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“What?”

Kamron sat in the car and stared at the flames not far away. He asked the bodyguard who was driving in disbelief, “Is Emily having a car accident?”

The bodyguard stopped the car and replied in a daze, “It seems to be.”

Although Kamron was a vengeful person, he never dared to do something to Emily. She was backed by Vincent. Now, the Heytons were almost wiped out. Although the Scavos had helped, Kamron could not swallow this anger. His father had only done this for the sake of Donna. Emily should blame her mother, not the Heytons. They were not guilty, but they ended up like this. From the first time they met, Emily had tried to kill him, and even the last time she kidnapped him, she almost killed him. When he was finally discharged, he was hit by a car. It was definitely her.

It wasn't easy for him to keep going. His mother's grave was also in the suburbs. He followed her car all the way from the moment Emily swept the grave for Maury. He wanted to tie her up, but he saw Emily drive here.

Kamron was a little hesitant. If he remembered correctly, the grave of Vincent's mother was right here. It was very likely to meet him here.

Thinking of this, he was just about to ask the bodyguards to turn around and leave when he heard a loud explosion from the other side. Then there was a soaring fire, burning the sky red.

“Mr. Kamron? Are we leaving?” The bodyguard asked.

“Hurry up and drive over!” Kamron urged, “See if she’s dead or not!”

The bodyguard asked, “What if she dies?”

Kamron was suddenly in a daze.

He thought of that doll-like face with big eyes and cute smiles. He shook his head. These were all illusions. When Emily stabbed him, she was not cute at all. It was terrifying.

“If she is dead, take her corpse.” Kamron frowned slightly, “I think she won’t die. The scourge will last for a thousand years. She caused me to get into a car accident last time and I survived.”

“She didn’t want to kill you. She just wanted to teach you a lesson.” the bodyguard said.

Kamron glared at the rearview mirror, “Why are you teaching me a lesson for her?”

The bodyguard became silent.

As they drove past, the sound of explosions could be heard from afar. The bodyguard was a little nervous, “Mr. Kamron, it seems to be still exploding. Do you still want to go over? Why don’t I go take a look? Are you waiting in the car?”

“Stop talking!” Kamron got out of the car in a flustered manner, “You’re so long-winded. When you get there, her bones will be burnt to ashes!”

The bodyguard quickly got out of the car and supported him with a cane. “I mean, you can’t help me even if you go over. Look at your lame leg.”

“Do I need you to remind me?” Kamron poked him with the cane. “Get lost!”

The bodyguard then slipped away.

Kamron walked a few steps with the cane and turned back to glare at the bodyguard. “Hurry up and help me over!”

The bodyguard quickly went back.

“Mr. Kamron! It is Miss Emily!” The bodyguard held Kamron and walked over. From afar, he could see a person lying on the slope of the road. Her face was covered in blood. It was Emily. It could be seen from her clothes.

“Go and see if she is still breathing!” Kamron pushed the bodyguard away. Although Emily intended to kill him more than once, he really could not do anything to this little girl. He was never willing to see her dead, even if she stabbed his belly with a dagger and he almost lost his life.

He knew that she had been forced to do so.

Her father, Maury, had been forced to death by his father, Jackson, so she had come to take revenge.

It seemed that as long as he had this thought, he would never hate her again.

Clearly, he had almost died because of her, but when he found out that something had happened to her, he did not have any pleasant thoughts, only endless anxiety, and uneasiness, as well as faint anticipation.

He actually expected a girl who nearly killed him to live.

“She’s breathing! She’s still alive!” The bodyguard shouted at him.

Kamron’s hand that was leaning on the cane suddenly loosened a little. Only then did he feel that his palms were sweating from the nervousness.

“Send her to the hospital! Hurry up!”

“Okay, Mr. Kamron!”

Kamron walked to the three cars that had been blown up. He was far away and there was smoke burning in the car. He could not see anything clearly. He vaguely saw a license plate number blown away by the roadside. He saw a number in the distance and was immediately shocked. Vincent was also in the car!

“Phone!” Kamron shouted, “Give me your phone! Quick!”

The bodyguard was carrying Emily. When he heard this, he reminded, “Mr. Kamron, the phone is in your pocket.”

Kamron quickly threw away his cane and made a call. As soon as the call connected, he shouted, “Vincent is in trouble!”

...

Suddenly, a light drizzle began to fall from the sky. It was like the gentle touch of a lover.

Collin worked the whole night yesterday. During the day, a doctor took a temporary leave of absence and he had to work more. He stayed in the office for less than two hours. The more he slept, the more he felt tired. Therefore, he went out to buy a cup of coffee to refresh himself.

He did not go to the coffee shop these days, and he did not meet the woman again. Occasionally, he would think of her when he was drinking coffee. At midnight, he would be tossed and turned by the sound of panting.

He didn't pretend to be a couple with Kiki. Their parents wouldn't be easily fooled. So, he said that he didn't like women at all. Only then did his parents carefully tell him to take it slow. He would meet someone he liked.

He suddenly realized people always like to be reconciled and compromise. For example, if you said that the house was too dark and you needed to open a window here, everyone would not allow it. But if you decided to dismantle the roof, they would agree to open a window.

After eating a sandwich outside, Collin entered the hall with a pack of black coffee in his hand. When he passed by the operating room, Collin met Eliot who was sitting in the wheelchair. Beside him were Susan and the butler. They all looked a little angry.

Collin was about to greet them when he saw a group of people rushing in. They were Mr. Ferne, Noah, Jaquan, Emma, and Randy, who was preparing to continue his vacation after sweeping the grave, as well as Armando and Janessa who had just returned yesterday.

Collin quickly came to a conclusion from the expressions of these people, but he was not sure who had had an accident until Janessa asked, "How is it?"

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Coming late, she and Armando only heard that something bad had happened, but were not clear about the specific situation. Seeing so many

people at the door of the operating room, she immediately stood in front of Ferne and asked, “What’s going on now? Is it serious?”

“I’m not sure either.” Ferne looked around and finally saw Kamron sitting on the chair. He rushed over and lifted Kamron up by his collar, “You were at the scene? How did the car accident happen? Where is Vincent?”

“Ask the doctor. I don’t know. I only saved one person.” Kamron’s hands were covered in blood. He remembered, at the scene, the bodyguard placed Emily in the back seat of his car. In order to prevent her from falling down, Kamron had no choice but to hold her in his arms.

Emily closed her eyes and had no movements. But for she still breathing, Kamron would have thought she was dead.

“Who had you saved?” Ferne asked. Ferne only heard from the police’s phone call that there was a car accident on the road to the cemetery in the city, where the license plate of the Scavos’ car was found among the wreck, that there were several burnt bodies in the car, which were being tested DNA in the autopsy department of the police station, and that only one person was rescued and now was treated in the hospital.

He only expected that the person who had been rescued was Vincent, so he did not go to the police station to check the burnt bodies. Instead, he rushed all the way to the operating room in this hospital.

However, when he saw Eliot and Susan, he was suddenly uncertain about whether Vincent was alive. The reason why they were waiting here was too obvious. He couldn’t believe that Vincent was not the one to have been rescued.

Right! He selfishly thought how good it was if the one in the operation room was Vincent. He did not care about any other people's lives, not even Emily's. He only wanted his good brother, Vincent, to be alive.

The door of the operating room opened, and a nurse rushed out. Eliot and Susan quickly surrounded her and asked, "How is she now?"

The nurse with a mask shouted anxiously, "There are not enough blood bags, I need to get the blood bags! Don't block me unless you want her to die!"

The crowd immediately got out of her way.

The little nurse ran off in a hurry and returned with a pile of blood bags a moment later.

When Ferne saw the blood type on the blood bag, his legs immediately became weak. Vincent was a B-type blood, but the blood bag clearly had an O-type mark on it.

If the one in the operating room was Emily, where's Vincent?

Could it be that he was among the pile of burnt corpses in the police station?

Ferne's face was pale. Randy also saw the blood type and pulled him out. "Go, let's go to the police station. We will accept it if he was..."

"No. There is no "if". There is no need to check the corpses! Vincent can't be dead! You Shut up!" Ferne pushed him.

Randy also pushed him. "Look what you are doing now! We have to face it no matter what the result is!"

“Shut up! He is not there at all!” Ferne roared as he glared at him.

“Calm down!” Noah grabbed his wrist.

Ferne flung him away but failed to shake him off anyhow. Ferne wore a grief-stricken face, “How can I calm down? Noah, you tell me! Vincent is my good brother who grew up with me! If he died, how can I calm down?”

Noah did not say anything but just patted him on the shoulder.

Jaquan said with a serious look, “I’ll go to the scene to take a look. You guys go to the police station...” He looked at Ferne and wanted to finish the following words but did not say it out. He just pulled Emma away.

Janessa judged from the conversation between them. When she arrived at the waiting room and saw Emily’s family here, she almost understood the situation. However, she clearly heard on the phone that Vincent had a car accident, but she did not know why Emily had also been sent to the operating room. It was obvious that the remaining one was not sent to be treated. To a large extent, it meant they were dead...

It was at this moment that she suddenly felt the weakness of life.

The group of people looked at each other, their eyes suddenly turning red.

“I won’t go. Vincent can’t be there! He must be in another hospital!”
When Ferne saw Collin, he asked him, “Do you have any contact information from other hospitals? Help me ask if there are any...”

Randy said angrily, “Ferne, what’s wrong with you? If Vincent was sent to another hospital, would we still be standing here? use your brain to think about it.”

“Yes! I am not as smart as you! Then tell me where Vincent is!” Ferne roared back.

Janessa stood up and said, “Don’t quarrel in the hospital. Let’s go out and talk. Ferne, go to the police station and see if there is anyone who has been rescued and sent to another hospital. And, have you ever called Vincent? Maybe he is not in that car at all. Do you get the video from the police? Find the perpetrators first to ask...”

She was the only one here who remained clear-minded, but her words caused the atmosphere to fall to the freezing point.

“Do you think I haven’t called before? I can’t get through to his phone. To ask the perpetrators?” Ferne looked at her, “the three cars crashed into each other and the cars exploded three times. It was almost all burnt out. No one else alive was found at the scene. The police told me that they found a broken leg under the slope. Should I claim it to be Vincent?” He wiped his tears with his palm after finishing speaking.

“Janessa is right. Let’s go to the police station to check the situation. Waiting here is no...” Randy glanced at Eliot and Susan at the entrance of the operating room and said in a low voice, “Emily should be fine.”

“Alright.”

Just as the group was about to leave, they saw a middle-aged woman in a hospital gown rushing over from the other side. She looked haggard and seemed to be in her forties or fifties, but she was extremely thin. She coughed, with a pair of skinny hands covering her chest. When she arrived at the door of the operating room, she asked the butler, “How is Emily?”

The butler said with a sad look, “Still under rescuing.”

Donna's eyes turned red, tears falling down instantly. She immediately put her hands together, muttering, "God bless my child. I am willing to atone for her sins in this life and the next life. You can punish me however you want. God, please bless my child..."

She made a devout pray to the direction of the operation room.

Not far away, Kamron watched this scene. He did not feel well. The blood in his palm was still sticky on his skin. The picture that the girl was lying in his arms with her eyes closed and her face covered in blood still appeared on his mind.

It was obviously a great opportunity to take revenge. If he had sat by and just left, perhaps he would be able to see the news headlines about the death of Emily Britt, the younger daughter of the Britt Group.

But he saved Emily.

As if he owed her in his last life, he passed over her harm to him every time. And he even made himself kidnapped and stabbed by her.

The more Kamron thought about it, the more he felt that he might have committed some sins in his last life, so he was here to pay off his debts.

He stood up with his cane and left without looking back.

Donna saw Kamron's back as he left. She bowed in his direction from afar and said silently, "Thank you."

She owed the Heytons too much, and also to the Britts, so much so that she could not able to compensate them for her entire life.. She closed her eyes, and two streams of tears rolled down from the corners of her eyes.

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“When we arrived, the fire had been on for about half an hour. According to the extent of the damage of the four corpses, we can only extract DNA from the bones and then compared them to their parents’. It will take about twenty days. Please wait patiently. And given that Vincent and his parents are not here, we called Rolando half an hour ago, but he hasn’t come.”

At the entrance of the autopsy department, everyone kept silent after the medical expert finished his report. It looked as if someone had suddenly pressed the pause button and everyone including their expressions kept still.

“What about the surveillance cameras on the road?” Noah asked.

“The surveillance camera was just within the range of the explosion and the entire line was blown up. We could see a small area only through the full-range surveillance camera at the cemetery, but it was blocked by trees. We could only see the fire of the explosion. Judging from the fire, there were three explosions.” The medical expert said.

“What about witnesses?” Ferne suddenly calmed down. “Who called the police except for Kamron?”

“Sorry, I don’t know. You can ask the police officer who came to the scene.” The medical expert looked at everyone and said, “I have told you everything I can answer. You can know more after reading the autopsy report in twenty days.”

Everyone was silent. Ferne’s phone rang. It was Jaquan.

Ferne suddenly did not dare to answer the call. He was afraid that it was bad news.

Noah answered the phone and turned on the speaker. Jaquan's hoarse voice echoed in the corridor, "I didn't find any other ... remnants."

He used "remnants" to describe Vincent's body.

Ferne suddenly broke down in tears. He covered his face and bit the back of his hand hard to try not to care, but his tears kept falling.

Randy sat down on the ground with his back against the wall. He lowered his head and covered his forehead with a hand.

Armando stood there in silence. He did not say a single word, but his eyes darkened.

Janessa stood there, loss for words. She wanted to say that it wasn't confirmed that the corpse was Vincent. But Jaquan did not find anything else at the scene. After the accident, Emily was rushed to the hospital. And there were only a few incomplete corpses that burned to bones. The police could not even tell how many corpses there were because they were incomplete and it was hard to put them together. However, they put together four corpses and they were working on the rest. Conservatively speaking, there could be at least four or five corpses.

It was highly likely that one of them was Vincent.

Vincent was seen to get on the car in the all-around surveillance of the cemetery. Vincent, the driver, Rex, Emily's driver, and the other driver were at the scene. The number of the people and corpses matched.

Ferne cried so hard because he hoped that Vincent and his guards were alive. But when he learned the numbers of the corpses, he suddenly fell silent.

He forgot that there was another possibility. Vincent died, so his guards died too.

“I’m going to the Scavo’s.” Randy stood up. His white skin gave an obvious contrast to his red eyes.

Ferne nodded and he didn’t make a sound. He walked out step by step. Suddenly, he said, “Do you still remember the first time you met Vincent?”

The first time Ferne met Vincent, he was very young. He forgot exactly how old he was. All the children were messing around at the banquet, but Vincent sat there quietly. He looked aloof, just like an adult.

At that moment, Ferne felt that Vincent was different from others. He thought that Vincent was a loner, so he tried to play with Vincent. But Vincent asked him, “What is your IQ?”

Ferne had no idea what IQ meant. After a while, he asked, “What did you say?”

The Little Vincent looked at Ferne with disgust and said, “I don’t talk to people with an IQ lower than 130.”

Poor Ferne! He didn’t know what IQ was at that age and was disliked.

He was gloomy and came to his good friends, Jaquan, Randy, and Armando. They got to Vincent together, but...

“You all thought that Vincent was smarter and followed him instead of me. I was jealous and thought that he took my friends away. I even sulked for a long time.” Ferne said in a low voice. He suddenly wiped out his tears and said, “Let’s go. Who wants to practice with me?”

This was how Vincent taught him.

Ferne felt quite sorrowful after saying this.

“Noah, tell me that Vincent is still alive.” After getting in the car, Ferne sat in the passenger seat and looked out of the window absentmindedly. “Tell me! Is he still alive?” Ferne turned around and looked at Noah, hoping to get an affirmative answer. It seemed that Vincent must be alive if Noah nodded.

“Yes. He must still be alive.” Noah drove the car.

Noah did not think that people like Vincent would die easily. But he could not explain those burnt corpses, so he could only deceive himself and say, “He must be alive.”

It was more like that he comforted Ferne than himself.

Noah was clear that there would never be another person like Vincent in City Y.

What a pity if he died!

...

A week later, at the city hospital.

Emily’s brain suffered a great injury. She was unconscious for three days after the surgery. On the fourth day, she woke up and was conscious for only a short time. She opened her eyes, looked at the ceiling and slowly closed her eyes.

The doctor said that Emily's brain suffered a huge impact. If she woke up, she would feel dizzy and painful, and she would even vomit. But it was normal. There is no need to make a fuss.

Although her neck was fine, the doctor still reinforced the corrector in case she would turn her neck too hard and feel dizzy. So when the corrector was removed a week later, Emily just woke up again.

She was conscious a little longer than last time. She looked at the row of people standing on the side, and there was even a person sitting in a wheelchair. She was confused, afraid, and sad. She was overwhelmed by her emotions and burst into tears when she saw Donna.

“Mom ... Mom...”

She didn't make any sound but it could be confirmed that she was calling mom according to her lips.

Donna walked to the bed in tears of joy and held Emily's hand. She quickly wiped out the tears on her face and comforted, “Emily, I'm here. You will be OK.. Don't be afraid.”

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“Mom ... Mom...” Emily pursed her lips and cried like a wronged little girl, making everyone present teary.

‘They are blood-related after all. Otherwise, Emily won't suddenly get close to Donna after the accident.’ Susan thought.

“Have some water. Don't move. I will get you a straw to drink. You must feel dizzy lying for so long. Don't move. I will feed you.” Donna took a cup of water, inserted a straw, and brought it to Emily's mouth. Seeing her drink it, she wiped her mouth.

“How do you feel? Do you feel better?” Donna turned around, bit her lips, and coughed, “Don’t nod your head. Blink your eyes once if you feel better. Twice if not.”

Emily blinked her eyes once.

“It’s good that you feel better. Everyone is worried about you.” Donna said in relief.

Susan and the butler pushed Eliot forward. Worried that the noise would disturb her, everyone came one by one and lowered their voices.

The butler said, “Miss Emily, it’s good that you are fine. Mr. Eliot has already gone back to work and everything is fine in the company. Don’t worry. By the way, Miss Smith went here and brought many gifts. She asked me to tell you that she will come to see you again.”

“Miss Emily, I made some desserts. I’ve asked the doctor and you can eat them. If you want, I’ll get them for you.” Said Susan.

Eliot waited for them to finish. Soon he said in a low voice, “I’m sorry. I was a little impulsive that day. I feel so sorry these days. If I hadn’t said those words to you, you wouldn’t have done something like this. I’m sorry.”

Emily blinked her wide eyes as she watched all of this, confused. She looked at Donna, moving her dry lips, “Mom ... Who are they?”

She had drunk water, so she could speak despite her dry throat. The room was quiet then, and everyone present heard her.

Donna was shocked, then looked at her in panic, “Emily, what are you saying? They are your family. You don’t remember them?”

“My ... family?” Emily seemed to recall something, then turned to other places for a long time. She slowly looked at Donna, “Where’s dad?”

The whole ward fell into funeral silence again.

Eliot frowned as he looked at Emily. Then he turned his wheelchair towards the outside. Susan and the butler followed quickly behind.

A few minutes later, the doctor came over, checked Emily again, and asked her a few questions.

When Eliot, Susan, and the others heard her answer, they were all shocked.

“Can you tell me what’s your age?” Asked the doctor.

“Seven ... years old...” Emily spoke very slowly. It was probably because she felt difficult to speak or pronounce. Every time she answered a question, she looked at Donna as if wanted to be praised. Donna, who had been shocked, immediately switched to an encouraging expression.

The doctor said, “Then do you know why you are lying here?”

“Fell ... down.”

The doctor asked patiently, “Can you tell me why you fell?”

This time, Emily thought for a long time. She looked at Donna, then the doctor, “I ... carelessly ...”

The doctor said to Donna, “Can you leave for a while?”

Donna stood up in a panic and wanted to say something, but stopped under the doctor’s comforting gaze. She walked out, feeling complicated.

“Your mom has already left. I promise not to tell her. This is a secret between us, okay? Can you tell me now? Why did you fall?” The doctor asked.

Emily looked at the butler, Susan, and Eliot who was in the wheelchair.

“We won’t tell her.” Susan and the butler shook their heads.

Eliot was worried that Emily had plotted this. He was afraid of being tricked and suspected that Emily was lying till this moment.

To know the truth, he had to follow, “I won’t tell her either.”

Emily said softly, “Dad ... and ... Mom ... quarreled...”

In the attending physician’s office. “She said that?” Donna stood up, “I quarreled with Maury, and she fell. She said she was only seven...”

‘She’s demented?’

‘No. She’s not demented.’

‘She had her memory remained at seven.’

That year, she found out that Maury had a family and quarreled with him. Emily came out, fell on a rainy day, and had a fever...

The doctor nodded, “She was mentally ill before, protecting and isolating herself subconsciously. She will refuse to accept the fact.”

“She’s not mentally ill!” Donna said angrily, “She’s normal!”

“Madam, calm down. We’re discussing a treatment plan.” The doctor said as he stood up.

Donna tilted her head and coughed a few times, “She is not mentally ill! I won’t allow you to say that!”

“Well. No mental illness. Can we call it a psychological barrier?”

Donna did not make a sound.

The doctor spread out his hands, “Alright, let’s put it this way. She remained at seven years old. Yesterday was about a quarrel between you and your husband, and she fell.” He looked at Susan, the butler, and Eliot who was silent on the wheelchair, coming to a cruel conclusion, “She doesn’t remember anyone else.”

“Will that be cured?” Donna asked worriedly.

The price of Emily calling her mother was Emily’s getting sick. She would rather Emily never call her again if she could be safe and healthy.

“Wasn’t she fine before you brought her here?” The doctor opened his medical case and said, “How did she recover before?”

Susan and the butler looked at each other in dismay, looking at Eliot in the end.

Eliot frowned, “I don’t know. I think she...” Emily wore the same expression as ten years ago when she first came to the Britt family. His faith was shaken. Perhaps Emily was genuine when she had just come to the Britt family.

Then how did she recover?

Eliot didn’t know.

“I don’t know. Have you seen any cured cases in the past?” Eliot asked.

The doctor looked at the medical case, “There were.”

“Then cure her. No matter how much it costs.” Donna said anxiously.

“It’s not up to me. There are cases uncured for a lifetime. It depends on the individual for sure. The priority is to cure her body. If she recovers, her psychological barrier may disappear too.”

“What if her body recovers and her brain has not recovered?”

“Then we will proceed with our treatment plan. We can talk about it in detail then.” The doctor said.

“Well. Thank you, doctor.” Donna thanked him and turned around coughing.

The doctor looked at her and asked, “You are the patient upstairs?”

Donna hadn’t been wearing the patient’s gown. Ever since Emily had the car accident, she seemed to cough less than usual. It’s right that a mother needs to be strong.

“I am.”

The doctor looked at the crowd and didn’t say much. He only warned, “You should take care of yourself.”

Donna nodded and thanked him.

She had an incurable illness, waiting for death. Emily mustn’t be like her.. Thinking of Emily, she suddenly had strength.

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Something big had happened in City Y recently!

The head of the Scavo family, Vincent, had a car accident on the way to the cemetery more than half a month ago. Except Emily being saved, there were only a few burnt corpses left on the scene. The news had been suppressed for more than half a month. It was not until today when Rolando came back from the autopsy department that he issued an obituary and officially announced the death of Vincent in a car accident.

For a time, all the citizens of City Y were immersed in this sad news, and even many women secretly wiped their tears with great sorrow.

Over the past few days, the Scavo's had been bustling with friends from the business world. Other than that, the various branches of the family also came to express their condolences to their relatives and friends. However, Ethen, who was most likely to be the next head of the Scavo family, had yet to appear.

In a high-class hotel suite, Ethen held the autopsy report in his hand. He flipped through a few pages and threw them back onto the coffee table. "Dead or alive, I have to see him. Although there is one corpse, I believe it is not Vincent."

"Rolando has admitted it. What else do you doubt?" Bruce frowned as he said earnestly, "Hurry up to meet him. Everyone has seen your performance and you will soon be the head of the family."

"Dad, you are too naive." Ethen picked up a glass of wine from the coffee table and took a sip. "I came back from Italy, took over the affairs of the family, and then Vincent suddenly had a car accident. Don't you think that all these things happened too..."

Bruce's eyes lit up. "That's right! It's as if it was fated. Perhaps even God couldn't bear to watch it and wanted to kill him. That's why they let you be the head."

Ethen was lost for words.

Ethen looked at him in confusion. "Dad, I really don't understand. How did you give birth to a son as smart as me? Could it be that I inherited all my mother's genes?"

There was a dead silence.

Bruce's face was red as he cursed, "Bastard!"

Ethen stood up and tried his best to make it easier to understand. "What I mean is that those things seemed to be secretly manipulated. They happened so reasonably and smoothly, making it impossible for anyone to find doubtful points."

Bruce continued to guess, "So do you mean ... someone is helping us behind the scenes?"

Words failed Ethen.

"Dad, you should go back. I don't think we have anything to talk about." Feeling like he was casting pearls before swine, Ethen couldn't help but sit on the sofa and wave at Bruce.

"How can you talk to me like that?" Bruce chided with knitted eyebrows.

"I am puzzled. Are you indeed my father?" Ethen sighed.

"Bastard!" Bruce cursed.

“Alright, alright, alright. I know I’m a bastard, okay? I’ll go later. You can leave.” Ethen pushed Bruce to the door. “Take care. Goodbye.”

Before Bruce could finish his sentence, the door was closed.

He suppressed his anger and could not help but think about what Ethen meant. Because he could not figure it out for a long time, he assumed that there was a kind person who did good things by helping his son to be the head of the family.

“Ethen.” Ethen’s assistant, Kevin, came in and handed to Ethen the relevant information about the product price. “This is the price list that the engineers and the product research and development department rushed out late at night. Take a look.”

After taking the document, Ethen sat down on the chair from the sofa, turned on the computer, and verified the decimal places. Then he rubbed his temples, closed the document, and asked Kevin, “What do you think Vincent threw such a big hot potato to me? I wonder where he is now.”

“Do you think Vincent is still alive?” Kevin asked in surprise.

“I believe that he didn’t die and all of this is within his plan.” Ethen patted the back of his neck. Upon seeing this, Kevin swiftly went over to relax his muscles by massaging his shoulders and neck. Ethen stretched and said lazily, “Did you notice? Last time in Italy, he was injured, so all the cooperation matters over there were transferred to me. Did anyone raise any objections at the family meeting? No.”

“At the time, I thought that he intentionally got injured.” Ethen yawned. “Look, as soon as he was injured, all affairs in Italy were left to me. No one had any objections. Although it looks reasonable, I kept feeling that something was wrong. And in this car accident, all the people in the car died coincidentally. Do you think I will believe it?”

“How do you explain the autopsy report?” Kevin questioned.

Ethen waved his hand as a gesture of stopping massaging before getting up from the chair. When he passed by the coffee table, he picked up a cherry tomato and threw it into his mouth. “It’s all within the plan. How can someone pick out a flaw? There must be something in the dark.”

“If it is so, Rolando would find a loophole. He is so shrewd. How could he be cheated by these tricks?” Kevin questioned.

Ethen gave him a look of appreciation. Talking to his assistant was more enjoyable than to his brainless father.

“This is also one of my doubts. Normally, Rolando should have done careful appraisals in various places. However, he issued an obituary after taking just one autopsy report without doubting the authenticity of it at all. It was as if ... he had made preparations.”

Kevin asked thoughtfully, “Could it be that this is also within Vincent’s plan?”

Ethen wiped his hands with a tissue. “But it doesn’t make sense. Vincent is Rolando’s only grandson. What good will it do him if Vincent dies?”

Right. If Vincent was dead, anyone but Rolando could benefit from it.

“Unless...” Kevin entertained a bold guess, but he immediately stopped talking at the thought of something.

“Unless what?” Ethen looked at him.

Not daring to say anything, Kevin shook his head. “Nothing.”

“Say it. Don’t keep me in suspense.” Ethen pointed at Kevin. “I hate it when people break off in mid-sentence.”

“That’s what I was thinking. Please don’t be angry after hearing this. Unless ... Vincent is not Rolando’s grandson. Otherwise, what good will there be in this matter?” Kevin explained immediately.

Ethen stood there. His usually smiling face was slightly gloomy, and his eyes were serious. He knitted his eyebrows as he was looking in the direction of Kevin. It was more like he was just thinking about something in a daze.

“I’m sorry, Ethen. I said something wrong. Don’t blame me,” Kevin apologized instantly.

“Yes, you’re right.” Ethen frowned and sat down on the sofa. “Many things indeed happened in the family earlier, but people were tight-lipped and unwilling to talk about them. Maybe it was forbidden, but I vaguely know one thing. Vincent was brought back by Rolando at a very young age. At that time, he was just a baby ... It is possible that something went wrong.”

“You mean...” Kevin immediately realized that his guess might be right and widened his eyes in surprise.

Ethen warned, “Never let the third person know this. If I find it, you know your end.”

“Understood!” Kevin respectfully bowed his head.

Ethen picked up the wine glass again and said after a while, “Whether he is or not, he is still my brother.”

Kevin couldn't understand. In his view, Vincent was cold to everyone and was neither good nor bad to Ethen. At least, among the children of the entire branch family, Vincent had taken care of Ethen a bit.

Ethen took a sip of wine and said, "In the whole family, although he is cold to me, he has taught me many things. He passed on his survival skills to me. I finally know why he picked me. Someone weak as my father will never be the head of the family. My mother has brains but isn't decisive. As for me ... I have to say, he's very accurate in his judgment."

He smiled slightly and gestured to the front with his wine glass, as if he was toasting, and then finished the wine.

"Of course I won't let him down."

Ethen stood up. "Pack up. We're going to the Scavo's."

"Yes!"

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 556

"Emily ... Do you know him?"

In the ward, a television was broadcasting the news of Vincent's death in a car accident. Emily who was preparing to leave the hospital stood in front of the TV and looked at the photo of him blankly. The man in the photo had a pair of cold eyes. His raised eyebrows and narrowed keen eyes gave him a hint of sharpness. He had a nose with a high bridge, thin lips, and indifferent facial features, which made him cold-hearted.

Emily shook her head. "No, I don't."

"Alright, let's go home then." Donna patted her head.

“Okay.” Emily held her hand and asked fawningly, “Mom, after we go home, don’t quarrel with Dad, okay?”

Donna stiffened. When she turned back, her eyes were red. She held back her tears and nodded at Emily. “Alright, we won’t quarrel any more. I promise you.”

Emily smiled sweetly. When she walked out of the ward and saw a group of strangers standing outside, she hid behind Donna somewhat fearfully.

A group of people gathered at the door, including Ferne, Noah, Christy, Emma, Jaquan, Randy, Lord Top, Armando, Janessa, Collin. Susan, the butler, Lynn, Sydnee, and Eliot in a wheelchair were standing on the right. Eliot had the rods in his legs just removed today. He had to sit in the wheelchair for a few days to relax his leg.

There was such a huge crowd standing at the door. No wonder Emily would be scared. Even visitors passing by were curious about what happened here and kept looking at them.

“Emily, say goodbye to these friends.” Donna held her hand and pulled her in front of everyone. “These ... are all your friends. Say goodbye to them.”

“Are they my ... friends?” Emily looked at the unfamiliar faces in fear. They were obviously much older than her. She looked at her mother hesitantly. She did not understand why there were suddenly a group of strangers who claimed to be her friends. She did not have any memory of them.

Janessa suddenly said, “Don’t be afraid, it’s fine. We are here to see you off. Let’s go.”

Emily revealed an awkward smile, and then quickly hid behind Donna. She wanted to hide herself by clinging to Donna's hands closely. But then she realized that it was Donna's shoulder. Being confused, she found her mother looked much older than she thought. Her hair had turned gray and her skin was much wrinkled.

The sound of high heels could be heard. Everyone turned around and saw a woman wrapped in a black trench coat. She wore a sun hat and a pair of large sunglasses. Her face was covered with a mask and she also saw them from a distance. The woman suddenly bent down to take off her mask and took a few deep breaths. Then she put on a mask and rushed over quickly. The assistant behind her shouted at her with a bouquet of flowers, "Stephanie, your flowers!"

Stephanie quickly turned around and hinted her to keep her voice down. "Don't shout so loudly!"

Her assistant quickly covered the mouth, handed the flowers over, and whispered to her, "I'll wait for you in the car."

Stephanie waved at her, and then rushed to Emily with a bunch of flowers in her arms, panting.

It had been a month. Stephanie had come here three times, and this was the fourth time.

Emily remembered her but was still cautious.

Stephanie came up to Emily, took off her mask and sunglasses, and gave her the flowers, "Congratulations on your discharge."

Emily glanced at Donna.

"Take it." Donna nodded.

Emily reached out and took the bouquet carefully. Stephanie looked at her and could not help but reach out to hug her. With misty eyes, she said softly, "It's good to forget. If you forget, you won't be sad. Live your life well. As long as you live, there will be hope."

Emily did not understand what she was saying. Furthermore, she was not used to being hugged when holding flowers in her arms. Her eyes were filled with uneasiness.

"She's also your friend. It's fine, don't be afraid," said Donna, patting Emily's head comfortingly.

Emily was even more uneasy.

She had indeed never seen those people before. But suddenly they all showed up during the days in the hospital.

She did not dare to say this out because the first time she said it, several women cried. Now they were also standing here.

"Can I go to your house to find you in the future?" Stephanie asked. There was a beautiful teardrop mole at the end of her eye. It looked especially enchanting on her face.

Emily didn't know how to answer it so she looked at Donna for help.

Donna nodded so Emily also nodded.

She could not understand the emotions in these people's eyes. Some of them cried, which made her confused. Those older brothers asked her if she remembered anything about night snacks. Without any clue, Emily just shook her head blankly and helplessly.

Emily returned to the villa Jackson bought. Donna, Maury, and she lived here eleven years ago.

When she got in a car at the entrance of the hospital and left, Ferne and his group watched her leave until the car disappeared from their view and could no longer be seen.

Everyone looked up at the sky in silence, as if they were sighing about how fate was unpredictable while holding back their tears.

Jaquan silently clenched Emma's hand.

Emma looked back at him and said confidently, "She will remember. I have a hunch."

The others didn't reply. So what if she remembered?

Vincent was gone.

There was nothing she could do.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 557

When the car stopped, Emily stared at the door and said, "It feels a little strange."

Donna got out of the car and asked, "Why?"

"The house, the trees, and the ground." Emily pointed to the ground and said with a distressed frown, "It feels different."

It had been eleven years. It couldn't be the same as time passed by. When people noticed that, it was too late.

Emily looked at the grass in a daze. Donna asked, “What are you looking at?”

Emily pointed at the newly sprouted grass.

“Then I’ll go clean up the room.” Donna left.

Emily stood there and glanced at the grass. Then she looked at the sun and was suddenly in bewilderment. She remembered that this place had been dug out by her. There should be no grass. Had the ant hole been filled by her mother?

She was just about to check the surrounding grass to see if she remembered correctly in the direction of the ant cave when she heard the sound of a car behind her. She looked back and saw a young man coming down from the car with a cane.

Seeing her look over, the man seemed a little uncomfortable. He coughed lightly and pretended to be calm. “There’s no need to thank me. I was just passing by.”

Emily felt very disturbed and puzzled.

Kamron realized that something was wrong and immediately said to the bodyguard behind him, “Go and check whether she has bricks on her hand.”

The bodyguard was speechless.

The bodyguard walked around Emily and saw that there were only a few pieces of mud beside her. He returned to report, “No danger.”

Kamron breathed a sigh of relief and subconsciously held his crotch. He pushed the bodyguard in front of him and said, “Go and tell her that I have something to talk with her.”

The bodyguard walked up to Emily and said, “Mr. Kamron has something to tell you.”

After that, he returned to protect Kamron.

“Told her not to hit me,” Kamron said.

The bodyguard repeated it again. When he came back, he couldn’t stand it anymore and said to Kamron, “Mr. Kamron, she just left the hospital. Even if she hit you, she wouldn’t have much strength. You are a strong man. It’s not a big deal.”

“What did you say?” Kamron looked at the bodyguard angrily, “Are you stupid? Do you want to get fired?”

Emily looked at the two of them like they were fools.

Then, she walked to the door, and shouted to Donna, “Mom, there is a strange man outside.”

Kamron was speechless.

“He doesn’t look like a good person,” Emily said to Donna.

Kamron was lost for words.

And so was the bodyguard.

After ridiculing Mr. Kamron for being ugly, Miss Emily criticized him again, which would probably depress him for at least four months.

Donna opened the door and came out. She was surprised to see Kamron, but she still behaved calmly and said, “Come in?”

Kamron shifted his gaze away from Emily's face, his expression a little complicated, "No, I'm just passing by."

Donna looked at him and said, "I haven't thanked you for saving Emily. Thank you."

"You're welcome." Kamron disliked talking with Donna. Before, she was the lover of his father, and now she was Emily's mother.

He was not familiar with her at all.

He waved his hand and couldn't help but ask, "She..."

Emily was a little strange. When Kamron spoke, she hid behind Donna, occasionally sticking out her head to peek at him, like a child.

Donna hugged Emily with a look of pity, "She has suffered a heavy blow in her brain and forgot some things. She feels that she is only seven years old now."

"Seven?" Kamron widened his eyes.

Probably because his expression was a little scary, Emily suddenly went in and did not come out.

When he returned to the car, Kamron sat in the back seat for a long time before he called someone.

After hesitating for a long time, he said, "I think it is a little difficult to communicate with her."

"What's the problem? Is she too sad to believe you?"

Kamron shook his head. "No, she seems to be stupid."

The other person on the phone was confused.

“She doesn’t remember Mr. Vincent at all. Do you understand?” Kamron explained.

The other person on the phone was perplexed.

They were both silent for a moment.

“Bring her over.” the other side said.

“What?” Kamron asked in confusion, “Didn’t you say that you only need to let her know? Moreover, she lost her memories. What can you do with her?”

“Something happened here.”

“What happened?” He asked.

After a long while, Kamron spoke in disbelief.

“Fuck!”

Billionaire’s Reborn Baby Chapter 558

“No matter what you do, I will stay with you. I believe you will do everything you want to do.”

“With me protecting you, no one will dare to bully you in the future. I will make up for the grievances you suffered in the past.”

Someone was talking in her ears. It was a very low voice. The figure was very tall. Occasionally, he would stand behind or close to her. Emily

wanted to hear his voice, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't hear it. She wanted to see his face but she only saw blurry shadows.

She saw him walking towards a fire, and with a deafening explosion, his figure also disappeared.

...

Someone was shouting, and the sound could almost pierce through the eardrums.

Emily gasped and woke up. Donna was rushing over from the next room. After turning on the light, she nervously held Emily's shoulder and asked, "What's wrong? Did you have a nightmare? Do you want me to sleep with you?"

Emily looked at her strangely.

Donna reached out to touch her forehead, but before she could touch it, she was pushed away by Emily. Emily covered her head and asked, "Why are you here?"

"What?" Donna was stunned for a moment.

Emily sized up the room and found that it was a little strange, but also familiar.

"Why are you in my room? Who let you in? Where's Susan?" Emily asked, frowning.

Donna was stunned for a long time before she let out a sigh of relief. She almost cried in disbelief as she looked at her. "You remember everything? That's good. I thought ... I'll call them right now." She rushed back to her room to get her phone.

Emily got up. As soon as she got off the bed, the dizziness became more and more intense. Her vision went blank and she fell again.

When she woke up again, it was already noon the next day.

The living room downstairs was full of people. Donna was talking to someone in a low voice. “She should be waking up soon. Don’t worry. Last night, she talked to me and asked me where Susan was. She remembered...”

Emily walked down the stairs. When the people in the living room heard the noise, they all stopped and turned to look at her in unison. Emily was wearing a white nightdress. Her black hair draped over her shoulders, making her little face even more delicate. Her eyes were as big and black as grapes. Her nose and mouth were small and cute.

She walked down in confusion. She swept her glance through the crowd and finally found Donna. Then she rushed over and held Donna’s arm. She asked, “Mom, why are there so many people?”

...

Everyone in the living room was silent for a few seconds before they looked at Donna in unison.

Donna was also stunned. Then, she pulled Emily and asked, “Didn’t you ... what happened last night? Didn’t you ask me where Susan was? She was there.”

Donna pointed at Susan.

Emily looked in the direction of Donna’s finger and saw Susan. She smiled timidly and quickly hid behind Donna.

Everyone in the living room looked at each other for a moment, and they sighed.

Originally, they were worried that Donna would be too sad, so they rushed over. They did not expect to come here for anything.

When Donna sent everyone out, she apologized, “Last night, she really ... I was sure that I was not dreaming. I was very sure that she asked me why I was there, and that tone was ... But I don’t know why she became like this when she woke up...”

“Why don’t you take her to the hospital for a checkup?” Janessa said hesitantly, “What you’re saying is like ... She has changed into another person.”

“Alright, I’ll take her to the hospital later,” Donna said with a nod.

Some Scavos also came. An assistant, a lawyer, and someone from the Legal Department was sent by Mr. Rolando.

When the people in the living room had left, they took out a will in their hands and asked Emily who was standing behind Donna, “Are you Miss Emily?”

“Don’t be afraid. Mom is here. These uncles are just asking for your name. Answer them properly.” Emily tightened her grip on Donna’s sleeves in fear. Donna gently patted her arm.

“Yes,” said Emily.

“Hello, Miss Emily. Mr. Vincent left you an inheritance before he passed away. The wills about the others have been read out. All the inheritance parts you have been assigned are here.” The lawyer pointed at the sofa and asked, “Can you sit down? I’ll read the inheritance to you now.”

When Emily was in the hospital, they had come once, but at that time, Emily did not know them. Donna said they could come back in a month. After Emily became better, she should have her judgment on these things.

However, they did not expect that after a month, the person they came to face was still that little girl.

Emily did not dare to talk alone and pulled Donna by the sleeve.

Donna comforted her. Then she walked over with her and sat on the sofa.

“Mr. Vincent has left you two properties in total. One is an apartment of 280 square meters. This is the key and address. Please confirm it. The other property is...” After the lawyer read out the property delivery, the legal officer behind him handed the property ownership certificate, the property ownership certificate, and the key to Emily. Then he read the next article, “Mr. Vincent left you a car, which is the same as the car that was burned. This is the key.. Please confirm it.”

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 559

Emily listened to Donna's words in confusion and carefully took the key from her. She looked at the key blankly.

“In addition, Mr. Vincent left you some shares of the Scavo Group, taking five percent of the overall group. Each year's profit will be reported to you by appointed experts. The only thing you need to do is to confirm your gains. Besides, Mr. Vincent wrote down his final words to you in his will. I think it would be better for you to read it yourself.” The lawyer handed his will over as he said so.

Emily looked at Donna, not knowing what was happening.

“Go take a look,” Donna urged.

Getting her mother’s permission, she stretched out her head carefully and took a look. She couldn’t understand what was written on it. She turned to Donna for help, “Mom, I don’t understand what it means.”

Donna pet her head and asked the lawyer, “Can we keep this so that she could read it after she recovers?”

The lawyer took out the photocopy of the will and said, “You’re allowed to have this. The original will must be kept by us.”

Donna thanked him, then took up the photocopy and handed it to Emily, “Keep it carefully. You could put it in your drawer.” After reconsidering, she changed her mind, “Maybe putting it by your bed would be better.”

After sending them off, Donna brought Emily to the hospital. After a thorough examination, Donna went to the doctor’s office alone. He was the same doctor she saw last time and was called Dr. Johnson.

“A split personality?” Donna stood up in disbelief, “What are you talking about? My daughter can’t have a split personality. She is just...”

Dr. Johnson looked at the MRI scan of Emily’s head and said, “Calm down. I just supposed that she might have a split personality judging from the symptoms you told me and this examination result. You said that last night she suddenly woke up and spoke to you in a cold manner, so you figured that she had recovered, right? And in the case of split personality, if the patient was originally shy and used to conceal his or her feelings, the new personality might be outgoing which is in the opposite state of the original personality. That could explain why she usually looks obedient but will be particularly cold sometimes. Of course, this is just my hypothesis. If we want to make sure, you’d better take her

to run another test when she 'recovers' again. We'll make a more accurate diagnosis with the association of experts in psychiatry."

Donna wanted to retort. But with messy thoughts, she was lost for words.

Dr. Johnson continued, "One more thing, if she really has a multiple personality disorder, her original personality wouldn't know the existence of the other personalities while newly formed personality knows nearly everything about her old personality. So, if she 'recovers', you can make a judgment yourself by asking if she remembers things from the past."

"But," Donna still refused to believe it, "even if she says she remembers, she is just describing her own memory. She is just confused about time. I don't think she has a split personality and I can't believe so."

"The new personality will take the place of the old at the most vulnerable moment of the patient. Next time, you can observe under what kind of circumstances she will 'recover'. This will help you determine if she just has a chaotic memory or if she has a split personality."

"Alright." Donna sat there and said reluctantly.

Dr. Johnson thought for a moment and added, "My current judgment is that her split personality is an illusion caused by both her medical history and the damage to her brain. Her system of memory was hit hard, and her chaotic memories lead to these symptoms."

"Thank you, Dr. Johnson."

"You are welcome." Dr. Johnson took out a name card, "If you make sure that her symptoms were caused by split personality. You can contact our psychiatry doctors."

Donna looked at the name card. She wanted to firmly say, “My daughter’s mind is absolutely fine.” But after hesitating for a while, she took the card and thanked him again.

Outside the office, Emily was sitting on a chair, staring at the lollipop in a little girl’s hand who stood next to her.

Donna walked over and held her hand. “Do you want to have some sugar? I will buy it for you.”

Emily smiled, ignorantly and purely.

Mixed feelings seized Donna. She was happy to see her smile but was sad for her ill state of mind.

Suddenly, Emily covered her chest with her hands.

“What’s wrong? Are you feeling unwell?” asked Donna anxiously.

Emily touched her chest. She felt a hard object and took it out from her collar. It was a ring hanging on a string.

It was difficult for her to describe her feeling just now. She just felt an impulse of crying. The moment the tears ran down her cheek, she got very confused. As she wiped her tears, she asked Donna, “Mom, I don’t know what’s wrong. I’m so sad, but I don’t know why.”

Donna hurriedly wiped her tears with a tissue. She asked her, “Who gave this to you? Would you trust me with it for now?”

Emily reached out to take it off. But soon, she retreated her hands, “There seems to be a dead knot.”

Donna took a look. The string wasn't knotted very tight. She observed Emily's expression and asked, "Did you remember something? Is this a gift from someone important?"

Emily shook her head. "No, I didn't. But when I tried to take it off, the same feeling struck me again."

"What kind of feeling?" Donna asked.

Emily wiped away her tears and pouted, "I feel so sad that I almost cry."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 560

When others were going to enjoy their seven-day holiday, what Collin got was endless working hours day and night.

At the end of his shift on eighth, he received a notice that he could take a day off tomorrow. Several surgeons were talking about having a meal together. After it, they turned off their phones and slept for a day without no one to disturb them.

The weather was heating up but the temperature at night was still tolerable. Collin took off his uniform which was full of the smell of disinfectant. Thinking of the place where he would go to eat later, he did not change his clothes. He planned to go home right after dinner.

Leon Green, one of his colleagues chose a manor. It was quiet and suitable for people to enjoy their meals. The group passed through a gate and stepped on the road paved with slates made of crescent stones. The sounds of bamboo hitting a stone and water rang in their ears. The place was poetic.

The surgeons were discussing the flowers planted in the garden they just passed by. Collin received a call from his mother. It had been more than

a month since her last call. She found it necessary to call her son to care sometimes in case that she knew nothing when her son became gay or something.

“Collin! We will go in first!” Leon called Collin and led the others into a private room.

Collin followed them through the corridor after finishing his call. When he arrived, he found that he was just busy calling and did not pay attention to which private room they entered.

In front of him, there were two rooms close to each other. One was Pavilion of Reflection, and the other was Pavilion of Listening.

As a doctor, Collin intuitively thought that his colleagues might choose Pavilion of Listening. He twisted the doorknob and pushed it in.

There were several people sitting in there, men and women. He did not pay much attention to them. His eyes involuntarily moved to the woman standing by the window. She was not wearing glasses and had a cigarette in her hand. She was leaning against the window and smoking. Her hair was tied up behind her head. It was probably hot. She was wearing a long dress, but it was very similar to her usual style of dressing, black and loose. It did not highlight her figure, but it seemed to be comfortable. It could be told that the body under the big fat dress was very thin. But Collin knew that she got a curvy figure.

The moment Collin saw her, he seemed to remember all those memories, the feeling of touching her with his fingers and her repressed cries lingering in his ears...

“Hello?” Someone noticed him and asked, “You are...?”

Collin came back to his senses and waved his hand apologetically, “Sorry, I came to the wrong room.”

“It doesn’t matter.” The girl who greeted him smiled.

Collin took a step back. When the door closed, the woman standing by the window didn’t even look back at him. Her eyes were focused outside the window as if she could not even remember his voice.

But he did.

It had been almost two months, so this was not a good sign.

Collin shook his head. That kind of relationship could only be a one-time relationship. Collin knew very clearly.

“Why you took so long? Do you secretly make a girlfriend without telling us?” As soon as Collin entered the private room next door, Leon shouted, “You are late, drink three glasses of beer first! If you secretly make a girlfriend, three more!”

Collin sat down on his seat and complained, “Why did you choose Pavilion of Reflection? Do you come to reflect yourselves?”

“There’s no other way. This is the only room.” Leon said as he adjusted his glasses. “The environment here is good anyway. There’s no need to fuss over a name. The fish here is pretty good. You guys can try it later! Wait, don’t you get away with this! Drink six glasses of beer first!”

“I drove here. I can’t drink. Also, I’m on the phone with my mother. I don’t have a girlfriend,” Collin said, waving his hand.

“What do you say?” Leon obviously didn’t want to let Collin go and turned to ask others.

A group of people took out their glass and filled it with wine.

“I’m so tired that I’ve been working like a dog for so many days. It’s not easy to get some rest. Come and relax. We can find a designated driver.”

“Yeah, I can take a taxi anyway. I left the car in the hospital and didn’t drive. There are a lot of traffic jams every day. It’s better to ride an electric car to work and it’s cheaper.”

“It doesn’t matter what you think! Doctor Mueller has his standards. All the nurses in the hospital covet him. He absolutely can’t get drunk. What if he gets drunk and is taken advantage of?”

The group of people laughed.

Collin poured himself a glass of beer and clinked glasses with the group of people one by one. The corners of his mouth curved, “I’m so jealous of you.”

“Wait!” Leon opened a bottle of beer on the table and said to Collin, “Let’s have a competition.”

Collin rolled up his sleeves and picked up a bottle of beer from the ground. He placed it on the table and opened it by knocking it at the rim of the table lightly. The lid just flew out.

The table was filled with cheers.

“Awesome!”

“Come, place your bets!”

“Doctor Mueller, I bet you will win!”

“I bet on Doctor Green!”

“Come on! Place your one hundred dollars!”

...

Collin looked at the group of people speechlessly and raised his eyebrows at Leon with a smile.

When Leon was helped out, he couldn't help but run to the garden and vomit. Collin also drank a little too much. His face was not very red, but his eyes were a little tipsy. A few doctors were calculating the stakes. It turned out that Collin won the most because he bet on himself.

Collin took out the money and threw it on the table. His voice was a little hoarse. “Waiter, I will pay the bill.”

He put the rest of the money back into his pocket and came out to look at Leon who was almost dead from vomiting at the door and smiled, “Why did you do it so desperately? I'm just warming up.”

Leon nearly fainted when he heard this.

Collin settled the bill with the waiter and left with the receipt. When he passed by the bathroom, he took a turn in. After releasing himself, he washed his face by the sink. Then, he saw a black dress coming out of the women's bathroom and arriving at the public sink. The design here was very unique. The outlet was a green bamboo. Its edge was smooth and also made of green bamboo. Above was a mirror whose edge was grass green. There were bamboo leaves extending out.

Collin stared at that not-so-pretty face in the mirror for a second and did not say a word. He lowered his head, shook the water on his hands, and then looked up quietly for another moment.

Roxy was indifferent from beginning to end as if she hadn't noticed that there was a handsome guy standing here. She washed her hands, smoked

soap, and blew her hands dry. After a series of actions, her eyes were empty and calm, just like when she was smoking in front of the window not long ago. It seemed that nothing could stir up another reaction from her.

But Collin had seen a different her. She looked up in a daze. Tears welled up in the corners of her eyes, which was very sexy.

Roxy dried her hands and left without looking back.

She seemed to have thought of something and suddenly turned around.

Collin curled his lips slightly, knowing that it was impossible for this woman to forget him.

Then, he saw Roxy walking towards him. As she walked, she opened her bag and took out a stack of cash. She took out some and handed it to him without counting.

Her sexy voice sounded, "I forgot to give it to you last time. Your performance was good."

Collin was speechless.

He looked down at the money in his arms, staring at the back of the woman, and suddenly smiled.

She gave him at least three thousand for one night.

This was the first time he had been treated as a male prostitute by a woman and was praised for his good performance.

Collin did not know what expression he had when he received the money. He pressed his temples and walked out with the money. Roxy had sat in a taxi.

Collin watched as she leaned against the window. Her eyes were empty as she looked outside.

He suddenly had an impulse. But when he just stepped out, the taxi drove away.

He was the only one left, standing foolishly at the door with some cash in his hand.

He was still in a daze as he thought, why did she bring so much cash with her during the dinner just now? Was it given by another man? Or was she here to look for newcomers so she prepared cash?

Collin took out his phone and looked at the time. He felt a little dizzy. He called a designated driver. Then he stood at the door and waited quietly.

Kiki sent him a new message.

It was a photo of a picture.

Collin narrowed his eyes for a moment, but his head was still a little dizzy. He simply sat on the slate and looked down carefully at the painting.

A young man and a young woman were sitting at the table and eating. The man had a cold face and sharp lines, but his eyes were full of gentleness. The girl had a delicate and small face. Her eyelashes were long and curly, her nose was round, and her lips pout was pink.

The man on the painting stretched out his chopsticks to feed the girl, while the girl pursed her lips slightly as if refusing.

Collin looked at it for a long time before he replied. "It's good."

He then sent the photo to Jaquan.

The feelings of the people were really wonderful. They communicated and then developed feelings. Feelings made them missing each other.. Because of this, they were remembered eternal.