful and slim, like a delicate doll. Her pair of big and watery eyes made her look like an innocent deer. When she stared at you, you would unconsciously put on a smile and even hold your breath, trying to show her the best of you.

As for the fourth thing, because very few people knew about it, it did not attract public attention.

Daniel was detained as an accomplice with Beverly because of the conclusive evidence. His wife was dissatisfied with the verdict and went to the police station to cause trouble all day long. As a result, she was taken into custody with Daniel. From then on, they quarreled every day, and then were soon separated.

Eliot moved out on the day Maury was discharged from the hospital. Maury had received the examination reports of the three children. Looking at the one belonged to Eliot, he was silent for a long time.

Back from the hospital, Maury had become much more depressed. He didn't like to talk or laugh, and he often called the wrong name. In the office, at home, or even on the phone, he often said to the other side, "I'll ask Eliot to do..."

After the speaker reminded him, he remembered that Eliot was not his son.

Matthew had been urging Maury to change his will. Maury picked a day and called his lawyer to his office. He changed his will, but still gave Beverly and Eliot a large portion.

Maury did so even though Beverly had hurt him deeply.

Although Eliot was not a biological son of Maury, they had lived together over the past twenty years. Man would form a close bond with his dog, let alone with a child he raised.

Maury thought more often that this must be a retribution for what he had done to Emily's mother many years ago. The Buddha said that everything had a cause and effect. Maury believed it was all his own fault. So he accepted the fact very quickly, only within one day.

Ever since Beverly was arrested, Elsie had been staying at home and didn't dare to go out, even if her friends and classmates asked her to. She became cautious. She was unsure what to do, like a parasite that had left its host and had nothing to cling to. Even when Elsie knew that Emily went to the company every day, which was taken as a laughing stock by many people, she did not put in a sarcastic remark. Instead, she quietly finished her dinner and returned to her room. Her temper changed. Her right hand was injured for some reason and was wrapped in a thick layer of gauze.

The night after Eliot moved out, Elsie blocked Emily in the corridor and glared at her, "Retard! I warn you! Stay away from Dad recently! You have disturbed him!"

"Eliot has been the best to you, hasn't he? Why didn't you even come to say goodbye when he moved out today? You don't even know where he will go, right? You are so heartless!"

"I know why you follow Dad all the time. You are afraid of being bullied by me at home? Yes, you are right! As long as you behave and don't provoke me, I will spare your life..."

Then came a clear sound of a slap.

Elsie was stunned. She covered her face in disbelief. She stared at Emily, the retard in front of her. Emily's beautiful eyes were now filled with indifference.

Elsie felt as if this was the first time she knew this retard, with her eyes full of astonishment.

How could a retard have such a cold gaze?

"As long as you behave and don't provoke me, I will spare your life." Emily slowly repeated what Elsie had said and reached out her right hand to pat Elsie's cheek.

Elsie's mind went blank and she suddenly grabbed Emily's arm, "You're imitating me? Retard, you're repeating what I say?"

Elsie was about to raise her right hand, but it suddenly hurt. She turned her face and saw that there was a dagger stabbed in her right palm. Emily stabbed the dagger so hard that Elsie's hand was fixed on the wall.

Elsie's face was distorted by pain and she was about to scream.

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
6 Uncommon Tips For Building A Healthy Relationship

But quickly Emily covered Elsie's mouth and pressed her against the wall. The cold dagger was pulled out from Elsie's palm.

Elsie's entire body was convulsed and twisted with pain. Emily's expression did not change as she slowly slid the bloody dagger up Elsie's arm and stopped on her neck.

"As long as you behave and don't provoke me, I will spare your life," Emily said in an indifferent and distant voice, which was completely different from her usual retarded tone.

Elsie glared at her as if she had seen a ghost. Large tears flowed out of her eyes due to the pain. She could not do anything but just stare at Emily with her eyes wide open.

Elsie suddenly remembered that a few months ago, Emily had also used a paper cutter to stab into her palm. Was that a coincidence?

No, it was not a coincidence!

Emily looked at Elsie coldly, "Don't you understand?"

Elsie was finally convinced that Emily was not a retard at all!

What had happened in the past few months came back to

Elsie's mind. How could Maury find out that she bullied Emily?

After that, Beverly was beaten and she was grounded. Then, the sofa in the Dalton Hotel, Ian who she met halfway, one after another, tied Beverly and Elsie tightly, like an invisible chain.

And then, Daniel appeared. The money and the medicine box ... sent Beverly to custody.

This retard did it!

Everything was done by this retard!



Elsie struggled with all her might, with big tears rolling down her cheeks. Emily seemed not satisfied yet and said in a low voice, "Thank you for your five million."

Elsie widened her eyes and said, "It's you!"

But her mouth was covered and she could not say it out.

Emily said calmly, "It's me."

Elsie struggled even harder, but she didn't expect that Emily who was in a small figure had such great strength. Elsie couldn't know that Emily had been trained with the guards, and even been taught by Vincent personally. Emily hadn't slacked off these days. She was no longer a weak and helpless little retard. "I want to..." Elsie was so angry that her entire body trembled. She wanted to tell her father that all of this was done by this little retard in front of her!

"Do you think Dad will believe you?" Emily was clear about what Elsie wanted to say. Emily smiled slightly, then gradually let go of the hand covering Elsie's mouth and slowly wiped her palm with the sweater on Elsie.

Elsie was just about to open her mouth to shout when she saw the tip of the dagger pointing at her throat. All of a sudden, she didn't dare to make any sound.

Emily patted her shoulder with satisfaction. "You are bleeding a lot. Take care."

Then Emily turned around and left.

Elsie collapsed on the corridor. The blood from her palm dripped onto the floor.

The sound of footsteps came. Elsie quickly climbed over and recognized Harold. She quickly grabbed his trousers and whispered, "Help ... Emily wants to kill me! Where's dad? Tell dad to come! Hurry!"

Harold squatted down and carefully looked at the injury on her palm. "Miss Elsie, I'll call the doctor."

"Can't you understand what I'm saying?! That retard wants to kill me! Call dad right now!" Elsie shouted.

Harold clenched her injured hand, causing her wound to instantly spurt blood. Elsie's face twisted with pain. She only heard Harold's emotionless voice, "Miss Elsie accidentally fell down and was stabbed by a fruit knife. She now needs to be bandaged..."

What Harold said sent shivers down Elsie's spine. She dodged

backwards and shook her head in confusion. "What are you talking about? It is the retard who wants to kill me. Go and tell dad."

Harold had stood up, still with a blank face. There was a hint of compassion in his eyes.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 303 Be locked up

Compassion?

Elsie was furious. She couldn't stop crying because of the pain and her makeup had been ruined. However, she stared at Harold and questioned, "What are you doing? Are you feeling sorry for me? How dare you!"

Harold was silent for a moment before saying, "Miss Elsie, I work for Miss Emily."

'That should be clear enough.'

Elsie was shocked. It took her a while to accept the truth that Harold, whom her father trusted the most, had also begun to work for that retard. Emily was not stupid at all. She pretended to be retarded, but actually she was the one that had been planning everything ... Emily had sent her mother to the police station and chased away her big brother. Next, she must be the only person that Emily was going to deal with.

Looking around the corridor, Elsie was actually thinking that she herself was the bad one, and that retard should be the real master of the Britts.

Elsie called the police station. She wanted to see Beverly, but the police wouldn't let her. She could only call Eliot, but he didn't answer her call.

Maury didn't come back for dinner, so there were only Emily and Harold in the house. Elsie did not dare to go out. Even the food was delivered to her room by Susan. Elsie did not even dare to be angry with Susan because she was worried that Susan would never serve the food for her. She had been waiting for Maury to come back so that she could tell him the truth. Only then could her mother and big brother return home.

However, it turned out that it was not that easy.

She told Maury that all of this was Emily's trick. It was Emily that had taken the five million and Emily had even bribed Harold to set the trap for Beverly...

Maury looked up at Elsie after she finished speaking. Then, he said with a tired expression, "Just go back to sleep."

He didn't believe her at all!

Elsie stretched out her injured hand, cried and said, "Dad! Look at my hand! It was stabbed by that retard! Do you find this familiar? Because she had stabbed me once before! And she hurt me on the same spot this time! She was taking revenge on me! Dad! Believe me! She has been playing dumb since then!"

Maury smiled sarcastically. "You mean, it was Emily that asked your mother to misappropriate the money? And it was her that let your mother cheat on me with Daniel? And it was her that has taken the five million?"

Although it sounded somewhat weird, Elsie nodded anyway, "Yes, she did admit it."

Elsie pulled Maury's arm and wanted to lead him to confront Emily. However, Maury stopped her. "Susan," he shouted and then Susan showed out. Maury pointed at Elsie and said, "Miss Elsie is sick. Send her to her room and don't let her out."

He was going to lock her up.

Elsie grabbed Maury in disbelief and shouted, "Dad! You don't believe me?! I'm telling the truth! Dad! Believe me! Emily is faking everything! She's not retarded at all! It was her! She did everything!"

Susan was dragging Elsie, trying to push her into the room.

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

Elsie clutched to the door frame tightly, but Susan was so strong that she couldn't resist it. Elsie cried hard as she looked at Susan and said, "I'm telling the truth! Believe me! Tell Dad it was Emily! She lied to all of us! Susan, it was my fault before. I apologize to you. Please believe me, I'm telling the truth! Let me see Dad..."

The door was closed anyway.

Maury heard Elsie's cries and shouts coming from the door. He paused and said, "Don't give her food until she calms down."

Susan locked the door and replied, "Yes, sir."

Elsie had been locked up for two days. She could not go out or eat anything. She could only drink tap water in the bathroom

while crying.

The wound on her hand became even worse because she had not dealt with it in time. Every night it would hurt so much. Two days later, the door finally opened.

Emily stood at the door, glancing at Elsie, who was sitting on the floor, and said coldly, "Time for dinner."

This was the most beautiful thing Elsie had ever heard in her life. Her face was pale and she was so weak that she had to support the wall while going downstairs step by step.

At the dining table, Emily and Maury was sitting face to face, talking about something. Both of them were smiling. But Elsie was like a starving ghost that had crawled out of hell. She was stinky and her hair was dirty. The gauze on her hands smelled of decay. Maury frowned in disgust when Elsie came closer. Then, he said to Susan, "Let her eat in her own room."

Elsie finally got downstairs. She was so hungry that she almost fainted. However, hearing this, she was so scared. She cried painfully, but her voice was hoarse. She had been cursing Emily every day and night and the result was that she could not speak now. Her voice was just like the sound made when someone scratched the glass with his fingernails.

Suddenly, she spat out a mouthful of blood and passed out.

Maury was indifferent. He only said to Susan, "Call the doctor."

"Yes, sir!"

Beverly was hateful because she had managed to turn Maury's favorite son into a total stranger to him. Thus, even though Elsie was related to Maury by blood, because of Beverly, Maury could no longer treat her as usual.

Elsie kept reminding Maury of Eliot and all the bad things Beverly had done.

Elsie fell ill. After the doctor left, it took her several days in bed for the wound to heal. Because she could not say anything, she just watched people come and go every day. Maury had never shown up once while even Emily had come to see her once.

Emily just stood in front of the bed and glanced at her.

Emily's eyes were cold, as if she was looking at a dead person.\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 304 They Did Not Believe Her

On the New Year's Day, everyone in the house was playing fireworks in the garden downstairs. The butler, Susan, and Harold all surrounded Emily happily and said blessings to her. Maury rubbed Emily's head and handed her a red envelope. Emily smiled and thanked him. Then, Maury gave the envelopes to the others one by one. The atmosphere was lit up in the garden. Elsie stood on the balcony on the second floor and watched, tears flowing down her cheeks silently.

The New Year began, but Elsie had changed. She lived quietly in the house just for food and clothes. She did not dare to look at Emily, nor did she dare to meet Harold. She was even afraid to see Maury now.

Even at night, she would be worried that someone would show up and drive her out of the house.

Eliot finally called her after more than ten days, but Elsie refused in fear. She didn't dare to call him back until she returned to her room and hid under the blanket.

Eliot had been running around for Beverly these days. Even if Beverly had done something wrong, she was his mother anyway. Eliot could not sit idly by and ignore it.

He hadn't contacted Elsie because, on the one hand, he wanted Elsie to cut off the contact with him so that Maury would feel better; on the other hand, he had been too busy. He knew that Elsie might be calling to ask about her mother. He couldn't answer her questions, nor could he do anything, so he hadn't answered her phone.

Now he was just calling to ask how things were going at home. However, he didn't expect to hear Elsie crying. Perhaps it was because her mother had been arrested and she was too scared. Eliot was about to comfort her when he heard Elsie saying incoherently, "Emily is not retarded. She lied to all of us. She set mom up. She took the five million and had admitted it herself. Dad doesn't believe me. Harold works for her, and so does Susan. Everyone in the family believes her. No one is with me. I'm so scared ... She pointed a knife at me last time and I'm scared that she would suddenly barge in and kill me one night..."

"Did you have a nightmare?" Eliot sighed and asked, "You should try to get along well with Emily and be nice with her."

"Even you don't believe me?!" Elsie bit the back of her hand and tears rolled down her cheeks onto the phone screen. She took a few breaths before calming down. "I'm telling the truth. I swear that if I lied, I'll be hit by a car when I'm out!"

Eliot's expression turned cold. "Would you stop hating her?"

Then Eliot directly hung up the phone. Here quickly came Elsie's call again. Eliot frowned and turned off his phone.

He walked to the balcony and looked at the moon outside the window. He remembered that every time during the New Year, Emily would say blessings to him for lucky money. Her eyes used to be bright, like the stars in the sky.

Eliot took out a red envelope in the shape of a rabbit and rubbed it in his palm for a moment before stuffing it back into his pocket. He hadn't found an opportunity to give it to her.

Eliot shook his head helplessly when he thought of what Elsie had said.

He wondered if Emily was bullied by Elsie at home. What could he do for her?

He turned on his phone again. He really wanted to call Emily, but he was worried that Maury would get angry. He had been resisting the urge to call her these days. He hadn't contacted many people except for Elsie and Sydnee.

It was a few days after the annual meeting. Sydnee had called and asked, "Do you want to borrow money or not? Tell me your card number."

No one had known about what had happened to the Britts back then. Moreover, Sydnee had just returned from Tea Manor a few days ago. She had called him because she had found in her bank account that there had been five million and it had been from Harold.

### The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People  
Eliot had not expected that the only one willing to help him had been a stranger. They had only met a few times, and they even had been mistaken as a couple for some misunderstandings. After moving out of the Britt's, he had rent a single room for only five hundred a month. Then, he had begun to apply for jobs. Some companies had arranged interviews for him, but they had kept asking him why he would leave the Britt Group.

They had obviously been playing tricks on him. However, Eliot hadn't been irritated. For only one week, the news that Eliot, the eldest young master of the Britt Group, had gone to look for a job had been spread throughout City Y. There was a small company that had been willing to employ him, but the salary was bad. Eliot thought about it for two days in the rental room, but he hadn't received any phone calls from other companies, so he had accepted the job. When he had come out of the Britt's, he had had only two thousand with him.

He was not looking for trouble, but after that scandal, he was unwilling to use the money of the Britts.

From the moment he had known that he wasn't Maury's biological son, he had had the idea of buying a house on his own. However, he had quickly rejected it. He didn't want Maury to think that he had had the idea of leaving the Britt's long ago. He had even thought despicably that as long as it was well concealed, no one would know about the secret for another 20 years, when Maury would be old and the Britts could only rely on him.

But the reality was so cruel.

"No, thanks," he said hoarsely.

Sydnee was surprised. She could sense that something was wrong with Eliot as he sounded very gloomy. So she asked, "What happened?"

Eliot didn't want to tell her so he replied, "Nothing."

Sydnee could feel his fatigue and hung up the phone. She hadn't found out about what had happened to the Britts until the next day, but Emily didn't tell her anything.

Sydnee guessed that it probably had been done by Emily. Although it was very weird, Sydnee just had this kind of intuition. She couldn't help but wonder what Beverly had done to Emily.

She did not expect to receive another call from Eliot in a few days.

Eliot asked awkwardly, "Can you lend me some money?"

Although the rental room was cheap, it was insecure. When he came back from the interview that day, he found that the door was wide open. His computer had been gone, and there were no other valuable items left. Even his clothes and shoes had all

been packed away. There was only a broken basin left. At that moment, Eliot felt so depressed. He lay wearily on the bed, his stomach letting out a rumbling sound because of hunger. He had spent all his money on transportation apart from the rent. He had been having the cheapest buns for breakfast, lunch and dinner. And he couldn't even afford the pure water. Every day he would boil the tap water and pour it into his cup, and then went to the company for interviews. When the interviews were over, he would fill the cup with pure water in the companies so that he wouldn't have to boil the water again when he came back to his room. He had no money to take a taxi, so he could only walk over to see Sydnee the next day. In the park, Sydnee was standing in a small pavilion, waiting for Eliot. It was a cold day and Sydnee was wearing warm. When she turned around and saw Eliot, she was surprised. She asked directly, "Aren't you cold?" \_\_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby  
Chapter 305 Eccentric Woman

Eliot's clothes were stolen, so he couldn't get changed. He was a decent man, but now, he looked shabby and his chin was covered with stubbles. Actually, his shirt now was half-dry for he had washed it last night. He didn't wear a coat, so he felt cold. His shoes were clean and there was a soap smell in his hair.

Sydnee was thinking if he had washed his hair with a soap. He said he had been robbed on the phone. She thought that he just lost some valuable things. But it seemed that all the things that he owned had been stolen.

She hesitated and then took off her scarf and handed it to him. Eliot waved his hand and said, "No, thank you."

Sydnee couldn't bear to see Emily's brother suffer, so she walked forward and put on the scarf for him. When she touched his face, she was surprised by the temperature.

Because his face was so cold.

Eliot stood quietly and lowered his head, "Thank you."

"It doesn't matter." Sydnee then handed a bag over, "Here you are."

"I will ..." Eliot took it awkwardly. Just as he was about to say something, he was interrupted by Sydnee. "Don't worry. You



don't have to pay me right back." Actually, the money was Emily's.

"Thanks ... Thank you very much." Eliot lowered his head. He didn't want to borrow money from his friends, because he refused to abase himself in the eyes of them. But he never thought that he would be looked down upon by the others. Looking at Sydnee, he suddenly realized the reason why Marquise liked her. She was so nice.

"Do you have a plan to move?" Sydnee asked, "I knew many real estate agents well. I can help you find a cheap and safe house."

Eliot looked at her and said again, "Thank you."

Sydnee felt embarrassed and said, "You have thanked me many times. Stop it!"

Sydnee thought Emily was the one he should thank. After all, she paid for all.

Eliot went back to his residence and packed up. Then he asked the landlord to refund a partial deposit. The landlord thought that Eliot was wealthy, so he refused to give him the refund. Now he needed his money back since he had tightened his belts for saving more these days. However, he never thought his landlord would keep his money.

The landlord ignored the rental agreement and refused to give him the refund. At that time, Sydnee called Eliot. She noticed his situation, so he explained to her briefly. After he finished, Sydnee hung up the phone.

Not long after, a car arrived.

The landlord was smoking at the door when Sydnee got out of the car. Seeing that it was a girl, he sneered, "Eliot, you called a girl for help?"

But the landlord's face instantly turned pale when he saw a uniformed policeman behind Sydnee. He gave the money back to Eliot right away and said, "The amount is right? Now go!"

...

He looked at Sydnee and then at the police officer, "Who is he?" Sydnee introduced the policeman to Eliot, "He is my friend and I happened to meet him on the street. He was on patrol. I told him about your problem, so he comes to help. "

Last time when Sydnee bought fake seeds at Tea Market,

Jaquan used Ferne's name to call the police. This man was one of those policemen. While Sydnee was inquiring the way, he recognized her and offered protection for her because he thought it unsafe for her to go alone.

The landlord was afraid of being questioned and had slipped away quietly.

When the policeman entered the room, Eliot gave Sydnee a searching look.

Sydnee noticed and asked, "What's wrong?"

"You knew agents and even police officers. You seem to be well-connected." Eliot gave her a sincere compliment.

Eliot's words brought a blush to Sydnee's cheeks. She was withdrawn at the university. After she graduated, she got to know quite a few people. In the process of helping Emily buy a house and do decorations, she knew people such as real estate agents, the bosses of the decoration companies, furniture stores and electrical appliances and even some tea shopkeepers. Emily also introduced Harold, Jaquan and Vincent to her. Thanks to Emily, she could have a chance to know them. By the way, Eliot was Emily's brother and that was the reason why she had helped him a lot.

Sydnee then looked up at Eliot. Although he was in a pickle now, he was full of energy. His hair was nicely combed and his shoes were clean. He lowered his head slightly and his long fringe made him look like a college student.

When he brushed his fringe off his forehead, he saw Sydnee staring at him.

They were both stunned.

'She liked me?'

Eliot felt a little nervous when he thought of this. He tried to say something to hide his emotions, "Maybe I need a haircut."

Sydnee tilted her head to see the policeman examining the footprints in the room. Then, she took out her phone and showed some pictures of the houses to Eliot, "Take a look, which one do you like?"

Eliot was still thinking if Sydnee like him. So, he didn't take the phone right away but just kept looking at those pictures. Sydnee didn't get an answer, so she walked closer and asked again, "Which one?"

"The rent is just 1, 000?" Eliot was slightly surprised to see the

price. He could smell the fragrance of tea on the scarf. Without the scarf, Sydnee's neck was empty. There was not even a necklace but a loose strand of hair on her fair skin.

Eliot stepped aside quietly.

"Yes." Sydnee said calmly.

After all, Eliot was Emily's brother. For fear of injuring his pride, Sydnee wouldn't offer him a free flat. But he just needed to pay a small amount of that money.

Eliot wanted to find a flat as soon as possible. It would be nice if he could move in today, so he looked at those pictures carefully. Sydnee did not speak but showed him many pictures she had saved before in the phone one by one.

The policeman finally came out of the house. He felt depressed to see Sydnee and Eliot looking at the phone closely, because he had difficulties in getting the chance to stay with her early today. He couldn't stand if she had liked someone else.

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He sighed softly.

Sydnee saw him coming out, then she handed the phone to Eliot and walked to the policeman and asked, "How is it? Do you have any findings?"

The policeman remained bitter, but he had to conceal his unhappiness.

He calmed himself down and said, "New Year is coming, so thieves are active these days. They all want to make a fortune in theft and go home happily. It's hard to find the thief if he's not native. I will take the footprints back to the police station and compare them in database. And I'll call you if I find anything.

Sydnee nodded. They exchanged numbers and introduced themselves.

Eliot was looking at the pictures on the phone, but somehow, he looked up at the policeman and saw a big smile on his face.

Sydnee also smiled politely. Then, she looked at her watch and asked, "Sorry, it's taken you so long. Have you eaten?"

The policeman waved his hand and said, "Never mind. I'm going back. It's not too much trouble."

Sydnee felt sorry, "I'll buy you lunch. Thanks for all your help."

The policeman hesitated and said, "Alright." He thought it

would not cost Sydnee too much, so he agreed soon.

They walked towards the car. Sydnee took her phone and asked Eliot, "Do you want to join us?"

She asked him in a polite tone as if Eliot was her colleague.

The policeman was about to get into the backseat when Sydnee spoke. He quickly turned to Sydnee and asked, "You two aren't couple?"

Sydnee was surprised. After a while, she smiled. "No, we are not. Maybe you can introduce a girlfriend to him."

Eliot fixed his eyes on Sydnee when she said. Sydnee added, "I heard that policewomen are very beautiful, but I have never seen any of them."

The policeman laughed, "There are only policemen in our police station." As he spoke, he got into the driver seat as if he was the owner of the car.

Eliot raised his eyebrows and got in the backseat.

The policeman and Sydnee were talking happily.

Eliot got into the car with just the bag that Sydnee had given him. Sitting in the back seat, he looked in the bag. There were five tea boxes in it and each box had ten thousand inside. There were also five coupons, three 500 notes and two 1,000 notes. Eliot had never expected that Sydnee would help him. She even promised to lend him money when he wanted to borrow 5,000,000.

He had a hard time these days. He was kicked out and all his assets were stolen. She was the only one that came to help him. She lent him money and helped him look for a flat.

She must like him for she had done so much for him.

But why did she deny it directly?

"Have you decided?" Sydnee asked as she got off the car.

Eliot nodded, "They all look good. What do you recommend?"

Sydnee pondered for a moment and showed him a picture, "Then how about this one? It's a one-bed flat. And it is located near the downtown. You can easily take a taxi or bus at the station. What's more, there is a supermarket and a health center nearby. The flat is on the third floor and the elevator is available. Its space suits a single person better, but a couple can also live happily in the small but warm apartment."

Eliot had recognized Sydnee as an eccentric and silent woman, so he was surprised to see her speaking so much as if she was

an agent.

Eliot was absent-minded as the policeman said, "Amazing! How could you know the information so well? Have you lived there before?"

"No, I helped a friend find housing before." Sydnee blushed.

"This one is nice. I'll rent it." Eliot said.

Sydnee nodded and then glanced at her watch. "I'll contact the agent later. Today, you can move in."

"Are you sure?" The policeman smiled and asked, "What if it was taken by others?"

Sydnee said, "You're right! Let me call and ask now."

...

There was a silence.

They two stood in the doorway and Sydnee walked away to make a phone call. She first frowned then she smiled. She turned to Eliot and made an OK sign. Then, she continued the call.

Eliot couldn't help but smile. He found there was also a smile on the police officer's face. He pursed his lips and asked, "Do you like her?"

The policeman was shy when being asked and then he nodded, "It's a secret. Don't let her know. We need to get to know each other first and ..."

The policeman didn't finish speaking because Sydnee walked over. He smiled and gave Eliot a message that he wished Eliot would keep his secret and it'd be nice if he offered help.

Eliot did not speak. He hadn't made a match for people and he didn't know how.

They all entered a restaurant. The dishes were much cheaper than in the downtown. Sydnee was now rich with Emily's money and she wanted to entertain Eliot lavishly. Therefore, such meat dishes as chicken, pork and beef were ordered and there were 11 dishes in total. The policeman and Eliot stared at her, dumbfounded. Sydnee said timidly, "Let's eat now. We can add more later."

...\_\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 306 Sydnee

The lady boss also felt that they ordered too many dishes. Although she would earn more money if the customers ordered as many dishes as possible, she didn't want the food to be wasted. However, when she saw the policeman's uniform, she did not dare to say a word. She just returned to the kitchen to cook the dishes with the boss.

"What do you usually do?" Before the dishes were served, the policeman tried to engage Sydnee in conversation, hoping to know her better.

"Me?" Sydnee thought about it seriously. She usually went to Tea Manor to check the progress of the decoration, or to school, or to the pharmacy.

After thinking for a long time, she felt she really had nothing to say, so she smiled, "I'm boring. I don't have any hobbies."

The policeman continued to ask, "What do you like? Watching movies? Going to the concert? Do you like shooting?

Swimming? Mountaineering? Cycling?"

Sydnee shook her head. She liked none of it.

The policeman looked a little depressed, but then he got excited again. "Do you like reading?"

Sydnee was embarrassed. She seldom read books except when she had to review for exams. Recently, what she had been reading was only account books and receipts for expenses. If she had to say something about her hobby, it would be to calculate the expenditure and income.

Eliot kept silent. When he saw Sydnee's embarrassed expression, it occurred to him that she was indeed not good at communicating. Perhaps she could talk freely about what she was familiar with. Once she was asked something she wasn't familiar with, she would not know how to reply.

Now, her head was getting lower and lower. It seemed that she

was meditating on what decent interests and preferences she had. However, she couldn't come up with a single one. Just as she was about to tell a lie, she heard Eliot say to her, "I left something in the car. Help me get it."

Sydnee heaved a sigh of relief, "OK."

With that, she ran away quickly.

The policeman also noticed Sydnee's embarrassment. After Sydnee left for a while, he asked Eliot, "Am I in a hurry?"

Eliot didn't want to answer such a question, but he answered because Sydnee had done a lot for him and she was his friend, so he couldn't just sit by.

He replied, "If you are just messing around, please keep away from her."

"What?" The policeman was stunned for a moment. He was sitting opposite the door while Eliot's back was facing the door. Eliot didn't see Sydnee walk in again. Just now when Sydnee walked out of the restaurant, she remembered that Eliot didn't tell her what he had left. So she came back to ask.

As soon as she walked over, she heard Eliot's gentle and firm voice, "She needs a man who truly loves her and respects her. She doesn't need an adventurous love. With your job, you are destined to not give her much sense of security. So please don't chase after her."

The policeman got a little angry, but when he looked up and saw Sydnee standing there, he suppressed his anger and retorted, "Who knows exactly about love? What if she likes me?"

"Impossible," Eliot replied in a resolute tone.

"Why is that?" the policeman asked.

'Because she likes me.'

Of course Eliot couldn't tell it to the man in front of him. He just said, "She won't like you. Give up."

The policeman didn't say anything else.

Just as the lady boss served, Sydnee pretended to have just entered and then sat beside Eliot. All of them were silent.

Sydnee thought to herself, 'What's going on?'

Eliot saw her return, but didn't ask her whether she got his things or not. At this moment, Sydnee suddenly realized that just now Eliot sensed her embarrassment, so he deliberately

asked her to go out.

But she turned around and came back, hearing those words....

The lady boss served the dishes and soon the table was full of delicious food.

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Everyone thought that they would have to pack up the dishes one by one after eating but in fact, it was the opposite. The policeman ate quickly while Eliot ate slowly. In the end, they had eaten all the dishes on the table.

When the lady boss came out and saw the table, she thought that they had poured the leftovers into the garbage bin. She searched through several garbage bins, but Sydnee told her, "We ate all. Can we have the check, please?"

The lady boss swallowed, wondering if they had just been released from the prison.

Of course, she only thought about it. She didn't dare to make a joke as she saw the policeman's uniform. The policeman took out his wallet and wanted to pay the bill, but was stopped by Sydnee. "Hey. I said I would pay. What're you doing?"

Sydnee handed the money to the lady boss, "Just keep the change."

The lady boss counted the money and found Sydnee only paid two extra.

Why did she use such a tone with only two extra? The lady boss still didn't dare to joke, as there was a uniformed policeman standing beside her. She was only a commoner, and she just laughed and said to them, "Thank you. Bye."

Sydnee already contacted the agent. After she sent the policeman to an intersection, she drove to the neighborhood in the city center.

Just now as they came out of the restaurant, the policeman didn't ask Sydnee any more strange questions. Sydnee heaved a sigh of relief and couldn't help but look at Eliot in the rearview mirror. Eliot frowned, with his head down. Sydnee did not know what he was thinking.

Sydnee and Eliot looked around the house and Eliot was very satisfied with it. He handed over 1, 000 to the agent and the landlord. After that, he signed the contract and took the key.



Sydnee waved goodbye to him without worry.

After closing the door, Eliot threw himself into the sofa and took out his phone. Only then did he realize that his cable had been stolen and his phone had run of battery.

He took the key and went out to buy a charging cable. When he arrived downstairs, he discovered that the landlord was standing in front of Sydnee, talking. And he saw Sydnee took out some money and handed it to the landlord.

"Thank you. My brother has much pride. I hope you won't spill the beans. Please help him as much as you can when he needs help. Also, I hope you can give him some fruits at every festival. Just tell him it's a gift from a friend and that you can't eat it all." Eliot was hiding in a bush. He heard Sydnee's voice as gentle as how she was. She was like a warm spring breeze, striking a deep chord in his heart.

Eliot stood at the side of the bush for a long time. Only when Sydnee and the agent left did he slowly walked away to help digest. He lowered his head and saw the scarf on his neck. It was light gray and furry, very warm. It carried her faint fragrance of tea. Although it was not strong, it came in through his nose and reached his heart.

Sydnee liked him so much. What should he do to pay back? Sydnee, who was driving, suddenly sneezed twice. At the red light, she called Emily and said, "I've got everything set up for your brother."

"Thank you."

"We're close friends. Your brother is my brother," laughed Sydnee.

"You can be my sister-in-law." Emily rarely joked, and there was her sincerity in these words.

"..."

Sydnee imagined the scene and shook her head. "No, I'd better be single. Men are too scary."

She still couldn't forget the pain brought by Marquise and her blind date, Rey. It was hard to understand others, let alone a man's heart.

Emily changed the topic and said to Sydnee, "Take care of my brother, please."

"Sure." Sydnee did not know what would happen in the future. If she had known, she would have said no. However, nobody

knew what would happen in the future.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 307 Miss You Very Much

Vincent came back the night before New Year's Eve.

Snow lay thick on the ground in City Y. You would hear a muffled sound when stepping into the snow, like a fat grizzly bear caused a giant pit.

After getting off the plane, Vincent felt his legs tremble from the cold. His guards gave him some medicine and a blanket when he got in the car. He closed his eyes to have a rest after getting injected. And then, he looked out the window at the red lanterns and said, "Go to the Britt's."

The driver answered, "Yes."

Rex, sitting in the passenger seat, was reporting daily details of the company. "The project in QH City is coming to an end. Mr. Ethen even drove over there to take a look. After checking, he asked the finance department to pay it. This is the statement of payment. And this is the completion drawing of the project in QH City." He handed over a folder to Vincent from his front seat. "The annual meeting ended three days ago. It was held successfully. It was the first time for Mr. Ethen to hold it in person. He did a good job and the employees liked him very much." added Rex.

Rex returned home with Ethen and these days, he did not follow Vincent. Instead, he spent his time with Ethen. Many people were wondering if the Scavos family was about to change its master. Rex was unhappy when he heard such a discussion and wanted to remind Vincent to be on guard against Ethen.

However, on hearing those, Vincent only said, "OK."

"Miss Emily's family went through a lot." It occurred to Rex that he had not reported such a major event. He immediately told Vincent what had happened to Emily's family these days.

"The time was around the New Year and Mr. Matthew pulled some strings. Because of that, Beverly didn't even have the chance to be visited. The higher-ups directly convicted her after one trial. Now, she's been transferred to the women's prison."

"What about her?"

Rex paused for a moment. Mr. Vincent only care about the little

Hunk's safety. He didn't know at all about what Beverly and Elsie had suffered. Even her brother, Eliot, had been kicked out of her house. Now, the little Hunk was the boss of the Britts. Who dared to bully her?

"Miss Emily is good. She has a good day every day. She sleeps well, too. Every morning, she exercises for half an hour. Then, she goes to the company with Maury to work. At night, she sometimes draws pictures."

Rex meant that in the absence of Vincent, the little Hunk lived a very full life by herself.

The corners of Vincent's lips curled up slightly and he said, "OK." Rex keenly sensed that this OK was completely different from the other one. This OK was filled with gentleness.

"By the way, Branden and his wife seem to be negotiating a divorce recently. Will it affect our company?" Rex turned to the next page. He thought for a moment before saying, "Although it is secret now, it'll be made public soon. No wonder he sent Miss Irene to Italy. It turns out that he doesn't want her to know about this matter."

Vincent looked up and asked, "How long has it been?"

"Half a month ago. They are still negotiating. Perhaps there is a problem with the division of the couple's common property. It hasn't been settled yet and it probably will be in the next few days." Rex took a look at the calendar.

At this point, the phone vibrated. Vincent did not look at the caller's ID. He pressed the answer button and put the phone to his ear. The other end of the phone was Randy. "Damn it. I finally got you on your cell. Vincent, I've been waiting you for so long. We surely can't have dinner together at this year's New Year's Eve. I will go to Korea tomorrow. I'll ask you out after the match."

"I just came back." Vincent's voice sounded like he was tired.

"Damn it. What about tonight?"

"I've got an appointment."

"..."

Randy hung up the phone sadly.

Vincent rubbed his forehead, thinking for a moment, and sent a text message, 'If you win, you can pick a place as you like.'

Randy quickly replied, 'Wait for me to get the trophy back!'

The car arrived at the Britt's. Snow was falling down outside the window. Everything was quiet. Under the dim yellow streetlights, the ground was like wrapped in pure white marshmallow. The snow was thick. Once stepping on it, you would leave a deep footprint.

Emily was reading book about market operation management and human resources management at the table under the light. These days, she had got in touch with many unfamiliar things with Maury. She realized how insignificant and ignorant she was when faced with the great world. Every time she encountered something she did not understand, she would bear it in mind. After she returned home, she would Google or call Harold and Sydnee to consult, buy books and take notes.

It was already very late. She planned to turn off the lights five minutes later. When she heard the noise from the balcony, she thought Elsie had come.

She took out the dagger from under the pillow and opened the curtains. Then, she saw a tall figure standing outside the balcony.

Elsie didn't sleep well these days. She always thought that Emily would open the door in the middle of the night to kill her, so every time she woke up, she would check to see if the balcony door was locked.

Now she woke up again and got out of bed to check the lock. She heard a noise coming from the next room. It seemed to be the sound of a door opening. It was quiet, and the sound was particularly clear.

Elsie shivered and hid behind the balcony, carefully pulling open the curtains. However, she did not see anyone coming. She waited anxiously for a while, and there was still no one.

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Just now she clearly heard the sound of a door opening.  
She couldn't have heard wrong.

When Vincent came in, and saw the dagger in Emily's hand, he raised his eyebrows slightly. The chill of evening was still around him and he did not approach her when he entered. He just sat down on a chair and looked at the books on the table.

Emily stood behind him and looked at his face. After a while,

she said, "You look thinner."

Probably because he didn't rest well, he'd got dark shadows under his eyes, which were still sharp. Emily still remembered the moment when she opened the curtains, she saw his face in the darkness. His features were strongly marked, and his lines were attractive, giving a sense of coldness and indifference. But as he saw her, his lips curled into a smile, and there was a gentle look in his eyes.

He was dressed more than usual, and it was obvious that he was thinner than before. Emily looked at the clock and asked, "Have you eaten?"

"I ate some on the plane." Vincent turned around and looked at her, then extended his hand to her.

Emily was somewhat shy. It had been too long since she saw him. She had an indescribable sense of shyness. She took a few steps to hold his hand. It was a little cold. She moved closer and hugged his neck, pressing her face against his cheek.

"Mr. Vincent, I miss you very much."

After Emily finished speaking, her ears turned red.

Vincent wanted to control himself from hugging her, but after hearing this, his heart thumped from joy, and he couldn't help but turn his head to kiss her lips. "Say it again."

Emily couldn't make a sound. She was too shy to say it again. She only kissed him back lightly.

Vincent's chest injury was still unhealed. He didn't dare to stay. He was afraid that she would find out. He kissed her for a moment, and then asked her what she had done these days and where she had been and so on.

Emily answered one by one. She was a bit more optimistic than before. Although it was just a little bit, it was enough to make Vincent happy. He admitted that he was trying to make her talk more.

At nearly half past eleven, Vincent stood up and was about to leave.

Emily walked him to the balcony. The four frozen guards outside had expressions of helplessness on their faces.

"..."

Emily was a little embarrassed. "Next time, come in together?"

The guards were silent.

So was Vincent.

Silence.

Emily added, "I mean, you..." She paused while she was mid-sentence. She covered her face and said. "I'm going to sleep."

Vincent stretched out his hand and touched her face. "You lost five kilos."

Emily was surprised. "How do you know?" She had just weighed herself the day before yesterday, and she had indeed lost five kilograms.

"I could feel it when I hugged you." Vincent gave her waist a gentle pinch through her rabbit pajamas.

"..."

Emily closed the balcony door and the curtains. Her face was still very red.

Next door, Elsie woke up again. She got out of bed, shivering and opened the curtains, only to see a faint shadow flashing past the balcony next door.

A man?

A man came out of Emily's room?

Elsie's entire body trembled because of this discovery, which was important for her.

This was an opportunity. She had to seize it. She would definitely make that retard pay the price, sooner or later.\_\_\_\_\_ Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 308 Cold Beauties

"My friend recently has taken a divorce case. The other party is the chairman of Zayne Science and Technology. I know it is classified, but I remember that you are cooperating with his company. So I think I should let you know so that you can be prepared for the possible influences."

Vincent was sitting on the sofa while Rex was dressing the wound for him. He put his phone on the table with its speaker on. Jaquan hesitantly said on the other side, "I saw him at the GY Temple last time. It was the day that the incident happened. I felt I had met him before but I couldn't remember who he was until a friend talked about it. It truly was him."

Vincent frowned and Rex thought that he hurt him, so he stopped and backed away. Vincent took his phone and asked, "Did you see him at the GY Temple?"

Jaquan answered yes and said in disbelief, "It is odd. I usually don't forget big shots, but somehow I didn't remember him."

"He doesn't believe in Buddhism." Vincent suddenly said.

Jaquan was stunned because he felt Vincent was hinting at something. He was afraid that the accident was related to the chairman. But he still said, "Perhaps he just went there for tour."

"Call Ferne and tell him about it as well as the divorce." Vincent pondered for a moment and said, "Don't ask anything else and don't interfere in your friend's case."

As Vincent said in such a serious tone, Jaquan answered carefully. "I understand."

Hanging up the phone, Jaquan immediately called Ferne. Ferne responded emotionally. Although Jaquan did not know why, he could sense that the chairman was associated with the incident in the GY Temple.

Before Ferne hung up, he warned him, "Keep it between us."

"Sure."

Then the entire room fell silent again. Sitting quietly on the sofa, Jaquan watched Tom chasing Jerry on TV. Tom moved so fast that it was hard to see clear his legs, but he still couldn't catch up with Jerry. It was funny, but Jaquan couldn't laugh anymore.

"Jaquan, what's wrong with you?"

"Nothing."

"You don't love me now, do you?"

"I love you."

"Then why don't you kiss me?"

"..."

Jaquan lay on the sofa, with one hand covering his eyes.

Arabella's lonely and aggrieved expression came up in his head. She stared at him and said, "Jaquan, I don't feel like we are dating. We are lonely, so we spend the time with each other. It is not love. You don't like me ... Admit it, every time you go out with me, you don't focus on me. If you like someone else, just tell me. I'll let you go."

The girl who Jaquan had always liked had grown up. A girl like Arabella should take pride in herself. She wanted attention from people, even just from a passer-by. She was born to be a

celebrity. She lived under the spotlights. She couldn't accept it if people stop caring about her. What's more, she couldn't stand it if Jaquan neglected her.

Jaquan behaved well every time they dated. He made itineraries in advance and prepared things like umbrellas, napkins and snacks all the time. During the date, he was the driver and bodyguard. He paid for everything they need. However, the longer they stayed together, the more they realized that they had little in common. They always felt awkward when there was nothing to talk about.

Jaquan tried to change this situation, but it never worked. He had tried to attract the attention of Arabella, but at this moment, he was somewhat helpless. It seemed that he didn't want to change. He did everything he could do.

He thought he didn't have to curry favor with Arabella all the time. He knew what she wanted was not a boyfriend who would do everything for her. He knew Arabella wouldn't stop loving him even if he didn't act like a perfect man.

However, the truth was that the person who had changed was him, not Arabella.

"I was standing at the door of your house that day when I called you. You said you were home." Arabella was disappointed that day. She forced a smile, like mocking herself. He remembered he could see stubbornness and grievance in her watery eyes.

"You don't like me, all of you!"

Suddenly the door opened. Lying on the sofa, Jaquan didn't respond. Collin asked from the hallway. "You haven't returned yet? You are not going home in the New Year?"

"I will go home tomorrow." Jaquan answered.

"What's wrong with you? Aren't you happy to have a girlfriend?" Collin teased him about his girlfriend all the time.

"You could bring your girlfriend with you for New Year's Eve dinner."

"...."

Jaquan didn't say anything and watched Tom who was tricked by Jerry on TV.

Collin changed his shoes and came in with bags in his hand. He opened them all and put things inside on the dining table.

Jaquan asked sullenly, "What is it?"

"Chocolate, scarfs, and socks. All are New Year's gifts from the



nurses..." Collin saw a note between them. It read, "Doctor Mueller, I like you."

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Collin looked at it for a few seconds, "Oh, who gave this to me?"

Jaquan got up from the sofa and walked over. Seeing the note in his hand, he snorted and rolled his eyes at Collin. "I don't want it. Take it back and give it to someone else."

"Alright then." Collin put everything back into two bags and walked towards the hallway.

"Are you leaving now?" Jaquan asked.

Collin stopped and looked at him, "What's wrong with you?

You're odd today. Do you have something to tell me?"

Jaquan scratched his hair. Every time the New Year approached, Collin was extremely busy. The last time Jaquan saw him was the last week when he went out to work in the morning. He met Collin who came back from the night shift. But they didn't even talk because Collin was tired and sleepy.

Jaquan had been looking for a chance to talk to him, but he failed. A few days ago, Arabella made it clear but he didn't feel so sad.

However, Jaquan didn't know how to start this topic with Collin now. So he just scratched his messy hair and said hesitantly, "I don't know what's going on. Every time I go out with Arabella, I always think of another woman."

"Think of what?" Collin asked in a bantering tone.

Jaquan didn't know how to answer.

"Well, let's take it seriously." Collin adjusted his glasses with his slender index finger. "It means that you like that woman very much."

"But I clearly..." Jaquan knew he liked Arabella.

He liked her for years. How could he love another woman?

"What about her?" Collin asked.

"What?" Jaquan hadn't pulled himself together.

"That 'another woman'. Does she like you?"

"..."

Collin got the answer from his eyes, "What's wrong with you?

You always fall for cold beauties. But they don't like you."

It was just Arabella, no, now there was another one.

"Who is it this time? Tell me, I'll give you some advice." Collin laughed.

Jaquan felt himself crazy and heaved a deep sigh.

Collin shook his head, "It seems like this one is even harder to deal with than Miss Arabella."

"..."

Jaquan walked to the sofa and then threw himself into it again.

He sighed, "I think I am a play boy. I like Arabella so much, why..." He could not continue and detested himself.

"It is all your obsession." Collin spoke and sat down beside him calmly. He picked up the remote control and pressed on the pause button.

Jaquan had never allowed anyone to comment his feelings for Arabella like this, because he liked her for fifteen years.

However, he didn't feel so sad since he broke up with Arabella. When he heard Collin say it was all his obsession, he kind of agreed with him. Perhaps he had always felt the same. But in the past, he felt annoyed when Randy exhorted him to let her go.

"Then what should I do now?" Jaquan asked.

Collin took off his glasses and said, "Let me tell you something that happened the day before yesterday."

"It was a car accident. The girl was unconscious when she was sent to the hospital. The boy was also seriously injured, but he was still conscious. They were sent to the different rooms for surgery. In the end, one died and the other was saved."

"The boy survived. He knelt in front of the girl and cried. He said he didn't tell her he liked her."

"What do you mean?" Jaquan didn't like tragedies.

Collin patted him on his shoulder and stood up. "I want to tell you that do whatever you want when she is alive. Or you will regret it after death."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 309 Janessa

At City Y Airport

"No cold water, no smoking, no staying up late. The first thing we need to do when we enter the hotel is to rest. We will have a tough battle tomorrow. Let's show those people that we are the strongest at playing games!" Randy waved a fan and told

the members when they were waiting in the corridor of the airport lounge.

"Randy! So great! So man! "

All but Lord Top shouted the slogan excitedly. She just opened her mouth wide but failed to make any sound. Then there was a tear around the corner of her eyes. She actually yawned in front of Randy!

Randy glared at her, "What are you doing? I said no practice last night. You played games?"

"No."

"Then why are you so sleepy?"

"I don't know. I'm so tired. Are you done?" The Lord Top narrowed her eyes and looked at the row where the bags were placed. "Can I doze for a while?"

"..."

The team members all gave her their down jackets.

"Lord Top, I'll cover this for you, or you'll freeze."

"Then I'll pad this for you."

"With this one of mine! I'll cover it for you, too!"

"Do you want to listen to music? I'll wear earphones for you."

"Lord Top, rest on my shoulders. Come, sit down."

Randy was shocked at it and felt gross. He shifted his gaze from them and caught a sight of a familiar figure who was slowly moving out of the crowd not far away.

"Janessa?"

No wonder Randy noticed her at first glance. People were wearing down jackets or at least wearing coats or bombers while she was in a dress with a trench coat outside. She walked chicly in her sunglasses.

Randy wanted to say hello, but she wore earphones. After the security check, she went to pick up her luggage.

He thought for a moment and texted Armando, "Janessa is back. She just got off the plane."

Armando replied, "I know it."

Randy was shocked and dialed, "What? Why don't you tell me?"

"Should I tell you?"

Randy was speechless.

"I could have taken a ride in your car to the airport."

"I wouldn't take you."

"..."

"Armando, you cannot put women before your friends. If you are like this, I will leave you alone."

"Got it."

"..."

Randy wanted to say something, but Armando said in an urgent tone, "Janessa is here, I'm hanging up."

"..."

Randy fell silent as he looked at the screen. How could he be like this?

Turning around, he saw Lord Top sleeping peacefully on his backpack. The team members were driven to the opposite side and no one dared to disturb her.

Randy fell into silence again. How could he dare to sleep before him?

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

As soon as Janessa came out of the airport, she saw Armando standing beside his car. She was stunned for a moment before she smiled. "Did you have your hair cut?"

Over the past two months, his hair had grown less than two centimeters. From afar, it was still short, but flattered him. He looked more handsome and stronger.

Armando took off his coat but didn't dare to dress her in it, so he only draped it over her. Then he took the luggage from her and put it into the trunk. He opened the car door for her and went back to the driver's seat after she got on the car.

He was so nervous. After seeing the text message, he didn't sleep tight all night.

"The plane will land at 7 a. m. tomorrow."

Janessa did not tell anyone else to pick her up. She only sent him a text message.

Armando was content with it. He had been afraid that Janessa would ignore or avoid him. But fortunately, it didn't happen. There were many cars in front of them, so they sit in the car, but no one started a conversation.

After a long time, Janessa asked, "Look at me!"

Armando looked at her through the rearview mirror and then slowly moved his gaze away from her.

Janessa was flipped. She somehow recalled the kiss that night. She pretended to be calm as she looked at the rearview mirror.

"Why did you have your hair cut? I wanted to ask you."

"Oh." Armando didn't say much. He cut it just because he wanted to, but he didn't say it. He was afraid that Janessa would think he had it cut for her. He didn't want to give her any pressure.

"What do you mean?" Janessa asked.

Armando thought for a moment and said, "Am I looking bad?"

Janessa didn't answer him.

Janessa would have made fun of him if it was in the past. She would have said, "You cut it for some girl? Who is she?"

But now, he couldn't say it, because the girl was her.

"It was neither good nor bad. You just look different." Janessa covered her lap with the blanket in the back seat, and held the hand warmer. Feeling so warm, she narrowed her eyes and said, "You are so sweet."

But she regretted saying that immediately.

Armando smiled, but just for a moment.

Janessa stopped talking. Tapping on her phone, she began to reply the New Year's greetings. There were various alumni gatherings, student reunions, and gatherings for hobbies every year. She was added in several chatting groups. They often went out for a trip or something like that. Occasionally, they would also hold dinner parties. A group of single men and women were enjoying themselves, but Janessa did not like it. People would look at her as if she was an object, which made her feel very uncomfortable.

When she put down her phone, she had arrived at the Mosby's.

Armando put down her luggage and opened the car door for Janessa. She got out of the car with the blanket and returned the down jacket to him. Armando reached out to receive it. The moment when he touched her finger, he couldn't help but pull her into his arms.

Before Janessa could react, he quickly let her go.

The butler and Benson had come out to welcome them.

"Welcome back. Come in, you're wearing too little. Come in and warm up."

Janessa smiled and walked in. She could still feel the heat from Armando.

Surrounded by the crowd on the sofa, she saw Armando go upstairs alone.

Entering the room, Armando leaned against the door and calmed himself down. He shouldn't have hug her, but he did it. Would Janessa hate him?

Fortunately, they had come out, otherwise, Janessa would be angry.

Armando clenched his fists and said to himself over and over again, "Don't let her hate you more. It will be fine."

The moment when he touched her finger, the devil within his body was invoked. He not only wanted to hug her, but also wanted to kiss her and even more...

Armando closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

He couldn't be with her alone, or he would have no idea what he would do. \_\_\_\_

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 310 One centimeter

In the Dalton's.

After the reunion dinner, Ferne sat on the sofa for a moment and then walked out the door with car keys.

Ferne's mother, Lisa, chased after him and grabbed at his arm. She lowered her voice and said discontentedly, "What's wrong with you? Are you going to hang out on New Year's Eve?"

"I have something to do." Ferne was a little impatient. He was required to come here early in the morning by a phone call, but he had no fun here. All he could do was sitting and watching them make dumplings.

Lisa was so angry, so she poked him in the stomach. However, when it occurred to her that her son had lost weight, she unclasped her grip on her son and said with anger, "You are busy? You always have something to do! How many days you have stayed at home in a year? Your wife has just returned, so hurry up and to be with her!"

Armando had no choice but to come back with his mother.

No one could tell what was wrong with Lili. She ran to a plastic surgery hospital and took out all the prostheses that had been filled before. Then, she spent two month for her convalescence.

After she came back, at the first glance, Ferne couldn't recognize her anymore and felt something strange.

During the dinner, he couldn't help but take a few more glances at Lili.

Lili was too shy to ask during the dinner. After the dinner, when her parents-in-law went to the kitchen, she came to Ferne's side and asked, "How is it? Do I look good?"

Ferne's expression was wry. "What's wrong with you? Are you insane? Is this what you looked like? How ugly you were before!"

Lili was shocked by his words.

"You are not ugly. I just need some time to get used to it."

When Ferne saw Lili changed her expression, he explained, "Do you know there is a saying that although a new haircut appears to be ugly, it will be good when you get used to it."

Lili pushed him with anger, "Get lost."

Ferne availed himself of the opportunity to sneak away.

However, his mother grabbed at him. He had to explain resignedly, "She asked me to go away."

Lisa loosened her grip. Just as Ferne was about to run away with giggles, Lisa's eyes were rimmed with tears and she began to sob.

"Mom, what's wrong?" Ferne turned around with resignation and wiped away her tears with his sleeve. "What's up in such special day? Did Dad irritate you?"

"It's you!" Lisa was so angry that she began to cry, "Are you going to drive me crazy? You have you wife for several years, but you spent more time with the waitress in hotels than your wife. What on earth do you want? Tell me, my dear? Am I wrong to get you married? Why would you punish me in this way?"

"Mom..." Ferne sighed. "How could you be wrong? It's my fault. It's my fault."

Lisa's stopped crying and said, "Alright, since you admit your fault, then make up for it. Go now and have a child with your wife. Then you can go everywhere and you can do as you please in the future."

Ferne didn't know how to respond. He said, "You are so unpredictable."

The car was parked in front of a row of furniture stores.

Ferne was about to make a call when a window on the second floor opened. A man in short black T-shirt stood by the window. He pinched cigarette and then dusted off the cigarette ashes. After that, he put that cigarette around his lips with his slender fingers. Ferne laughed at that man in his heart, but he had to admit that the way that guy smoked was so cool.

He took a bag of special purchases for the Spring Festival and went upstairs. When he reached the second floor, he saw a door open on the right. Noah had already walked over, after his cigarette had been finished. He stopped at the door and took over the bag in Ferne's hand. Then, he asked, "What's your finding?"

Last night, Ferne called Noah, because Ferne thought that the next day was New Year's Eve and Noah may ask him to stay to have a meal. Ferne loved to do so, because Noah was good at cooking. However, he didn't expect that things would go against his wishes.

"Branden Potter, chairman of Zayne Science and Technology, also showed up in the GY Temple when that accident happened." Ferne closed the door and saw that the corridor was carpeted. After thinking for a while, he took off his shoes. The room was warm when he entered, so he took off his down coat too.

In fact, Noah wanted to say something, but when he saw Ferne took off his down coat, he commented, "You've lost a lot of weight."

"Really?" Ferne lifted his sweater and said, "How is it? Can you see my abdominal muscles?"

Noah snorted.

### He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Ferne did lose weight. Not only had gone his beer belly, but also he appeared to be sprightlier. Actually, he was handsome even though he was chubby. Now, he was cooler with his statuesque face.

"I just finished my meal. Otherwise, I could have shown you my Apollo's Belt." Ferne took a deep breath, but the fat on his belly was still there, and there wasn't the so-called Apollo's Belt.

"You suspect that Branden has something to do with this, right?" Noah had already walked to the table and opened a



laptop. He typed the words "Branden Potter of Zayne" in the search box and asked, "The reason?"

Ferne spelled out his thoughts, and then added, "Although it's a bit far-fetched, I think we can follow this lead. We may find something out."

Noah did not say anything, but his gaze fixed on the computer screen.

Ferne stepped forward and stood behind him. He lowered his head and smelled the sweat on Noah. Strangely, this ardor was mixed with the fragrance of soap on his clothes and it smelt good. Ferne sniffed again and then found that his behavior was abnormal, so he silently took two steps back. He looked around and asked, "Where's your sister?"

"She is making dumplings." Noah replied without raising his head.

Ferne exclaimed in surprise, "Did you guys make dumplings by yourself?"

"I bought them."

"If I knew it, I would have invited you to my home to have the ready-made dumplings." Ferne shrugged.

"I can't leave her alone."

"No, you can bring her along."

Noah said indifferently, "She won't go. Even if she had an invitation, she won't leave me alone. We agreed to celebrate the New Year together, every year."

Ferne was stunned. For a while, the scene came into his mind when his mother questioned him with something like, "My dear, won't you have pity when you left your wife alone to be with us in this spacious house? Won't you feel pity for her when she tossed and turned lonely on her big bed every day?"

"Doing charity, making donations to schools, funding temples, donating medical equipment worthy of one million four years ago when the earthquake struck. Branden is acclaimed as a great philanthropist and even built many schools for the deaf."

Noah stared at the last four words on his computer screen and thought for a moment.

Ferne leaned over and said, "What's wrong? What have you found?"

Christy's voice came from behind, "Noah! It's time for meal!"

Noah tilted his head. Just as he was about to reply, he saw

Ferne turning around. Coincidentally, they were facing each other so closely, and there was only about a centimeter between their lips. That was what Christy saw when she came out.

There was a long silence.

Ferne covered his chest with his hand. That was close. They almost kissed each other.

Noah stepped back and then stood up. He drew up his coat on the chair and put it on. As he walked towards the kitchen, Christy, stood in the aisle, gently bumped into his shoulder. She smiled and asked in a low voice, "Brother, should I go out and leave some room for you tonight?"

Noah patted her head with his big palm and said, "What's in your mind?"

Christy covered her mouth and smiled, "Why didn't I think of that before? Ferne is quite good and funny. Besides, he is pretty good-looking when he lost weights. Yet, we don't know whether he could bear to have ... with you?" Christy covered her mouth and smiled. "You have to take it easy. I think he can't stand to do that thing with you, even for once."

Noah was stunned.

Ferne, who strolled into the kitchen, only heard the last word and asked confusingly, "For what once?"

Christy doubled over with laughter.

Noah had a dour face at the beginning, but when he saw his sister was laughing out of control and Ferne, who was at a loss but laughed like an idiot, he was amused too.

Ferne was still confused. However, he followed suit on seeing Noah laughing. Christy laughed out loud and she even laid her back on the ground with one hand covering her stomach. Noah smiled and reached out to pull her. Two plates of hot dumplings on the stage were steaming. This New Year's evening was the happiest one they had. \_\_\_\_\_