

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 541

“Miss Emily, I have found out that many of the Scavos family’s businesses are handed over to Ethen. Furthermore, he was also in charge of their businesses in Italy. Also, after returning, Vincent seems to be slowly delegating his power. However, he didn’t hand all of them over to Ethen. Instead, he distributed them to the branches. Each of them will form a force that can neither be grouped together nor can be the sole ruler.” Harold reported as he looked at the tablet.

Emily read softly, “Ethen?”

“This is the person.” Harold handed her the tablet and showed her the photo. The man in the photo was dressed in casual clothes. He was very young and had an unruly and carefree sense. He seemed to like laughing, looking innocent with his smiling eyes.

This person was the one Emily and Vincent met at the training hall.

Emily felt he looked familiar from the beginning. At this moment, she finally remembered that after Vincent passed away in her previous life, it was this man who controlled the entire Scavos family. At that time, his face was on the cover of every magazine sold on the streets. After the car accident in her previous life, she vaguely saw this face, but she failed to remember when she met him.

Emily didn’t quite understand what Vincent was doing. She didn’t know if he did it on purpose or if he was forced to give up his power. If he was forced, then what trouble did he encounter?

“Kamron called again.” Harold took out the phone, “Miss Emily, do you want to answer it?”

“Of course. I’ll record it.” Emily said indifferently, “Open the loudspeaker. I want to hear how he begs me.”

Harold was rendered speechless.

He picked up the phone, turned on the speaker, and threw it on the coffee table. Kamron said, “Did you do it? Miss Emily, I can forgive you for hurting me, but my dad... He is old. I hope you can be generous and let go of him.”

“My father did do something wrong before, but he also did it for ... for your mother. He also had difficulties. He is not... Can I talk to you face to face?”

“Miss Emily, you might don’t know I have a relationship with the Scavos family. You have to know that my family’s accident is of no good to their family. I recommend you think about it carefully.”

“The woman in the hospital would know if my dad and my company go wrong. I can’t guarantee that she wouldn’t fall sick again...” Perhaps Kamron often called Donna this way in private, so he didn’t change it even before Emily.

Emily interrupted him, “I thought you were here to negotiate terms, but I didn’t expect that you were here to threaten me. What? You think I care about that woman?”

Kamron emphasized on the phone, “That’s your mother.”

Emily sneered, “Mr. Kamron, it’s just like you can’t accept a stepmother who suddenly appeared. I also can’t accept a mother who appeared out of nowhere. How many feelings do you think I have for a mother who only appeared before me after my father died?”

“What do you want?” Kamron was probably painted to a corner. His voice was hoarse, “What do you want then so that you can let go of us?”

“It’s simple. One life for another one.” Emily said coldly.

“Dream on!” Kamron ended the call.

“No other calls?” Emily asked as Harold put away the phone and tablet.

Harold knew that she wanted to ask if Donna had made a call. He shook his head, “No.”

“Didn’t she know about this?” Emily frowned slightly. She had mixed feelings. She wanted to know how Donna would react after knowing this. She was also worried that she would fall ill if she knew. On the other hand, she was afraid that Donna would call for help or question whether she did it or not. She wondered how Donna would do if she knew it was her daughter who did this.

“Miss Emily, don’t think too much.” Harold handed a lollipop to her, “As a mother, she won’t make things difficult for her daughter.”

Emily looked at the lollipop in a daze, “I’m not afraid of her making things difficult for me. I just don’t know how I expect her to react. I want her to be on my father’s side, but my father is already dead. It’s too late. I just, just... I don’t want to see her be with that person...”

“For so many years, it was always Jackson who accompanied her. Do you think is it possible she would sit by and do nothing if something happened to Jackson?” Harold asked.

Emily covered her face with her hand. A moment later, she raised her head again and said, “Tell Kamron that this thing is settled. From now on,

we would go different ways. I wouldn't interfere in any affair of his family, including Donna.”

“Alright.” Harold went out to make a call.

Emily sat on the chair in Maury's study. She touched the desk and thought of the scene of her father sitting on it to work. She felt a little sad.

However, what she was more concerned about was what Kamron had just said on the phone. “Miss Emily, I have a private relationship with the Scavos family. You have to know that our accident is not good for their family.. You have to think about it carefully.”

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It was very late at this time. Vincent had not come over tonight. Tomorrow was Qingming Festival. Emily planned to go to the tell Scavo's to ask him after the festival.

After making the call, Harold came in to report, “I have told Kamron, but he is a little angry. He hung up without saying anything.”

“OK. It's very late. Go to sleep.” Emily waved his hand.

“There is another thing,” Harold hesitated to say, “Elsie woke up today, but ... the situation is a little bad. The doctor suggested that she must be transferred to the rehab center when she is discharged from the hospital ... The police also meant that.”

“Then do as they said.” Emily stood up and walked out of the study. She looked back at the desk in the study. “Don't sympathize with her. She deserves it.”

“I was afraid that you would feel upset,” Harold said honestly.

“Me?” Emily looked at him and asked, “Why do you think so?”

“Sorry, I shouldn’t have said too much,” Harold said woodenly.

“It’s fine. Go back to sleep. Get up early tomorrow. Susan and the others have to go with us.”

“OK!”

Emily opened the door of her room. She thought of what Harold had said before she entered. Did she feel upset?

It seemed that she was indeed a little upset.

But she still thought that Elsie deserved it. If Elsie hadn’t led to such an awkward situation, she wouldn’t have fallen to this point in the end.

Emily took a deep breath and closed the door.

“Come on~ Be happy ~ there’s plenty of time for fun~ come on~ show you ~ there’s plenty of scenery ~ come on~ love ~”

The horrible sound of Ferne’s singing came from the bathroom. Noah wanted to rush in and strangle him several times. Ferne got out of the bathroom after a long time. However, he came out with a bath towel tied. As he walked to the kitchen, he sang loudly, “He has a pair of soft eyes, waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting for someone to bloom...”

Noah was lost for words.

Probably because Noah’s gaze was too scorching, Ferne turned his head to look at him and asked with some embarrassment, “How is it? It

sounds good, right? I usually don't sing it for others. Only you have this fortune."

Noah was lost for words again.

Ferne picked up a bottle of drink from the refrigerator and was taken away by Noah before he could open it.

"Co-coincidentally, you want to drink too?" Ferne looked pitifully at Noah gulping down more than half of the drink. Just as he was about to reach out to take it, he saw Noah avoid him and put the drink into the refrigerator. Noah pointed at the table and said, "There is some water."

Ferne was furious. "Are you inhumane? My injuries have long been healed. It is just a drink. How many days have passed? I haven't even touched a single sip of the drink. I'm about to go crazy from greed! Could you give me a sip?"

"How many times did you have diarrhea from drinking red wine that day?" Noah closed the refrigerator and looked at him with his arms crossed.

"Twice," said Ferne.

"Say it again?" Noah frowned.

"Three times." As soon as Ferne finished speaking, he saw that Noah's angry expression. He immediately extended his hand and said, "Fine! Five times, but it has been several days since that time. Recently, I feel quite good. The intestine and stomach absorption are also quite good. You see ... The weather is hot, right? I think I can take a sip of it."

Noah seemed to agree, opened the refrigerator, took out the bottle of drink from inside, opened the bottle cap in front of Ferne's excited gaze, and then handed the bottle over.

Ferne looked at the bottle cap in confusion.

What did he mean?

Noah raised his eyebrows and said to him, "Lick it."

Words failed Ferne.

Why did he not feel annoyed but aroused when he heard this word from Noah's mouth?

Ferne thought of something and quickly blushed. And then he lowered his head and licked the bottle cap. He was probably nervous that he licked Noah's finger.

Noah was lost for words.

Ferne's spine went numb for a moment. He did not have the courage to look up at Noah. Noah might even think that he did it on purpose.

"Internal information! In the second trial, Branden will be sentenced direct death penalty definitely. How about it? Are you happy? Are you excited? Let's drink some wine to celebrate tonight."

Noah unscrewed the cap of the bottle in his hand again, and then threw the bottle of drink to him, "There is no need for the wine, just take this."

Ferne held the bottle of cold drink. Only then did he realize that his hands were extremely hot. Perhaps his face was also a little hot. He placed the

drink against his face and warmed it. Only then did he smell that the body of the drink still had the taste of Noah's palm.

"What ... did you do just now? Why did your hand smell strangely?" In order to prevent himself from acting like a pervert, Ferne found a fair reason for himself. As he sniffed, he said with some disdain, "Did you pick your feet?"

"No, I pick my nose," Noah said.

Ferne was lost for words.

"You think you can fool me?" Of course, Ferne did not believe it. He even rubbed his face with the drink. "I don't believe it!"

"It's true. I used the index finger of this hand." Noah spread out his hands to show him.

The index finger he emphasized happened to be the one that Ferne had just accidentally licked.

Words failed Ferne.

Noah sat in front of the computer, listening to the sound of Ferne brushing his teeth and rinsing his mouth in the bathroom, his mouth unconsciously curved up.

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The phone vibrated, and it was Christy calling.

"What's wrong?" Noah swiped to answer the phone.

“Just now, an anonymous sent an envelope to the city bureau. It contains a murder list of the kids we previously rescued and a petition co-signed by tens of thousands of parents...” Christy paused and said to Noah in a broken voice, “I would definitely give you a big hug if you were here, Noah. Can you believe it? We did it! We keep doing the same thing in these years ...”

“Yes, we did it.” Noah nodded, “Branden can’t go anywhere this time.”

“I know.” Christy sniffed, “I was getting carried away. The case is closed, and it was as if you are relieved of a heavy load. Now I lose my life goal, and suddenly, I don’t know what to do next.”

“Isn’t that good news?” Noah smiled delightedly, “Who was bitching about her busy and fulfilling life then? And now you’re telling me that you have nothing to do?”

When Christy and Noah moved to Fuji Garden, she was overwhelmed with work. It took her a lot of effort to make Trevor walk out of his room. Christy also did many things to help Trevor stay strong and healthy, and she even learned the computer work helping Trevor. Christy was a beginner, so she worked rather slowly. Thousands of people wanted to commit suicide in the world. This was beyond Christy’s imagination.

Before Christy met Trevor, she didn’t know that a person could be such low-key even when he was doing a big thing to serve the country. In her eyes, although Trevor wasn’t as charming as the other men, he was just like the first ray of sunshine in the morning, sneaking into people’s life and sacrificing himself to warm them.

Maybe he didn’t feel lonely because Eleven would always be his friend. Christy knew that inside the little robot’s chip were Trevor’s memories and emotions. They shared everything in their lives. Christy saw Eleven

projecting the image of Trevor's childhood on the wall when she sat by Trevor's bed during his sleep.

There was endless darkness on the screen without any sound and images. Trevor sat alone in drapery for a long time, and no one could see through his mind. There was only the little robot silently by his side.

Whenever Christy saw this scene, her eyes couldn't help brimming with tears. She didn't know if those were tears of sympathy or sadness. It was complicated, and it was killing her. She didn't even know how to face him. Sometimes, she even suspected whether it was right or wrong to drag him into this terrible world.

Trevor was friendly to Christy no matter what she did.

Trevor hadn't spoken anything all these years and never stepped out of his room, but finally, he did it for Christy. He had never basked in the sun, but he tried hard to do it just for spending time with Christy under the sun.

He even cooked for Christy. Although the food was not that satisfying, Christy finished them all.

Trevor liked to watch Christy eat. He once said that the way she ate would make people happy and appetizing. One time, Trevor felt hungry after watching her eat.

Noah would go there once a week and fill up the fridge with some food and drinks. Sometimes he would go to the supermarket and buy some food. Trevor couldn't go out shopping at the time, so Christy stayed with him. Actually, she could do her job. But it was strange that she always stuck with Trevor since she moved in.

Trevor had been solitary for the past twenty years, and she wouldn't let him be like this anymore.

"It doesn't matter. I was just babbling." Christy suddenly lowered her voice and asked, "How's thing going between you and Mr. Ferne? Do you hit the third base?"

Noah fell silent.

"Well, I got a bottle of new olive oil. It's in my drawer." Christy teased.

Noah remained silent.

"We're both grown up. Take it easy, man." Christy whispered, "I heard that gay sex is very comfortable."

Noah couldn't stand her anymore, and he said with a long face, "What kind of things are in your mind?"

Christy made faces at him, "Stop being demure," and she changed the subject, "Have you seen the news about the Heytons?"

"I saw it. The Heytons was screwed." Noah tapped on the keyboard, and the interface popped up with news about the Heytons. It was all negative news, including that the board directors were discussing how to sell the Granding Group at a low price. Many shareholders also sold the shares at the bottom of the market.

Noah clicked open the introduction of Kamron, doing an honest review, "Kamron was the single child in the Heyton, but unluckily, he was a loser. If he could do one good thing, there was a chance for the Heyton. This time, when Jackson was in trouble, I'm afraid that the Heyton can't recover this time."

Christy sighed, “I became more positive towards Emily. How could she think of such a detailed plan in such a small brain? It’s even logical.”

“Emily once suffered that kind of loss, so she has learned her lesson.” At this time, Ferne finished brushing his teeth and came out. He probably got freaked out, so he took a glance at Noah and then went straight to the living room. After a while, he yelled, “It’s your turn.”

Noah didn’t say anything.

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Of course, Ferne said it to the person on the other end of the phone. Christy only found it funny. She said to Noah, “After the Qingming Festival, you and Mr. Ferne come here to play. I plan to take Trevor out for a few days. We can meet in advance to see if he will reject it.”

Seeing that Ferne was almost stuck to him, Noah frowned and glanced at him. Then he said to the phone, “Okay. I’m hanging up.”

“Alright, I won’t disturb you,” Christy said ambiguously and hung up the phone.

“What were you doing just now?” Noah threw his phone on the table, glanced at Ferne, and his eyebrows cocked.

“What?” Ferne pretended not to understand.

“Have you finished bathing?” Noah looked at him.

Ferne, who had taken a bath half an hour ago, coughed lightly. “I’ve only finished one-tenth of it for the time being. Here, one-tenth.” He showed his teeth to Noah.

Noah didn't know what to say.

On the other side, after Christy hung up the phone, she went to take a bath and brought out two cups of milk.

She kept letting Trevor eat more healthily and strive to balance the nutrition. She took him to bask in the sun every day to absorb calcium. Finally, she waited for him to gain some weight and took him out for a walk at night. When he adapted to the environment, she would try to take him out during the day and let him completely integrate into the world.

Trevor was still sitting on the bed, busy with the news on the computer.

Christy placed the milk on the side. After a while, she went to the kitchen to get a straw and inserted it into the milk. Then, she brought it back to him. "Drink it. I'll hold it."

Trevor glanced at her. He was still wearing a large hood, covering his head and face. This seemed to be subconscious self-protection. Christy did not want to force him too hard, so she did not take off his hood. Anyway, there were only them here. After a long time, he would be willing to take it off.

Trevor lowered his head and bit the straw, slowly sucking the milk. His thin lips moved and for a moment, he bit the straw into a line.

He was very clean, and his eyes were warm. When he looked at others, it made them feel very comfortable, as if they could forget all their worries.

Every time Christy stayed by his side, she always felt so relaxed that she wanted to fall asleep. Sometimes when she woke up in the middle of the night, she found herself sleeping on his bed. Meanwhile, Trevor was still busy typing in front of the computer.

Apart from Noah, this was the first person who could make her sleep without any worries.

He did not have a broad shoulder. He might be very thin, but he had a lot of perseverance. He might be afraid of the dark and shut himself up, but he gave her everything he had.

After drinking a cup of milk, Christy was still staring at Trevor.

Trevor looked away from the screen and looked at Christy. She had just taken a shower, and her hair was slightly damp. She was wearing a nightgown, and she had the habit of not wearing underwear. So Trevor guessed that she was not wearing underwear right now.

Her collarbone was very beautiful, with a very shallow pit. Her neck was slender and beautiful. The skin on her face was smooth and clear. It gave off the fragrance of body lotion, which was mixed with the milk fragrance in the cup. It made people intoxicated.

Trevor tried to kiss her on the lips. Christy came back to her senses. She was stunned for a second before she touched her lips and asked in surprise, "What did you do just now?"

Trevor quickly lowered his head and typed.

Christy looked at him in shock and bewilderment. "You've been badly influenced. Did you just..."

Before she could finish that, Trevor turned his head and kissed her again. Then he admitted frankly, "Yes."

Christy covered her mouth and said in disbelief, "Did I agree? You dared to kiss me? Trevor, you've learned bad things. What have you been reading?"

“I heard you on the phone. You said ”third base. I know the meaning of it.” Trevor said as he tapped on his computer.

Christy was shocked.

“You think I’m thin, so you give me a lot of nourishment.” Trevor lowered his head in embarrassment, but he was still typing quickly, “I will try my best.”

Christy was lost for word.

She never meant that! God!

“Wait a minute. I think you seem to have misunderstood me. I...”
Christy wanted to explain, but Trevor turned to look at her. His warm eyes were now filled with joy. Christy couldn’t say anything. She just looked at his smile and bit her lips. “Alright, you didn’t misunderstand. It’s just like what you think. Anyway, you...”

She really couldn’t continue. She held the cup and staggered away.

She never thought that Trevor would think of that. She did not know whether to laugh or cry.

What?

Anyway, he would not come for real.

Anyway, she would not let him do that.

Christy didn’t know what she had just said. She sat down on the sofa, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. She hooked her finger at the little robot that was following her all the way.. “Eleven, come here.”

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Eleven stepped forward and jumped onto the sofa.

Christy touched its head and asked, "Do you have videos about small Trevor? I want to see his memory when he was very young..."

Eleven stood still, eyes sweeping across the wall and shooting out a scene with a beam of light.

It was when Trevor was younger. He hid in a corner and was found by the adults. There were sounds noisy and messy. Many people were calling him, some laughing and some greeting.

The scene changed. It was another dark corner where Trevor curled up, motionless. The world in his eyes was black, so was Christy.

At the same time. In the Peck's.

Arabella climbed up the stairs to the garret where she walked around and took out a glass bottle containing a rose. She then walked to the warehouse where she used to store childhood toys.

Servants helped her look for old things. Some of them were covered in heavy dust. The servants took them out and clean them. Arabella suddenly saw a little robot made by Trevor, which was probably replaced by eleven.

"Wipe that." Arabella pointed at the little robot.

The servants quickly wiped the little robot. Someone accidentally pressed something, and the little robot sparked a flash of light, casting an image.

The servants looked at each other in dismay and thought that Mr. Trevor was controlling the little robot. They shouted, “Mr. Trevor?”

Arabella looked at the scene projected and felt familiar. She said to the servant, “Stop talking. Everyone stands back.”

The servants quickly stood back.

Hearing that Arabella was looking for childhood toys, her parents also rushed over. When they arrived at the door, a scene was just cast on the wall. The little robot stood there coldly, casting the scene from its gray gemstone eyes.

“What is this?” Rachel had never seen the scene before and was stunned.

“Is this our garden?” Mr. Peck asked. An old vat, about the width of two people and the height of one person, which was used for watering flowers more than twenty years ago, was on the scene.

Trevor was hiding behind the vat.

Arabella had no memory of that, and asked in shock, “Was he playing hide-and-seek?”

Trevor could only play hide-and-seek with her. Was he playing with her?

Arabella had no such memory. She stared at the scene, trying to recall.

In the scene, Trevor, about three or four years old, was squatting quietly behind the water tank. His small hands grasped the water tank. He peeked out to take a look, and then quickly hid back. Soon, two servants came over, carrying small buckets. They scooped water from the tank and chatted.

“Have you heard? The Pecks have already begun to choose a successor. It is probably Mr. Trevor. He has a high IQ and is smarter than Miss Arabella.”

“No way. The Pecks have always been held by the hostess. I think it should be Miss Arabella.”

“It’s not feudal era. We value wisdom now. Mr. Trevor is smarter than Miss Arabella. Didn’t you find that? Mr. Trevor is three times faster than Miss Arabella in counting numbers.”

“The Pecks wouldn’t allow two heirs to compete for inheritance before. If there were twins, they would strangle one of them after birth.”

“Really? Then Mr. Trevor would strangle Miss Arabella if he becomes the heir?”

“I don’t know, but I guess that only one of them can survive...”

“Big family like the Pecks is used to bloodshed. Like in ancient times, the prince killed the king for the throne. The children are young, so it’s easy to deal with it. Just tell the others that one of them died of illness...”

“Stop. Let’s hurry up and water the flowers.”

“Alright!”

As the two chatted away, Trevor, who was hiding behind the tank, did not move.

After some time, Arabella and the servants finally found Trevor. She clapped her hands and shouted, “I found you! I am your sister! You have to call me sister!”

Trevor was born one second earlier than Arabella, but Arabella wouldn't call him brother. She kept looking for a chance to persuade Trevor to call her sister. Trevor agreed to play this hide-and-seek and promised to call her sister if Trevor was found.

However, Trevor had regretted it and wouldn't call her sister or say anything.

The next scene was dark. Trevor hid somewhere and covered his ears, with those voices rushing over.

"The Pecks wouldn't allow two heirs to compete for inheritance before. If there were twins, they would strangle one of them after birth."

"Really? Then Mr. Trevor would strangle Miss Arabella if he becomes the heir?"

"I don't know, but I guess that only one of them can survive..."

"Strangle one of them..."

"Only one of them can survive..."

"Strangle..."

"Only one of them can survive..."

"One of them..."

"Trevor! Why are you hiding here?" Rachel's voice came as she opened the cabinet, looking at Trevor in worry and fear, "What happened? Trevor. My boy. Don't scare me."

Arabella, standing behind, wailed in confusion.

Mr. Peck was comforting Arabella, so were the servants. Some servants rushed to Trevor and extended their hands, “Mr. Trevor. Will you come out?”

Trevor covered his ears in fear and closed his eyes, unwilling to look again.

But those voices drilled into his eardrums.

“Strangle one of them...”

“Only one of them can survive...”

“Strangle....”

“Only one of them can survive...”

“One of them.”

“Trevor! My child! What happened!” Rachel almost cried out. She pulled Trevor out, but only to find that he was trembling in fear. Soon, he vomited and fainted while spitting out foam.

As Trevor closed his eyes, the scene on the wall turned dark too, leaving noises. Those voices finally disappeared when Trevor completely fainted.

The little robot probably ran out of power. The gray gemstone eyes lit up and then suddenly extinguished, with the entire body toppling down.

Arabella staggered and fell to the ground. She looked at her parents at the door and the servants, and asked in confusion, “Dad, Mom, what was it just now? Was it Trevor’s memory? Is he autistic because of me?”

Her tears fell as she spoke the last words.

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Christy sat on the sofa in a daze. All the lights around had been turned off, leaving only a hazy lamp that illuminated Christy who was hugging her knees and curling up.

This was what Trevor saw when he came out of the room. Eleven probably knew that it had done something wrong and turned to face the wall.

Trevor gently walked towards the sofa. He was still not used to shoes, so Christy carpeted the floor. Afraid that he would be cold stepping on it barefoot, she arranged the floor heating system.

“Finished?” Christy first saw his barefoot, then wiped her face and smiled at him.

Trevor stood in front of her, tall and thin. He was wearing a hood, looking gloomy and special in the darkroom. He was covered by loose clothes, like being hidden in a safe air sac. Only a pair of eyes were looking around.

Everyone was wrong. This was not self-seclusion.

This was self-protection.

The self-protection of Trevor.

Christy felt a sharp pain which made her teary. She looked away at the remote control on the coffee table, “Do you want to watch TV?”

She leaned over to get the remote control but was stopped by Trevor. He read her mind gently, “You cried?”

“I didn’t.” Christy wouldn’t admit it, “The wind blew my eyes and it hurt. I didn’t cry, but the red blood diffused all over my eyeballs...”

“Eleven. I want to see what she did here before.” Trevor said to the little robot facing the wall.

Eleven followed the order and slowly turned around. Its pair of gray gem-like eyes were about to spark a beam of light.

Christy jumped up and blocked Eleven. She said anxiously, “You can’t! You ... I didn’t do anything. I called my brother. Tomorrow is Tomb-Sweeping Day. I miss my home, and I...”

As she spoke, she suddenly walked to Trevor and hugged him.

“I’m sorry.” She spoke.

Trevor gently hugged her, and said in a soothing voice, “Why are you apologizing?”

Christy shook her head and dropped tears. She didn’t know why she suddenly turned lachrymose. She thought she already had enough tears in the past and didn’t expect such an embarrassing scene.

She wanted to wash her face, but Trevor did not let go of her. He raised her face and gently wiped her tears with his fingertips. Seeing that her tears were flooding, he suddenly kissed the corner of her eyes.

Christy suddenly stayed still.

She could only feel his soft tongue touching the corner of her eyes, getting numb like being whipped at the back.

“Trevor...” She was an expert in love, knowing how to win the favor of all kinds of men using tricks and playing hard to get

At this moment, she was like a rookie in chaotic thoughts, with her hands against his thin chest. She didn't know whether to take it or not.

Trevor kissed her eyes bit by bit, licking her tears. After that, he slowly lowered his head and his breathing fell to her lips. They were very close, and Christy could kiss him with just a pout.

But no one moved.

Trevor's forehead pressed hers. He stared into her eyes peacefully, seeing her emotions. The sadness, nervousness, and uneasiness were all seen by Trevor.

“Don't be afraid,” Trevor said as he slowly moved away.

Christy looked at him, “I'm not afraid. I'm worried about you. You know my background and everything. I'm not a good girl. Do you think about it?”

Trevor did not answer but bent to kiss her gently with a slight smile.

Just the touch of lips without a further move. Both of them trembled as if their souls were together.

After a long time, Trevor didn't move. Christy couldn't help but chuckle, “You wouldn't...”

Before she could finish her sentence, she felt Trevor's tongue sneaked in.

Christy felt limp and almost fell into his arms.

His breathing was clear, like a soothing spring sweeping her uneasiness and sadness. He kissed her slowly and genuinely.

Christy never knew that a kiss could be so flirty, like a raging fire falling into a pool and causing surging waves.

There was a sudden knock coming from the outside.

Christy was shocked and quickly pushed him away. She looked at the door, puzzled, then looked at Trevor, “Is that looking for me or you?”

She looked charming with bright red lips and teary eyes.

Trevor was about to say when he heard his parents.

“Trevor! Trevor! It’s mom here. Can you open the door?”

“Trevor! It’s dad here. Open the door. We want to see you...”

Christy rushed to the bathroom washing her face and changed her dress. When she finished all these, Trevor was still standing there. She urged him, “Why are you still here? Go in!”

Trevor lowered his head.

Only then did Christy follow his sight and see his bulged trousers.

Christy was lost for words.

Christy blushed again, and said in a flurry, “Go in. Just go and leave it to me. I’ll talk to them. You ... You come out again when you feel better.”

After saying that, she quickly pushed Trevor into the bedroom. She patted her face and thought to herself. 'He's a roommate. A roommate. Forget about it. I have to deal with his parents first.'

She had forgotten that before Trevor moved in, he had told his parents about their relationship. They were about to get married.

Christy prepared herself and opened the door with an elite face.

Seeing her, Trevor's parents held her hand with red eyes and asked, "Where is Trevor? I want to talk to him. Can I?"

"Sure." Christy nodded.

After they came in, Christy found that Arabella also came, who lowered her head with red eyes.

The whole family seemed to have cried.

Christy felt a little uncomfortable when she saw Arabella. She knew that Arabella was not the culprit. Those gossiping servants were. However, she just could not let it go.. If it were not for Arabella, Trevor might not have lived in the dark without sunshine for twenty years.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 547

"Thank you for looking after Trevor." Rachel held Christy's hand, "Thank you very much. We can't repay you. If you need anything, just say it. No matter what you want, we'll manage to do it."

In fact, it was Trevor who took care of her more.

Christy didn't say anything. She wondered what would they say to Trevor after they cried out here?

Christy thought of the scenes that little robot showed her before, her heart skipping heavily. Could they see it too?

But that was impossible, unless the Peck family had another robot, or unless that robot was connected to Eleven...

It was impossible.

Christy closed the door and said to Trevor's parents, "Trevor lives in that bedroom. If you want to say anything, you can say it through the door. If he wants to come out to see you, he'll open the door and come out."

"Okay, thank you." Rachel thanked, then stood at the door, crying.

"Didn't you say you want to talk to him? Why are you crying?" Trevor's father comforted him.

Rachel choked, "I'm sorry, Trevor. Mom is sorry. Mom is wrong. Mom didn't protect you well when you were a child. It's Mom's fault. Don't be angry with Mom, okay? Don't be angry with Arabella, okay?"

"Trevor, you... We already know about that matter." Mr. Peck also said.

Christy was stunned.

Knew what?

"Trevor! I know you are smarter than me, but how can you do this? Who would want to make such a sacrifice without letting others know? I tell you. I don't accept it! I don't accept it!"

"Arabella!" Rachel held her back, "What nonsense are you saying!" Then she explained to the door, "Trevor, she didn't mean it that way... Don't misunderstand..."

Arabella, on the other hand, shook off Rachel's hand. She said while crying, "I regard you as my younger brother since I was a child. I know that you are smart, but I have never thought about anything else. I even thought that if my younger brother was a normal person, then our family's business would be handed over to him instead of me. Do you know? I don't want to be the heir. You think it is easy to inherit a company? You have to attend business trips and drink with others for a project! I am a girl. Do you think I am not working hard? Do you think I care about these? Compared to this, I would rather have a normal younger brother!"

Arabella knocked on the door, crying, "Who are you to do this... Trevor, who are you to say nothing... Who are you to you make me feel so uncomfortable...? I can choose not to be the heir. Our family has plenty of other candidates. We can ignore that. I will tell the board of directors tomorrow. I'll quit..."

"Arabella..." Rachel took Arabella into her arms. They cried desperately and sadly.

Mr. Peck also leaned against the door and said, "Trevor... Don't be afraid. We are all here. We are your family. We won't harm you. Can you come out and see us?"

Rachel sobbed and asked, "If anything happens, can you discuss it with us? Don't hide alone and let us worry, okay?"

Arabella shouted hoarsely, "Let me tell you, Trevor. Don't think you are protecting me. No! You are selfish! You should be the one to bear this! You just threw it to me! I tell you! Trevor! I will run away from home tomorrow and never come back! Whoever wants to be the heir, go and get it! I will never come back!"

“Arabella! Don’t force him!” Rachel pulled her and shouted.

Christy finally understood. They knew about it. Although she didn’t know how they suddenly knew it, there was no movement inside. She was very worried.

She walked up to Arabella and said, “This is his protection for you since he was a child. Don’t ruin his good intentions. You are already the heir. Don’t say such things. It will only make Trevor feel that all these years of sacrifice and effort are in vain.”

Arabella was out of breath, “But how can he do this... How can he do this...”

“What choice can a four-year-old child make? He is so young. He heard that his existence might cause his twin sister to lose her life. What do you want him to choose? Why don’t you think from his point of view? Yes, you are adults now. You should criticize him from an adult’s view. But I want to ask you, have you thought about this from the perspective of a four-year-old child?” Christy was on the verge of crying. She looked at Trevor’s parents and then turned to Arabella, “Did Trevor do something wrong? No, in my opinion, he isn’t wrong at all. Is it the fault of the servants? No, it is the system of your entire family that led to this kind of mistake! What era is it now? Still ancient? For the sake of the position of heir, there were countless casualties. Was it necessary? What you should consider is the problem of your family!”

They suddenly quieted down.

Trevor’s parents seemed to have aged a dozen years in an instant. When they heard Christy’s words, they immediately lost their words. They stood there in a daze, separated from Trevor.. There seemed to be a world between them.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 548

How could they protect the Pecks if they couldn't even protect a four-year-old child?

Arabella wiped away her tears and walked out.

"Arabella, where are you going?" Rachel stopped her.

Arabella sniffed and put on a self-mocking smile. "Mom, I just realized I always do the wrong thing. I am too selfish and I've thought this was made by the environment. But Trevor is different. When he was a little boy, he was willing to sacrifice himself to help me. What about me? I displeased Vincent and let Jaquan down. I was jealous of Emma because Jaquan likes her. I'm such a bad person."

"Arabella ... Calm down ... Where are you going?" Rachel was startled and didn't let Arabella go.

Arabella gently pushed Rachel away, "I am gonna do the right thing. Christy is right. We're not a noble family. Why do we have to make a scene for a successor? Didn't we learn the lesson from the Scavos?"

Winston was also worried because Arabella looked really weird. He pulled her and asked, "Arabella, what are you going to do?"

Arabella smiled. "Don't worry. I won't do anything stupid. Although I'm terrible, I won't give up. I will wait until Trevor comes out and talks to me ... Don't worry, I'm leaving." She said softly to Trevor through the door, "Sorry ... Trevor, I'm really sorry."

Rachel covered her face and began to cry.

A few minutes later, Winston and Rachel also left. Before they left, they thanked Christy profusely. Seeing Winston and Rachel off, Christy asked in a low voice through the door, “Trevor, are you there?”

But no one answered.

With hesitation, she opened the door and walked in. It was dark inside. Trevor sat on the bed, his hood covering his face. Christy could hardly see him in the dark.

A strip of light outside the door allowed Christy to find him. She gently closed the door, and darkness reigned the room once again.

She carefully walked to the side of the bed and held Trevor in her arms, “They had left.”

Trevor finally felt relieved. He nestled in Christy’s arms without any words and hugged her with his stiff arms.

“I’m sorry ... They found out about this because of me ... I’m so sorry. I asked Eleven to show me your childhood photos, but I don’t know how they found out...” Christy explained in a low voice.

“Warehouse,” Trevor said.

“What?”

“Seven was in the warehouse.”

“Are you saying that Seven and Eleven are synchronized?” Christy asked in bewilderment.

Trevor nodded, “Eleven is in charge of all the machines. The other machines have been destroyed. But Seven is still well preserved and has

been kept in the warehouse. If someone starts it, it will do as Eleven commands.”

“Why did you leave it in the warehouse?” Christy asked.

Trevor fell silent. After a while, he said slowly, “It contains all the unhappy memories I had when I was a child.”

His voice was as soft as a feather gently falling to the ground, but Christy’s heart ached for him.

“Eleven is modified. It knew most of my thoughts. I tried to remove those memories, but I failed.”

Christy took off his hood and sat on the bed with him.

She asked Trevor, “Wanna kiss me?”

Trevor kept silent.

She put both her arms around his neck and kissed him.

No one was born to be perfect, and people had unbearable, shameful experiences.

But fortunately, one day, he met someone.

She would stay by his side, kissing his wounds.. She would light up his dark memories, and give all the tenderness to warm him.

Billionaire’s Reborn Baby Chapter 549

There was a light drizzle around three in the morning, and the road leading to the cemetery was humid.

It was a cemetery that Maury had picked for himself when he was alive. It was not in the city center but in a rural area. Before and after Qingming Festival, there were not many people. It was very empty and quiet.

The guard was an old man. After he supervised them to fill in the registration form, he took off his glasses and sat down on the chair to smoke. Harold took out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and handed one to him. The old man smelled it and knew it was good. He said a few words to Harold and became politer.

After all, rich people would not choose the cemetery here, so they were trifled with it.

Emily was dressed in black. She walked along the marble floor with a bunch of chrysanthemums. After walking a hundred meters, she saw a person sitting in a wheelchair in the distance. The person just happened to be in front of Maury's tombstone. The person was dressed in black with his back facing them.

But Emily recognized him from afar.

Susan and the butler walked to Eliot with chrysanthemums in their hands. They nodded slightly and placed the flowers in front of the tombstone. And then, they picked up the towels and gently wiped the photos of Maury.

Emily put the chrysanthemum over and placed it side by side with a few bunches of flowers. Then, she took the fire paper from Harold and threw it into an iron basin that was burning well.

No one spoke. It was peaceful and quiet.

After burning the paper, Emily stood up and asked Eliot, "Did you come alone?"

Eliot didn't speak.

Emily glanced at Harold. And then, Harold pushed Eliot out. When he was about to reach the car at the door, Eliot gestured to stop.

Harold stopped.

Eliot looked at Emily and asked, "Do you want to talk with me?"

Emily nodded, "Sure." She then waved at the butler and Susan, "You guys go in and wait for me."

Susan and the butler looked at them worriedly, but they still got into the car.

Emily pushed Eliot's wheelchair down the slope a few steps before it was a distance away from the car. "What do you want to tell me?" she asked.

"Did you give the idea to Elsie?" Eliot turned his wheelchair around and looked at Emily.

"Yes." Emily didn't deny it. Elsie did the same as Emily expected except taking drugs and committing suicide.

"Do you know what you're doing?" Eliot frowned, "Do you hate her that much? Those things were in the past. Why can't you spare her?"

"Spare her? Do you know how Dad died? Do you know that the Britt Group was almost acquired by the Heytons? Do you know how I've been doing these days?" Emily asked as if she had heard a joke.

"I don't know!" Eliot roared, "I only know that Elsie goes crazy! She almost bit a doctor! The police said that they would transfer her to the detoxification center in the afternoon. Do you know what that place is?"

You are now in the Britts and you are taken good care of. Can you be as miserable as her? Yes, she deserves it. Dad was already dead and we are left. Why can't we let go of our hatred and live a good life?"

"Let go of our hatred and live a good life?" Emily wiped away her tear and laughed, "Yeah, why not? Maybe it's because I'm born to seek revenge for the smallest grievance."

Eliot looked at her in disbelief, "Emily! You have changed. I don't know why you have been playing dumb all this time, but I would rather that you are really stupid for a lifetime! In that way, you at least have humanity, not like you are now. You're cold like a stranger!"

"They did something wrong. Why can you forgive them, but not me?" Emily was so sad that she scratched her hair and wiped away all her tears. She looked at Eliot with red eyes. "Did I do anything wrong? I just helped my father take revenge. I helped my father take back what belongs to the Britts. I didn't lead Elsie to drugs. She wanted to make up for dad. It was her who took drugs. I didn't urge her."

Emily took a deep breath and continued, "Beverly embezzled the company's funds. Who filled up this gap? It wasn't you, nor dad. It was me."

She bit her lip and said, "You are a family and I know it. But I did not take the initiative to harm anyone. I just did what I needed to do. I did not ask for any interest. I just did what I thought was right."

"You are too scary. I find that I have never known you. You are so strange that you are terrifying." Eliot looked at her, "It was the Heytons' fault. Why did you harm Elsie? Why can't you wait for me to leave the hospital before you make the plan? You are risking her life!"

Emily suddenly lost the strength to defend herself. She bit her lips and held back her tears. She smiled at Eliot. "I thought you would understand me. I didn't expect that I misunderstood."

She turned around and walked back. It seemed that she was stumbling because of the wind. Soon, she straightened her back and left without looking back.

Eliot was tearing. He always remembered the scene of Elsie going crazy. The doctors and nurses pressed her down to give her a tranquilizer. She was crying and shouting.

Eliot thought that Emily would explain it to him. Unexpectedly, Emily admitted it. Elsie's suffering was caused by Emily.

How did things become like this ?

How did the Britts become like this ?

When Emily got in the car, she said to the butler, "Go down and take him to take a taxi and send him to the hospital."

The butler didn't ask too much. He could tell that Eliot was unwilling to take this car back with them.

When Susan saw that Emily's eyes were red when she returned, she knew that Eliot had probably misunderstood Emily. So Susan also got out of the car with the butler. "Emily, I'll go with him."

Emily didn't say anything and waved her hand.

And then, Harold drove out. When they passed by Eliot, Emily looked down at the phone. She didn't look out the window.

She was so depressed. Holding the phone, she kept holding back tears.

She thought that in the whole family, except for her father, only Eliot would understand her, but she did not expect that she was overthinking.

He and Elsie were related by blood, but she was the daughter of a home wrecker.

A moment later, she dialed Vincent's number. She sniffed and asked, "Can I go find you?"

"I am in the cemetery," Vincent said.

"I know. I want to see you now," Emily was about to cry.

Vincent thought that she was missing her father, so her voice was a little nasal. "Alright, I'll wait for you." He answered immediately.

"Let's go to the cemetery in the city," Emily said as she closed the phone.

She didn't know what kind of catastrophe her temporary decision had led to soon after.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 550

"Mr. Vincent, we found the men at the T intersection." Rex walked over with a serious look. The Bluetooth earphone beside his ear flashed, showing that he was making a phone call.

"What's going on?" Vincent frowned.

Rex replied, "It seems that they are planning to fake an 'accident' to you."

“I remember I told them to suspend the plan!” Vincent was furious, the rage appeared from his frowning, “Call and tell them to withdraw!”

Rex took out his phone, and its interface showed that he was dialing a number. “I just contacted them but did not get through. How about we sending someone over there to tell them?” He looked at his watch and calculated the time. “Miss Emily is probably arriving soon.”

Vincent walked a little away from Rex and took out his phone to call Emily. However, on the other end of the phone came a mechanical female voice. “Sorry, the number you dialed is busy now...”

He hung up, threw the phone to Rex, and strode out, “Drive the car. I’ll go over there and talk to them in person.”

“Yes!”

On the other side, Emily was answering a call from the police regarding Elsie’s mental compensation case. The police said that Jackson wanted to talk to Emily face to face, so the police asked her to go to the police station in the afternoon and settle the compensation problem with the Heytons.

Emily agreed. And she also inquired about Jackson’s condition. It was probably because that the police had been told by Ferne to treat her nicely before, the police officer treated Emily in a polite way. He answered every question in detail and even told her about what Jackson had not publicly announced.

Jackson’s HYN Corporation would possibly go out of business, but it was just a subsidiary of the Heytons. The most important thing for them now was to protect the other companies of the Heytons from being dragged down by HYN Corporation.

However, the HYN Corporation had trapped in a wide range of troublesome crises. Its cooperative spokesman, Dixon, who was a popular star, was found to have drugs. He was involving the Heytons in huge compensation cases with the entertainment agency. Elsie Britt, the eldest daughter of the said Britt Group in City Y, was forced to take drugs by the directors of HYN Corporation. It was obvious and urgent that Heytons should spend a great sum on compensation and PR problems. Furthermore, their party was suspected of being involved with the obscene trade. To make it worse, the HYN Corporation was also found to be connected with Branden's bribe case, which involved a man's death...

Generally speaking, any one of these accusations would cause Jackson to stay in the prison for the rest of his life. However, the police said the Scavos had taken some actions to help with Jackson's case. There would be some advantageous chances for Jackson. The police did not say much about the specific matters. After a while, Emily hung up the phone. She wondered why Vincent had never told her about this.

Moreover, when she did those things disadvantageous to the Heytons, Vincent did not show any intention of stopping her. This meant that he agreed with her, but why did he help the Heytons at this time?

She suddenly remembered what Kamron had said. "Miss Emily, I have a special relationship with the Scavos. You should know if the Heytons were trapped in a bad situation, the result would also be not good for the Scavos. You'd better consider your action well."

So Kamron did not lie to her.

The Scavos did have some connections with the Heytons. It made sense that Kamron said he overlooked her beating him several times for the sake of Vincent.

But why did Vincent not tell her about it?

Emily thought about it and decided that she should ask him later when they met.

Harold drove the car to the T intersection. If their car turned right at the junction later, they would soon arrive at the cemetery. Emily looked down at her phone and saw a missed call from Vincent. She dialed him and then looked over while waiting for the phone to get through. At the moment, the oily and shiny ground at the T intersection caught her eye. "What is that?" she asked.

Harold also noticed. He slowly stopped the car at the T intersection. Then, he saw a big truck rushing over to them from the right front. Harold then parked their car by the side of the road, but he saw the big truck did not change its course but rushed straight towards their car. On their right side, there came a very fast-driving Bentley car.

The Bentley hooted its horns.

It seemed to be Vincent's Bentley.

Emily's phone got through at the time, and Vincent shouted from the other end of the phone, "Retreat! Retreat!" However, this sound was drowned down by the long horn.

Emily subconsciously felt that something was wrong, because the truck opposite was running too fast, and it was rushing straight to crash into their car!

Harold was alert to start the car and retreat, but it was too late! The big truck rushed over rampantly. But before it crashed into Emily's car, Vincent's car rushed between them and was parked horizontally in the road.

Vincent was about to relieve when he heard Rex shout in horror, “Mr. Vincent! It’s not...”

What ?

With a loud noise, the car trembled violently from the crash, and it slid forward dozens of meters due to inertia, bumping into Emily’s car that had not yet retreated!

The moment the three cars collided, they exploded with flames. Everyone’s shouts were completely obliterated in the explosive sounds and flames.

Vincent finally understood the words that Rex had not finished. “it’s not... our original plan.”

These people wanted to kill him for real. They are not faking an “accident”! So that’s why they did not stop even when they saw that Vincent’s car was parked horizontally to stop the collision!

“Go and save her...”

It was almost a subconscious shout. Then, the body shook and everything returned to peace. The smell of gasoline filled everyone’s respiratory tract. After the sound of the gasoline dropping, there was another explosion.

That was the sound of an explosion.

Those people even poured gasoline on the ground!

Even though there was a safety airbag, Harold was still hurt badly and bleeding a lot with the glass shards tearing into his face. He pulled off the airbag and unfasten his seat belt. However, he was unable to move with

his legs stuck by the deformed car. He turned back and shouted, “Miss Emily, are you okay?”

The rearview mirror was knocked askew. He turned his head back and could only see that Emily had fallen down the seat with only one foot hanging in the back seat. She was almost catapulted out of the car.

Vincent’s guards quickly rushed here and pulled Emily out of the car. Emily looked at their faces in a trance. She saw them all in black. But she saw that the sky was red. Her eyes were covered with blood, and she couldn’t see clearly. She just asked vaguely, “Where’s Harold?”

One of Vincent’s guards seemed to answer her, “Our master is still inside the car! But he asked us to save you first!”

Emily suddenly thought of something and struggled to look back. Her head was too heavy, and she felt the sky was spinning like a kaleidoscope. She asked, “Harold?”

Because of the huge impact, her ears buzzed. She couldn’t hear clearly the voices of the outside world and even her own voice. So she didn’t know whether she was heard by them. After she was placed on safe ground by Vincent’s guards, she stood up and walked towards the burning flame.

She saw four of Vincent’s guards jumped into the burning spot and then she remembered that Harold was still in the car. Before she could only take a few steps, the third car explosion came. She was hit in the head by a flying car door and was bumped away.

Before that, she finally could hear someone’s calling.

“Mr. Vincent!”

