

## Reborn Baby - Chapter 671

Although there was nothing wrong with what she said, Sydnee always felt that something was wrong. Eventually, Eliot opened the door and turned sideways to her. "Come in. There are two beds."

"Lynn! Hurry up and open the door!" Sydnee shouted with a blushed face.

Many guests in the corridor looked over. Sydnee pretended to be irrelevant and covered her face. She tightened her wrist and looked up. She had been dragged to the next room by Eliot.

"There are two beds. Don't worry about what I will do at night." After Eliot closed the door, he put his walking stick aside, unbuttoned his buttons with one hand, and looked back at her. "If you are afraid, you can use it for self-defense."

Sydnee glanced at the cane and shook his head out of courtesy.

Previously, the two of them were in the same room. And they were in Lynn's ward. At that time, there was still Lynn, but this time, they were in the hotel. Although there were two beds, this was the first time Sydnee was in the same hotel room with a man.

When Eliot came out of the shower, he was still wearing a shirt and pants. Sydnee, who was sitting on the chair, heaved a sigh of relief. She was worried about seeing a person with only a towel on his body.

Eliot held onto the wall and walked a few steps. Sydnee saw it and quickly handed the cane over.

"Thank you." Eliot sat on the bed with his crutch and began to massage his legs through his pants. Because he had been lying down for a long time, his muscles had atrophied a little. Although he received some massage therapies, the effect was minimal. He was not as good as a normal person who could move on the ground. When Eliot saw his shrunken legs before, he was so angry that he smashed his crutch.

But life still had to continue.

Emily was beyond their help. Elsie was still in the center of the detoxification. Beverly was still in jail. And Maury was buried deep in the ground already. There was no one behind him.

In the future, he would be the only one left to overcome all obstacles.

He was tired, but he didn't dare to rest.

He didn't even dare to take the initiative to approach the only person he liked. Worrying that he would harm others for the rest of their lives.

If it wasn't for the sudden appearance of Marquise, Eliot would never have made the same move as when he appeared in the hotel hall tonight.

"Sydnee." He called her name in the dark.

"Yes?" Sydnee was shocked.

"Good night." He spoke.

"Good night," Sydnee replied softly. She had her back to him. After a long time, she finally dared to turn around and take a look. Under the wall lamp, Eliot was lying sideways in her direction. His eyes were closed as if he was asleep.

Was she in love with him?

Sydnee's gaze slid to his lips, and she couldn't help but think of that kiss. She couldn't help but quickly turn around and cover her burning face.

It was so embarrassing. What if Emily found out in the future?

Emily took her as a friend, and she wanted to be Emily's sister-in-law??

It was over.

Sydnee buried her face in the quilt. She had several dreams that night. When she woke up in the morning, she was still at a loss of where he was.

"Sydnee?" Lynn shouted.

"Where is he?" Sydnee snapped back to reality and glanced at her.

"He woke up very early and went to a video conference. He even bought breakfast and put it on the table. He told us to wait for him in the car after eating." After saying that, Lynn took another box and handed it over with a smile on her face, "Eliot went to buy it early in the morning. He said that it was a present for your first day."

Sydnee was stunned for a while before she understood that the first day was referring to the first day of their relationship.

A gift?

She opened the box in her hand and took a look. It was a green dress. The hem and sleeves were white. This combination was very bright and beautiful. She liked it very much.

"It's so beautiful!" Lynn took a few photos at the side.

"What have you been taking? Photos?" Sydnee tilted his head to look at him.

"Yes, I took a picture of your kiss last night. Do you want to see it?" Lynn asked.

Sydnee was speechless.

She took her clothes into the bathroom and came out in a few minutes. Lynn gave her a thumbs-up and took a few photos of her on her phone.

Eliot was a careful person. When he came out of the shower last night, Sydnee only wore a bathrobe. Because he didn't bring a change of clothes, he originally planned to wear yesterday's clothes the next day, so he hung the clothes on the hanger. Who knew that he would buy a new skirt today?

Lynn smiled at her, "Sydnee, I also have a share." After that, she pulled the black skirt on her body, "Eliot said that I am too dark and can't wear too bright."

Sydnee said: "Is he that direct?"

Lynn thought for a moment and said, "Maybe a little more polite. He told me that wearing black can make me look a little paler."

Sydnee didn't know how to answer her.

Was this the meaning of "a bit more tactful"?

Before they went out, Lynn went to the bathroom. Sydnee quickly picked up the phone that she had placed on the table. Then Sydnee clicked into the photo album and searched for a long time. Finally, she found the photo of them kissing in public. This photo reminded Sydnee of the embarrassing scene last night.

Before she could click to delete it, she heard a voice say, "Sydnee, it's useless even if you delete it. I already sent it to Eliot last night."

Sydnee choked with her words.

On this day, Sydnee updated his Moments.

Sitting in the car, Eliot closed the computer, picked up his phone, and clicked into Sydnee's dialog box. Just as he was about to send a message, he received a message from Lynn, "Quick, look at Sydnee's Moments."

Lynn opened the dialog box and clicked into his Moments. He saw Sydnee post a text message with only one line of words:

A new day, hello.

Eliot replied, "Hello."

Not long after she closed her phone, Sydnee and Lynn came out of the hotel. Sydnee, who dressed in a green dress, was very bright. She went straight through a road. There were many cars at the entrance of the hotel. After searching around and recognizing Eliot's car tag, she walked in his direction with her bag and a gentle smile on her face.

At that instant, Eliot felt as if she had stepped into his heart with a beam of light, illuminating his entire being with warmth.

"Sydnee, take a look at your Moments." Lynn poked Sydnee in the arm.

"Ok," Sydnee said. He looked left and right at the traffic flow and said casually, "Let's get in and see."

"Take a look at me." Lynn handed over her screen. Sydnee glanced at it casually. Then, she fixed her gaze and took a closer look. She saw a new update on Eliot at the top. It said,

"Hello to a new beginning."

Sydnee was again speechless.

She quickly opened her Moments and found that not long after she posted it, Eliot had sent this message at the same time.

Moreover, there were many comments from their mutual friends:

"Congratulations!"

"Did you get married? Congratulations!"

"No, I suspect that this is the way to congratulate new family members. Could it be that someone is expecting? Congratulations!"

Sydnee was about to reply, but she did not thank everyone for their concern. She tried to be official and polite. But before she could act, she saw Eliot answer in her comments section, "We are not ready to have a child yet. If there is good news, I will inform everyone. Thank you for your blessings."

Sydnee lost her words.

Why did he say it so bluntly! Who wants to have children with him?

## **Chapter 672**

When Vincent came out of the room, he found someone squat at the door.

Emily curled up and leaned against the door. She wore pink pajamas and half her face was exposed. Her eyelashes were long and her long black hair hung down to the floor.

She slept soundly like a kitten, and her breathing was even.

Rex whispered at the door, "She's been here since 5 o'clock. I asked her but she didn't speak, just squatting here."

Vincent flipped his hand and Rex left quietly.

The guards who stood against the wall also disappeared one after another. The entire corridor was left with Vincent and Emily. The air was serene and quiet. The air after the rain penetrated through the open window, mixed with a hint of floral fragrance, accompanied by bursts of birds. It seemed that one could smell nature.

Hazily, Emily opened her eyes. Suddenly, she saw a magnified handsome face in front of her. She muttered, "Mr. Vincent?"

"What are you doing here?" Vincent rubbed her head.

Emily seemed to have not woken up. She looked down at herself and asked hesitantly, "I ... What am I doing here?"

"Emily?" Vincent looked at her in doubt.

Emily nodded. "Yeah."

Vincent was uncertain. He lifted her chin, looked straight into her eyes, and asked, "Who am I?"

Emily was at a loss for a second before replying, "You are Mr. Vincent."

It was not her.

Vincent released his hand and looked at her gently. "You don't remember why you came to my door?"

Emily shook her head. "I don't remember."

"Then what else do you remember?" he asked.

Emily frowned and thought for a moment. Suddenly, her face whitened. She grabbed Vincent's sleeves and said, "Fire."

"Had a nightmare?" Vincent tried to confirm.

Emily nodded. "Blazing fire."

"It's okay. Just a nightmare." Vincent pulled her up from the ground and said, "Go downstairs and have breakfast."

Emily obediently held his hand, and when they walked to the corner of the stairs, she said, "Mr. Vincent, I dreamed that you were dead."

Vincent stopped in his tracks and turned to look at her. He finally realized that she had not dreamed of the fire last night, but remembered the previous car accident.

"And?" he asked.

"Your hair." "Your hair is black in the dream," she pointed at his hair.

Vincent looked at her and asked, "Did you talk to me in the dream?"

Emily lowered her head and thought for a moment before answering, "I did, but I don't remember those words."

"If you can't remember, then don't." "Let's go have breakfast first." Vincent held her hand and continued walking down the stairs.

"Alright."

Rex brought a few boiled eggs from the kitchen, then heated two cups of milk and brought them to Vincent and Emily.

Emily asked as she ate, "Where's mom? Is she still asleep?"

Rex looked at his watch, "I guess so. I'll go and check."

Donna was not as healthy as she was before. She probably felt that she could entrust Emily to Vincent. Therefore, when the burden in her heart was put down, illness attacked her and almost crushed her overnight. She rarely coughed recently, but after the rain last night, she began to cough violently again. Therefore, even it was the thunderstorm night that Emily most afraid of, she could not go to be with Emily.

When Rex knocked on the door, Donna was taking medicine. She patted her face, and her skin turned red. She opened the door and said to Rex, "Morning."

After Rex greeted her, he said to her, "Miss Emily and Mr. Vincent are eating downstairs. Please come down."

"Sure." Donna put the medicine back in the drawer, looked into the mirror, and followed Rex out.

Emily was no longer at the dining table. Vincent disliked the taste of the fried egg and decided to cook it himself. Emily followed him to the kitchen to learn how to do it. Therefore, each of them held a frying pan. The guards on the side were still instructing,

"Quick, quick! Flip it over! It's going to burn!"

"It tastes better with a sunny side up!"

"Why don't you just eat it raw! You ought to eat the cooked eggs!"

"Miss Emily, yours is about to get burnt!"

Emily was flustered on the side. Vincent took a shovel and flipped it over for her. He turned off the fire and took a plate to fill the plate, using ketchup to draw a smile on the fried egg.

"I want to draw it! I want to!" Emily raised her hand excitedly.

Vincent handed over the ketchup and Emily took it over to draw on her fried egg. Vincent thought that she would draw a smile, but he did not expect that she drew a swallow.

"Does it look good?" She looked back with a smile.

Vincent raised his eyebrows slightly, "Beautiful."

Donna, who was standing at the entrance of the kitchen and watching this scene, revealed a gratified smile.

Only the guards on the side took out their phones and took pictures of the two fried eggs on the plate. One was a smiling face and the other was a swallow.

After lunch, Vincent brought Emily out to buy clothes. This time, Donna only brought a few clothes to change. After being here for some days, there were only a few clothes. Rex bought some pieces back, but Emily did not like them. They were all placed in the box and had not been worn.

The weather was good today, Vincent decided to bring them out for a walk.

Emily had visited a lot of entertainment places in the past few days. It was the first time she had come to the shopping mall. While Vincent was outside looking at the iPad, she had already taken out a couple sets of clothes and gestured at him.

"For me?" He raised his eyebrows, a little surprised.

"No, Dad's birthday is coming. It is for him," Emily stuck out her tongue.

Vincent tilted his head to look at Donna. The latter also had a surprised look on her face. Then, he turned around and hid the sadness in his eyes.

Emily finally chose two sets of clothes, one grey for her father, and the other pure black for Vincent. When she went to pay the bill, she took out her wallet, put the one-hundred banknote on the counter, and asked, "Are these enough?"

The guide looked at the price tag with four zeros on and then looked back at the four hundred pieces on the counter in front of her, unable to even squeeze out a smile.

Emily observed her expression and hesitantly took out another one from her wallet and put it on the table. "Miss, would it be enough?"

The guide took a deep breath and was about to speak when she saw a man in black quickly stuff a card into her palm. She was stunned for a moment and turned back to seek him. She was not sure who the man in black was. He nodded slightly at the man standing at the front who looked very imposing. The guide was a smart person. She immediately understood and smiled at Emily. "Enough."

So she charged the card and accepted the five hundred yuan on the counter. Then she wrapped up the clothes and put them into the bag and handed them over. "Please take care, thank you for coming."

"Thank you." Emily held the bag in both hands and whispered, "The clothes are so expensive."

Having heard this, the guide's feet twisted and she almost fell.

After that, they went shopping in women's clothing. Vincent waved his hand and let the guards go shopping. Only Rex was there. The two of them sat on the sofa and watched Emily come out of the locker room. She was wearing a pink dress.

This skirt was really very ... cute. And she had a palm-sized face, black eyes that were as wet as a deer, a small nose, pink and slightly curved lips.

Emily could be said to be a real SD doll, so beautiful that people could not take their eyes off her.

### **Chapter 673**

Rex almost got a nosebleed because of Emily's adorable look. He even wanted to reach out his phone and take a few photos, but Vincent slapped a magazine to his head and stopped him.

Emily walked around with her new skirt and looked at Vincent, asking, "How about this one?"

Vincent walked over and hold her shoulder-length hair into his palm. He took out a tie from somewhere and helped wear her hair up. In the mirror, the cute girl immediately turned into neat and capable.

Emily looked at him in the mirror in a daze. Until Vincent returned to the sofa and sat down, she was still immersed in it. For some reason, it was very familiar. It seemed as if someone had done this before like this.

She touched the tie at the back of her head and wondered confusedly, mom never used a tie to wear her hair. Was it dad?

"Emily, are you alright?" Donna walked over and stood next to Emily.

Through the mirror, Emily saw the aged face of her mother when she was about to turn around. She also noticed the white hair.

She looked down at her hands and feet again. In her mind, there was a little girl who was crying desperately in the cupboard. She took a step back and put her hands to her head. Donna was deeply concerned, "Emily? Emily? Are you OK?"

Emily kept retreating. She put her hands to her head, but those voices keep coming in all the time.

"You bastard! Who let you enter my house! Get out of here!"

"Even though my brother is on your side, you will never be the owner of this house. It's ridiculous, your mother is a mistress, a slut! So are you!"

"Well, are you a fool? Are you really a fool or pretending to be? Idiot, I'm calling you. Come here!"

"Remember, I am your sister. From now on, you must listen to me. Even if I beat you, you can't tell dad! Do you hear it?"

"Your mom abandoned you. You are living in my house, are you clear? This is mine, not yours. With my order, you may be kicked out to the streets, like a beggar. Do you know what beggars are? If you upset me, you will be homeless at no time."

"Emily, I'm Eliot. Don't be afraid. I will protect you. Don't be afraid."

"Honey, don't be afraid. Food is already. Eat some. It's delicious."

"Are you afraid of the dark? I will stay with you, okay?"

"My name is Eliot. What's yours? I'll teach you how to write your name tomorrow, okay?"

"I bought some pineapple pie today. Emily, come here..."

"Emily, dad is so sorry..."

"Emily, it's mom's fault..."

"Emily..." A voice suddenly pulled her back. She lay on the ground in a daze, looking at the face in front of her. That pair of eyes, sharp but beautiful.

"Vincent?" She reached out to grab him and said unconsciously, "A lot of people are talking. There are so many people, so many."

"No one's talking. Don't be afraid. I'll take you home," Vincent took her in his arms to comfort her.

Just now, Emily was continuously stepping back, putting hands to her head while screaming uncontrollably, which aroused the attention of many customers. Lots of people thronged to the brand shop. At first, they were attracted by the delicate and beautiful girl. Later, they noticed another extremely tall man standing next to her. His back was attractive enough to arouse the attention of crowds of women. But, when they saw his face, many people could not help admiring him.

He wore a thin black hat that covered most of his forehead. His exposed eyebrows and lower jaw were exceptionally grave and stern. His thin lips were slightly pursed. He seemed so indifferent, but when he was holding the girl in his arms, his eyes revealed a rare gentleness. The strong-willed man still had his

tenderness, which was so precious. The female customers surrounded here were even flipped by his behaviors.

Vincent carried Emily in his arms and walked out. Emily was holding his neck while her body was still trembling slightly. She closed her eyes and pressed her face against Vincent's neck. Feeling the warmth of Vincent, all her nervousness and scary disappeared gradually.

Donna hastened to pace up in no minute. Just now, Emily had been retreating and scratched her eyes accidentally. It took her a long while to refresh herself.

The guide saw that they were about to leave and immediately stopped Donna, "You haven't ... you haven't paid it yet."

No sooner did Donna take out the money than Rex had already sent a card to the shop assistant. He then picked up a cane from the sofa and rushed to Vincent.

Vincent could walk without canes, but the leg may be pressured a little bit. What was more, he still had to hold Emily now. Rex and a few guards followed behind him and were ready to help.

"Mr. Vincent, let us help you."

"Yes, Mr. Vincent, let us carry Miss Emily."

"How heavy can little Hulk be? I can manage it."

"Not alright, let me do it."

"You guys are too noisy." Vincent looked ahead directly.

The few guards immediately shut up while only Rex had not yet said anything.

Rex was a bit relieved he had remained quiet.

When they arrived home, Vincent put Emily on the bed. No sooner was he about to ask Rex to bring a glass of hot milk than his hand had been grasped by Emily. She curled up in the quilt and cried in a grievance, "Vincent ... Don't leave me, okay?"

"I will not leave." Vincent sat beside the bed again.

"It's too dark. I'm so scared." Emily buried herself in the blanket.

It was just afternoon now, and the curtains were open. So, it was not dark at all. However, Vincent got it. He held her hand and comforted her in a low voice. "Don't be afraid. I am here. I am always here."

"Vincent, will you always be with me?" Emily's eyes glistened with tears.

"Yes, I will always be with you, until you are no longer afraid," he said in a gentle voice.

"You promised to take me to see dad. Don't forget it." She took a sniff.

Vincent looked at her, and after a moment of silence, he said, "Don't worry. I won't forget it."

Wiped her tears, she buried her face in the pillow. After a while, she asked, "Vincent, can you tell me a story?"

"Sure." Vincent picked up the Greek mythology on the bookshelf, flipped to the familiar page, and read it to her.

When Rex came in with the milk, Emily was already asleep.

Sitting by the bed, Vincent looked at her quietly, their hands still holding.

When Rex was about to put down the milk, he saw Vincent gesture to him, then he immediately took the milk out.

"Mr. Vincent, did Miss Emily remember something?" he asked at the door.

"Yes.." Vincent looked at Emily who was not sleeping soundly and said in a low voice, "She is trying to overcome what she had experienced before."

#### **Chapter 674**

Janessa spent nine days in the hospital. On the tenth day, Collin came and told her that she could be discharged. Then Armando went to go through the formalities.

They hired a nursing worker. However, most of the time, the worker just stayed aside and watched Armando take care of Janessa although it should be done by the worker.

He almost did all the things like wiping Janessa's face and hands, which made the worker a little embarrassed when she was paid. She said, "I did little here. I shouldn't have been paid so much."

"Don't mention it. Thanks for your hard work." Armando was reticent. After saying that, he turned and went out to go through the formalities.

"You're the one who works hard." The worker put away the money and sighed as she looked at the back of Armando. "What a good man."

Then she came back to pack things. Janessa was getting out of bed. Now she could do some movements which were not too strenuous, like walking. But she couldn't walk too long and had to have a rest from time to time. Besides, she suffered from some after-effects of falling off the horse, like a slight concussion, the damaged heart and lung function, as well as the injury of spine soft tissue. Sometimes she also couldn't hear well.

"Your boyfriend is really good to you." When helping her out of the bed, the worker praised him. Janessa only heard the first sentence. She was about to refute. But in the end, she did not say anything.

"I've been working as a nursing worker for so many years. It's the first time I've seen such a young man who is even more caring and considerate than a woman. He's so good to you. You should cherish him."

After coming back, Armando saw Janessa sitting alone at the bedside in a daze. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." Janessa shook her head.

Armando nodded, then went to pack the package next to the bed. After that, he went to the bathroom to put the toiletries into the bag. Finally, he looked around to check if there was anything left.

"Let's go." He walked to Janessa and supported her with one hand.

Randy, Ferne, and Noah had all come to see her during these days in the hospital. She liked it when they brought her joy here, which could get her out of many unpleasant memories and just focus on the present. She liked it.

But after the bustle, there was only silence in the ward. Janessa turned over several times and wanted to speak, but she didn't know what to say. Instead, Armando took the initiative to talk about many embarrassing things that he and his brothers had done.

"Did you say once a man professed his love to Ferne when he disguised himself as a girl? It's so funny! I will laugh at him loudly next time I see him!"

Except for the several nights in the beginning when the two of them remained silent, they chatted until it was late at night before falling asleep. Janessa's phone had been switched off since she called Benson, and Armando had never stepped out of the hospital since he arrived here.

Armando didn't know what this period meant to Janessa, but it was so precious for him. It was assuring for him to see her every day when he woke up.

"I'll stay in the hotel." Seeing that the taxi stopped at his apartment, Janessa remained in the back and did not want to get out.

"I won't live here," Armando said to her after paying the driver and taking out the luggage.

Hearing that, Janessa pursed her lips and got out of the car. Armando had rarely lived here since he bought it. But Janessa tended to stay here for a few days every time she came back. Occasionally, when in a bad mood, she would come here for a smoke or a drink alone which were all bad habits that could not be known to the Mosbies.

Her things remained in the apartment, as well as her coat on the sofa. Armando never asked anyone to clean up. Instead, he would do the cleaning himself. It seemed that he didn't want anyone to find that Janessa lived here, or he didn't want to be disturbed by others.

A lot of food in the fridge had expired. Armando packed them into a few trash bags and took them out. Then, he went to the supermarket to buy some things and came back to cook lunch.

Janessa switched her phone on. Fortunately, Benson did not call her again. There were more than two hundred missed calls and more than one hundred unread messages. They were all from Warren. She flipped through them casually and threw the phone aside.

The food in the kitchen smelt delicious. Janessa walked to the kitchen step by step with the support of the wall. When reaching the kitchen door, she saw Armando cooking wearing an apron.

He was meticulous in everything, different from Ferne and Randy who were glib. He was reticent but reliable. Janessa knew it a long time ago and appreciated it very much.

At this moment, looking at his back in the kitchen, which reminded Janessa of the night when they stayed at the Tibetan's place. That night, he sat on the bench and made a fire to do some delicious food for her.

From beginning to end, he didn't do anything wrong.

But...

But...

"Are you hungry?" Armando turned around and wiped the sweat off his forehead.. "Just wait for another ten minutes."

## **Chapter 675**

Janessa walked to the dining table leaning on the wall and sat down. She heard that Armando was talking to someone on the phone when he was cooking.

He said, "Okay. I'll go tomorrow. Thank you."

After a while, he took out the dishes he cooked and fetched two bowls of rice.

What Janessa ate in the hospital was prepared for patients, which was either tasteless or bland. She had been eating porridge for so long so she missed beer and grilled meat, especially grilled crayfish. She thought that Armando would only order takeaways when she was discharged from the hospital. However, Armando cooked himself and the food he prepared was Janessa's favorite.

Janessa was a tour guide so she had got used to different dishes from all over the country. But when she came back home, she loved the sour and spicy shredded potatoes and sauteed potato, green pepper, and eggplant the housekeeper cooked for her. Every time she came back, Benson would ask the kitchen to cook them for her. Over time, as long as Janessa came back, the cook would cook the two dishes without being informed.

Nowadays, it was uncommon for men to cook. And Armando didn't not only know how to cook but also knew how to cook her favorite dishes...

Armando didn't tell Janessa where they were going tomorrow when they finished their meal. Janessa thought that he would live with her today because it was not convenient for her to live alone now. She was still injured, though Armando had told her that he was not living with her.

"I found a housekeeper for you. She will live with you tonight. If you need anything, she can buy it for you. Or you can call me," Armando said while he was washing the dishes.

Janessa was stunned and said, "What about you?"

"I can live in my shop," he said.

Janessa nodded.

Then they became silent.

Armando was washing the dishes and Janessa was sitting beside the dining table. After Armando came out of the kitchen, he dried his hand and walked to the dining table. He hugged Janessa from behind and kissed her neck.

Janessa dared not move.

Then Armando walked toward the door and said, "I am leaving."

The door was snapped closed. Janessa recovered and touched her neck where Armando just kissed. Her skin there was burning.

...

Collin didn't feel good when he was taking a shower after getting drenched in the rain that day. Then he had a fever and he slept a day after taking some medicine. The second morning, he felt much better though his voice was hoarse.

He had a simple meal and then received a call from Cora who hung up immediately after fishing her words, "Don't forget to pack the things in the house."

Then Collin realized that someone wanted to rent his house, which Cora bought for his wedding.

The female tenant's voice sounded like a comedian.

Thinking of what he had said to Cora, he laughed out when he was shaving, nearly hurting himself. He put on shirt and khaki trousers and went out. It was sunny outside while Collin was in a bad mood.

He drove to the appointed place and the security guard told him that the miss had arrived early. She got bored so she went to the coffee shop nearby. Collin nodded and said, "When she comes back, you can tell her that I am waiting for her in the house."

The security guard nodded.

Collin took the key from the project management office and waited for the elevator. Few people lived here so the elevator was empty. He stood there and could see his pale face through the mental on the door.

He thought of Roxy when they were standing at the door of her house, who put her slim arms around his waist and kissed...

The elevator arrived.

He lowered his eyes and went in. He pressed the button for the 16th floor. After the elevator door closed, he took out the buzzing phone in his pocket and answered it. He said, "I'm already here. I saw her. Her voice is good but she looked normal."

Cora gave up, so she said, "Forget it. If she still wants to rent it, you two could sign a contract. Or, you can leave."

Collin agreed.

He put away his phone. He could not understand why the girl would want to rent his house.

He had seen the house even if he didn't move in. Cora didn't turn it into a sweet home for couples but prepared two study rooms and one room with computers. There was also a room for babies. But after Collin put his bicycle in, it became a sports room.

The furniture in the living room was white. There were no pink or other golden colors that girls liked. Cora decorated it in Collin's style but then she thought that her daughter-in-law in the future would not like it. So, she decided to rent it to someone else.

But Cora was picky. She would not rent it to couples or people with dogs or cats. She didn't want to see couples cuddling because her son was single now. So, the house was still empty until the girl called. Cora thought that the girl could meet her standards so she wanted to rent it to her.

Collin looked around when he opened the door. The bedroom was painted with white color which most girls didn't like.. It felt lonely and cold.

## **Chapter 676**

It wasn't colorful. Standing here, it was like in the long corridor of the hospital. Everywhere was cold, white, and glaring.

It had been a long time since someone cleaned here last time. Here was full of dust. Collin accidentally rubbed the dust and frowned slightly. He entered the bathroom to wash his hands. A voice came from outside the door. It was probably the tenant. He said hoarsely, "Wait a minute."

The person replied, "Okay."

Collin did not hear her voice clearly. The sound of footsteps and water made his brain a little chaotic instead of clear. After washing his hands, he looked at the mirror. He pulled down the mask, revealing a morbid paleness. He touched his forehead and there was still a fever.

Well, it had been a long time since he was sick last time, and once he was sick, the symptoms were severe.

After coming out, there was a person sitting on the sofa with her hair loose. But the sofa was a little high, only the back of her head could be seen. Collin closed the door and took out a set of contracts from the entranceway.

As he walked, he said, "Have you seen the house? If you think it's satisfying, please sign it. You may know the price. Take a look at the house first..." Before he finished saying, he walked to the sofa. Just as he was about to throw the contract on the coffee table, his eye met hers on the sofa.

She didn't wear black-rimmed glasses. She wore a long black dress. Her face was plain with dark pupils. She looked at him in surprise. Obviously, she recognized him although he was wearing a mask.

Collin paused and asked, "You...?"

Roxy stood up and said, "Sorry, I didn't know this was your house."

"So, you don't want to rent?" Collin looked at her and asked.

Roxy said nothing, but the answer had been shown on her face. she thought so.

"Where will you stay these days?" Collin asked.

"You have looked for me?" Roxy asked.

Collin choked for a moment and threw the contract on the coffee table. He said to her, "I'll lower the price, rent it."

Roxy had indeed seen a lot of houses, but she liked the two study rooms here. That was why she wanted to rent this house. However, she never expected that the world was too small.

This house belonged to him.

"How long will you rent it?" Collin found a pen and handed it to her. "Sign it."

Roxy thought for a moment and did not reach for the pen. "Sorry."

"Why?" Collin sat down on the sofa. Because of fever, he wasn't comfortable and was a little impatient. However, his brain was used to controlling his emotions. At this moment, he deliberately did not control. The expression on his face was very unpleasant.

"No why," Roxy said.

"Alright." Collin took back the pen and the contract. He said, "Take care, bye."

Roxy left.

When the door was closed, Collin leaned on the sofa, pinched his eyebrows, and took a breath. His breath was very hot, and he was very uncomfortable. He did not want to move anymore.

After a while, footsteps suddenly sounded. Collin opened his eyes and saw Roxy walking here from the entranceway. She lowered her eyes and he could not see her expression.

When she arrived before Collin, she reached out her hand to touch his forehead.

"You are sick."

Collin did not let her away and just looked her eyes like that.

His face was now in her eyes which were usually dull. There was something faintly flickering inside. Collin did not see them clearly. He only saw her slowly lowering her head to touch his.

"Collin, what are you doing?" Through the mask, her breath fell into his nose, but Collin did not move.

He wanted to know why she didn't rent here. He wanted to know ... He had given her a clear answer. He wanted to continue with her. Why did she refuse? Why did she come back after refusing? She even cared if he was sick.

"Don't worry about being found. The security guards won't let them in." This was the only reason Collin could think of.

Roxy had already stood up. "No, I just ... don't want to be close to you."

"What?" Collin was stunned.

"Beautiful dreams are easy to break. Things are only beautiful when they are not obtained. Once obtained, they are just trash." Roxy's eyes returned to usual hollowness. She was looking at him but she was actually not looking at anything. "I hope this moment can last forever."

"Did you ask me if that's what I want?" Collin grabbed her arms. His skin was so hot. "What am I to you?"

Roxy smiled softly. She rarely smiled like this. There was nothing special on her face, but when she smiled, her entire face became a bit more beautiful.

"Dr. Mueller, you will regret this," She replied.

Collin stopped holding her and asked hoarsely, "Do you want to rent it? If you don't, leave now."

Roxy stood for a while. She picked up a pen and sat on the sofa to write her name down.

After signing the contract, Roxy put the deposit and rent on the coffee table. Then, she sat on the sofa without moving. Collin threw the key at her and did not get the deposit and rent. He turned and left immediately.

After he left, Roxy touched her forehead. The moment they touched each other just now, the temperature seemed to pass along her forehead to her whole body, making her also burn with heat.

She covered her face with fingers and no one could see whether her eyes were empty or hiding other emotions at the moment.

## **Chapter 677**

As soon as Collin got into the car, the phone in his pocket began to vibrate. He picked up the phone with an impatient look, "The things have been packed and I have seen the person. The contract has also been signed. You can collect the rent yourself. By the way, mom, I beg you. Don't arrange blind dates in the future. I am very tired recently and want to rest."

"Good son, okay." Jaquan's annoying voice came from the other end of the call.

Collin glanced at the call and pressed his forehead. "What's the matter?"

Jaquan laughed, "My good son, what happened to you? Why is your throat hoarse? Did you catch a cold?"

"You want to be my dad? Buy me a house and find me a wife first. Not only can I call you daddy, but I can also get down on my knees." Collin picked up the thermos and took a sip of water to moisten his throat.

"Come on, you should be alone for a lifetime!" Jaquan cleared his throat. "Well, let me tell you something. I'm going to get married. We don't want to invite too many people, just a few friends we know and some relatives in the family."

Collin sighed. "Don't invite me. I'm afraid I can't help but take your girl away."

"Damn you."

After Jaquan hung up the phone, he came out of the balcony and looked at the living room that was full of people. His parents, as well as Emma's parents, were holding a marriage manual in their hands, as well as the wedding photo albums, handbooks for the auditorium, and so on. They were discussing the wedding venue, the location where the wedding dress was shot, and the location of the hotel in a disorganized way.

Emma was playing chess with Stony in the bedroom. She was not disturbed at all. Jaquan sneaked into the room along the wall and closed the door gently. Then he was relieved.

"They haven't decided yet?" Emma looked up.

"I don't know. They look like they can continue to discuss for a week." Jaquan shrugged and walked over to replace Emma and played chess with Stony.

Ever since Emma and Jaquan returned from the Emerald Island, Deon and Bernice had been talking about making up a wedding for them. Naturally, Felice and Allen had no objections.

However, Emma felt that it was unnecessary.

Jaquan coaxed her for half an hour, saying that the wedding was to share the news of the marriage with friends. When the time came, he would only invite their friends to come, so Emma agreed.

However, as soon as she agreed, Deon and Bernice began to be busy with all kinds of marriage arrangements. It was either that the wedding venue was too shabby or that the wedding dress was too ugly and not elegant enough. Later, Felice and Allen also bought a lot of marriage manuals to read, trying to choose a suitable location from them. They worked from morning to night. It had been a whole day and they had not made up their minds yet.

"Where do you want? Church?" Jaquan asked.

Emma thought for a moment and shook her head, "I don't know. I'm OK with anything."

Jaquan touched her head, "The place for the wedding, I want to find a place you like, not a place they like."

Emma understood what he meant and smiled, "I don't have a favorite place."

"My uncle says to go to the island. Younger aunt says to go to the hot air balloon and Younger uncle says to go to the cruise ship." Stony suddenly looked up at the two of them. He took out his phone and showed them a few photos, "Mom, which one do you like?"

Emma sat behind Stony, hugged him with one hand, and held him in her arms. She looked at the photos on his mobile phone and said, "It's too fancy. Any place is fine, as long as we are happy."

Jaquan also came down from the opposite side and walked behind Emma. He held Emma and Stony in his arms. Then he commented while looking at the photos, "This cruise ship is good."

"It belongs to my family," Emma said.

Jaquan was slack-jawed.

"How about this island?" he asked, pointing to the small island in front.

"I used to go there when I was a child. My dad bought it for vacation. It's not open to the public." Emma thought with a frown.

Jaquan froze before he spoke again.

"Hot air balloon...?"

"I don't know. Maybe it is their new industry." Emma looked at it and pointed at the words on the hot air balloon, "Ah, there is a sign of the Alberton family here."

Jaquan rested his chin on her shoulder and sighed, "Your family is really rich."

However, he was thinking about how to arrange this wedding so that Deon and Bernice would be satisfied.

"My family is rich but I am not. You are marrying me. As long as the two of us are happy, their opinions are just for reference." Emma said, tilting her head to look at him.

Jaquan kissed her on the face, "Alright."

Stony got off Emma's leg and walked towards the door.

"Stony, where are you going?" Emma asked.

Stony paused for a moment, then turned back and said in a serious manner, "Grandmother says that you want to give me younger brother and sister. She told me not to disturb you."

Emma was lost for words.

And so was Jaquan.

When the two of them first came back from the Emerald Island, they felt that they owed the Stony. They thought of all kinds of ways to take him out to play in those days. They went through all the big amusement parks. At night, Emma even wanted to hug Stony to sleep together. But Stony said, "Mom, I have grown up. I can sleep alone from now on."

After that, Emma usually returned to Jaquan's room to sleep after reading the story for Stony. She never slept with Stony again.. She originally thought that Stony had grown up, but she did not expect that there was such a reason behind it.

## **Chapter 678**

After Stony left, Jaquan locked the door.

Emma asked, "Why do you lock the door?"

Jaquan unbuttoned his shirt and said as if it was a matter of course, "Didn't Stony just ask us to give him a younger brother or sister?"

Emma said, "But it's daytime now."

Jaquan walked over and closed the curtains, saying, "It's dark now."

Emma said, "My parents are still outside."

"They won't come in. I've locked the door."

...

Emma was speechless. It was easy to guess why they locked the door and stayed in the room in the daytime!

"Let's do it at night. I'll go out now." Just as Emma walked to the door, she heard Bernice's voice from outside the door, "Emma, Stony said that you have something to do and we plan to take Stony out for a stroll."

Emma was lost for word.

It was the end of July when Armando knew the news that Jaquan and Emma were preparing to get married. He had been working part-time outside for the past few days. His family had been working on restoring ancient relics. He knew a little about it, but he was not proficient in it. Moreover, if he wanted to be engaged in it, he had to get a relevant certificate. At first, he did not want to do such a job, so he did not take the certificate. Now, he had made up his mind to be engaged in restoring ancient relics.

After spending half a day deciding on his plans, he went to the museum in City Y for an interview. Many women did this kind of work because they were meticulous. However, few men were engaged in restoring ancient relics. The boss was a middle-aged woman. After interviewing him a few questions, she was satisfied and let him be an assistant. The probation period was two months, and the monthly salary was relatively low, only 2,800.

In the past few days, he left home early and came back late to familiarize himself with the work in the Restoration Hall. He spoke little and did things seriously. The boss observed Armando for a few days and felt that he was good in all aspects. Only then did the boss take Armando inside to come into contact with a few restorers. Most of them were young girls, and there were a few middle-aged women. There were also two old women with gray hair. They wore glasses and stared intently at a porcelain bowl in their hands.

After greeting everyone, Armando began to clean up the rubbish on the table. The boss asked him to follow behind restorers to help and clean up the place. Generally, this kind of work was done by cleaners. However, the office had relics worth tens of millions. The cleaner could not come in. The boss was also worried that someone with bad intentions would steal the relics. Therefore, the restorers here were all cleaning up by themselves.

This was the first time they had a young male colleague. Although everyone was curious, they were busy with their work and did not have the time to chat. However, when they were busy, they saw the young man silently cleaning up the table. He was careful and serious. They could not help but be amazed.

Nowadays, there were very few men who were willing to do the cleaning. Moreover, the place Armando had cleaned was very clean. It could be seen that he was a careful person, and he was indeed suitable for this place.

Armando had been in this place for more than a week. Only then did he come into contact with the first antique. It was a small teacup, and a restorer asked him to put it in a box. This was a test. In the past, to integrate into this place as soon as possible, many newcomers bought milk tea and fried chicken from time to time to bribe the restorers here. Those newcomers wanted to build a good relationship with everyone, but they forgot where this was.

Restorers who worked here were all capable.

Armando took the gloves from the table and put them on, then he gently held the teacup with two hands. He steadily held it and was about to send it into the box. When he passed the lamp in front of the table, he paused for a moment, and then he sent the teacup under the lamp.

A young female restorer asked, "What's wrong?"

Armando looked at it for a moment before saying, "There are cracks here, very small."

"Really?"

It was a test to see if Armando would touch relics without wearing gloves, but they did not expect him to find the problem.

Armando did not speak and handed the teacup to her. The girl leaned under the lamp and looked at it for a while. She was surprised, saying, "You're right."

The others looked at them.

They did not expect that not only did this newcomer pass the first test, but he could also find that the teacup in his hand was problematic in such a short time.

The boss looked at Armando for a while and gave a satisfied smile. At night, when Armando got off work and was ready to go back, the boss called him and said, "You go in and help them tomorrow."

Armando said calmly, "I see."

The boss wanted to say something more, but seeing his expression, she couldn't help but laugh, saying, "Why do you keep a straight face? Are you unhappy?"

Armando forced a smile and said, "I'm happy."

"Alright, you can go back. Don't feel that this kind of thing is boring. You will have fun working. I hope that you can completely integrate into us."

Armando said politely, "Thank you."

He went back by taxi. On the way back, he took out his mobile phone to check the time. It was almost seven o'clock in the evening. He wanted to see Janessa. After giving the address to the driver, he lay on the back seat and closed his eyes to rest for a while. He was tired. Although he had been busy with work these days, he still had to memorize knowledge about ancient relics at night. He relaxed now and found that his eyes were a little sore. He stayed up late every night this week. He pinched his nose and almost fell asleep in the taxi.

## **Chapter 679**

When Armando passed by the supermarket, he bought some fruits and vegetables. Because he arranged a nurse to take care of Janessa, he did not worry about Janessa's diet. He had not seen her for more than a week since he came out to work. Today, he especially wanted to take a look at her.

He took the elevator with fruits and vegetables. As soon as he stepped out of the elevator, he saw the nurse standing at the door. When she saw him, she was stunned for a moment. Then, she looked back awkwardly.

Armando took a glance and the things in his hand fell to the ground.

He asked with a calm expression, "Is there someone in the room?"

"Yes, that man asked me to come out and wait for a while. He said that he had something to say to Miss Janessa. I didn't leave. I told Miss Janessa to call me if she needed help."

The nurse came over to pick up the vegetable bags and fruit bags on the ground, saying, "Don't be angry. Miss Janessa said she was familiar with that man."

The nurse did not know about the relationship between Janessa and him. She treated them as a couple.

Armando took the bags from her and said to her, "I see. You can go back. Come back tomorrow noon."

"Okay." After the nurse left, Armando took the spare key and opened the door. He put the things in his hand on the ground and looked towards the living room.

Two people were standing in the living room. The man was Warren, and the woman was Janessa. The two were quarreling. Janessa raised her hand and wiped her mouth.

Armando closed the door with a long face, then changed into his shoes and entered.

Warren walked over and said, "Armando, you're back. Why don't you tell me?"

Armando walked over and punched him without a word.

Warren staggered by Armando's punch. He hit the coffee table. In a split second, the cup on the table fell on the carpet.

Armando walked over and was about to pull Warren up, but his arm was grabbed by Janessa. She said, "Let him go."

Warren finally recovered from the shock. He stood up and wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth. He said, "Why do you hit me? No matter what, it's the matter between me and her. It has nothing to do with you. No matter what reason you have, you are not qualified to hit me. I can call the police."

Before Warren finished speaking, Armando threw another punch at him. Janessa could not hold him back and almost stumbled. She could only grab his arm tightly.

"Armando! Let him go!"

Armando turned a deaf ear to her words and only focused on beating up Warren.

"Warren! Hurry and leave! You will be beaten to death by him!" Janessa couldn't stop Armando, so she could only try to persuade Warren. However, Warren had no strength to resist at all. He was a person who neglected exercising. He didn't like to fight with others. In addition, he was in his thirties. How could he match with the young Armando?

It was not until Armando was slapped by Janessa that this one-sided beating finally ended.

Warren lay on the ground and gasped for breath. He had been badly battered about the head and face. At this moment, he was in an extremely sorry state. He just wanted to leave this place and use this matter to make Janessa agree to be with him later.

However, Warren saw Armando grab Janessa's wrist and pull her in his arms. Armando angrily wiped her lips with his thumb, then he lowered his head to kiss her.

At that moment, Warren's mind went blank.

"You..."

Armando let go of Janessa and smiled at Warren.

Armando opened the door and brought Warren, who was on the ground, to the door. He whispered into Warren's ear, "Get lost. Don't appear in front of us again. Don't forget, you have a family. Remember to consider your family before you do anything."

Warren was thrown outside the door, his eyes wide open with shock. He just stared at the door.

He recalled what Janessa had said when they broke up.

"I slept with another man."

"I had sex with another man when I went back for the New Year."

"You know I am telling the truth."

"I don't want you to touch me, not because I am angry, but because..."

Warren didn't expect that the man was Armando.

Warren was shocked. He felt as if he had fallen into a whirlpool. He felt dizzy. He held the wall and slowly walked out. He muttered, "How is this possible..."

In the room, Janessa's wrist was grabbed, and her back was also restrained by Armando's arms. She could not resist at all. She could only let him kiss her and vent his anger by biting her lips.

Armando was so angry that his eyes turned red, saying, "Janessa! I thought you liked me and would not let him touch you again! What do you mean by this?"

Janessa glared at him and said, "When did I say that I liked you! Also, why didn't I let him touch me? Who are you to me? What right do you have to interfere in my affairs?"

She had been recuperating for many days. Her body had just recovered, but she could not get angry. When she was angry, her breathing was heavier than usual. Armando was so angry that he did not notice it.

Armando carried her on his shoulder, walked into a bedroom, and threw her on the bed.

Janessa roared in anger, "Armando! What are you going to do?"

He tore off her clothes, his tone filled with anger, "I'll let you know who I am to you!"

**Chapter 680**

Just as Collin was about to get off work, he received a call from Armando. Armando said in an anxious tone, "Doctor Mueller! Are you in the hospital I'll be right there! Wait for me in the hall!"

Collin thought, "Ever since I met Jaquan, I have known a few friends, such as Ferne and Randy. Among them, Armando is normal."

He did not change his clothes. Instead, he made himself a cup of wolfberry. After taking a sip, he walked to the hall and guessed Janessa was hurt.

A few minutes later, Armando rushed in with a woman in his arms. The woman was only covered with a blanket. Collin glanced at her. When his gaze swept past her neck, he paused and then looked at her face.

Janessa had a beautiful face. No matter what expression she had, her face was pleasing to the eye. At this moment, her lips were red and swollen, and her breathing was rapid.

Armando said in a hurry, "She suddenly breathes very fast, a lack of oxygen... Hurry up and examine her!"

Collin stretched out his hand to call the nurse over, saying, "Take her to oxygen." He then commanded Armando, "You go over there and pay the fee. Then wait here."

Armando turned around and was about to go to pay the fee. Collin snapped his fingers and asked, "How did this happen?"

Armando was silent.

Collin said, "I see."

Armando didn't know what to say.

Jaquan did not tell Collin about this, but Collin had sharp eyes. Even if others didn't tell him, he could find out the truth from the details.

Last time, Armando had taken care of Janessa for so many days, and everyone in the hospital saw it. Many people who didn't know their relationship thought that they were a loving couple. Only Collin didn't comment.

Collin was skeptical before, then at this moment, he knew the truth.

The nurses who came out of the emergency room all blushed. When they saw Armando waiting at the door, they could not help but look at him before leaving.

Armando did not seem to notice it until Collin came out wearing a mask. He asked, "Doctor Mueller, how is she? Is she okay?"

"Her condition has now stabilized. She can't be angry now. Don't quarrel with her later." Collin took off his mask, and said in a low voice, "Don't have sex until she completely recovers."

Armando nodded and blushed.

Collin stared at him for a moment before saying, "You look quite pure. Why are you so ruthless?"

Armando lowered his head and said nothing.

Collin knew about Armando, so he didn't say more. He told Armando that Janessa could be discharged after having an intravenous drip.

Armando thanked him again.

In the ward, Janessa was awake. She was naked, only covered with a blanket. It was summer and she was very hot now. She was sweating, but she couldn't lift the blanket.

When she saw Armando walking in, she said angrily, "Where are my clothes? I want to stay in a hotel. I don't want to see you!"

Armando said in a low voice, "Don't be angry. The doctor said you can't be angry. Janessa, take care of yourself. If you want to hit me and scold me, do it later. Now listen to me. Don't be angry. Have a good rest, okay?"

"I'm very angry now!" Janessa stared at him, her eyes slowly filling with tears. She turned her head away, not wanting to cry in front of him, but the grievances in her heart surged.

Armando helped Janessa wipe tears and said, "Don't cry. It's my fault. I shouldn't have done that. I shouldn't have done that to you. You can hit me and scold me. Don't cry..."

He awkwardly comforted Janessa.

Janessa kept crying and she sobbed, "You came up and scolded me. Did you give me a chance to explain? I didn't know he would come. I broke up with him a long time ago. I didn't want to see him again, but he came to talk to me. If I don't see him, he wouldn't leave. I could only let him in. I rejected him, but he didn't agree. He wanted to prove that I still liked him, so he came to kiss me. I avoided him, but I touched his face by accident..."

Armando hugged her and said, "I'm sorry. I won't be like this later. No matter what happens in the future, I'll listen to you first, okay?"

Janessa sniffed and said, "Are you crazy? I have nothing to do with you. Who do you think you are? Go away."

Armando lowered his head and kissed her.

"Don't cry. It's all my fault. Don't be angry, okay?" His voice was very soft.

Janessa was silent. She turned over and covered her face with the blanket. His voice came from above her, "When the drip is done, I'll take you home."

After a pause, he added, "Our home."

Janessa was trembling. She knew that this was wrong. She knew that she should refuse, like how she treated Warren.

But she could not say no to him.

After he said he loved her, she knew she couldn't say no to him.

