

## Reborn Baby - Chapter 651

Warren Chaney?

Armando had to admit that this rival was much more refined and composed than he had expected. He had the demeanor and bearing of a successful person, and his gestures were even more gentlemanly and polite. Except that he looked younger, Armando could hardly find any merits in front of Warren.

No wonder ... Janessa had loved him for so many years.

However, why didn't he go to the hospital?

In that instant, a lot of thoughts flashed through Armando's mind.

Janessa saw his phone call and message, but why did Warren appear here instead of the hospital?

She didn't want him to worry about her.

Sure enough, Warren asked, "I came to find your aunt. Do you know where she has been?"

Armando asked, "How do you know my name?"

Did Janessa mention him in front of Warren?

Warren said with a smile, "I've seen your photo before."

"My photo?" Armando's expression became subtle. Janessa had taken a lot of his photos, but later she developed them and gave all to him, not leaving one behind.

Warren replied, "The picture of your aunt and you was on the table. I've seen it."

Armando was silent and did not speak again.

Warren asked again, "Do you know where your aunt is? I called her, but she didn't pick up."

"Why didn't she pick up your call?" Armando asked.

If Janessa didn't want Warren to worry, he could have lied and said she was traveling. There's no need to make him concerned by not answering his phone.

Warren was speechless for a moment. He probably felt that he could not get an answer from Armando, so he took out a business card from his pocket and handed it over, "If you know where she is, please give me a call. Here is my business card."

Armando did not take it but looked at Warren's eyes and said, "Don't guard at the door. If she knew that you were here, she would be angry."

Warren knew it. But he was embarrassed to be pointed out so bluntly by a junior. He looked a little embarrassed. It was only for a moment, he maintained a decent smile and waved at Armando. Then, he turned and stepped into the darkness.

As soon as Armando entered the hall, he heard Benson laughing and saying, "How many days are you planning to stay there? Are there any men you like? Don't ask for too much. Be a little stronger than Armando."

Armando didn't know what to say.

Cynthia walked over and whispered to him, "Your aunt is on the phone with your grandfather. Why didn't you tell me that she went to Tibet?"

Armando just opened his mouth and didn't know what to say.

"Speak the devil," Benson called out to Armando, "Where did you go? Come here and greet your aunt."

Armando looked at the phone. They've been on the phone for five minutes.

"Say something, brat!" Benson slapped him.

"Have you eaten?" Armando asked.

Janessa paused for a moment, "Not yet."

"What do you want to eat?" he asked again.

Benson said to him in a tone that was full of disappointment, "What does she want to eat? Can you send it to her? You don't know how to speak until now!"

Janessa was silent at this moment.

Benson took the phone and said to Janessa, "Take good care of yourself over there. Don't worry about me. I am very well. If you can find a boyfriend, I will be even happier. It is too late. You should go to bed early."

After hanging up the phone, Benson looked at his grandson beside him and frowned, "You don't go home all day. I don't know what you want to do by guarding that shop that doesn't make money. No matter how big the family business is, I'm afraid that you will lose it all. Starting tomorrow, go out and find a real job. Don't hang out every day. Look at your brothers, and everyone has a real job? Even Randy can play games and get money on TV. Look at you again. Opening a shop is free of charge. Do you have too much money at home?"

"Yes," Armando nodded.

Benson was so angry that he covered his heart. "I'm so mad at you. From today on, you are not allowed to give him pocket money!"

Cynthia heard this and agreed.

Benson went upstairs angrily. Armando sat for a while, took a sip of tea, and turned to go out. Cynthia chased after him, "Why are you leaving after just returning? Aren't you staying at home for a night?"

Armando shook his head.

Cynthia quickly took out another card and handed it to him. "Don't be angry with your grandfather. He said those words all for you. But don't wrong yourself outside. I see that you look green tonight. What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell? Do you want me to find a doctor for you? Why have you become thinner recently? Look at your face."

"Grandpa is right. I am quite useless," Armando pushed the card back and took out a few cards from his wallet. "Mom, don't give me money from now on. I'll go out and earn money by myself."

"How are you going to do? You ... you haven't even done that before!" Cynthia was so anxious that she hurriedly stuffed the card into his wallet. "Everything outside costs money. There is plenty of money in the family. Just don't gamble, okay? If you take the money to gamble, then our family really can't afford it."

"I know, I won't." Armando held Cynthia's hand and placed the cards in her hand, "Mom, don't worry. I can support myself. In the future, I will also have the ability to support you."

After Armando left, Cynthia stood alone in the draught. She wiped her tears, laughed, and cried at the same time.. Roman Mosby, who had just returned, saw her and thought that ghosts had possessed her.

## **Chapter 652**

Cynthia told Carl what Armando had just said. Carl felt relieved, "This child has finally grown up."

"Yes. He liked to stay with his aunt when he was little. At that time, I was afraid that he would be just like her when he grew up." Cynthia sighed.

Carl didn't understand her words and nodded unconsciously, "Right. It's good."

"What's good about it? Did you hear what I said?" Cynthia asked in a huff.

"What did you say?" Carl asked.

"Forget it. You won't understand even if I tell you." Cynthia turned around and walked towards the living room.

"Of course, I won't understand because you haven't told me." Carl followed her.

"You should get what I mean before I say it!" Cynthia said without looking at him.

Carl didn't know how to retort.

Armando went to the night market, where he bought some roast meat and crayfish. Then he went to buy a dozen cans of beer and took a taxi to the hospital.

On the way, he called Collin to ask if Janessa could eat the food.

Collin had just finished bathing and was lying on the bed reading a medical case. When he heard "roast meat and crayfishes", he suddenly felt a little hungry and replied angrily, "She can't eat those foods!"

Armando simply answered "alright" and hung up the phone.

Collin put down the medical case and rubbed his stomach. He had been too busy to exercise recently and his skin seemed to get loose. He quickly went on the treadmill and ran for half an hour. Then he had another shower.

After a shower, Collin turned on the small speaker box. Listening to the sound of flowing water, he soon closed his eyes.

Armando went straight to Janessa's ward with the food. The caregiver was asleep but the wall lamp was still on. Janessa was lying on her side with her back to the ward. She heard the door open and thought it was the doctor so she greeted him, "Doctor Green, good evening."

However, the person did not speak. The smell of food filled the entire ward.

Janessa looked back. Armando came in with roast meat, crayfishes, and beer. The caregiver woke up and went out of her bed. Armando said something to her. She nodded and left.

The door of the ward was closed. Janessa was not in a good mood and did not look at Armando.

He put the roast meat on the table and opened the beer. Then he started shelling the crayfishes. The smell was so strong that Janessa couldn't ignore it. The caregiver had bought dinner just now, but Janessa didn't feel like eating anything. When Armando called her and asked if she had had dinner, Janessa felt a bit touched, but she did not tell him.

Somehow, she believed that Armando would bring food for her. So, she was really happy when he entered the room with roast meat and beer.

"The doctor said that you can't eat these foods, so I will only give you a little bit of each." Armando put a shelled crayfish beside her mouth and said, "Try it. I bought them from your favorite restaurant in the night market."

Janessa didn't open her mouth, but her stomach kept growling.

"You don't want it? Alright. I'll eat it then." Armando said as he stuffed the crayfish meat into his mouth.

Janessa got a little angry.

Armando was a man of his word. The crayfish were all shelled and put orderly in the plate. From the tantalizing aroma, she could imagine how fresh and delicious it would be. She couldn't help swallowing.

Armando picked up another one and smelled it. Janessa closed her eyes and leaned forward. The aroma was so close and she was annoyed, "I don't want to see you eating. Get out of..."

She felt a piece of crayfish meat in her mouth.

Janessa opened her eyes and looked at Armando in astonishment. She did not know when he put it in her mouth. Anyway, the meat was really tender. Her favorite restaurant never disappointed her.

Although Janessa was ecstatic, she appeared to be indifferent. She even glanced at Armando with disgust as if she had been forced to eat it.

"How is it?" Armando asked, picking up another one for her.

"Well. Not too bad." Before Janessa finished her words, her mouth was filled with another piece of crayfish meat. She looked at Armando. Seeing that he had no intention of laughing at her, she started chewing and enjoying the joy brought by the delicious food.

Armando stopped talking and just picked the food for Janessa when she looked at it.

"Beer." After a while, Janessa felt a bit full and said, "I want beer."

Armando put a straw in the beer and handed it to her. Janessa drank two mouthfuls. Before she continued, Armando took it back and threw the straw aside. Then he raised his head and drank the rest of the beer.

The light of the wall lamp shone on him. She could see his Adam's apple moving as he drank. Janessa stared at it for a while. She suddenly thought of Warren, a refined and gentle person. He used custom-made wine cups when drinking and he would never raise his head to drink it off.

He had always been decent and gentle. Although it was less fun, women like such a mature and steady man.

After cleaning up the residue of food on the table, Armando went out to throw the garbage. Then he helped Janessa wipe her face, hands, and feet.

Janessa wanted to tell him that the caregiver had done it, but Armando looked so earnest that she decided to keep silent.

Armando was detail-oriented. Janessa was lying on his side and could not brush her teeth by herself. Therefore, he brushed for her. He let her lie on his lap and spit out the foam in the trash can. It took him more than ten minutes to finish.

It was midnight when Janessa was about to sleep.

### **Chapter 653**

Armando entered the group and sent a message to find a job. The people in the group were probably all asleep, and no one paid him any attention.

It was not long before Ferne Dalton sent back a voice message. Armando did not dare to click it directly. He first changed the text and found that it could not be recognized at all. Then he quietly lowered his voice to connect the message.

Ferne Dalton said, "You want to find a job? Come on. My hotel is short of waiters..." There seemed to be Noah Sachs' voice, listening carefully, and saying "don't move".

Moreover, Ferne Dalton probably drank and spoke lisp. No wonder the text conversion was unsuccessful.

Armando was silent for a moment before replying, "Thank you, I don't want to go."

Janessa had been lying in one position for a long time, and her spine would hurt, so she needed to turn over from time to time at night. Armando would help her flip through every half an hour.

Janessa looked at him with a dazed expression and asked, "Didn't you sleep?"

After Armando placed her on the pillow, he kissed her forehead and whispered, "I will sleep now."

Janessa's eyelashes trembled, but she didn't say anything. After a long while, she felt that he kissed her lips.

He brushed his teeth in the bathroom and used the mint mouthwash. At the kissing moment, Janessa smelled the refreshing mint fragrance. His broad palm was on both sides of her cheeks, and the breath that fell on her neck was scorching.

Janessa's heart was beating very fast. Maybe it was because she was in the hospital, or perhaps it was because the wall lamp in the ward was hazy and soft, or perhaps it was because of beer that she drank tonight played a role at the moment. Her hands and feet did not listen to her, and her mind was chaotic.

It wasn't that she couldn't move, but she didn't refuse. It seemed that she hadn't declined since the beginning. And she didn't even know if she had responded just now. But by the time she regained her consciousness, they had already kissed for a long time.

This realization made her mind go crazy.

She heard Armando ask her in an almost twittering voice, "Why didn't you answer his call?"

He asked about Warren Chaney.

Janessa knew that he would ask this question, but she could not answer it now. She had already broken up with Warren. How could she still contact him?

But for Armando, this was no different from inviting him to continue approaching her.

"Why didn't you tell him you were in the hospital?" Armando asked persistently. The moment he lowered his head, he bit Janessa's lower lip.

It didn't hurt, but the action of biting would give people a very intimate illusion.

While Janessa was in a daze, Armando's low, breathing voice fell beside his ears. "Do you .... kind of like me?"

## **Chapter 654**

"Hello..."

Emily carefully put her ear to the phone. It was a gift that she had received that day, a pink phone with a colored butterfly. It was very beautiful.

"How is your calligraphy?" Vincent said in a low and melodious voice. It was pleasant to hear.

Emily looked at the paper in front of her. There were two types of 'Vincent' on it, the striking one and the poor one. Three pieces of paper were all written with the name "Vincent Scavo".

She said proudly, "Mom said that it was written very well."

The man seemed to be laughing. "Really?" he said in a deep voice.

Emily touched her ears and looked at the phone curiously. Then, she held the phone to her ear. "Yes, I have already written it 176 times."

"No mistake?" Vincent smiled and said.

"No, I counted it three times." Emily unconsciously counted from 1 to 176 again in a soft voice. Vincent did not interrupt her. He was patient to accompany her.

"Look, 176." Emily said excitedly, "Am I right?"

"Yes, what gifts do you want?" Vincent asked.

"You've already given me a phone. I ... nothing else." Emily wanted a kite. Her mother was not healthy enough to play with her.

"If need anything, you can tell me next time," Vincent said.

"Alright," Emily nodded obediently.

"Did anyone come to play with you today?" Vincent asked.

"Yes." Emily held the phone and rushed to the coffee table. Looking at the various gift boxes on the coffee table, she smiled and said, "Sister Sydnee and Brother Eliot bought me a lot of gifts..."

"What's those?" Vincent asked.

"The drawing board, the album, and a lot of brushes, pigments, pencils, and crayons." Emily said excitedly, "How did they know that I like drawing?"

Vincent called her when he was free these days, almost an hour in the morning, two hours in the afternoon, and one and a half hours before going to bed.

Because Emily felt strange talking to Vincent, she hung up quickly several times. After a few days, she was used to talking to Vincent for his patience. She sometimes took the initiative to talk about a topic. It seemed that she regarded him as a good friend.

"What do you want to draw?" Vincent asked.

Emily looked out of the window, tilted her head, and said, "Blue sky, white clouds, the tree at the door, ants and the beehive."

"A beehive?"

"Yes, it is very big." Emily stood up and looked at the tree at the door through the window. "But I just found that it was destroyed by a man. All the bees went to sting him. I opened the door to let him in, but he did not come in."

Vincent replied, "I know." He knew that the man was one of the guards.

"Mom says he is your subordinate. Mr. Vincent, why is he here?" Emily asked.

"He protects you for me." "I won't ... let anything happen to you again," he said solemnly in a low voice.

Emily did not hear the last sentence.

"Protect me?" Emily did not understand., "Why?"

"You just know that you don't worry about any danger when you go out and you can do whatever you want," Vincent said softly.

Emily nodded obediently.

Looking at the time, it just passed ten minutes. Emily put the phone on the table and was ready to draw the blue sky and white clouds.

Vincent heard the rustling in the phone. He knew that she couldn't help taking the brush, but he didn't hang up. He just asked, "Do you want to go out?"

"I don't want to." Emily wanted to go out. When she heard it, she subconsciously looked at the kitchen. Her mother probably would not agree. The day she came back, she said that she missed her father, and her mother looked so miserable. She did not dare to make any requests in recent days.

"I will take you to play a few days." "Your mother will agree," Vincent added.

"Really?" Emily asked happily.

"If you're not afraid, you can come here," Vincent said with a smile.

"I'm not afraid."

After hanging up the phone, Emily ran to the kitchen. Seeing her mother cooking soup with a mask, she couldn't help but wrap her arms around her mother's waist. "Mom..."

"What's wrong?" Donna looked back, her expression unconsciously softening.

"Don't be angry." Emily whispered, "I don't miss Dad anymore. Don't be angry."

Donna looked at Emily and her eyes suddenly turned red.

"Mom... why are you crying?" Emily was at a loss. She took her sleeves to wipe for Donna, and she began to cry, "I will be good in the future. Mom, don't cry..."

When Donna heard it, she cried bitterly. She hugged Emily and sobbed, "Your father... he... your father..."

She could say nothing.

She just grabbed Emily and walked out.

"Mom? Mom, where are you going?" Emily asked and cried.

Donna took a deep breath, "I'll take you to see your dad."

Emily stopped tearing. She did not understand why her mother was so painful when talking about her dad.

Suddenly, she did not dare to follow, as if there was a monster to devour her.

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Vincent looked at the portrait pasted on the wall and touched the word 'feather' at the lower right corner. Rex reported with a tablet, "Mr. Vincent, the studio and the study are all cleaned up. You can take a look. If you are not satisfied, I will ask them to modify it."

The studio and study room were connected. There were two recliners by the window and a few art books on a small coffee table in the middle. Outside the window was a swimming pool. Two guards with lame legs were transplanting evergreen camphor over there.

Vincent walked into the empty bedroom. No cleaning, no decoration, not even a bed. This was for Emily and the bedroom should be designed and decorated on her own.

"Mr. Vincent, it will be Mr. Rolando's birthday soon. Do you want to send him a gift?" Rex opened the memorandum of the tablet, which recorded several important days of each year.

Vincent walked out of the bedroom. He said smoothly, "The same as the last year."

"Yes." Rex noted it down and asked carefully, "Should we meet him?"

Vincent walked out of the corridor and looked at the sky through the window. He did not say anything.

A moment later, he looked back and Rex was still standing behind him.

"You..."

Rex said before Vincent, "I won't leave. They also say that they won't leave!"

"You look good today," Vincent glanced at him.

Rex was lost for words.

## **Chapter 655**

The phone rang. It was a call from Guard. Rex then looked toward Vincent after answering the phone.

"What's up?" Vincent asked. And his look became serious all of a sudden because he guessed that it had something to do with Emily.

"Mrs. Cater wants to take the little ... Miss Emily to the Britt's, but Miss Emily cried and refused. Therefore, Guard persuades her to stay there." Rex continued, "Miss Emily misses her father, so Mrs. Cater intends to tell her the truth."

"She cried?" Vincent frowned.

Rex was speechless.

The attention should be paid to the last sentence! Mr. Vincent, please keep clear-headed!

"Start the car. I'll bring her back."

Vincent said and walked out. Rex quickly called the driver and picked up the crutch to follow him. Afterward, he rushed into the kitchen to take out the prepared dessert from the refrigerator. When he rushed to the car, he was already short of breath.

There were two Guards sitting on the top of the newly transplanted camphor tree next to the pool. One was cracking melon seeds and the other was eating popsicles. Watching Rex's physical state, they couldn't help but take photos and send them to the group:

Guard A: You see, there must be something wrong with Rex's kidney. It is just a few walks that make him out of breath.

Guard B: Mr. Vincent just praised his outfit, but I supposed that Mr. Vincent actually revealed his clothing was too tight.

Guard C: He was heavier than before. So It wasn't loose any longer.

Guard D: Are you coming?

Guard A: How do you know?

Guard D: Foolish.

Guard A: Guard C, please beat him for me. Thanks a lot. I will pay for you.

Guard C: Forgive him. Unfortunately, he has been stung by hornets.

Guard D: How dare you talk about me? Why don't you look at your ugly face?

Guard C: Will you pay for me? Now I decide to punish him.

Guard D didn't know what to say.

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On Saturday, Collin was the day shift. When it was about to knock off, his colleagues suggested having dinner together. Collin was about to agree after checking up his schedule because there were no appointments today. At this moment, his mother called.

"Are you off duty now?"

"Five minutes later, I will be," Collin replied with a straight face.

"Have dinner with me after work." Collin's mother, Cora, seemed to restrain her exciting voice, but there was still a tinge of emotion that leaked out from her voice. She warned, "Don't miss it, or you will regret it forever."

Collin knocked on his neck, took off his white coat, and hung it in the cupboard. Then he unbuttoned his collar's two buttons and asked in a voice that was almost sighing, "Who is the girl?"

"The overseas returnee was introduced by your auntie Wanda. She just came back. She is so beautiful and her voice is particularly sweet, I am sure you will like her."

Collin walked towards the office chair and sat down. He rubbed a pen on the table and reluctantly complained, "Mom, I don't like sweet ones."

"Do you want to be punished? Are you trying to go against me?" Cora calmly rebuked, "You must turn up tonight and remember to dress formally!"

Collin froze.

He tried to change his attitude and softly answered, "Mom, I actually think that Kiki is ok ..."

"Bastard," Cora angrily shouted, " You admit that you don't like baby-faced and baby voice. How many girls have I introduced to you? Let's not talk about one or two hundred, at least forty or fifty? But no one was accepted by you. Do you think you are the emperor! The girl today is especially excellent so you must formalize your relationship or else I will cut all ties with you!"

Collin was lost for words.

The phone was hung up. Collin looked at the phone and sighed for a long time.

Doctor Green knocked at the door and came over, "Let's go! Dr. Mueller! We are waiting for you."

Collin waved his hand, "I'm not going. You guys have fun. Tonight ... I'm going to have a blind date."

Doctor Green was surprised and covered his mouth exaggeratedly. "Wow! I'm so jealous. How about taking me along."

"Okay, you can go." Collin raised his eyebrows and spoke.

Doctor Green tidied up the shirt and said, "Sure."

Collin speculated a moment and looked up at him, "Brilliant idea, you can go."

Doctor Green was speechless.

Ten minutes later, Doctor Green looked at the address on his phone confusingly. "You want me to go on a blind date instead of you? Your mother will kill me if she sees me?"

"Take it easy. They won't be here. You just pretend that you attend a blind date, accidentally you have a crush on her." Collin incited him, "Take her to watch a movie tonight. If there's a chance, you don't have to go home."

Doctor Green swallowed his saliva. "Dr. Mueller, I couldn't tell that you are actually this type of person? You are afraid of shouldering the responsibility."

Collin was nervous, "I didn't mean to ..."

Before he finished the words, Collin suddenly thought of something Roxy once said.

"Come to see me on Saturday night."

He glanced at the calendar on the table. Definitely, it was Saturday.

"You don't mean to what?" The doctor still asked.

Collin rushed out with his phone and bag. "It's time to get off work. You can go and I wish you success." Halfway there, he turned to Doctor Green and emphasized, "Please lock the door."

"Why do you get off work early today? There are some dirty tricks." Doctor Green looked towards him and suspected.

Other doctors were waiting for a long time and then ran to Doctor Mueller's office. They saw that Doctor Green was locking the door and could not help but ask, "Where is Doctor Mueller? Is he not going?"

"Obviously." The Doctor Green coughed slightly, "I am busy just like him and I will go ahead of time."

"Are you busy? Don't you say you are free tonight just a moment ago?"

"I am on duty a minute ago."

"Bastard ..."

Collin did not go home. He drove straight to Roxy's apartment. Before he drove, he ordered takeout in the garage in case he consumed energy too much later.

He was in a good mood all the way that probably because he had not relaxed for a long time, or because Roxy was his taste at present. It was possible to keep the relationship for a long time.

There were no security guards at the gate this time. Collin parked his car and then went into the elevator. Strangely, the elevator seemed to be able to go upstairs without swiping the card. However, the higher the elevator went, the clearer the noise was.

He stepped out of the elevator when the elevator rang. Then he observed that the noisy people were all gathered at Roxy's door of the tenth floor. Two middle-aged men stood at the open door, and the two security guards seemed to be mediating. Both sides argued fiercely.

A scolding voice came from the room, "I bring you up! It won't be so easy that you just give me a little stinky money. I am your biological mother, so you can't get rid of me for the rest of your life! Blood donation?! Even if you drain all your blood, the flesh still belongs to me! If you have the gut then cutting off all the flesh!"

## **Chapter 656**

Hearing a loud slap in the room, Collin stood at the door and hesitated. He unconsciously stepped into the room before the two men at the door stopped him.

The whole room seemed to have been ransacked with all kinds of things lying on the floor. In the middle of the room stood a middle-aged woman. She was wearing a fashionable LV dress and high heels. If it were not for her old face, people would believe that she was the same age as Roxy.

Roxy sat on the floor. Her hair was in a mess in front of her face. Her expression could not be seen, but it was obvious that the slap just now was on her face.

"Who are you?" The middle-aged woman with heavy makeup looked at him. She said with her big red lips and smiled, "Hi, boy? Are you rich?" She took a few steps towards Collin, "Wow, you wear a good watch, you must be a rich man."

Collin ignored her and turned to look at Roxy on the floor. She seemed to have sensed his arrival and slowly stood up from the ground. She was really thin. She raised her slender wrist and wiped the corner of her mouth. There was a trace of blood on the back of her hand. She casually combed her hair as if she did not see the blood, revealing half of her face with long red fingerprints.

She looked at Collin and said after a long time, "Sorry, I don't have money to pay the rent today. Can I can it to you next month?"

Collin was stunned for a moment before he realized that she was drawing a clear line between him and her.

There were finally other emotions in her usually empty eyes. Collin looked into her eyes and only saw darkness and despair that seemed to drag people into a black hole.

"Is he your landlord?" The middle-aged woman looked at Collin suspiciously. "So young?"

"So what?" Collin glanced at her.

The middle-aged woman laughed exaggeratedly, "Do you like my daughter? Sure, give me two million. You can sleep with her as long as you want."

There was no expression on Roxy's face, but she looked at that woman with disdain.

Collin looked around the house and said to the middle-aged woman, "You are her mother?" Sure, you can pay for the broken things here. The contract clearly regulated that the things in the house cannot be destroyed. Now that you destroyed them and breached the contract, I won't rent the house to you anymore. You have to pay for the damages. In addition to the rent for last month, the total sum of money is five million. Just give me fifty thousand."

The middle-aged woman was stunned for a moment. "You asked me for money? She rented this place. You should ask her for money, " She seemed to sneer, "What a joke. I don't live here. Why do you ask me for money?"

"There is a surveillance camera installed in the room. You were the one who smashed the thing. As long as I take the surveillance video to the court and sue you for trespassing and destroying items worth more than 10,000... According to the two hundred and forty-fifth rule of criminal law, those who illegally invaded other people's residence will be sentenced to prison for three years or less, and you will be charged with the crime of destroying items. Not only will you be imprisoned, but you will also have to compensate. After I appeal, you may pay more than fifty thousand."

The middle-aged woman seemed to be intimidated. She looked suspiciously at the two men at the door. One of them quickly turned on his phone and seemed to be checking whether Collin was telling the truth.

Collin adjusted his glasses and glanced at Roxy on the side, "Oh right, I have to add a crime of intentional injury. According to the number 234 of the criminal law, if someone deliberately harms others, he will be sentenced to prison for three years or below."

After he finished speaking, he looked at the middle-aged woman and revealed a seemingly gentle smile, "How is it? Are you going to compensate or wait for the court's leaflets? Accumulating these penalties can make you stay in prison for five years."

The middle-aged woman was about to speak when the man at the door rushed over and whispered, "That's true. The law he said is also true ... Maybe he is a lawyer."

Collin smiled. He really wasn't a lawyer. He just knew a person who was a lawyer. His colleagues in the hospital had been in trouble before, and he had helped him to consult Jaquan. There were only a few laws, so he had already memorized them.

"I don't have any money! How dare you sue me? Aren't you afraid that I'll take all your scandals out of you? If you are afraid of it, tell him that you'll pay for it!" The middle-aged woman glared at her fiercely, "I'll settle this with you later!"

"Let's go!" She angrily glanced at Collin before leading the two men to the door.

"Don't go, I've already called the police," Collin shouted.

When the middle-aged woman heard this, she shouted at the Roxy in the door, "Roxanne Copley! If I'm caught by the police, I'll tell the world about your previous scandal! Let them all know what disgusting things you've done before!"

After she finished shouting, she stopped taking the elevator and rushed directly to the safe passage. The two men behind her were probably here to cheer for her and glared at them fiercely before leaving.

The security guard at the door quickly came in and asked, "What happened? I asked them to write a registration when they went in but they refused. They said that they were looking for you. Moreover, she said that she was your mother, so we didn't dare to stop her. I didn't know... How could this happen?"

The whole room was smashed into pieces. People who lived downstairs heard the noise and were so scared that they quickly called the security guards to take a look. This was what Collin saw when he walked out of the elevator.

"No," Roxy said with a hoarse voice.

"What?" The security guard did not understand, "What do you mean?"

Roxy looked at him and said with a smile, "She's not my mother."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I ... I will never let her in again." After the security guard finished speaking, the pager on his waist rang. It was the captain of the security guard who shouted. He said that someone downstairs was going to drive out and let him go.

The security guard responded and apologized to Roxy repeatedly, then trotted out.

After the door was closed, there were only two people left in the room, Collin and Roxy. The room was in a mess. Roxy threw the things on the sofa to the ground and then sat on it. A moment later, she looked at Collin and said, "Go home."

Logically speaking, if Collin helped her solve the problem, she should at least be nice to him and talk to him gently. However, he never expected that she treated him with such a bad attitude.

Collin stood for a while and asked an irrelevant question, "So your name is Roxanne Copley?"

Roxy looked back at him sadly. Her face had swelled up after a while.

"You saw it and heard it," she asked disappointedly, "Why are you still here?"

Collin did not know what was the relation between the two. Moreover, he had seen too many melodramatic family dramas in the hospital. This was really nothing. However, it was difficult for him to connect Roxy with this kind of scene in his heart. It seemed that the appearance of the middle-aged

woman just now had revealed some of her scars. She had tried to piece it together for a long time, but she could not recover it and become strong again. She still revealed her weakness.

Collin went into the bathroom to get a towel, then opened the refrigerator and took a bottle of iced beverage from inside. He wrapped the iced beverage with a towel and handed it to Roxy.

Roxy looked at him and did not move.

Collin sighed softly, "Your face was just average, and now it's worse when it's swollen. You should use this."

Roxy did not speak. Instead, she obediently took the towel and placed it on her swollen face. The cold air from the towel spread to her red and swollen face, relieving the burning pain.. She maintained the same posture and sat there motionless until someone knocked on the door.

## **Chapter 657**

Collin went to open the door, took the takeout, and put it on the coffee table. Then he said to Roxy, "I'm sorry."

He took the towel from her hand, changed a direction, and handed it to her again.

"Did you think it was me, so you opened the door for them?"

When Collin went to open the door, he suddenly recalled what the security guard said. They let him in without discussing it with Roxy. When those guys came to knock on the door, Roxy thought it was him. That was why she opened the door.

"I was careless. I thought she would never be able to find me again," Roxy said softly.

"You can call the police. I know a lawyer that can help you in court for free." Collin suggested, "If you want her in jail, you can keep this room like this. I'll ask my friend to come and get the evidence. She will be in jail for at least three or four years."

"You believe what I said?" Roxy turned to look at him.

"Which of your words? That she isn't your mother?" asked Collin.

For the first time, Roxy found talking to a smart person was comfortable, even when they were talking about a bad thing.

"You two look a bit like each other. I guess you two have a mother-daughter relationship, but it's better not to have a mother like this." Collin said, "Many parents are like this. After giving birth to children, they start to become parasites, sucking the blood of their children. This kind of person is not worthy of being a parent, nor a human being. At the very least, people have shame. They don't have any sense of shame at all."

Roxy smiled. That smile was very faint, like sarcasm and also like self-mockery. Then, her smile disappeared like smoke melted into the air.

Sitting on the sofa half a meter away from her, Collin lowered his voice and said, "You haven't answered me yet. Is your real name Roxanne Copley? R-o-x-a-n-n-e?"

"Yeah, that's right," Roxy replied expressionlessly.

Collin asked, "Then why did a little boy call you Roxy when I met you at the coffee shop?"

"That has to do with my pen name."

"Pen name? Are you a writer? What do you write?" Collin raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Didn't you guess it out?" Roxy turned to look at him. For the first time, her eyes seemed to fall on his face. Her pupils were very dark, and inside was Collin's face.

He looked at her and asked, "You gave the little boy money because you wanted to observe him, so you waited for him for a few days?"

"Yes." Roxy turned her head back again.

"The pen name is Roxy? What's the meaning behind it?" Collin asked again.

With a smile on her lips, she said word by word, "No, Rag."

Collin did not understand.

Roxy looked at him and repeated, "The pen name means rag."

Collin was quiet.

"A famous writer once said that life is a gorgeous robe, and it is covered with lice. And my life is like rags. I'm the smallest species at the bottom of life. Everyone hates me and everyone despises me."

She looked at Collin and said, "You only asked for my name. Aren't you curious about what she said about the things I had done in the past?"

Collin nodded. "I'm a little curious, but I think there must be something else behind it."

"You are a good man." Roxy stood up from the sofa and put down the towel in her hand. Half of her face was swollen and her eyes were empty. "But she was right. I made a scandal."

She walked to the bathroom without looking back and said in a hoarse voice, "If you don't want to be tainted by my stench, don't come to me again."

This was the second order she gave for him to leave in half an hour.

However, when she came out of the shower, the man on the sofa was still sitting upright, maintaining the posture before she left, but his expression was a little helpless, holding the phone in his hand as if he had encountered something tricky, and his two eyebrows twisted together.

Roxy's guess was right, Collin had indeed encountered a very troublesome matter.

He never expected that his mother would go to the restaurant today and see Leon pretending to be him. If Cora had not met Leon before, she would have beaten him up.

"Collin, did you lose your mind?" Cora was so angry that her voice trembled, "How could you hire a colleague to pretend to be you? Are you insane? "

Collin could not chip in.

"Where are you now? Get over here right now! Hurry up and apologize to her! No, don't come here. I'll find a way to fix it for you ... No! I don't want to take care of you anymore! Oh my god, how did I raise such a punk like you! Are you born to collect your debts from me?"

He was still quiet.

"Tell me the truth. I know you've always been against me arranging blind dates for you. Is there someone you like? Is it because you don't dare to introduce her to us and are afraid of scaring us? Tell me the truth, do you have a boyfriend?"

Collin was startled.

"Fine, I won't force you. If you find a boyfriend, I ... your dad and I will try to accept you. Don't worry, bring him to us bravely."

Collin didn't get to say a few words from beginning to end.

He just listened to his mother talking until suddenly she hung up.

Looking at the hung-up interface, Collin could not help but open WeChat to send a message to Leon. Before he could send a message, a person stood in front of him.

Roxy, no, Rag, no, she should be called Roxanne.

She had just taken a shower, probably because she did not like to wear underwear. She didn't wear anything under her robe, she stood in front of Collin and looked at him, asking, "Do you want to take a shower?"

Collin thought that she was going to turn him out again. He never expected her to say that. He raised his eyebrows and asked deliberately, "Aren't you going to chase me away?"

"I promised you. You can leave after we do it." She said.

Collin was stunned.

Only then did he realize what she meant. He didn't know if he was angry or what. He stood there for a long time and couldn't say a word.

Just then, Leon called. Collin picked up the phone and walked to the door. After opening the door, he slammed the door shut. Leon on the other side of the line seemed to be frightened by the noise. He trembled and said, "Doctor Mueller, I seem to have messed up. When the girl saw me, she said that I had the wrong person... She has a photo of you. After that, I even saw your mother. Hey, I don't even know how I survived those few minutes. Anyway, I just chatted with them for a while and pretended to have mistaken her for someone else. I saw that the girl is in the bathroom now, so I come out to call you back. I think she is gonna wait for you. Anyway, you should come and meet her later. She is pretty good and quite exotic..."

Collin's mood had been strangely soothed by these words. He replied lightly, "No, my mother will take care of it. You can go back. I will let my mother introduce you to someone next time."

"Thanks a lot," Leon said a few more words then hung up.

Collin stood at the elevator entrance waiting for the elevator. The door behind him opened, and there were footsteps. Collin did not turn back. He felt his waist tighten, and two slender arms wrapped around his waist. She came up to him from behind with the fragrance after a bath.

"Don't go tonight, okay?"

The elevator came up, and the metal door reflected Collin's tall and straight figure, as well as the woman behind him. She was completely covered by him, leaving only her two slender fair arms around his waist.

He turned around, raised her face with his finger, and asked with a slightly mocking voice, "Roxy, do you think I would just stay at your order? What do you think I am?"

The two slender arms loosened. She took a step back and tiptoed closer. Collin did not move. She gently planted a kiss on his lips and then turned away.

After Collin entered the elevator, he touched his lips thoughtfully. He didn't know whether his heart was pounding for her kiss or the feeling of being annoyed at that moment.

He only remembered the soft touch and fragrance of her lips when they kissed.

She won't accept kisses, why did she just kiss him?

And for a person with a house full of condoms, her kiss seemed so inexperienced and tender....

## **Chapter 658**

Vincent's car was parked under a tree. Through the car window, he saw Eliot sitting on a bench whose gaze was gentle as he watched Emily play with the branches and ants.

Eliot came over when he was free these days. When he saw Emily, it seemed like the time when Emily had just arrived at the Britt's ten years ago. However, the difference was that at that time, Emily was timid and sensitive, but now, Emily was so innocent. She could even play with ants for half a day.

Not long after, another car drove in. When Sydnee got out of the car and saw Eliot, her expression was a little awkward. The two of them had not met for a long time. This time, because Emily came back when Sydnee came over yesterday, she did not expect that Eliot was also there, so she hurriedly put down the gift and left. She did not expect that Eliot would be here today.

She tidied up her expression and nodded at Eliot. Then, she took a sealed envelope from the car, which contained the rent she had collected over the past few months.

She handed the money to Emily and said, "This is yours. Keep it."

Emily received it in confusion. She didn't know what was inside, but she felt that it was a little heavy. She threw away the branch, held the envelope in her arms, and rushed into the room, shouting, "Mom, Sister Sydnee is here!"

At that moment, only Sydnee and Eliot were at the door. One of them was sitting on a chair while the other was standing. They looked at each other from afar. Sydnee forced herself to ask, "How's your leg?"

"It's fine," Eliot replied politely.

No one spoke next, and the air froze.

Sydnee waved her finger and said, "I'm going inside."

"Sydnee." Eliot stopped her.

"Yes?" Sydnee paused.

"Are you embarrassed to see me?" Eliot asked.

Sydnee felt speechless for a moment.

Although this was the truth, it was really surprising for him to say it so bluntly, and she felt speechless about it.

"I'm not embarrassed. I just think... I tried my best not to do those things that will make you misunderstand, so I would unconsciously reflect on myself when I see you." Sydnee said hesitantly.

"No need. You can treat me like before." Eliot looked at her and said, "Treat me like how you treated me before. Now it's my turn to not think too much. I don't want you to feel stressed."

Sydnee was stunned.

"You are a good girl. You deserve a better man." After Eliot finished speaking, he picked up a walking stick from the chair and limped to his car in front of Sydnee.

Sydnee suddenly realized that he felt inferior.

The boy in a white shirt who once made the girls in the whole school obsessed with felt inferior, After a series of events in the Britt's, and a huge injury. Now that he was lame, he probably felt that he was not worthy of her.

There was another possibility that it was because the Britts was no longer his shelter. Sydnee had heard the rumors that Eliot was not a biological son of Maury, but was born by Beverly and another man. Although Sydnee did not quite believe it, she was certain that Eliot had rented a house and sent resumes to look for jobs. Although the rumors were not necessarily right, Eliot did not treat the Britt's as his own harbor. He tried his best to take himself out of the Britt's. If it were not for Emily's accident before, he might not have returned to the Britt Group in his life, let alone take over it.

It was said that from the moment Emily had an accident until now, he had been temporarily replacing the position of the general manager of the Britt Group. Once Emily had recovered, he would hand over all the jobs in his hands to her.

After Eliot left, Sydnee walked in. Donna took out a thick envelope and asked, "Where is the money from? Why are you giving her so much?"

"This is the rent," Sydnee told her about Emily buying a house.

She didn't say it directly. Donna lived with Emily and her son without any jobs, and they didn't have a source of income. Sydnee knew that Donna had connections with the Heytons, but she believed that if Emily recovered, she would definitely not use the money of the Heytons, so Sydnee sent the money at once so that they could feel more comfortable.

Donna didn't dare to use the money at first, but when she noticed Sydnee's kindness, she thanked her and accepted it.

Jackson did leave some money for her, but she didn't use it. A few days ago, when she came back, the guards who worked for Vincent gave a mobile phone to Emily. They also bought a lot of chicken, duck, fish, and meat to fill the refrigerator. Knowing that Donna had a bad lung condition, they asked even cooked. Yesterday, one of the guards was stung by a bee. He cooked with a wrapped around his face. Emily smiled for a long time.

After Sydnee left, Emily leaned on the table and practiced calligraphy. Donna put the money into the drawer. When she came out, she saw a man standing at the door. At first, when she looked at the stick, she thought it was Eliot, but when she looked up and saw Vincent's face, she was surprised and asked, "Today?"

Last time, Vincent said that the next time he came, he would take Emily with him.

He nodded at Donna, "Yes, we'll leave this afternoon."

"She's practicing calligraphy inside. I'll go and pack things up first." Donna pointed to the room.

"Alright."

The first floor was specially reserved for Emily. There were all kinds of dolls inside. There was also a study desk and a bed. Emily would practice calligraphy here, and Donna would be convenient to watch her.

When Vincent walked in, Emily was writing with her head down. She was writing very seriously. There were four or five pieces of paper in front of her, and they were all written with the name "Vincent Scavo".

"How many have you written?" he suddenly asked.

"Two hundred and twelve," Emily replied without even lifting her head.

After saying that, she realized that something was wrong. She turned around and saw a man standing next to her. Her wet eyes widened, wet.

"Vincent?"

"Don't you recognize me?" Vincent rubbed her head.

The little girl seemed surprised to see him, and her mouth was slightly open.

"Yes. But you were talking to me this morning and didn't say that you are coming today..." she said with a hint of joy.

Vincent took out a piece of mango layer cake from behind and handed it over, "I'm here to take you to have fun."

Emily was about to take the cake from his hand and was stunned for a moment when she heard this.

She glanced at the door.

Vincent knew what she meant and chuckled before saying, "Your mother has packed her things. She'll come with us later."

"Really?" She ran out excitedly and shouted to Donna upstairs, "Mom? Are we going out to play?"

When Donna heard her, she took a bag and asked, "I brought your towel and toothbrush. Do you have any toys you want to bring?"

Emily nodded. "Yes!"

Just as Emily was about to go get her toys, she thought of something and turned back to ask, "Mom, are we not coming back tonight? What are you bringing the toothbrush for?"

"Yes, we'll stay there for a few days."

## **Chapter 659**

Emily blew into the room like a gust of wind. After tidying up the book on the table, she remembered the mango pancake Vincent held. She immediately took it and said happily to Vincent, "Thank you."

"Don't worry. You can enjoy it first." Vincent held her hand and pulled her to sit on the chair. He tidied up a strand of long hair by her ear naturally.

Emily simply sat on the chair and began to enjoy the cake. She was satisfied and she looked like a little cute hamster.

Vincent leaned against the table and looked at her. His slender legs were propped up there, making him look tall and straight. There was even a walking stick at his feet. However, Emily's gaze was involuntarily attracted to the tie on his chest.

The edge of the pure black tie was embroidered with a black lifelike swallow.

"What's wrong?" He followed her gaze and looked at his tie.

Emily swallowed the cream and whispered, "It looks like a real swallow. For the first time, I found that the swallow is so beautiful."

After she finished speaking, she looked at Vincent and suddenly widened her eyes, "Ah, Mr. Vincent, the swallow is on behalf of you, right?"

"I have no idea. A little girl gave it to me." Vincent revealed a doting smile.

"What? Did a girl give it to you?" Emily revealed a curious expression, "Are you not married yet?"

"No." Vincent reached out his thumb to touch the cream on the side of her lips.

Emily wiped her mouth with the back of her hand in embarrassment and then asked very seriously, "The sisters around you I know are not married either. Do you want to marry them?"

Vincent remained quiet.

Rex, who was about to come in at the door, heard this and stumbled onto the door frame.

After Donna finished packing up, she called Emily at the entrance of the stairs, and Emily responded, "Mom, I am here."

She threw the box of mango pancakes into the trash can. Just as she was about to get up and leave, she saw Vincent stretch out his arm and place it on the back of her chair. He lowered his back and a cold but handsome face appeared before her eyes.

Vincent stared at her for a moment, then said, "Don't introduce a marriage partner to me anymore. I already have a fiancée, and she promised to marry me."

Emily nodded slightly, but she did not understand what was going on with her heart which kept beating extremely fast.

"Go ahead." Vincent withdrew his arm.

Emily finally stood up and ran towards the door. When she reached the outside, she unconsciously took a deep breath. Only then did she realize that she did not dare to breathe just now.

"What's wrong with you?" Donna happened to come down and saw Emily, so she asked, "What happened?"

Emily shook her head. She found it strange, but she could not describe it. She just asked, "Mom, where are we going to play?"

"I have no idea. It depends on Vincent." Donna pointed her chin in the direction of the room.

Emily nodded to show that she understood.

At noon, the guards went to the kitchen together. After more than an hour, they made six dishes. They were all injured, so they could not complete the lunch. They could only cooperate.

In short, after they had finished preparing the lunch, they were panting and paralyzed on the sofa, not wanting to move at all.

When Emily passed by the sofa, the skirt was grabbed by guard D who raised his face that was stung by wasps. He looked at her and said, "Ice cream, thank you."

The rest of the guards were speechless.

He must be crazy! He did actually ask the little Hulk to help him get ice cream!

Emily actually went to the fridge to get the ice creams. And she even took five ice creams for them, even Rex had a share. They were so moved that they almost cried.

Before they thanked the little Hulk, they looked down and found that all the ice creams in their hands had disappeared. When they looked up again, guard D was jumping out of the window with four ice creams in his hand.

Guard A was speechless.

So was Guard B.

And so was Guard C.

Rex had witnessed the whole thing.

They clenched their fists and limped out of the window one after another. A moment later, miserable screams came from outside the window.

Emily bit on a piece of ribs and raised her head. "What is that sound?" She asked vaguely.

"What's that sound? There's no sound. Don't talk when you eat." Donna said.

"Okay." Emily continued to enjoy the ribs happily.

Vincent pushed the peeled shrimp in front of her.

Emily picked up a piece of shrimp on the crystal plate, dipped it in vinegar, and put it into her mouth. She narrowed her eyes happily.

Donna had never come into contact with Vincent before. She had thought that he was just as cold as he looked. However, she had never expected that he would be so doting towards Emily in private.

Peeling shrimps would stain his hands. Generally, few men were willing to do it, but as a famous man, Vincent was willing to do that for Emily. And he also did it so naturally, like when he was with Emily before, he was also doing it for her.

Donna had a better impression of Vincent.

Even though Emily was in this state, he had not given up on her. It was enough to prove that he really loved Emily.

This feeling was even more intense than her as a mother. As long as Donna thought about how she had left ten years ago and left Emily alone, she would feel extremely upset.

As soon as the meal was finished, Donna excused herself to go to the washroom and left with her head lowered to cover up her red eyes.

Emily was still immersed in the joy of going out to play. She first went to pack up her favorite toy and put it in her bag. Then she took out her small suitcase and packed her favorite dress. She stuffed a lot of clothes and almost couldn't fit them in the back. Rex came over to help tidy it up.

At first, everything that he found was normal. It was not until Rex took out a princess dress from her suitcase. He looked at Emily blankly and asked, "Miss Emily, can you... squeeze in it?"

"I can't wear it anymore. Why did I suddenly grow so tall? I remember that this dress is quite big for me." Emily was a little disappointed.

Rex took out a pair of shoes and asked, "Miss Emily, do you have some misunderstanding about your feet?"

He measured the shoes with his hand, then lowered his head and gestured at the edge of the shoes that Emily was wearing. The difference between the shoes was as big as a fist.

Emily looked at her feet in surprise. She probably didn't notice anything when she was wearing shoes. Now that Rex proposed the difference, she realized that she was a lot bigger than she had imagined.

In fact, she had noticed a long time ago that she was taller than her mother. Moreover, she also noticed that her appearance had changed. After that, she did not dare to look in the mirror, so she did not look at her own face. It seemed that she was hooked by her own lies. However, over the past few days, she had always thought that everything was still the same, but in fact, many things had changed.

The house was old, the tree in front of the door was missing, the ant hole at the door was gone, her mother had a lot of white hair and she always coughed, and her father had not come to see them for a long time.

However, she had a lot more friends, and they were all especially good to her. Every time they came, they would send her a lot of gifts, as well as all kinds of candy, and... Mr. Vincent had specially come here to bring her and her mother out for fun.

He had a beautiful swallow on his tie and he took good care of her. He was very good to her and brought her favorite mango pancake. He knew that she liked ribs and shrimp...

Emily cried silently in the room alone. She rubbed her red eyes and looked at the paper on the table full of the name of Vincent. She was a little angry and rubbed all the paper into a ball and threw it into the trash bin.

Vincent happened to see this scene when he came in. He stood his walking stick behind the door and strode to the table with his long legs. He looked at Emily and asked, "Why are you crying?"

"I hate you." Emily looked at him hatefully.

"What?" Vincent's hand that was holding a tissue froze, and he frowned slightly.

"You are here to snatch my mother away. After you appeared, Daddy never came again." Emily accused him angrily, "You said you were going to get married, but you are so good to me. Are you going to get married to my mother? Will you have your own baby?"

Vincent did not say a word.

He truly experienced what it was like to suffer in silence.

Moreover, it was also the first time that he discovered that the child's thoughts were so leaping. She was happy because she was about to go out and play a few seconds ago, but now she was trapped by her own imagination and cried so sadly.

"No, I don't like your mother. I..." Vincent looked at her, unable to continue the rest of his sentence, worried that he would scare her.

Emily listened in a daze and wiped her tears, "You are lying. If you don't like her, why did you take us out to play?"

"Is there a causal relationship between the two things?" Vincent's face darkened, "She is your mother, how could I... I..." The dignified patriarch of the Scavo's, a man who had always been decisive, was now forced speechless by Emily.

"In short, what you said will never happen." Vincent added with a dark face. He looked at her again, took a deep breath, and said, "What are you thinking?"

"Really? You promise?" Emily rubbed her nose.

When she heard Vincent say that, she suddenly felt relieved. However, she was still thinking about the fact that her father had not been here for a long time. She could only ask Vincent in a low voice, "Can you take me to visit my father secretly when we are out? I want to see him."

"Alright, I'll take you to play for a few days before we visit him." Vincent nodded.

"Okay, pinky swears." Emily happily stretched out his finger and hooked it with him.

Vincent hooked her pinky finger and looked down at her crying nose. He couldn't help but reach out his other hand to gently scratch her nose.

"I promise you, but you have to promise me one thing."

"Alright, go ahead." Emily looked at him happily.

Vincent wiped away the tears on her eyelashes with a tissue and said in a low and gentle voice, "Don't cry."

## **Chapter 660**

### [Next](#)

Emily's bad mood came and went.

When sitting in the car in the afternoon, she was happy again, chirping in the back.

If to grow in this way, Emily would be enthusiastic and cheerful when she grew up. That was different from what she had been, mature and indifferent beyond her years.

"Mom, where are we going?" Emily asked again. The car was traveling along the road. She rarely went on a long journey and looked out of the window eagerly as if she had just been released.

"To a place you would like," Vincent said.

Emily was confused and Vincent's words made her increasingly curious about that. She looked out of the window along the way for fear of missing the scenery outside.

At dusk, the car finally stopped. Emily's eyes widened as she saw a huge logo of the Ocean Kingdom. Then she asked Vincent at her side, "Where is it?"

She had never been here.

Her father was very busy at work and even rarely spent time with her. She never expected that her father would bring her here.

"The underwater world." Donna got out of the passenger seat, looked at Emily, and said guiltily, "Sorry, Emily. Mom has never brought you here..."

At this point, most playgrounds were closed, but this one was still open. Obviously, Vincent had arranged it.

Moreover, few people were seen along the way. Usually, it would be crowded with people. But now, only they were here.

"There's food over there. What do you want to eat?" Vincent walked over leaning on his stick and pointed in a direction.

"What food is there?" Emily rarely had fast food outside, although she liked something like fried chicken. Then she went off in that direction.

A row of stalls for seafood, grilled trotter and all kinds of fried dishes lined the street. Emily fastened her eyes on them and vendors all shouted, "Would you like some, little girl?"

"How much do you want?"

Emily turned around and was about to ask Vincent. Then she found that besides him, four guards were standing behind who surrounded her in a semicircle. She never had such an experience before and even forgot what she wanted to say.

Seeing that, Vincent raised his eyebrows and asked, "You don't know what to eat?"

Emily nodded, and Vincent said to the vendors, "Give me some for each kind."

Vendors responded and began to prepare it.

Seeing the huge pot on fire in front of her, she quickly took a step back to get close to Donna and whispered, "Mom, why do they look a little scary?"

"They're here to protect you. Don't be afraid." Donna patted her arm to comfort her.

"Protect me?" Emily did not understand. "Why?"

Donna did not know how to explain it. Vincent was worried that something would happen to Emily again and had to take precautions. Nevertheless, Emily did not remember the previous accident.

At this point, a vendor selling bands in the shapes of rabbit ears walked over with glow sticks and luminous balloons in his hands. Emily's eyes lit up upon seeing that. Then Vincent beckoned to the vendor.

"Which one do you want?" he asked.

Emily pointed at the rabbit's ear. After choosing one, Rex was about to pay when Emily shouted, "Wait a minute."

She picked six more rabbit ears in pink, black, yellow, and blue. Then she took out the money from her pocket and handed it over. She said to Vincent, "I'll pay for them. They're for you guys"

You guys?

Vincent raised his eyebrows.

Emily handed the rabbit ears to the guards and Rex one by one. Finally, there was only one black left. She handed it to Vincent. "This is for you."

Vincent was speechless.

At first, the guards did not want to wear this little girl's thing. Rex also didn't want to give in. But after seeing Vincent put it on remaining calm, they were all shocked. They kept silent for a moment and then put it on without saying a word.

The six men in black looked cold and distant. When they stood together, it was somewhat frightening. After putting on luminous rabbit ears, they seemed a little funny combining with their stupefied expressions.

Donna wore a red one, smiled helplessly.

Emily took a few photos with her new phone and then pointed the camera at Vincent.

Vincent was most eye-catching among them. He was very tall and looked cold. He seemed taller and stronger in black and his silver hair made him even more handsome with a devilish charm.. Now the rabbit ears on his head made him more approachable.