

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 531

Surely, Janessa turned him down, "No way! Don't even think about it!"

"Well, you're free to leave." Armando lay down and said, "There are rats in this room, and cockroaches may crawl into your mouth while you're asleep. Moreover, at night, it will be very cold here. When I first arrived here, I couldn't sleep well for three successive nights."

Hearing this, Janessa hesitated. She asked with her suitcase in her hand, "Is there any..."

"Don't be naive." Armando knew what she was going to say, "Did you see any hotel along your way here? This is the best you can find."

"Anyway, I don't believe what you said." Janessa carried her luggage and left. Before she went out of his sight, she scorned Armando's words, "Even if there are rats and cockroaches, so what? I won't be afraid of those things."

She was so fearless that Armando could not control make her do as he expected. He could only lie on the bed and thought about what he saw under that curtain before dinner.

And then he recalled that she didn't eat much for dinner. After thinking for a while, he got up and went out of the room.

The kitchen was very primitive. Everything inside was made of mud and dirt. A large cauldron sat in the middle, beneath which there was a rectangular gap for putting in grass and wood. Because of the rain, the grass and wood piled up aside were a little damp. Once he set fire with these damp grass and wood, there would be a lot of smoke.

Armando went to ask the master of the house for some food. He took three eggs and put them in the pot. He scooped some water into the pot and began to boil it. The local thought he might consume a lot of energy and would be hungry at night, and so they came twice and brought him a potato and a sweet potato.

Armando thanked him and stuffed everything into the fire pit.

Sissy lived next to him. The soundproofing here was bad and she could hear the sound from next door clearly, including the conversation between Janessa and Armando and the footsteps of Janessa leaving with her luggage.

She also heard Armando leave the room and hadn't returned. She thought that he had gone to find Janessa, so she went out to breathe some fresh air. However, she did not hear anything at Janessa's door. Instead, she smelled a little fragrance coming from the kitchen.

Outside the kitchen, she saw Armando sitting on a stool, cooking. His face was illuminated by the fire. Sissy hurried back to her room, picked up her camera, and ran back to take some pictures of the scene. Armando heard the noise but did not turn to check. He was busy calculating the time to see if the eggs were ready.

Behind him, Sissy checked the photos and picked out a most satisfying one. Only then did she put down her camera and asked him, "Are you hungry?"

Armando shook his head.

Sissy understood, "You're cooking for Janessa?"

"Yes." he said, "She didn't eat much for dinner."

“She might be on a diet. Do you think about the possibility that she would refuse your offer?” Sissy asked as she came up with the proper annotation for her photo.

“She will eat,” said Armando confidently.

He found a big bowl, scooped out the eggs, and put them in the bowl after showering them with cold water. Then he picked up the potato and sweet potato in the fire pit with pliers. The fragrance of roasted sweet potatoes immediately filled the kitchen.

Sissy sniffed the nice smell.

“Do you want some?” Armando asked.

“May I?” Sissy smiled.

He split the sweet potato into two and handed one to her.

Sissy looked at the half piece of sweet potato he handed over and said in a low voice, “You would mislead me.”

“What?” Armando did not understand her words.

“If you’re not interested in me, don’t treat me so well. Otherwise,” Sissy smiled brightly, “I will fall in love with you.”

“Then I’d better have it back.” Armando was going to get the sweet potato back.

Sissy quickly stepped back. She couldn’t help but laugh, “It’s not proper for a gentleman to take back what he gave away.”

“What are you doing?” When Janessa heard the noise and opened the door, she saw Sissy, smiling at Armando with half a sweet potato.

Janessa was still wearing Armando’s T-shirt. Her beautifully shaped and white legs stretched out from the loose and oversized T-shirt. She was as pretty as a fairy. When she kept silent, she seemed cool and unique. Her beauty and character could easily attract both men and women.

Competitiveness was in everyone’s nature. People would compete with each other on appearance, wealth, partner, and so on.

Sissy also secretly competed herself with Janessa. She got to admit that Janessa was so beautiful that wherever she was, she was bound to be the most eye-catching one. Sissy was almost jealous of her.

Then, Sissy waved the sweet potato in her hand, “Would you like some? He roasted one sweet potato.. It’s quite delicious.”

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Janessa didn’t like Sissy for no reason. It was possible that they exchanged contact information in a previous photography exhibition, or perhaps they joined the same photography group, but there was no more. Both of them took pictures of nature. Janessa rarely took photos of people. Sissy probably found that no matter how many sceneries she took, she still couldn’t make herself famous. So she began to take another approach- taking photos of people. Some of her pictures were about old people who had experienced hardships. With some emotional words, they won a lot of applause on the Internet. She accumulated her fans in this way and did well in recent years.

Janessa didn’t like to be sentimental. She just wanted to take simple photos. It was fine as long as someone could understand it. It didn’t

matter if no one could make sense of it. Anyway, an understanding friend was hard to find. Being obscure was nothing bad.

She didn't like Sissy because the latter took advantage of Armando with her stirring words. She was using Armando to satisfy the crowd, in order to increase her popularity!

"Bring it in first," Armando said as he walked to Janessa with a bowl in hand.

Janessa did not move. She slightly moved to the side to make way, "You bring it in."

Armando looked back at Janessa. She was not in a good mood. But he wasn't sure why she was angry, so he just lowered his head and brought the bowl in.

After Armando entered, Janessa said, "Close the door."

"The soundproofing here doesn't work. He still can hear it."

"It doesn't matter." Janessa looked at Sissy fiercely, "I just want to tell you. Stop your shooting. Stop it, no matter what he promised you. You have already disturbed his normal life."

Sissy rubbed the yam bean in her hand. It was a little hot. She blew hard. "I want to hear him say it."

This was like asking Janessa, "Who are you to him? Why are you speaking up for him? Your words are useless because you are nobody. You have no right to control him..."

Janessa tried to suppress her anger and said to Sissy, "You don't know what you took at all. What you wanted was just a photo and a few lines

of words. You gloatingly made up a series of barren stories. You felt good about yourself, and you were happy that many netizens were moved, but what about the result? Is there any help to this nature? The poor are still as poor as ever. The rich who feel touched still travel across the world with their private flights. What have you done? You just consumed the poor to the satisfaction of the rich!”

The smile on Sissy’s face gradually faded away.

In fact, opinions differed about different photography. Every photography exhibition would bring out different ideologies and arguments. Sissy seemed to remember who Janessa was. Last year, a woman publicly scorned a photo that won the award. It gained a lot of publicity. Of course, the woman did not apologize in the end. Some people said she was banned, and some said that she ran away.

No, she was still free and unrestrained in this world. She just ignored the rumors on the Internet.

Sissy was quite interested in this woman. She seemed to have even invited this woman to join her chat group, but they had not chatted much. She had seen Janessa’s works, and they were all about natural scenery. Her techniques were very good, but the competition in the industry was great. These works could be filmed by anyone. It was nothing special.

“You are ... Janessa?” Sissy looked at her in disbelief, “It’s actually you? You, why are you here? No ... He is your ... boyfriend?”

She thought for a moment and only felt surprised, “I didn’t expect that he was actually your boyfriend. So I really shouldn’t shoot him.”

Janessa didn’t know what to say.

For a moment, she didn't know if she should retort.

Armando just opened the door and came out. He looked at Janessa and said, "The eggs are getting cold. Hurry up and eat."

Janessa looked at Sissy again. Sissy shrugged slightly. "Alright, I know. I won't shoot anymore." Then she looked at Armando with a somewhat pitiful look, "So you two are a couple. I thought I would have a chance."

Armando was lost for words.

Janessa was rendered speechless.

"Did you quarrel over there because of me?" Sissy thought about it again, "Or is it because the soundproofing is too poor, so you don't want to sleep in the same room? It's okay. I can sleep in your room. This way, you won't be afraid of being heard..." She paused and then glanced at Armando who was stiffened, "Don't make big moves. I'm afraid I can hear it through several doors. I will say no more. I'm going to sleep."

After that, she went into Janessa's room and brought out the suitcase and the bowl filled with eggs and yam beans. Then, she went to her room and brought her luggage.

Janessa and Armando stood there, looking at each other in dismay.

No one said a word.

It was awkward.

Janessa couldn't explain at the most appropriate time. Now it would be very embarrassing to explain it, and how should she explain it?

Saying that Armando was not her boyfriend, but her nephew?

Who would believe that ?

It was more than that.

However, their relationship was weird anyway. People would spite them if they knew.

Thinking for a moment, Janessa got up courage and followed Armando into his room.

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Janessa went back to Armando's room after twists and turns.

Janessa put the suitcase on the ground casually and sat down on the bed. Armando was holding a big bowl with eggs and potatoes in it. The food had turned cold. He touched it with his finger and asked, "Do you want to heat it up?"

"No. Thanks." Janessa took it and stared at the half piece of sweet potato in the bowl, saying, "It seems that you are so good at flirting with girls. You gave half of it to her."

Armando then felt speechless.

Janessa's words caught him in random thoughts. He didn't dare to take it for granted that Janessa was jealous, so he could only say, "I'm afraid you can't finish it."

"Alright, I would like to eat eggs." As Janessa finished her speaking, she felt that her tone was too condescending. So she went to get the eggs herself. Armando put the bowl aside and said, "I'll do it. Wait a moment."

He was a very considerate man. Although Janessa was four years older than him and she often looked after him when they played together in childhood, it was almost Armando who took care of her since they grew up. As time passed, she got used to this way of getting along with Armando. But she never thought that he would take a fancy of her.

And it was beyond her expectation that they would be so intimate.

Janessa didn't want to think about it anymore. She took out her phone and power bank from the suitcase as she couldn't find her charging plug. There was only a bad signal in the mountain area. She didn't know if she could make a phone call, let alone surf the web.

She threw the phone and power bank on the bed, and Armando had already peeled the egg and handed it over, "It's washed clean. Eat it."

Janessa tilted her head to take a look. There was a wooden table with a pot of water on it. There was a bowl with water on the side. It was probably the water that he used to wash the egg.

She took the egg and took a big bite. Armando poured another cup of water and handed it to her, "Drink some water."

She ate two eggs, half a potato, and half a sweet potato. Finally, she felt satisfied and laid on the bed. And Armando went to wash the dishes. She could hear the sound of water coming from the kitchen through the door. It was probably that some ladle he used collided with the water tank.

As Janessa lay on the pillow and listened to the sound on the other end, she fell asleep.

When she woke up in a daze at the midnight, she found herself in someone's arms. The man's chest was very broad and warm, and his

breath made her feel at ease. She vaguely thought that it was Warren. But it wasn't.

It was Armando.

His scent was full of vigor, not the easing and tranquil one that Warren had.

She tried to free herself from Armando's embrace. Just as she moved, the man behind her seemed to wake up and instinctively hugged her tightly. Then, he pressed his lips against her forehead and kissed it. It was like a subconscious move in his dream.

But Janessa was shocked.

Warren had also done this before to keep her and she was so resistant and annoyed. But when Armando kissed her on her forehead, she even stopped struggling.

'What is this?'

'What now?'

'Can we still be what we were to each other before?'

Janessa felt a headache and she closed her eyes. Regardless of whether she could accept Armando or not, if the Mosbies knew about this, Janessa would not dare to think about the consequences.

She let out a breath and couldn't figure out why Armando was so obsessed with her.

'Why can't he take a fancy of someone else? It's OK even if she is Sissy.'

The bed was really hard that Janessa finally couldn't help but turn over. She felt a little relieved. In the dark, she and Armando faced each other, but she couldn't see his face clearly. She just wanted to stay away from him. Unexpectedly, as soon as she turned around, Armando leaned closer a little.

Feeling his breath on her face, she immediately dodged back,
“You...aren't asleep?”

No one answered. Armando just approached and held her into his arms again.

...

Janessa patted him on the shoulder, but there was no reaction.

Armando held her so tightly even in his slumber as if he was afraid that she would run away.

Although this posture was very uncomfortable, she no longer struggled and quietly shrank into his arms and closed her eyes.

In the dark, Armando slowly opened his eyes. When he heard the person in his arms breathing steadily, he gently found her lips and kiss them urgently.

Janessa thought that she was having a dirty dream. But when she was half-awakened, she found that she was pressed on the bed. The bed was shaking vigorously, and what was left in the room was the creaking sound. She wanted to say something, but her mouth was blocked, and only a long cry came out from the depths of her throat.

‘He actually does it again!’

‘How could I believe this bastard?’

In the late midnight, she cried and begged, but it was useless. Her body was soft and she lost her strength. She cried and scolded him with every word she could think out. But Armando just kissed her and kept telling her with his lips how much he missed her.

On the other hand, Sissy, who was several rooms away, was surfing the Internet through her computer in the room. Owing to the bad signal, it took her quite a long time before her photo was finally uploaded.

It was the back of a man in the photo. He was sitting on a wooden bench with his profile illuminated by the fire, his eyes bright. The man was cooking.

She wrote that: “He is making supper for his love.”

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After raining, the air on the village road, mingled with the salty smell of soil, was unusually clear.

Emily was sitting on a chair in Mr. Spencer’s courtyard, watching Stephanie, Harold, and Rex playing cards.

Today was the day of Vincent’s sixth medicinal bath.

Emily put down the proposal. She looked in Stephanie’s direction and asked, “Are you sure you are not going to the crew?”

“I’m not going. Last night, the male protagonist secretly went back to the city to shoot some endorsement advertisement. And in the morning, he was taken away by traffic police on the way back. The crew is in a mess. They are now finding solutions by modifying the script or changing the

male lead. Swarms of reporters are chasing everyone's tail. I come here to hide. Joker!" Stephanie quickly threw down the cards and put her hand on Harold's shoulder. She raised her eyebrows at him and said, "Sorry, I won."

It was as if she took Harold as her sister instead of her brother.

Rex, who was aside, failed to enjoy this kind of treatment.

Harold looked at Stephanie with a subtle expression, then slowly retreated to avoid her hand.

Stephanie was worried about how she should pretend to accept her new masculine sister as if nothing had happened, including his special sexual orientation. On the other side, Harold was wondering whether the female star was joking or if he needed to explain it.

Emily, sitting on the chair, asked curiously, "When...when did you guys get so close?"

Only then did Stephanie remember that this poor little master still did not know that her bodyguard was gay. In order to act naturally, she heroically patted Harold on the shoulder and said, "Both of you have saved me. From now on, we are good sisters. No, good brothers!"

The other three then became confused.

And words failed them.

...

As for lunch, it was still stewed sweet potatoes, fried sweet potatoes, and roasted sweet potatoes, as well as a few grilled fish cooked by Harold.

Vincent ate little. Emily saw that he looked alright, so she secretly let out a sigh of relief. To be honest, seeing the big scorpion of Spencer, and seeing Spencer bring the scorpion closer to Vincent, Emily felt a chill run down her spine. Although the door was closed, and she could not see the bloody scene that followed, she shivered when thinking about the scene.

‘Did Spencer take that scorpion...’

“Why don’t you eat?” Vincent tilted his head to look at her.

The sweet potato in Emily’s hand fell off.

...

Harold and Stephanie looked at her at the same time.

Emily picked up the sweet potato and gently blew on it. Soon Vincent reached out and took it. He narrowed his eyes and looked at her, his eyes dark and his voice low, “What are you thinking about?”

Emily quickly shook her head, trying to throw the scorpion with its tail erecting out of her mind, and vaguely explained, “Nothing. I am distracted.”

There were many people here. Vincent did not ask any more questions. He wiped off the muddy part of the sweet potato. Then, he placed it in his mouth and took a bite.

Emily wanted to say that she had bitten it. Seeing that he had already eaten it, she was too embarrassed to say it. However, seeing him eating, she blushed inexplicably.

Stephanie, who was sitting opposite, saw this scene and clicked her tongue.

Emily heard the sound and looked at her. She saw Stephanie give her a snicker. Though it was a very obscene smile, it seemed different when it appeared on Stephanie's beautiful face. But it conveyed the meaning hidden behind it: "Are you blushing? Are you thinking something dirty in the daytime?"

Emily lowered her head in shame.

"Let's go to my room," Stephanie said with a smile as she pulled Harold in her arms.

After hearing that, everyone here looked up at her including Harold.

He then became dumbfounded.

...

"I just ask him to massage my waist, since it was very comfortable last time," Stephanie said with a light cough.

Mr. Spencer had a good impression of Harold and did not say anything. He just moved a stool and sat at the door, ready to rush inside as soon as there was an unexpected situation. He probably did not know who to save for a while, because it seemed that Harold was the victim in any case.

As soon as the door was closed, Stephanie lay on the bed, saying "Be quick, press my waist, just like you did before."

...

Harold was stunned for a moment and then he looked at her with a dull expression, "Miss Smith, I am a man."

“Of course I know you are a man. I don’t see you as a woman,”
Stephanie turned around and spoke.

“You don’t see me as a man?” Harold asked.

Stephanie reflected on herself for a moment and asked hesitantly, “Did I hurt your self-esteem? I’m sorry.”

Harold was lost for words.

‘Maybe she is not joking.’

“No, you misunderstood me,” Harold said.

“Misunderstood?” Stephanie rolled her eyes and thought, “You said you don’t like women.”

“It’s not that I don’t like women.” Harold interrupted her, “I just...”

He probably wanted to say something, but he did not say it out of some obscure reasons. However, Stephanie suddenly felt enlightened and had guessed what he was going to say.

“So it’s not that you don’t like women, but that you don’t like me?”

Harold kept silent.

He stood there with his head lowered, just like a student who had made a mistake.

Stephanie was a little upset. She stood up and stared at him for a few seconds before asking, “You, you actually don’t like me? I mean, how could you not like me? Every man will take a fancy to me except Vincent. Why don’t you?”

Harold kept standing in silence.

“And then?” Emily couldn’t hold back his laughter in the car.

“Then she chased me out,” Harold replied with a wooden face as he drove.

Emily couldn’t help but laugh out louder and louder, as she conjured up an image that Stephanie glared at Harold and snorted.

“Miss Emily, you smile eventually,” Harold said as he glanced at the rearview mirror.

Emily stopped laughing. She leaned her head against the back seat and said softly, “I make you worried during this period of time. Sorry.”

“We didn’t do anything.” Harold said, and after thinking for a moment, he added, “It’s all thanks to Vincent’s accompanying.”

Emily grunted. She thought of the coming Tomb-Sweeping Day and suddenly remembered the noon of last September. Vincent appeared in the corridor with a cold and dark expression.

“Miss Emily. Elsie was taken away by the police.” Harold said as he hung up the phone and looked at the rearview mirror solemnly.

Emily immediately took out her phone and called the company. After explaining the situation, she said to Harold, “After sending me home, you should hurry back to the company. Report to me if anything happens in the company.”

“Okay!”

Finally, it was time to harvest after releasing the bait for long.

Emily looked out of the window and closed it.. The air after raining was a bit cold and refreshing.

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“Hi there, is this Mr. Heyton?”

In the City Hospital, several police officers appeared in the face of Jackson with an application form for investigation in hand.

“What’s the matter?” Jackson’s expression changed slightly.

“Several shareholders of your company are accused of illegal acts including bribery and crowd drug abusing. You, as the legal person and who is in charge of the company, come with us please.” The policemen said.

‘Bribery?’

‘Drug abusing?’

Jackson’s brain worked quickly. It didn’t take him long to guess that this was Emily’s scheme, but he didn’t expect her to use such a dirty trick.

He underestimated her.

Jackson nodded and asked, “Alright, can you wait for me for a while?”

“Sorry, no.”

Jackson looked at them and said, “I am going inside to say something to my wife. It’s fine even if it’s through the door.”

The policemen looked at each other, and one of them nodded.

Probably for fear that he would escape, a strong hand of the policeman because had grabbed Jackson's arm.

Jackson opened the door and put his head in. He leaned forward and saw Donna lying on the sickbed. She looked a little better, but it was still not the time to be discharged. He had planned to leave with her tomorrow if the weather was better, but...

"Why haven't you left yet?" Donna saw him and asked confusedly.

Jackson smiled, "I'll leave immediately. It's going to be Tomb-Sweeping Day soon. You know, I might be a little busy."

"I know. Just focus on your business. I can take care of myself. Besides, there are nursing workers here." Donna tilted his head and coughed, waving at him, "You can leave."

Jackson nodded, then looked back and said, "I'm leaving."

"Just leave," Donna said with a smile.

After walking out of the hospital, Jackson asked, "Can I call my lawyer?"

"Sure."

Jackson turned on his phone and found his lawyer first. He wanted to send a message to his son. Then it occurred to him that his son was in the hospital because of the injuries in his legs, so Jackson didn't want to get him involved.

After contacting the lawyer, his phone began to buzz incessantly. It was either a partner or a subordinate client who called. He was still unclear about the current situation. He couldn't rashly answer the call, so he simply turned his phone to silent mode.

On the Internet, a scandal that several important people in charge of Granding Group had been arrested was spread widely. The most important thing was that apart from Granding Group, this matter involved a lot of people, including a popular star, Dixon Hood. He was the male lead who should have been shooting with Stephanie for the Shanghai Legend. For an advertisement for Granding Group last night, he slept in the hotel for dinner. The next day, he returned early and unfortunately caught up on the traffic police checking cars. Maybe he was afraid of being late. Dixon then was in a bad temper, and there was a very special fragrance on his body. It was not the smell of perfume. The traffic police felt strange. After opening the trunk, they found a small bag of ketamine and a special kind of powder, from where the strange fragrance was emitted.

Dixon didn't admit that this thing was his, but after being sent to the police station for a urine test that night, it showed that he had taken drugs.

He denied that and because he was afraid that something would happen to him, he blamed all of this on Granding Group. Near noon, a group of police officers set off to the hotel to arrest the few people who had not yet woken up. And they found a woman, with a bleeding cut on her wrist, soaking in the bathtub.

The woman was Elsie.

The entire police station was bustling with noise.

The whole City Y knew that Granding Group's boss had taken advantage of Maury's death and acquired the Britt Group. Now, the young lady of the Britt Group committed suicide and almost died in the hotel room where the person in charge of Granding Group slept. There were many stories hidden behind.

In short, Granding Group was finished.

Bribery, drug-taking, and almost forcing the young lady of the Britt Group to death, all of these things were enough for people in City Y to gossip for a long time, not to mention that there was also a well-known star, Dixon, involved.

After careful investigations by the police, they found out that the truth was more than that. It seemed that the Potters, who had just had an accident some time ago, were involved.

"Shit!" After Ferne picked up the phone, he was simply unable to express what he was thinking. As he was swearing, he met Noah's eyes and immediately slap his own mouth, "I should have learned my lesson."

"What did you find?" Noah just came out of the bathroom after running on the treadmill for half an hour. He could clearly hear Ferne shouting outside the door. Then he wanted to complain about his words. But when he saw Ferne's flattering face and his smile, he gave up.

"How smart Emily is!" Ferne walked to the kitchen and opened the fridge. Just as he was about to open a bottle of beverage, Noah snatched it away and gestured towards the water dispenser, and said, "Drink some hot water."

As soon as Ferne's dirty words came out, Noah pretended to smash his head with the drink.

“I wish to drink some hot water in the first place.” Ferne finished his words and looked enviously at Noah as he unscrewed the bottle cap and looked at his Adam’s apple rolling as he gulped down the drink.

“Go ahead.” Noah finished drinking and put the drink back into the refrigerator. As he came out hurriedly in a vest in a hurry after taking a bath, he hadn’t even dried the water on his body. The vest was soon soaked with water, revealing the clear sketch of muscles underneath. It was fierce and wild. Noah’s rolling Adam’s apple was emitting the smell of hormones, stimulating Ferne’s lust.

Ferne’s eyes moved back to his face from Adam’s apple, collarbone, chest, muscles, arms, and biceps with great difficulty. He unconsciously licked his lips and asked confusedly, “What do you mean?”

Noah then was lost for words.

“What was I talking about? Yeah, Emily. I thought she was extraordinary when we first met. What a pair of discerning eyes I have.” Recalling the previous talking, Ferne continued, “Do you know about the matter concerning Granding Group? It’s been a day. Do you know who the mastermind is?”

Noah had already guessed the answer, but still asked with pretending curiosity, “Who?”

“My sister-in-law!” Ferne proudly introduced Emily.

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Emily planned all the details, but she did not expect that Elsie would even throw herself into the trap at the cost of her life.

The Britts were taken away for investigation, but Susan and the butler didn't know exactly what was going on. On the other hand, Emily was pretending to know nothing about it. The police couldn't get anything out of them, so they were released half an hour later.

As for the other people in charge of Granding Group, they had been detained for positive results of urine tests. Police were undertaking further investigations, including the incident that Elsie almost died in the bathtub, as well as the popular star, Dixon, who came out at the midnight to gather and take drugs. He even was accused of involving in sex trades and so on. For a time, public opinion was in full swing.

Since they were all public figures with social influence, the municipal security bureau had to investigate it in a strict manner.

Elsie woke up in the hospital and had a drug addiction. Out of unknown reasons, she, in a daze, struggled to get out of bed. After being stopped, she violently bit people and went crazy. She even hit her head against the wall. Fortunately, after being injected with a tranquilizer by the doctor, she quickly calmed down. However, her mind was still in a mess. She kept talking crazily, crying and laughing with a scary expression.

Even Susan and the butler couldn't bear to see this.

Emily said to the police, "Although I don't like her, she is still a member of the Britts. I will find out the truth. No matter who our enemies are, I will definitely sue their ass off!"

"The municipal bureau will tell you the truth." Said the policeman who was guarding the door of the ward.

"Alright, I'll wait for your truth."

After leaving the ward, Emily found the doctor and asked about Elsie's situation, "So you said that she is really addicted to drugs?"

She didn't quite believe it because the whole process hadn't even been a month. However, Emily didn't know much about drugs and didn't dare to make any random conclusions. She only thought that maybe it was because the police were at the door, and Elsie tried her best to perform the scene just now in order to achieve the effect. Unexpectedly, the doctor said that it was true.

"How long does it take to get addicted to drugs?" She asked.

"Every drug addict takes a different time to get addicted to drugs. It is often related to the nature, the category, the intensity, the dosage of drugs, and the psychological factors, and the drug-resistant degree of drug users. Moreover, it concerns many other factors such as the educational level of users and the social environment on the whole. Generally speaking, drugs with strong toxicity are more addictive, and vice versa." The doctor adjusted his glasses and said, "To be frank, for example, if a person who has never taken drugs uses an intravenous injection method for the first time, two injections every day with 0.1 gram per time will make him addicted in two days. Once the drug addict breaks off from drugs, drug addiction will break out after eight or nine hours."

So, Elsie wasn't pretending just now, it was true.

In the bathroom, Emily washed her face in front of the sink. Then, she quietly looked at the person in the mirror. She seemed to have changed a little. She didn't know if it was because she had lost weight or for some other reason. Her eyes were no longer pure and cute. The expression in her eyes was faint as if she was tired, but it also seemed like she had maintained her usual indifference and silence.

The plan she gave Elsie was to get close to those people and find any projects they were taking over, even if it was an advertisement, she would act when it was time. However, she did not expect that Elsie planned to leave no leeway for herself at the beginning. She took drugs with those people since she came into contact with them.

There was no turning back. In order to make accomplices of them, she did not hesitate to sacrifice herself.

In Maury's mourning meeting, everyone knew that the second daughter and the eldest daughter of the Britts were not of the same mother, so the relationship between the two was not very good. Furthermore, they even despised each other.

Therefore, apparently, Elsie didn't do this for Emily, since they wouldn't cooperate to scheme against others.

Of course, the public opinion was also within Emily's consideration. She had made full use of the herd effect, otherwise, it would not reach the current situation that was very conducive to the Britt Group.

Granding Group's stocks plummeted overnight. Not only that, but the commercial cooperation with Dixon had also implicated a lot of people. The director of the Shanghai Legend and Dixon's management company all claimed compensation from Granding Group. Some of the company's female artists revealed that they had suffered from the unspoken rules owing to the current public opinion. For a moment, Granding Group completely collapsed!

The last straw that broke the camel's back was that when the police were investigating from morning to night, they accidentally found out that Branden was also involved.

In order to gain a firm foothold in City Y, Branden got a priceless artifact from somewhere, and he gave it to the municipal secretary of City Y.

Billionsaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 537

The incident happening to Granding Group not only implicated many people but also led to the exposure of Branden's bribery many years ago. It was as if someone exposed this news on purpose. This whole process was revealed so easily, and no one had the heart to ponder over who the first discloser was.

With further investigations of Granding Group and since Branden's case involved many important figures, Branden's case was resubmitted for the second trial. There was no doubt that the people of high level must deal with Branden to control public opinion. And Branden would not know who disclosed it until his death, which became the Sword of Damocles hanging above his head.

"The police are keeping an eye on this place. How dare you come in? Aren't you afraid that tomorrow's headline news will be that Mr. Vincent climbed over the wall at the midnight into the balcony of the second daughter of the Britt family for dating?"

Emily had just taken a shower, and her hair was half-dried. As she walked out of the bathroom while swinging his hair, she saw Vincent in a suit sitting in front of her book desk.

Vincent slowly turned to look over, his slender legs bending at the bottom of the table. He leaned back slightly, his body against the chair, one hand on the edge of the table, and the other on the chair, showing a somewhat casual expression.

“Date?” He pondered over the word, as his eyes slowly moved from Emily’s white toes under the nightdress to her neck where the collarbone was exposed, then to her face, finally at her watery lips, and said in a low voice, “It’s good to date in the room.”

Emily was dumbfounded.

“Have you eaten?” She walked over, picked up a tablet from the bed, and read the news. Then she clicked the one about Branden and handed it to Vincent, “Why didn’t you tell me this?”

“I ate a little.” Vincent leaned back and glanced at the tablet, chuckling, “I promised you before. I am not the one doing it. I asked the Albertons for help.”

“The Alberton family?” Emily was a little surprised because she remembered that Deon did not agree to help. Ferne had been worried about this for days. Of course, Christy told her this.

Vincent thought that she was confused about why he did not do it himself. He touched her face and said, “I will be the one who openly challenges the municipal government if I’m involved in this. My business counts on the government, so I can only ask the Albertons. No one can stand against them. Even the mayor will offer them respect.”

Emily touched it back and explained, “What I want to ask is that wasn’t Deon unwilling to help in the beginning? Why did he change his mind?”

“Thanks to Jaquan.” Vincent pulled her onto his lap and sat her down. He touched her long hair that fell on her shoulders and twirled it with his fingertips. It was filled with the fragrance of milk. His lust surged in his chest.

“Did he convince Deon?” Emily was still unaware of the danger. She lowered her head and sent a message to Susan to make her some supper. Then, she threw the tablet on the table and turned around to hug Vincent’s neck.

Vincent was close to Emily, feeling her breath, his voice hoarse, “It turned out to be the case.”

“It also turned out that lawyers are eloquent.” Looking at Vincent’s calm and handsome face, Emily couldn’t help but bite his lips, “Thank you, Vincent.”

“Thank me for what? I did nothing.” Vincent looked at her with his dark eyes and a faint smile on his face.

“But I still have to thank you.” As soon as Emily finished speaking, she heard footsteps coming from outside the door. She quickly got down from Vincent’s legs and then pulled him into the bathroom. Only then did she walk over to open the door. Susan was walking to the door with midnight snacks.

“Emily, you must be hungry.” Susan brought the salver in. Her nose twitched as she asked in surprise, “Did you smoke?”

“What?” Emily looked at her blankly, and then remembered that probably the smell of cigarettes on Vincent’s body was left on the chair.

Since Emily just finished her shower and was still wearing a nightgown, how could she be tinged with the smell of cigarettes? For fear that Susan would ask again, she quickly said, “No, maybe because I went to the hospital today. Alright, go to sleep. I’ll clean it up after eating.”

“Just put it at the door. I’ll clean it up tomorrow.” Susan said as she walked to the door, “Then I’m going to sleep.”

“Okay.”

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As soon as the door was closed, Emily entered the bathroom. She approached Vincent and sniffed carefully, like a puppy. The tip of her nose almost touched his neck.

“Are you smelling meat?” Vincent asked, looking at her with amusement.

“Susan said she smelled smoke. Maybe she was used to it, but I actually didn’t feel anything.” Emily took a step back and stood there, looking at Vincent, “Smoking is actually not good. Do you want to quit smoking?”

“I had problems with my stomach. I can’t drink coffee to refresh myself. This is the only thing I can do.” Vincent stood upright in front of the sink. Body relaxed, his two straight and slender legs casually leaned there, supporting his thin waist.

“How about I smoke it for you?” Emily suddenly asked.

Vincent was stunned for a long time before chuckling.

“You aren’t in a good condition. But I am young, and I don’t have any problems with my stomach. You could smell second-hand smoke... But it seems that second-hand smoke is also harmful...” Emily was chattering. Vincent suddenly pulled her into his arms. He held her chin and kissed her.

It was a very touching kiss. He kissed slowly and meticulously. The tip of his tongue swept through every corner of her mouth. Emily was so excited that goosebumps appeared all over her body. She felt weak. Her skin was covered with pink. It was like she was about to fall into a swamp in the next second, but she was willing to die for it.

“Vincent...” She still wanted to speak, but her voice was broken into pieces. “Vincent ... the dinner...”

Vincent thought that she was calling him, but then he knew she was caring about the supper. He immediately turned away and asked with a smile, “Supper? I’m eating it right now.”

Emily was lost for words.

She pushed him out, “There are still a few documents that haven’t been approved tonight. You eat first. I’m busy. There will be a meeting tomorrow morning. I have to get up early to prepare.”

Vincent was pushed out. He happened to meet Susan who was carrying a cup of hot milk. She saw Vincent and Emily coming out of the bathroom. One of them was dressed in a suit and tie, and the other was in pink pajamas with messy hair and red lips.

The scene was strangely quiet for a moment.

“I knocked on the door, but you didn’t answer. I came in...” After a long while, Susan put down the milk and took a few steps outside. She paused for a moment, then looked back at Vincent and asked softly, “Can we talk?”

Emily pulled Vincent’s arm, not letting him move. She looked at Susan and said, “I know what you want to ask him. Nothing happened between

us. It's just a relationship between a man and a woman. We don't have any plans to get married for the time being. Dad has gone. There are no elders in this family who care about me. You feel that you have the obligation to supervise me. But I am not a three-year-old child. I know the right and wrong and have the right to date a man."

This was the first time Susan had heard Emily speak so reasonably. She was stunned for a moment. But she was a little embarrassed when she thought of what she was going to say, "I'm sorry, Miss Emily. I just want to tell Mr. Vincent that if he comes next time, he can go to the front door. I don't know how he came up, but it's a little dangerous to climb the balcony window or something."

Words failed Emily.

Vincent pursed his lips into a smile and nodded at Susan. "Alright, I know."

"Then tonight you...?" Susan asked a little awkwardly.

Emily wanted to speak, but Vincent pinched her finger and said calmly, "I usually leave at around 1 am."

"Mr. Vincent, I believe that you won't abandon Miss Emily... But I still hope that you can treat her seriously. Miss Emily must like you very much, so she kept you from us for such a long time. But as elders, we... Can you understand? Mr. Maury just left, and we were all very worried about her. Although we were grateful that you comforted and accompanied her, but..." Susan couldn't continue. She turned around and wiped her tears. Then, she said to Emily, "I'm sorry, Miss Emily... I know I'm a servant and shouldn't be so nosy. But I'm afraid that the gossip outside will hurt you. So, I hope that if Mr. Vincent really wants

to continue developing this relationship, it's better to wait for a while to get engaged or something. At that time, you can enter and leave this house at will. “

“Okay, I know. Thank you for being so considerate of her.” Vincent said as he nodded at Susan.

Susan hurriedly bowed. She knew Mr. Vincent had great abilities and status. She was very worried that Miss Emily would end up being dumped. There must be a lot of women around Mr. Vincent. Although she didn't know why he liked Miss Emily, she dared not to believe that he would like Miss Emily from the beginning to the end.

That would be too unrealistic.

Even an ordinary man of working-class would cheat, not to mention an outstanding man like Vincent.

Susan's worry wasn't unreasonable.

Emily understood her worry as an elder and said to her, “We will give you an answer in a while.”

Susan knew that they were considering the engagement, so she immediately nodded and said, “Okay.”

But Emily didn't know that this promise was not fulfilled in the future ‘period of time’, and she wasn't able to wait for that so-called ‘period of time’.

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When Vincent returned to the Scavo's, he met a young man wearing a cap on the corridor on the second floor. When the young man saw him, he quickly took off his hat and knelt on one knee to make a gesture. His right hand clenched close to his heart, and his head bowed respectfully to the floor before letting go.

The young man took off his hat and he had gray hair all over his head.

Vincent looked at him and tilted his head slightly. Rex quickly opened the door of the study and invited him in.

“Young Master asked me to tell you that the plan will begin the day after tomorrow.” The white-haired man said.

“The day after tomorrow? Such a hurry?” Vincent sat on the chair, his expression a little gloomy.

“The old patriarch is dying. The young master is worried about you, so...” The white-haired man was very respectful.

“He's worried about me, or he's worried about himself? I'm going back to settle some personal matters. I don't want to get involved with their family business. Go and tell him that the plan has been delayed. I don't want to go back yet,” Vincent said with a mocking smile.

The white-haired man felt speechless.

“But...” The white-haired man seemed to be struggling. Perhaps it was because that he came with a mission. If he failed to complete the mission, he would definitely be punished when he returned.

“Rex.” Vincent had already stood up. When the white-haired man saw him stand up and leave, he immediately knelt on one knee. His right hand

clenched into a fist near his heart, his head close to the floor. He did not raise his head until Vincent left.

Rex stood aside and gestured to him, “Leave through the window yourself. It’s already open.”

The white-haired man nodded and thanked him. Then, he gently jumped out of the window and jumped down from the second floor. The sound of his landing was extremely soft and light, he was like a furry animal with a thick meat pad.

When Vincent came out of the shower, he saw Emily sent a WeChat message to him, “Are you awake?”

He made a video call back, and in a few seconds, the other side picked up, but it was dark on the other side, and it seemed that she was hiding in the bed.

“Why are you still awake?” His upper body was still bare, and drops of water slid down his Adam’s apple. He took his phone and walked to the bedroom. As he walked, the camera caught inadvertently his lower jaw, his sexy Adam’s apple, and pectoral muscles following his abdominal muscle stained with moisture.

Of course, it was for just a moment and before Emily could see clearly, the scene turned back to Vincent’s face.

“Are you angry with what Susan said today?” she asked quietly.

“No, I know I was wrong.” Vincent picked up the towel and wiped his hair. He threw the towel on the table and got dressed in a silk bathrobe. He then said, “She cares about you so much. I am grateful. Why would I be angry at her?”

Emily smiled, “Thank you, Vincent. You are so nice to me.”

“How are you going to repay me then?” Vincent chuckled.

“How do you want me to repay you?” Emily asked.

Vincent did not answer her question. Instead, he stood by the window and looked at the dark sky outside the window. He asked, “If one day I have nothing left, will you still be willing to be with me?”

“Yes. You can rely on me when the time comes.” Emily said without hesitation.

“Alright, then you should make more money and raise before when the time comes.” Vincent chuckled.

After hanging up the video, Rex brought a glass of water, placed it on the table, and asked hesitantly, “Sir, you’re not going to tell the little... Miss Emily about that?”

“No. I’ll take her with me when everything is settled here,” Vincent said calmly, pursing his lips after a sip of water.

Rex thought about it and realized that Vincent made a good plan.

Emily was lying on the bed, tossing and turning, unable to sleep. A moment later, she took out her phone and called Harold.

“Check and tell me what happened to the Scavo’s company recently.”

“What’s wrong?” Harold did not understand.

“I don’t know. I keep feeling that there was a double meaning of what Vincent said today. I don’t know if I’m mistaken or not, you need to help me check it out first.”

“Alright.”

...

The night before the Qingming Festival, Randy quietly got to the entrance of the training base with a small package in his hand.

Carl was traveling, but because he had to rush back to visit his grandmother’s grave, so he planned to go back to take a look first, and then he would continue his tour. Carl did not return to the Geller’s but found a hotel to stay. Randy, who should have accompanied him and stayed at the hotel, appeared at the gate in the name of coming back to see his team members.

It was already half-past eleven in the evening.

Lord Top sent a message to Wink, telling him not to alert anyone to come out and open the door for him. Then Randy told the other members not to tell Lord Top and returned to his bedroom under the cover of many of his members.

His bed was very tidy. The quilt was folded neatly, and the bedsheets were barely wrinkled. If it were not for the video call every night that monitored that Lord Top had been sleeping on this bed, Randy almost could not believe that she had really lived in here. It was too clean.

He couldn’t help but throw himself on the bed to feel it. There was a fragrance. He couldn’t tell what it was, but it was quite nice. Was it the shampoo of Lord Top? Or the shower gel?

In short, it smelled a little good. Randy felt that he, who was lying on the bed and smelling the bed sheets and pillow, was like a pervert.

He had smelled enough and got up at once to take a shower. His members were still playing games. In short, everyone maintained their previous state. Lord Top looked at the time after she finished her game. She was shocked when she knew that it was almost midnight. She picked up her phone and looked. Fortunately, Captain Randy did not make any video call. She thought about it and decided to go back to her room to take a shower and sleep.

When she got into her room, she felt an uncomfortable feeling in her head because she had been playing games for too long. She did not realize that the lights in the room were on, and there was a bag that she had never seen before on the chair. She took her own clothes and went into the bathroom. She was also confused. She wondered who would be so bold as to use the bathroom exclusively for the captain.

After the shower, Randy saw that there was someone in the bathroom in the opposite room. He quickly walked out. Through the wide transparent glass in the lounge, he saw that Lord Top was not here. He immediately turned back happily and walked around the bathroom door a few times. He felt that he was a pervert. He could not wait to see Lord, but he also wanted to know if she would be happy to see him.

Thinking of this, Randy suddenly glanced at the clothes placed on the door of the bathroom opposite the door. Lord Top liked to put her clothes at the door in case they got wet by the shower.

Randy remembered her snow-white slender legs. He could not help but feel a little itchy in his throat. He rubbed his hands and crept closer to the

bathroom of the room opposite his. He hooked out the trousers that were placed at the door with his fingers.

Lord Top had a slight mysophobia. When drinking and eating hotpot, she had to wash her hair that day. When her clothes were dirty, she had to wash them right away. Even if her clean pair of pants was gone, she would not take the second-best option to wear her dirty pants, not before they were washed clean.

It was the first time that Randy had done such a wicked thing. When he returned to his room, he was ashamed but also excited. His heartbeat went really fast, and he almost fainted from excitement.

Fortunately, it wasn't long before Lord Top finished her shower.

Randy stuck his ear close to the door and only heard a faint sound of the door opening. He did not hear anything else. He thought about it and could not help but turn off the light. He was worried that this would scare Lord. When he was about to turn on the light, Lord Top was already walking to the door and her footsteps sounded a little hurried.

As a result, Lord Top rushed in and turned on the lights in the room. She breathed a sigh of relief and lowered her head to wipe her hair with a towel. She did not pay attention to looking around. She took a few steps forward and bumped into Randy, who was about to act cool.

Lord Top felt speechless.

If this scene would be recorded in the annals of history, Randy would probably climb out of his grave to tear this part out of the annals.

Because it was too humiliating!

Lord Top actually did not see him from the beginning!

Not only did she not notice him, but when she bumped into him, she also screamed because she was too frightened.

“Hey, are you surprised? How are you feeling?” Randy forced a smile when he saw Lord’s face whose was so scared that her eyes almost popped out of her head.

Lord Top was speechless at the moment.

Billionaire’s Reborn Baby Chapter 540

The team members outside rushed to the door and knocked, “Lord Top! Are you okay?”

They seemed to have forgotten that their captain was still in the room.

When Randy lowered his head and saw the two slender legs of Lord Top, he suddenly looked up and shouted at the door, “It’s okay! Don’t come in!”

The team members were lost for words.

Lord Top was so frightened that her legs felt like jelly. She fell to the ground, gasping for breath with one hand covering her chest.

It was so exciting that there was another person in the room all of a sudden. If it weren’t for her strong psychological endurance, she would have been dead already.

“Did I scare you?” Randy poured her a glass of water, “Sorry, I’m standing here. I thought you could see me, but I didn’t expect...”

Lord Top didn't take his water but looked at him and suddenly asked, "Did you take my pants?"

Randy was lost for words.

Well...

Because of the special situation just now, he didn't even dare to look at her legs.

"I thought I forgot to take the one on the bed." Lord Top looked up at him in confusion, "Why did you take my pants?"

She seemed to be questioning a psychopath why he stole her underwear.

Randy blushed with shame, "I ... just..."

He didn't know how to explain it. Suddenly, he took off his pants with one hand.

She was lost for words.

Lord Top sat on the ground in shock and disbelief and took a step back.

Randy explained awkwardly, "I'm just thinking that since I've seen your legs, now you've also seen my legs. We are even. Don't mention it again."

Lord Top was so confused.

Randy lifted his pants, pulled out the blanket from the bed and covered it on Lord Top's legs.

Lord Top stood up from the ground and wrapped the blanket around her waist. She walked to the bedside, put on her pants, and looked at the captain behind her carefully, “Captain Randy, why do you suddenly come back?”

“Tomorrow is Qingming Festival.” Randy took a glance at her legs and looked away. Then he drank up the glass of water in his hand.

“Okay.” Lord Top put the blanket back on the bed and said softly, “Then I’m going back. Good night.”

In the video, they had a good time. Why did they feel a little embarrassed and shy when they met each other? They didn’t even dare to look at each other.

“I’ll leave tomorrow.” Randy pulled her to sit on the bed and let her go shyly, “Sit here and stay with me for a while.”

Lord Top sat stiffly and didn’t know what to say, so she lowered her head in silence.

Randy suddenly shouted, “I almost forgot. I brought you a gift.”

“A gift?” With a smile on her face, Lord Top asked casually, “Do we all have one?”

Randy was lost for words, “No, I just bought it for you.”

Lord Top was stunned, “Only me?”

Randy looked at her and said, “Why should I buy gifts for them... Anyway, I just bought you a gift.”

It was like he was expressing his love to her.

But Randy hasn't made a serious confession yet.

In the past few days, Lord Top was almost immune to his flirtation. She didn't ask much, because she could feel the captain's feelings for her.

But she was not here for dating.

She was...

"Sorry, I can't take your gift." Lord Top stood up, pushed away the gift from Randy, and ran to the door with a troubled look.

Randy grabbed her, "Why? You don't like me?"

When he was a playboy, he was handsome and rich. He could have all kinds of women, but he fell in love with games and was determined to spend the rest of his life in games. At that time, he met the person he fell in love with for the first time. He thought Lord Top was a boy, but it turned out to be a girl. He realized that whether she was a man or a woman, he liked Lord Top.

He could accept the fact that his confession failed or was rejected. But he needed to figure out why she refused him. Was it because she liked someone else, or...

"No." Lord Top shook her head.

"So you like me?" Randy said shamelessly, "Since you like me, why did you refuse my gift?"

“Captain Randy, I’m here to play the game. If I enter the National Championship, no matter what the result is, I will leave here after the game, leaving... You.” Lord Top lowered her head, like a student who had done something wrong.

Randy’s face turned pale.

“Then why didn’t you tell me earlier?” After a long time, he asked.

“I’m sorry.” Lord Top apologized.

“It’s meaningless to say sorry.” Randy glared at her.

Lord Top was lost for words.

Randy said, “You lied to me.”

Lord Top was lost for words.

Randy said, “How can you be so irresponsible?”

Lord Top was lost for words.

Randy said, “It wasn’t easy for me to like someone, but after you hurt my feelings. Are you going to leave like this? How could you do that?”

Lord Top was lost for words.

Randy said: “I don’t care. You must keep the gift. Even if you leave tomorrow, you have to stay with me today.”

Lord Top was lost for words.

“I don’t care why you are here, or who you are here for, but I tell you, you have provoked me, and even if you don’t love me, you must be mine!” After saying that, he pointed at the bed behind him and said, “I tell you, I don’t want to be a bully, or you won’t be able to get out of the bed tonight.”

Lord Top was lost for words.

“Are you afraid?” Randy put the gift into her hand, “You should be afraid. Put away the gift. It’s my first time bringing a gift to a girl. Don’t...” He wanted to say “Don’t be ungrateful”, but on second thought, he was afraid that she would leave. So he said, “Don’t you like it.”

Lord Top was lost for words.

“Open it and see if you like it,” Randy said.

Lord Top opened the gift box gently. There was almost everything in it, including the shell bracelet, the shell necklace, the shining small glass ball, a small keyboard pendant, and a small mud man. It looked like Captain Randy, and a mobile phone case, with the words “Top of the Tops & Lord Top” written on it.

It could be seen that this was indeed Randy’s first gift, he couldn’t wait to bring all the fun he saw outside to her.

“Thank you, Captain Randy.” Holding the box in her arms, Lord Top was a little hesitant. Before she lost consciousness, she said goodbye in a hurry, “I should go back.”

“Hey, I’m leaving tomorrow. Before I leave, can I...” asked Randy, who was standing behind her. “Can you give me a hug?”

Lord Top stopped.

Randy leaned against her back and hugged her. He buried his face in her shoulder and took a deep breath, "I'm under a lot of pressure recently. Let me hug you for a while."

Lord Top stood there without saying a word or moving.

After hugging her for a while, Randy slowly released her and said with a smile, "Go ahead."

Lord Top opened the door and walked out stiffly with the box in her arms.

Randy walked to the bedside and sat down. He lowered his head as if all his strength had been drained. The smile on his face gradually disappeared, leaving only a sad face.

In fact, Carl was not suitable for traveling. He began coughing up blood. Randy wanted to take him to the hospital but was stopped by Carl several times. But how could he watch his grandfather die?

There was a soft knock on the door.

Randy didn't respond. Instead, he heard Lord Top at the door say in a very low voice, "Captain when the National Competition is over, I... I... I will give you my answer, okay?"

"Are you so confident that you can enter the National Competition?"

Randy walked to the door and asked.

Perhaps without the awkwardness of being face-to-face, the two of them spoke normally. Lord Top replied without hesitation, “I will definitely enter the National Competition!”

“Okay..” Randy smiled and put one hand on the door as if he was clapping with someone outside, “I’m waiting for your answer.”