

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 521

Other than going abroad for competition, Randy hardly went out for a vacation. He only went camping several times, which was suggested by Armando's aunt. He was either drunk or exhausted. In short, his traveling experience was terrible.

This time, Randy brought Carl to have a trip. Carl liked the sea, so Randy especially went to the places with the sea. Carl could not take a plane, so Randy could only take Carl to the places of interest in the country. On the one hand, Randy was not a driver, so he did not need to drive all day long. On the other hand, he was not an assistant, so he was not responsible for booking tickets and hotels.

However, after a whole day, Carl was still in high spirits, but Randy wilted.

"You are a young man, why are you so weak?" Carl said as he handed over his cane. "Take my cane and support yourself."

Randy was speechless.

He got up at four o'clock in the morning and drove all the way to the service area. He had only a piece of bread before he went on his way again. He arrived at the destination before he could have a good rest in the car. The food in the local restaurant was so awful that he couldn't swallow it. It was like a failure that the cook made without paying attention to the ingredients and cooking skills.

The weather was not good that day. It was cloudy and windy. As a result, he walked to the sea in the cold wind. The so-called picturesque scenes in which there was a calm sea, grotesque islands, and flying seagulls were all lies. He faced the wild sea, and his long hair was blown into a

mess by the wind. When he turned around, he only found that Carl, the old man, was taking a selfie stick. Carl shouted at him, “Hurry up and take a photo!”

Randy was silent.

There was no doubt that Randy didn't enjoy the trip from beginning to end. When he arrived at the hotel and lay down, he unconsciously reflected on himself. It seemed that his body was indeed not strong. Then he remembered that Carl was sick but his body was still so strong, which was unknown whether it was true or fake.

After taking a shower, Randy took out his phone and made a video call. Soon, the video call was hung up.

He wondered, “Does she dare to hang up?”

He was about to call again when a reply came from the other side.
[Playing a game.]

Randy accepted this reason. After making himself a cup of hot tea, he went to Carl's room next door. After Carl took the medicine, Randy turned back to his room.

Lord Top took this video. She was still staying in her room and sitting on her chair.

“Captain ... Captain Randy, what's the matter?”

Over the past few nights, Randy had always made a video call. In the beginning, Lord Top insisted on sleeping on her dormitory bed. Later, Wink and Urchin could not stand Randy's calls. They quickly packed up

Lord Top's things and left them in Randy's room overnight. Thus, Lord Top had to live in Randy's room.

However, Randy still made a video call every night. They weren't lovers, but Randy always did something which would convince others that they were a couple.

"I'm fine. Have you had a meal?" Randy asked. He had just taken a shower, and his hair was still wet. At the other end of the video, Lord Top met Randy's handsome face. She hesitated and replied, "Not yet."

Randy was undoubtedly a nerd. His skin was fair, but he did not have any feminine features. He had mixed the characteristics of boy and man perfectly. Indeed, he was a handsome guy.

The characteristics made the seriousness that he occasionally showed in his improper manner appear to be extremely precious. Lord Top seemed not to understand such a serious Randy when she had a video talk with him.

There was no awkward question. Randy just asked her if she had a good meal and if she had finished the practice. Other questions were like "Does she record her physical training" "How many glasses of water does she drink today" "Does she eat vegetables and fruits".

These were all very normal questions, but when they came out of Randy's mouth, everything changed.

"Why don't you have a meal? Didn't they order takeout for you?" Randy was about to ask someone in the group about the situation. Lord Top saw through his thoughts and quickly said, "No, we ordered. The meal hasn't arrived yet."

Randy saw that her lips were a little dry and asked, “Did you not drink water? Look at your lips. Go and drink some water.”

When she played the game, she sat there for almost two hours without moving. So she did not remember to drink water.

Lord Top stood up. “I’m going to get a cup.”

“Why are you going to get a cup? There are some on my table,” Randy said.

Lord Top didn’t know what to say.

She hesitated for a few seconds and said, “I’d better get my own cup.”

Randy picked up his phone and walked to the table. He picked up the cup on the table and took a sip. His lips, which had been moistened by water, flashed a little light. “It’s not a kiss. What are you afraid of? Take it and drink it.”

Lord Top was startled.

The action had an obvious indication.

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Someone knocked on the door. Lord Top got up and responded. Then she said to the video, “The takeout is here. I’m going to eat.”

Randy nodded. “Take your phone and keep the video on. I’ll watch you eat.”

Lord Top paused.

“Captain Randy, are you sure that you won’t talk nonsense later?” she asked.

Randy lay on the bed and flipped the coin in his hand while looking at her. “What nonsense?”

Lord Top gave in.

She could only carry her phone back to the dining table. The team members all opened their takeout boxes while they were happily taking their chopsticks. The scene was so lively as if they were having a festival.

“Lord Top! I ordered your favorite crayfish!”

“Lord Top! Your favorite red bean milk tea!”

“Lord Top, your favorite drumstick. I also ordered some chicken wings. They look delicious.”

“Lord Top, sit here!”

“Come, bring all the dishes to the front of Lord Top.”

“Okay!”

The phone in Lord Top’s pocket suddenly sounded. “Hey, why is it so lively? Is it the New Year?”

The team members didn’t say anything.

Lord Top was speechless.

“Why aren’t you putting the dished on the table?” Randy sneered.

“When I’m not around, are you guys trying to be up against me?”

The team members didn’t dare to speak out.

Lord Top was at a loss.

Ten seconds later when Lord Top placed her phone on the dining table, Randy saw through the screen that there was only Lord Top left on the table. The others all held lunch boxes and stood two meters away from Lord Top.

“Stop that! Hurry up and come over to eat. After dinner, you guys go to practice! I’ll break anyone who plays less than an hour today!” Randy gritted his teeth and said.

The team members quickly sat back at the dining table. This time, no one dared to flatter or talk to Lord Top. They quickly left after a quick meal.

However, the torture for Lord Top was not over yet.

“Here, take the carrot over there, and that piece of meat.” Randy wanted to reach out from the screen to pick up his chopsticks. “Have a sip of soup. It’s not nutritious to just eat shredded potatoes. You can eat more tomatoes. What the hell did they order? I am afraid that you can’t have a good meal.”

Lord Top chewed on the rice in her mouth and mumbled, “It’s pretty good.”

“Good? Wait for me, I will bring you to eat something delicious.” Randy took it for granted.

Lord Top didn't know what to reply.

The video was turned on with a speaker, and the team members were sitting by the side. Lord Top had rice in her mouth. When she looked up, she found that the members on the side all lowered their heads and pretended to be eating.

A few of them gulped the food in their boxes and shouted at Randy, "Captain Randy, I finished! I'm leaving!"

The others also quickly finished eating. "I also finished!"

In less than a minute, there were less than half of the people at the dining table. Only Lord Top was eating slowly. She tried hard to fill a big mouthful of rice. At that time, Randy on the other end of the video said, "Why are you in such a hurry to eat? Aren't you afraid of being choked? Eat slower!"

Lord Top was embarrassed.

"I don't eat well here." Randy saw that she was eating so happily that he could not help but feel a little hungry. "I want to eat too."

Lord Top hesitantly picked up a piece of meat and got closer to the phone screen.

Randy was joyful.

He looked at the piece of braised meat on the other side of the screen, licked his lips, and said, "When I go back, can you feed me like this?"

Lord Top quickly put the piece of meat into her mouth and pretended not to hear his word as she continued eating.

Randy saw the tips of her ears turning red and asked, “How about I feed you like this?”

Lord Top didn't say anything. She kept eating and avoided chatting with Randy. She didn't want to reply with her mouth full of food.

“So cute,” Randy laughed.

Lord Top was at a loss for words.

She blushed.

“I won't tease you anymore. You can continue your meal. Remember to walk slowly on the treadmill for ten minutes. Then you should drink some water and take a shower to sleep. You are not allowed to play games all night.” Randy finally decided to let her go.

Lord Top quickly swallowed the rice in her mouth. “But I...”

“You have serious dark circles. Wink said that you ran to play games at three o'clock in the morning. You lied to me that you slept but you went to play games behind my back. Are you trying to anger me? Is the game more important or is the health more important?” Randy glared at her.

Against Randy's fierce gaze, Lord Top braced herself and replied, “The game ... is important.”

Randy was a little annoyed.

He felt depressed and stared at Lord Top on the other end of the video in disbelief. “Am I too good to you? Do you think I have no temper?”

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“No. I just think there isn’t enough time.” Lord Top said.

Randy immediately asked, “What time?” He paused and asked seriously, “Are you sick?”

Ever since he found out that Carl had lung cancer, Randy was very sensitive to those words.

“No.” Lord Top shook her head and explained in a low voice, “It’s almost time for the national competition.”

Randy sighed and said seriously, “The top three in the preliminaries can only go abroad for the competition. We were tenth last year. I don’t intend to participate in the national competition this year.”

The national competition was in October, and there was still half a year.

Unlike their competition with Korea, the national competition was a series of selections. It was a competition between strong teams. Last year, Randy had been a hot-blooded leader, but they failed in the preliminaries.

He also wanted to participate this year, but he didn’t have strong teammates except for Wink and Urchin. He didn’t dare to bring anyone else who couldn’t perform well. Lord Top was excellent, but the team battle was not a one-person show stage. She had been working hard to integrate with the team during this period of time, but it could be seen that she must have practiced solo combat for at least a year, so she didn’t have the experience of teamwork. After several months of training, she finally had the awareness of the team, but the cooperation compatibility still needed to be strengthened.

She had been practicing teamwork recently. Did she want to have the national competition?

“Randy, can we participate this year? We will definitely win.” Lord Top said, her eyes shining.

“You can ask Wink and Urchin. And you need to pick two more people. You guys can team up and have a try. If there are two wins for three rounds, I will participate.” Randy said after thinking for a moment.

“Alright!” Lord Top smiled, full of confidence.

“Don’t be happy too early. If you lose two rounds, don’t expect me to sign up.” Randy also smiled.

“We won’t.” After Lord Top finished speaking, she ate a few mouthfuls of food and said to Randy, “Randy, set the time for the match and I’ll turn on the video for you.”

“No need. When the time comes...” Lord Top hung up the phone before Randy’s words were finished.

Randy was speechless.

He called her again. Lord Top asked in a daze, “Is there anything else?”

” It’s nothing.” Randy suddenly approached the screen and stared into the eyes of Lord Top. “But you can’t hang up on me even in a video call. I haven’t finished yet.”

“Oh, okay. Then tell me.” Lord Top waited.

“No, next time. You can hang up now.” Randy waved his hand.

Lord Top answered, “OK.”

The next day, Randy was unable to go out, because Carl did not have much strength. He did not want to move and it seemed that his breathing was not very comfortable. He stayed in front of Carl’s bed from day to night and served him to eat and drink.

For so many years, this was the first time he had taken care of him so much.

Carl felt some pain in his stomach after having the medicine. However, he pretended as if nothing had happened. Randy stayed by the bedside all day and only learned about it from his assistant. For a moment, he did not know whether to feel distressed or complain.

Fortunately, when it was nighttime, Carl finally regained some spirit, so Randy didn’t ask him to see doctors.

After they finished dinner, Carl proposed to go down for a walk. He had never visited the night market. Randy thought about it and agreed. They had been in the hotel for the whole day, so he decided to stroll around.

The two changed their clothes and went downstairs with their assistant.

Along the sea, there were seafood markets and restaurants. The goods sold in the market were all ornaments made from shells. Under the bright white light, these ornaments were dazzling and eye-catching.

“That little turtle is pretty good,” Carl said.

“What’s so good about the turtle? It’s so old.” Randy asked.

“Are you implying something?” Carl answered in a meaningful tone.

Randy, "Let's buy it!"

The assistant quickly paid.

In the end, they bought one shell turtle, one big conch, one small conch, one shell necklace, two shell bracelets, two roasted sausages, one grilled pork trotter, one grilled corn, one octopus pill, one fried rice cake, a big coconut, two swimming trunks, and two jeans cowboy hats...

Carl was curious about everything. He wanted to buy everything he saw, so as he walked, his assistant's hands were full of things. At the same time, there was a DV image on his head.

Carl said it was a must for traveling.

But there had never been a photo taken. It was a record of his and Randy's daily travel. Even if they were in the hotel, the DV was still on.

"Randy! What is that?" Carl stared at a painter who was painting on the side of the road in surprise.

Randy glanced, "He would draw a portrait of you if you pay." Then, he looked at Carl and asked, "Do you want to have a try?"

Carl probably didn't understand the true meaning of his words and nodded.

When Randy was about to turn around and ask his assistant to pay, he saw Carl take the pen from the painter.

Randy was surprised.

The painter was also in confusion.

“What are you doing?” Randy asked.

“Sit there,” Carl said, pointing to the stool opposite him.

“Do you want to paint me?” Randy pointed to himself.

He vaguely remembered that Carl could draw, and the house was also full of his paintings, but later Randy was not on good terms with the family.. After moving out, he gradually forgot that his grandfather knew how to paint.

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There were people coming and going. Randy stood there, feeling awkward. Master Geller saw through his embarrassment. He handed the brush to the painter and turned to leave.

“Hey! Wait a minute!” Randy felt guilty. He grabbed Master Geller and held him down in a chair. Then, he paid the painter another hundred and sat opposite Master Geller with his bag in hand. “Please. Anyway, there is no other man in the world that is more handsome than me.”

“Screw you.” Master Geller scorned, but there was a hint of a smile in his eyes. He sat down, picked up a pen, and mixed paints. Then, he began his first stroke. “I’ve seen someone better looking than you.”

“Who?” Randy was not used to sitting in public and being watched by so many passers-by. Their eyes fixed on him, which made him feel like he was a monkey in the zoo. Damn it. It would be funny if someone handed him a banana at this time.

“Vincent.” Master Geller was objective. He looked at Randy while saying, “Although his grandpa is a nasty piece of work, he is indeed a good boy.”

“So you want Vincent to be your grandson?” Randy smiled, “I’ll call him later and tell him this.”

“Nonsense!” Master Geller blushed, “His grandpa would definitely speak ill of me!”

“I am surprised! There’s a story. You two are rivals in love, right?” Randy was curious, his ears immediately perking up.

Master Geller snorted, “Nonsense! How can he compare to me? He is just a little better looking than me, a little whiter than me, a little better than me in swimming, a little better than me in...”

Randy could not help but laugh, “This is more than a little better. No wonder Vincent’s grandmother chose his grandfather rather than you.”

“Bullshit! It’s not that she doesn’t like me. It’s that our friendship prevails.” Master Geller explained hurriedly, “We kept a good relationship. But Vincent’s grandfather was full of evil ideas. Something happened, and then Vincent’s grandmother followed him.”

“What happened?” Randy asked.

“Don’t move.” Master Geller frowned.

Randy remained still. Master Geller did not continue the topic. It was quiet for a while.

The painter on the side could not help but ask, “What happened in between?”

Master Geller was speechless.

Randy almost turned cartwheels. In the end, his laughing face was recorded in the portrait drawn by Master Geller. The young man in the painting laughed so happily that his teeth couldn't be seen, but the sketch was pretty real. A few simple strokes framed Randy's contour lines. Master Geller only painted one spot as Randy's eyes and his messy hair was pinned with a hat of a western cowboy. Paired with a hoodie of a teenage girl anime, it looked out of place but funny.

However, Randy found a shop to frame the portrait that night and sent it to the training base.

After finishing the drawing, Master Geller was about to leave with Randy. But the onlookers who sat down one after another stopped him, “Hey, why are you leaving? I've been waiting for a long time. Draw me one.”

Master Geller didn't say a word.

“I'm sorry. This is my grandfather. He was just doing it for fun. That's the painter.” Randy felt like laughing.

The crowd felt a bit of regret after realizing this.

Some girls were particularly regretful. They noticed Randy before and kept looking over. They planned to buy the painting after it was drawn. When they heard Randy's words, they turned away in embarrassment.

After Randy and Master Geller left, many girls gathered in front of the painter and asked, "Can you draw that little brother just now? I want to buy one."

"I want it too! Give me one too!"

"Me too!"

"I came first!"

"Line up, okay?"

The painter was rendered speechless.

Why was everyone so superficial? Good-looking people were so popular now? But that boy was really handsome...

You superficial! You didn't understand paintings at all! How can a painting with a soul be defined by such superficial words like "beautiful"!

"Hey, your drawing isn't good." A little girl muttered.

What?!

"You have to pay more if you want me to refine my drawings." The painter said.

"Sure." The little girl took the money out of the wallet.

The painter smiled with satisfaction, "Okay, I'll paint again right away."

It was just big money always came with enemies.

“Aren’t you going to buy some souvenirs for your team members?” As they passed by a female jewelry shop, Master Geller suggested. Seeing that he had been standing there without moving, Master Geller thought of something, “You don’t know what little girls like?”

“Of course I know.” Randy pretended to be calm.

“Then hurry up.” Master Geller gestured.

Randy braced himself and went in. It was pink everywhere. Rings, lipstick, hat, clippers, earrings, bracelet, hat, doll, little ornaments... It was blinding to look upon them.

The owner and the enthusiastic guide introduced the items to Randy and asked eagerly, “Do you want to choose a gift for your girlfriend? Summer is coming soon. Buy her a pair of earrings?”

Lord Top wore earrings?

Randy couldn’t imagine it.

Randy could not find anything suitable for her after walking around for a while. The guide and the owner were really enthusiastic. Randy felt guilty if he just turned to leave without buying anything. So, he took a pillow, planning to give it to Master Geller for sleeping.

He left after paying the bill. Master Geller was shocked when seeing the green turtle pillow, “You gave this to a girl?”

“No, it’s for you.” Randy stuffed the pillow into Master Geller’s arms, “Don’t you like turtles? You can sleep on it.”

Master Geller looked at the turtle for a while and threw it to Randy,
“Bastard! Are you scolding me?”

Randy laughed out loud and ran in a hurry, “I don’t mean that. You take it too seriously!”

“Bastard, don’t run!” Master Geller picked up the turtle and chased Randy.

Randy turned back as he ran. Their laughter traveled far.

The assistant was still recording.. The scene was funny and ridiculous, but there was an indescribable warmth that seeped into the night.

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“Where are you?”

Armando held the phone but did not speak for a long time. Janessa sounded angry and anxious, “You came out for more than a month! We are all concerned about you! Why didn’t you inform us?”

“I’ll tell them later.” Armando sounded faint in the wind. His voice also sounded cool on such a cold night.

Janessa did not know what to say, “You...”

Why were you out?

When were you going back?

Were you here to find me?

She had too many questions, but she couldn't ask anything. She only heard the sound of the wind over there, accompanied by faint voices, and a woman's voice, calling "They are roasting lamb legs! Come quickly!"

Armando responded, then said to Janessa, "Go to bed early. I'll hang up."

Janessa felt sad.

Armando would never hang up before she said goodbye. It had always been her who hung up on him out of bad temper. It had always been her who was impatient to pick up his calls. This was the first time she lost contact with him. She had been calling this number for a week! And they didn't speak for more than thirty seconds. He himself hung up the phone.

Irritated, Janessa had no choice but to endure it.

She had to endure Armando refusing her calls. She had to endure Armando hanging up her phones and ... the woman's voice. It kept lingering in her mind.

It seemed that woman was familiar with Armando. So, he hung up because of her?

Did he have a girlfriend?

That was good. It saved her the trouble of being followed by him every day.

With this thought in mind, Janessa turned off her phone and buried her face in the quilt.

Not long after, she got up angrily. She turned on her phone and sent a text message to Armando: [Come home immediately!]

Ten minutes later, there was still no reply. She was so angry that she wanted to smash her phone. She got out of bed and went to the bathroom. When she came back, there was still no reply. Now Janessa really got irritated. She called again.

“Hello?” A girl answered.

There was only one thought in Janessa’s mind at that time. Was the girl going to say that ‘He was bathing’?

“Where is he?” Janessa was stiff.

Someone said something. It was probably Armando. Then, the girl’s voice came. The voice didn’t sound young, at least about the same age as Janessa, “He was changing his clothes. He accidentally spilled wine while drinking just now. You are...?”

Armando’s mobile phone had been soaked in water before. He hadn’t been able to fix it for several days. The signal here on the mountain was poor, so he just let it be. But his phone was still out of use after he went down the mountain with great difficulty. Then Armando bought a new phone. The card had just been put on, and he probably forgot to synchronize it. Or maybe he had never named that number before.

Janessa suddenly fell silent when she heard this.

Armando didn’t give her a note.

Why?

He didn't want to call her aunt?

"Hello, you are...?" The woman said, "When he comes out, I'll let him phone back."

Janessa wanted to refuse, but she suddenly said, "Okay, thank you."

But she didn't get a call from Armando that night.

After Armando came out, the photographer, Sissy, said to him, "You just had a phone call. I picked it up for you. It's a woman. You can look at the call records."

"Okay." Armando picked it up to take a look, then stuffed it back into his bag.

"Aren't you going to call back?" Sissy asked.

"Later," Armando said and then walked out.

Sissy followed him out. She said while walking, "I took those photos. Can I post them online?"

"Why are you asking me?" Armando asked.

Sissy smiled, "Then I will post it. If I mention you on Weibo, you will become famous."

Armando didn't take it seriously. He thought Sissy was joking.

They returned to the bonfire and sat down. There were men and women dancing around the bonfire, mixed with the crackling sound of the burning wood. The atmosphere was warm in the shade of the night.

Armando met Sissy on a mountain road. He was busy saving a group of little lambs trapped by the river. Suddenly, he saw a black thing facing him. He raised his hand and was about to hit it. But Sissy quickly dodged. She looked at him in shock and then showed him what was in her hand.

It turned out to be a single-lens reflex camera, which was a bit similar to the one of Janessa.

Armando's eyes were dull. He turned around again, helping those little lambs cross the river one by one. It was getting colder. Other than him and the young man who was chasing the lamb, no one else crossed the river.

No one kept shooting him like Sissy did.

After getting ashore, Armando wrung his clothes dry and then found his mobile phone which was soaked in water was out of use. After taking it out, he threw the water hard. Sissy was still taking photos.

He really didn't know what the fun was.

He frowned and looked at her. Sissy was probably about the same age as Janessa, but she looked more cheerful. She smiled and shook hands with Armando, "Sorry, I took your photos without getting your consent. I didn't want to waste the moment... Hello, my name is Sissy."

Armando didn't reach out to shake back. He was all wet. He didn't want to affect her.

He didn't think traveling was skipping from one place to another. He wanted to feel the place, totally and completely. He wanted to immerse himself in the environment. To feel it, to touch it. He saw the lamb, saw the wolf pack, saw another civilized world blocked by the river.

“Where are you from? Alone?”

Sissy had a lot of questions. She kept asking questions, but she answered herself most of the time. Armando was silent, like a mule. He was tanned and his hair was longer. Sometimes there was a hint of loneliness in his eyes. When he lowered his head low, wandering his mind, Sissy would ask, “Are you lovelorn?”

Armando wanted to answer but finally did not.

It was not a breakup.. It was more painful than that.

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Although Sissy was a girl, she was fearless. She hired a tour guide to take her out for the sunrise shoot. When she planned to leave, Sissy met Armando on the way. After taking a few pictures of him, she found the man attractive, so she decided to stay.

For those several days on the mountain, Armando sent the kids to school on the other side of the river. A female teacher always stood on the opposite riverbank and looked at Armando bashfully, but he never said hello to her.

Once a woman wanted to cross the river, Armando didn’t help her. Instead, he carried the elder standing next to the woman on his back across the river. Sissy was busy taking photos for him. “Why don’t you help the woman?”

She thought Armando would say craps like ‘boys and girls aren’t supposed to be socializing,’ but he didn’t. Armando just lowered his head and whispered something to her. At that time, Sissy’s heart skipped a beat.

“Let’s dance!”

More and more people danced around the bonfire, and Sissy was one of them. After one round of dancing, she invited Armando in.

“I’m a bad dancer.” Armando waved his hand.

But Sissy grasped his hand and wouldn’t let him go, “When in Rome, do as the Roman do. Come on. Let’s go. I’ll teach you.”

So, Armando had to move his hips along with her.

Sissy burst out laughing after seeing this.

Armando looked at her with a straight face.

The locals around were also laughing at him, and they said some words Armando didn’t understand. “What did they say?” Armando asked.

“They said you were a funny guy,” Sissy told a lie.

Actually, the local people said they were a perfect match for each other.

They didn’t know that Armando and Sissy only knew each other for less than half a month.

“What brings you here?” After the dance party, they took a break and sat together. Sissy passed him a sliced mutton leg, “I asked you the first time I met you, but you didn’t tell me.”

“What about you?” Armando turned the question back to her.

Sissy put her head in her hands and gazed at the bonfire thoughtfully, “I come here for taking photos, and I want them to be popular.”

Armando tried the goat milk wine, but its strong taste made him hard to swallow. Sissy grinned, took out a bottle of water, and handed it to him, “Here you are. Drink this.”

Armando didn't take it. He was going to bite the bullet and finish the alcohol.

“You really are...” Sissy put her water back, “a weirdo I met once in a lifetime.”

There was only a tent, and Armando insisted on sleeping outside alone in the cold wind, but Sissy never said that she would mind sharing the same tent with him.

Armando lost his luggage on the mountain when he helped an old man with weak legs cross the river. He left his backpack on the riverbank, but it was gone when he returned.

Losing things on the trip was common. One might lose your wallet or phone if he was not careful.

It didn't seem to bother Armando a little. However, when Sissy finished her camera work on the mountain and heard about the news, she got mad at it. She helped him get his luggage back the next day. In the evening, Sissy asked Armando to get in the tent, but he refused and slept outside with a blanket given by the locals.

The following day when Sissy got up, she found Armando had already been in the river to do his job. The routine was always the same: helping the kids to cross back and forth the river. The female teacher was standing on the opposite riverbank and looking at him with adoring eyes as always, but Armando still ignored her.

Sissy took the scene into her camera, and she looked at the man in the photo, thinking, ‘He’s quite responsible.’”

Many people knew Armando because he helped a lot here. When they heard that he lost his backpack, everyone went out to find it. Soon, they found the bag from a habitual thief. The thief took away the money from the wallet, but the phone was still there.

Armando only took the card and wallet, and then he gave all his money in the bag to the thief.

The thief was stunned for a long time. Perhaps it was the first time he met a man like Armando.

The local Tibetans were talking about him and even cursing. Sissy translated, “They said that the thief is shameless, and he steals your things. They even tell you not to give him money. He is a habitual thief and will never change.”

Armando didn’t listen and decided to give him money. The thief was probably just a kid but with dark skin and a skinny figure. He was much shorter than Armando, perhaps because he always huddled up to look even shorter than he was.

“Tell him I give him money, and he helps me send the kids to school,” said Armando.

The thief could understand his language and look at Armando in surprise. “You ... believe me?”

Here was remote, and the Mandarin was not really being spread across the population. The tourism industry only thrived around the Lhasa and Potala Palace, so seldom locals spoke Mandarin. When Armando first

arrived here and wanted to help a kid cross the river, the locals thought he was a human trafficker.

“I trust you,” Armando gave him the money and asked, “Do you have a bank card? Told me your account, and I will transfer money to your account on the twenty-tenth of every month.”

“What? You send me money?” The thief widened his eyes in disbelief.

Armando nodded and asked again, “Do you have a bank card?”

The thief shook his head, awkwardly scratching his head, “They... don’t believe...”

Armando helped him talk to the locals. They didn’t trust the habitual thief, so they would try to beat him to death or serious injury every time they saw him steal things.

In the past few years, tourists’ luggage was turned out to be the main source of his income. Most of the booty was invaluable. Even if it was worth a lot of money, the owners could only leave grumpily. There was no police station here, so they had no way to file a case. There was nothing they could do.

But Armando was special. He helped the locals a lot so that they couldn’t turn a blind eye to this. Almost overnight, they found out the habitual thief.

The locals were ready to beat him to death, but they were all surprised by Armando’s behavior. Armando gave him money and even offered him a job. Armando chatted with the thief for half an hour, and they finally signed a treaty. The thief swore in awkward Mandarin.

“If there is any violation, bad things should happen to me.”

There were many temples in Tibet, so the residents believed in Buddhism. Armando didn't worry that the thief would break his promise.., because the Buddha would punish him.

Billionaire' s Reborn Baby Chapter 527

The next day, the female teacher almost cried out when she saw the child was sent across the river by that thief. Seeing Armando, she maintained calm and asked, “Sir, why did you let him come?”

She had a strong accent, but it was much better than the others.

“I'll go down the mountain. He'll come and send the child from today on,” said Armando.

“Will you come again?” The female teacher was reluctant.

“Well, it depends.” Armando said as he stroked the heads of the children, “Study hard. You will walk out of this mountain in the future.”

Hearing that he was going to leave, the children were reluctant to part with him. A few little girls cried. They had just changed their teeth, so there were only two teeth in their mouths. They cried so much and shouted. “Mr. Armando...”

Armando walked in the middle of the river. Hearing this, he turned around and waved at them.

On the bank, Sissy pressed the button.

She wanted to rush to him at this time and kiss him.

After the bonfire, everyone went back.

Armando returned to his room. After taking a shower, he turned on his phone. Other than the text message from his aunt, there were no other new messages.

“Hurry up and go home!”

He stared at the message for a long time and then threw the phone to the table beside the bed.

The conditions in remote areas were quite bad. The bed was hard and the light bulbs were dim. The room was also filled with a moldy smell. The sound insulation was not good as well. Sissy lived next door. Armando could hear the sound of her shower and the footsteps coming out of the room.

Someone knocked on the door twice.

Armando opened his eyes. Someone was knocking on his door.

Sissy ?

It was already 11:50 at night.

He walked to the door but did not open it. “What’s up ?” he asked through the door.

“Open the door,” Sissy laughed.

Armando opened the door. Sissy was wearing a set of pajamas, revealing a set of black underwear. She glanced at him and asked, “I’m leaving tomorrow. Will you fulfill my dream ?”

“You’re drunk. Go back to sleep,” Armando looked at her expressionlessly.

This was a refusal.

This was within Sissy’s expectations. She was a little discouraged, but she still asked, “Who exactly is the person you like? In front of such a stunning beauty like me, you can hold on? I am curious about what kind of person she is.”

“She’s just an ordinary woman,” Armando smiled.

“But you love her very much,” Sissy added. Then she tiptoed and quickly kissed his lips, “You missed me. Don’t regret it.”

After that, she left.

Armando wiped his mouth and closed the door.

The next morning, a Weibo post quickly became popular on the Internet.

A famous photographer took a set of photos, which were all about a man. He had a good figure, and the muscles on his chest and abdomen were very strong. The muscles and veins on his arms could be seen in the photo. The man in the photo was Armando. There was a line of words under each photo.

When Armando carried the child across the river, there was “The children have a way out only when they go to school.”

When Armando crossed the river with the lamb in his arms, there was “The sheep mother is on the other side of the river. They only get along with each other for half a day every day.”

Armando carried the injured old man across the river and a woman behind him stood on the shore.

There was “I asked him why he didn’t hug that woman. He said he only hugged the woman he loved.”

There were also photos of the sending child with that thief. There were such words below.

“This thief took his luggage, but he gave the thief a sum of money and let him send the child to school.”

The photos below were all matched with a line of words, either emotional or touching. Many women became fans of this man, especially the photographer, who was very kind-hearted to mention this man in every post. So many young ladies found Armando’s account and expressed their love for him.

When Janessa noticed this post, it was noon the next day. When the people in the circle posted a Weibo, many would spread it and publicize it.

It just so happened that when she was advertising, she accidentally saw Armando in the photo.

She also saw that sentence.

“He said that he only hugged the woman he loved.”

She followed the post and found Armando’s Weibo. His Weibo was very clean and there were only a few posts. One was about the shop opening, one was about a cup in the shop, and the rest were about the cups.

Janessa had never looked at them carefully. This time, when she clicked on it, she found that there were photos on the cups. Someone on the bottom commented.

“I know this shop. Do you know? At night, the shop owner will turn off all the lights and leave only one lamp. All the cups in the shop will be filled with water. When the light shines on the cups, the photos in each cup will appear. Don’t ask me how I know this. I have been there many times.”

“What photo?”

“It is the scenery. You’ll know when you see it.”

“Judging from the shooting skills, I think they should all be taken by the same person.”

“I guess they were shot by the boss’ wife.”

These comments were soon covered by a new group of young female fans who called Armando “husband. They were all moved and made all kinds of comments under Armando’s Weibo posts. Only one person silently packed her luggage and turned to go downstairs.

When Janessa waved to stop the car, she remembered what she had said to Armando.

“I hope that one day, I can show everyone all the works I have photographed, but it cannot happen during the day, because I will be too shy. It has to be at night and there should better be light ... Do you think everyone can see it in the cup?”

Such a fool.

He had made everything that she had said come true.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 528

“Wait!”

Janessa had just put her luggage into the back of the taxi when a man in his thirties stopped her. In a dark gray suit, he looked like a man of learning, elegance, and gentleness.

With rich experience and status, the man at his age was extremely manly. His every move could attract many inexperienced young girls, causing them to flush out of adoration.

Janessa was one of those girls back then.

Warren looked at her and asked, “What happened? Why do you suddenly ask for leave? Something happened at home?”

Janessa wouldn't say anything and bowed to close the trunk.

“You are not allowed to leave before you make it clear!” Warren directly moved the luggage down.

Janessa stared at him in disbelief. “Who do you think you are? It has nothing to do with you!”

“I am your boss!” Warren did not want to be embarrassed on the busy street. He grabbed Janessa and carried the suitcase towards the apartment.

“You have to make it clear before you go. What happened?”

Janessa couldn't break free from his hand and was dragged back. She stopped downstairs, where no one was beside her. Warren stood there and asked, “Did your family force you to go back?”

Janessa shook her head tiredly.

Warren hugged her and said softly, “Give me some time. I...”

Janessa leaned on him and said faintly, “Forget it. We are done.”

“I know you annoy me, but I...” Warren hugged her tightly, “I feel responsible for our child and family. I don’t want to...”

“Then take the responsibility.” Janessa pushed him away and said mockingly, “Liar.”

Warren lost countenance and he instinctively grabbed Janessa’s arm.

“What exactly happened? If you need help, I can go with you.”

“Go with me?” Janessa looked at him and said ironically, “What’s your role? My boss or my lover?”

“No matter what, I am your man,” Warren said.

“You are shameless.” Janessa shook him off and said, “If I had known that you had a wife and a child, I would never sleep with you.”

Janessa was like a coquettish kitty when she was in a good mood. Once she got angry, she would turn hostile and spout insults to hurt others.

Hearing this, Warren was tempered. “Haven’t you kept staying with me after you knew?”

Janessa slapped him, with tears in her eyes. “Fine. It’s me who pestered you. From now on, I will never do it again! If I, Janessa Diaz, come to you again, I would be killed by a car!”

Warren suddenly hugged her and tried to kiss her. “Don’t say that!”

“Go away!” Janessa kicked him.

A passerby came back from shopping. Warren felt that he had lost face, but he was worried about Janessa and didn’t let go of her. He had lost face countless times those years, but he couldn’t blame her, or he would lose her.

He believed that he had done much for Janessa, but she was stonyhearted.

Janessa stood quietly, looking at his face. “I have always forgotten to tell you one thing.”

Warren felt that he wouldn’t be glad to hear that thing.

But he wanted to know.

“What?”

Janessa chuckled, “I slept with someone else in New Year.”

Warren immediately grabbed her wrist and glared at her. “What did you say?”

“Why are you so shocked?” Janessa smiled indifferently, “It’s the same that you had a lover and still slept with your wife.”

“I didn’t! I didn’t touch her after you!” Warren gritted his teeth.

“Well. Sorry. I threw my bottom line. I would feel sorry not sleeping with other men after sleeping with a married man like you.”

“You are lying.” Warren looked at her and said gently, “You know I won’t believe that.”

“I was drunk.” Janessa was smiling, with tears in her eyes. She looked up and stopped her tears, “I thought the man was you.”

Seeing that, Warren was nearly convinced. He held her in arms and kissed her, “I’m sorry ... Don’t say that. Don’t...”

“But I enjoyed it very much.” Janessa was still smiling. “I don’t remember how many times I slept with him. I only remember that I was feeling good.”

“Shut up! Shut up!” Warren yelled as he hugged her tightly.

“You know I am telling the truth.” Janessa chuckled. “I don’t want you to touch me, not because I am angry, but because...”

Warren couldn’t feel his heartbeat, hearing Janessa’s voice come to his ears.

“I slept with another man.”

“Janessa!” Warren let go of her and glared, “Are you punishing me?”

Janessa chuckled, “Why should I punish you?” She touched Warren’s face. Her index finger moved on his eyebrows, nose, and lips, and then she tiptoed to kiss him.

She was full of dreams and aspirations when she first came to this city. Her unyielding personality quickly attracted her superior, who was looking for a girlfriend with the help of the entire tourist company.

Janessa asked curiously, “He looks quite charming. Why doesn’t he have a girlfriend?”

She once guided a tourist group and happened to meet him at the same hotel. On those days, they greeted briefly at days and had meals together at night. She thought they would just have such a simple intersection. Later, she was drunk during a company gathering. Not knowing her home, he sent her back to the hotel and returned home alone.

After she woke up, she felt his thoughtfulness and began to fell in love with him uncontrollably.

Then...

She accidentally answered his phone, and a child asked softly on the other end of the phone, “Dad, when are you coming back?”

Her dream was shattered all of a sudden.

Warren thought that she regretted it and was about to love her more, but she let go of him peacefully.

“I loved you. It’s over. Goodbye.” Janessa waved at him.

Warren stood there and watched Janessa leave with her suitcase chicly. He recalled the time when they first met. She confidently greeted him and then turned around with documents in her arms.

It was raining?

He looked up at the blue sky. No rain.

He wiped his face in a daze, then laughed bitterly.

Soon, he madly rushed out. He couldn't let go. She was ruthless and he wouldn't see her again after departure.

When Warren chased to the door, he only saw that Janessa had closed the door of the taxi. He hurriedly ran out, but the taxi had already left.

The car never stopped even though he chased for more than 20 meters. He saw the beautiful face revealed from the back window several times. She looked cold and strange.

She would never come back again.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 529

Armando returned all in wet. Just as he was about to enter the room, the door next was opened. Sissy stood inside and looked at him with a smile, "Hi! I'm back again."

Armando entered his room and was about to close the door when Sissy followed in, "Why don't you ask me why I came back?"

"Why do you come back?" Armando asked.

"For you." Sissy looked at him, "Hurry! Go change."

The bathroom here had no door. It was covered by a light curtain that hid nothing.

Standing outside, Sissy could see thick hairs on his long legs under the curtain. He had strong legs with tense muscles on his calves. When he bent, she could see his arms with vines. He was changing his underwear...

Sissy looked straight. Armando turned around as if he felt her gaze.

“Your photos I took are a huge success on Weibo. Many people are interested in you and they asked me to take more photos, so I came back.” Sissy sat down on his bed, shaking her legs, “What do you think? Are you willing to?”

Armando put on a T-shirt and came out. He had been tanned a lot, probably because he had worked a lot on the mountain these days. He was stronger, revealing the shape of muscles though wearing a T-shirt.

Sissy looked at his body and then his face. He was not very handsome, but he looked genuine.

“It’s up to you,” Armando said.

A Tibetan villager was knocking from the outside. Armando answered but failed to catch his meaning. Armando looked up at Sissy and asked, “What did he say?”

Sissy was stunned and said, “He said that someone is looking for you...” She paused before continuing, “It’s a woman.”

Armando looked different and dashed out like a gust of wind. When he was out, he felt that it was impossible, but kept his hasty pace.

He stood under the eaves and saw the woman carrying her suitcase in the rain.

He seemed to be frozen still.

Janessa recognized the address on the photo, but it took her efforts to find here. She was worried that Armando would go back in advance, so she rushed here.

The Tibetan natives invited her in, but she was worried about finding the wrong person again. Hence, she simply stood outside and waited.

It suddenly rained along the way. She couldn't carry her suitcase with an umbrella, so she threw it and came in the rain. Anyway, she had to change clothes at night.

Sissy followed out and saw Armando standing still. She looked at the woman in the rain, "Is she here for you? Why are you...?"

Before she could finish asking, Armando suddenly rushed out.

Janessa heard the sound and turned around. A black figure rushing over and embraced her, with warmth passed through from his broad chest. She shivered.

He smelled different but still soothing.

"Armando, you're infuriating." She sniffed her frozen nose, "If I catch a cold, you're done."

Feeling his chest trembled, Janessa looked up in disbelief, only to find that he was laughing. The rain soon wet his half-dry hair and his newly changed T-shirt.

His taut and clear muscles were displayed.

"What are you laughing at..." Janessa stared at him with astonishment.

Armando kissed her regardless of anything, placing his arms tightly around her waist. His large palm held the back of her head, not allowing her to escape.

The cold rain fell on their faces, blurring their vision. Janessa grabbed his arm and struggled. Failing to push him away, she kicked him.

Armando did not dodge and took it. He picked her up to the house with a smile.

“Put me down! Armando!” Janessa exclaimed.

The Tibetan natives originally thought that he and Sissy were a couple, and even prepared to arrange them in a room. They immediately realized their guess was wrong after seeing Armando kissing the woman, so they went to fetch hot water with a smile.

Only Sissy stood on the corridor and sighed.

‘I thought I would have the chance.’

She looked up at the lonely suitcase in the rain and recalled the scene just now.

This was her first time seeing him smile so happily.

‘Well. I forgot to take a photo.’

For some reason, Sissy felt that the woman looked familiar.

Armando carried Janessa into his room and quickly took off her clothes. When Janessa was screaming, he found her a blanket, took a bucket of hot water from the natives, and thanked them. He then closed the door and put a chair against it.

The door here couldn't be locked inside.

Janessa was watching the room. Not to mention the air-conditioner and TV, the bed was hard as stone with no quilt. The floor was made of bricks. The wind would sneak in on cold rainy days.

“Take a shower.” Armando brought the bucket into the bathroom and mixed the hot water with the cold. He threw his towel in it and put a large T-shirt on the bed.

Janessa walked into the bathroom covered in a blanket. She frowned and as she squeezed the curtain, “Where’s the door?”

“I won’t look at you,” Armando said, turning his back to her.

Janessa was lost for words and went in with a blanker. She couldn’t find a stool after taking off the blanket. She asked, “Where do you put the blanket?”

Putting it on the ground would be okay.

“Give it to me.” Armando turned around.

Janessa did not say a word.

He could see her body behind the curtain, which could not cover her slender jade legs. She stepped on her foot out of cold, with her toes round and beautiful.

She stretched the blanket from underneath.

Armando took it and stood still.

Janessa looked back and found that he was facing her. There was only half a curtain between them, which could only cover her upper body. She bent to find a towel covering her.

The moment she bent to take the towel, her bosoms were revealed.

She simply rinsed herself and covered her breast with a towel, “Where are the clothes?”

Armando picked up the T-shirt from the bed and handed it over.

Janessa took it, held it, and said, “Bring my suitcase in. I’ll wear my clothes.”

“Your suitcase is wet and your clothes are probably wet too. Wear this.” Armando said.

“No. Open it and you’ll know.” Janessa was so cold that she almost got goosebumps in anxiety, “Hurry up and find me an underwear.”

Armando thought that it was fine if she didn’t wear it, but he still obediently moved the chair away and opened the door.. The suitcase was outside the door, probably moved by the Tibetan natives.

Billionaire’s Reborn Baby Chapter 530

He opened the suitcase and found out his clothes were wrapped in a transparent, sealed plastic bag. They weren’t wet and there was only a layer of water vapor on the outside. He took a towel and wiped it. Then he opened the plastic bag and handed a paired black lace underwear to Janessa.

When Janessa saw the thing through the curtain, her face suddenly flushed.

“You don’t like this set?” Seeing that she did not come to get it, Armando asked, “Which set do you want?”

Janessa quickly snatched it. After putting it on, she simply put on Armando’s T-shirt. It was very loose and could be used as pajamas.

After she came out, Armando went in and quickly washed with the remaining water.

Janessa asked in surprise, “There is no hot water?”

“No, but the condition is poor. We burned wood for a fire, but it is wet on rainy days. So there’s some trouble in burning it.” After explaining, Armando poured the water over his head.

Janessa used hot water of course. But the water already went cold after she finished.

Hearing the sound, Janessa had mixed feelings.

There was only one towel. After Armando came out, his hair was still dripping wet. He stood a little further away from the bed and waited for the wind to dry his hair. Janessa was sitting on the bed. The loose T-shirt only covered her thighs, revealing her two white legs. She was still drying her hair with a towel. Seeing him standing there, she could not help but ask, “Why don’t you dry your hair?” After that, she asked suspiciously, “Is there only one towel?” “

Armando nodded. Janessa quickly rummaged through her suitcase for a towel. The moment she squatted down, the T-shirt set her figure off to advantage. The protruding spine from her back to her waist and the black lace bra buckle in the middle...

Janessa stood up and handed the towel to Armando, "Take it, this is for you to wipe."

Armando did not take it.

"What are you doing?" Janessa looked at him, "Don't? want?"

The atmosphere was strangely quiet. Janessa unconsciously took a step back. She couldn't tell exactly, but she believed her intuition.

Armando took the towel and covered it on his head. The towel was tainted with her smell, her fragrance. All about her...

He inhaled deeply.

He couldn't bear it.

He wanted to...

Janessa sat on the bed and asked, "Did you call home?"

Armando walked step by step. Seeing the way he looked at her, Janessa immediately stood up, "You..."

He walked over and she retreated. Now she almost approached the unclean wall. Armando pulled her over, and she fell on the bed.

"Armando..." Janessa was eager to speak.

Armando, however, was unwilling to listen. He pressed her hands and kissed her eyes, nose, and finally lips, "You came to find me. I'm so happy."

His eyes were a little red, and his gaze was almost devout. He carefully kissed her eyebrows and finally kissed her lips. He kissed so hard that it seemed to absorb her soul.

Janessa pushed his chest away while trembling.

“Time to eat!” A knock came from the door.

Janessa quickly stood up, her heart beating wildly like a drum.

It was ridiculous. She seemed to have responded subconsciously just now ?

Impossible.

How was this possible!

“I’ll find a room to stay. Tomorrow, you will go home with me.” Janessa said coldly and walked out.

Armando knew that he had just provoked her, so he didn’t speak. He just followed her out.

They were seemed to be in a bad state. Those at dinner all realized this, thinking that they might quarrel. Sissy asked Janessa while gnawing on the cake, “Have we met somewhere?”

“Maybe.” Janessa wasn’t in the mood to talk to her.

Seeing that Janessa didn’t want to talk to her, Sissy stopped asking for trouble and turned to Armando, “I’ll go to your room later?”

She wanted to take a few more photos.

Hearing this, Janessa was stunned for a moment before reacting. This girl was the one who answered her phone. So they were pairs?

No, it didn't seem like that.

Armando didn't like her.

Janessa didn't know whether she was disappointed or relieved. This feeling made her quite uncomfortable. After the meal, she embarrassedly asked someone to borrow a room. When Sissy heard this, she smiled and said something to Armando. Janessa was far away and couldn't hear clearly. She only saw Armando nod and bring Sissy into the room.

Janessa remembered that her suitcase was still in his room, and then she realized she didn't need the suitcase tonight. But she still wanted to bring the suitcase over.

Or perhaps she just wanted to see what they were doing.

Sitting on the bed, Sissy was taking pictures.

When Janessa entered the door, none of them spoke. They only maintained this posture. When she was about to reach the door, Janessa heard Sissy ask, "You have a good figure. Can you take off your clothes so that I can have a few more photos?"

Armando didn't say a word. Presumably, he would agree to any request.

This idiot!

Janessa suddenly turned around. She stared at Sissy and said, "Sorry, he won't do that."

Sissy looked at her in surprise, then she smiled, "I'm asking him."

Janessa immediately glared at Armando.

For some reason, Armando did not say anything.

Janessa was anxious. She wanted to move the suitcase back again. She said to Sissy, "We're going to sleep. You can go out first."

Armando's eyes lit up. He quickly got up from the bed and said to Sissy, "You can go. It's done now."

"Alright, I'll come to find you tomorrow," Sissy nodded while holding the SLR.

As soon as the door was closed, Janessa glared at Armando angrily, "Are you crazy? Do you know the result if she sells your photo to the porn industry?"

"She won't," Armando said with a smile.

"You still laugh?" Janessa was so angry that she reached out to poke his head, "Are you stupid?"

"Yes, I'm stupid," Armando said, holding her hand.

"Anyway, don't agree to her request. I'm leaving." Janessa retracted her hand. She was almost at her wit's end.

"Didn't you just say you wouldn't leave? Didn't you say you would sleep here tonight?" Armando changed face.

“I was lying to her. You believe this?” Janessa was about to walk to the door with her suitcase.

Armando gritted his teeth, “Then when you leave, I’ll ask her to take photos again.” He paused, then added, “Take off all my clothes.”

Afraid that Janessa wouldn’t believe him, he took off his T -shirt on the spot, revealing the strong muscles inside.

“What’s wrong with you?” Janessa widened her eyes.

“If you sleep here tonight, I won’t look for her..” Armando looked at her with a burning gaze.