

## Reborn Baby - Chapter 681

Emily stared at the ants for a long time. She broke a piece of sugar and threw it on the ground. Not long after, a group of ants came over and worked hard to move it, one after another. The black ants formed a small line. If one was not careful, one could trample them to death. The ants were small and weak.

A person cast a shadow. Emily did not move. She only heard a man's low and pleasant voice. "What are you looking at so attentively?"

Emily pointed at the ants and said, "I think they should be a family. These two are father and mother. This is brother, and this is sister. They are uncle, aunt, and grandparents. Look at them. They are all carrying sugar on their backs. They are trying hard to take the sugar home. There are younger brothers and younger sisters at home. They are hungry and waiting for food."

As she spoke, she suddenly raised her head to look at the tall man standing under the sunlight. "Just like you and my mother, you will always bring me food when you go out. You will always give the best things to me."

Vincent knew what she meant and frowned. He did not care that she considered him as an elder, like Donna.

Emily might think of Maury.

But to his surprise, Emily did not mention Maury. She just looked at the ants quietly and watched them keep busy till all the sugar was removed. The black line finally slowly disappeared.

"Do the ants know that we are watching them?" Her question was very simple and full of childishness, "Do they know that we are much larger than them? Could it be that they don't know what we are?"

She picked up a small ant and placed it in her palm to observe. "If an ant has thoughts, what would it think? Would it think where there is sugar tomorrow? Or would it think if it would rain tomorrow? Would its home be washed away? Or would it think, where is it? Why is it here? Where are its parents?"

Vincent said with a sigh, "Let's go to see your father."

Emily put down the ant. Her eyes revealed a trace of cunning.

She was a girl full of spirituality. He and her mother did not like to mention many things. She would always find a way to "inadvertently" let them detect her intentions. She could be considered an eccentric little girl. But when she grew up, her personality was not likable. She deliberately wrapped herself up and only removed her disguise in front of the people close to her. She would be tense and did not truly relax sometimes.

She had got along with Vincent for a long time these days, so she naturally revealed her real personality.

The day before yesterday, they went out to stroll around the night market and came back. On the way home, they saw someone proposing to his girlfriend on the road. Many passers-by stopped to watch. Emily stretched her neck and could not see. She turned her head and saw a little girl at the age of five or six sitting on her father's neck. The little girl was very happy.

Emily stretched out her hand and tugged at Vincent.

Vincent tilted his head, glanced at the father, frozen. "You want to ride on me?"

Emily nodded.

Donna, who was standing on the side, pulled Emily and said, "How old are you? You can't be like this..."

Emily had a wronged expression on her face. She was about to say 'forget it' when she saw Vincent slowly squat down. He patted his shoulder and said to her, "OK."

Emily happily jumped over and rode on his neck.

The Guards took out their phones and kept taking pictures. Rex also looked at them in surprise. Then, he took pictures of their backs with his phone.

In Emily's memory of that day, the red roses were very beautiful and Vincent was so tall that she could see very far. She heard the girl say to her father, "Dad, I want to be a little taller, taller than her."

The girl's father had no choice but to stand on tiptoe, but was still lower than Vincent. The little girl was so anxious that she cried. Then the girl's father quickly carried the girl away.

Emily looked enviously at them and said, "Just now, her father said that he would buy an ice cream for her."

After she finished speaking, she looked down at Vincent with a hopeful gaze.

Vincent curled his lips and turned his head to the Guards behind him. The Guard left as light as a swallow and returned with a colorful ice cream soon.

As a result, Emily rode on Vincent's neck, holding a colorful ice cream in her hand. She looked at the two people who proposing marriage, surrounded in the middle. She licked the ice cream and said, "Vincent, he is not as good-looking as you."

During these days, Emily had met many men on the road, but she had never met a man who looked more handsome than Vincent.

She would compare those men to Vincent every time.

Vincent had a look of indifference. However, Emily's voice was not small and attracted many passers-by. Everyone was congratulating the young couple in the middle. Now, after hearing her words, they immediately turned their eyes to her.

Emily sat on Vincent's neck. When everyone turned around, they first saw a girl in a pink princess dress. Her skin was snow-white, and her eyes were as beautiful as a black pearl. Her lips were stained with a bit of cream. She was so beautiful that almost everyone was shocked. It seemed that she was frightened as everyone looked at her. Her fingers involuntarily touched Vincent. Everyone's gaze moved down. When they saw Vincent's face, they subconsciously held their breath.

The man was wearing a hat. His eyes were black and sharp. His nose was tall and straight. He pursed his thin lips. The black shirt made him charming and cold. He looked at the crowd calmly.. All the women were stunned.

## **Chapter 682**

Many women were shocked and screamed.

"Wow, is this a celebrity?"

"He is so handsome!"

"He must be a star. But I have never seen him before!"

"Wow, he is so handsome!"

"He is so tall. He must be 1.9 meters, right?"

"Oh my God, he is so handsome! I am in love with him!"

When Emily was eating her ice cream, she was shocked to see so many people turn around and stare at them. Then she saw them staring at Vincent with shining eyes and murmured something. Emily lowered her head and hurriedly asked Vincent to go.

"Hold on tight," Vincent said.

"Why?" Emily nervously grabbed his shoulder.

Her ice cream was taken by Vincent to Rex. Then he turned around and strode out. After walking through the crowd, he walked faster as if he was running.

Emily opened her hands and shouted happily against the wind, "Faster!"

Rex and guards hurriedly followed behind, worrying that Vincent's legs could not walk like that.

Vincent stopped at the wayside after running for only a few minutes. While waiting for the red light, he glanced at Emily and saw her look into the sunlight with narrowed eyes. Her long hair flew in the air with the wind. Her smile was simple and cute, and her eyes were shining like light.

"Mr. Vincent, thank you. I'm so happy," she said.

She indeed looked so happy.

She gently walked around the ants on the ground and said to Vincent, "Mr. Vincent, thank you."

Vincent didn't say anything and just wanted to tell Donna about the matter.

Rex came over from the garden and asked in a low voice, "Mr. Vincent, have you decided to take her to see him?"

Vincent admitted that and said, "I had promised her. I can't go back on my words."

"What if..." Rex hesitated, "What if she couldn't accept it?"

Donna also had the same worry when she heard that Vincent was going to take Emily to see Maury. So she also asked, "Yes. What if she couldn't accept it?"

Vincent looked at Emily, who was weeding in the garden. He said with his deep but soft voice, "No matter what happens, I will stay with her."

Donna could not refuse when she heard this. So this schedule was decided.

On August 2, it was Maury's birthday. Emily sat in the back seat in a good mood, holding the grey suit that she had bought in cash. Donna didn't look good today, and her eyes were a little red. She probably did not sleep well last night, or maybe she could not sleep well when she thought about today. She looked pale and tired even though she had makeup.

Emily was complaining about how long her father had not come to see her along the way. It had been three or four months. It had never been so long. Her father usually would come to see her three or four times a month. It was the first time that she hadn't seen her father for four months.

It was far and she fell asleep after a while in the back seat. Vincent held her in his arms to make her more comfortable. She was still holding the gift bag for Maury's birthday. She also wrote a birthday card with three small characters on it. And she wrote "I love you" in the right corner.

Donna cried in the room alone for a long time after seeing it last night.

Emily did not know and she was immersed in the joy of meeting her father the next day and did not even notice any differences on the table during breakfast.

Rex and the guards were ready to see the little Hulk. They disappeared after breakfast.

The car arrived at the cemetery in the suburbs of City Y at noon. Emily was already awakened for a while. Looking at the scene outside, she asked curiously, "Where are we?"

Donna looked out of the window without saying anything.

The car finally stopped. Vincent got out of the car and then reached out his hand to her and said, "Come on, let's get off the car."

Emily followed him blankly. All she saw were tombstones and white chrysanthemums. An old man was guarding the door. Rex had already handed him a box of cigarettes.

The old man still remembered Emily and said to her, "There's no need to register. You can go."

Emily did not understand. She just followed behind Vincent and walked in. All she could hear was the sound of footsteps, hitting her heart strongly.

She didn't dare to go in and hesitated. She looked up and saw Vincent's back. He was not wearing a hat today. His white hair was very obvious and his black suit was ironed. He walked forward without looking back. Emily felt that she had seen this scene before, but she could not remember where.

During the time she was distracted, Vincent stopped. Rex handed over a bunch of white chrysanthemums. He put it down and then gently brushed away the fallen leaves in front of the tombstone.

Following his movements, Emily finally looked at the tombstone he had stopped at.

She couldn't read many words and had just learned the names of her parents and Vincent. So when she saw the tombstone, she read out the three familiar words on it.

"Maury Britt."

After finishing reading, she looked at Donna blankly and asked, "Mom, why is dad's name here? Where is dad?"

Donna said with her red eyes, "Your dad is right here."

"No, where is he?" Emily looked around.

"Emily, listen to me," Donna said with tears falling, "Your father ... is already dead."

Emily asked innocently, "Is he dead?"

She did not cry, as if she did not understand the meaning of death. "Is she dead like mosquitoes and flies and he can never move again? Dad is ... dead like that?"

"Yes, He won't move and speak. He won't ... talk to you anymore." Donna choked out.

Emily stood there blankly. She looked at the photo on the tombstone. Her father was looking at her. She shouted softly, "Dad?"

No one answered.

"Dad?" she shouted again.

A gust of wind blew by and she heard her mother's crying.

Emily looked around blankly and finally understood that this was the cemetery of the dead. The sound of the wind was like the harsh cry of someone.

Who was the one crying?

She covered her ears and squatted on the ground.

She smelled a man's cold breath. It was Vincent. When she opened her eyes to look at him, a scene suddenly jumped out of her mind - she shouted at the doctor crazily in the morgue and asked the doctor to check again the body covered with a white cloth. She saw Vincent standing there and holding her with his strong arm.

He also whispered to her just like this moment, "I'm sorry...."

### **Chapter 683**

"Mr. Vincent, is Miss Emily alright?" Rex paid great attention to his words, "No, I mean ... is she normal now? No, I mean ... she doesn't look normal now ... No, I mean that she..."

Seeing that Vincent's face was getting much gloomier, Rex quickly pursed his lips and took a few big steps out. "Hey, hey, hey, it seems that someone is calling me outside..."

Emily was bathing the little puppy in the garden. A few guards were helping to use the soap and bath lotion. Some of the guards were playing with the little puppy with toys and some were taking pictures.

The scene was lively, but Emily was quiet. Ever since she came back from the cemetery in City Y that day, she had become so silent.

It had only been two weeks, and the puppy had already grown chubby. Emily held it in his arms, took a watering pot and gently washed the foam on its body. When the puppy finished washing, her long dress was soaked.

Sensing a sharp gaze from the window, the guards immediately put down all the items in their hands and moved to a nearby tree quickly, covering their eyes.

Rex also quickly turned around and handed the blanket to Emily. After a while, he turned back and saw Emily give him the puppy wrapped in the blanket.

Rex didn't know what to say.

Emily twisted her wet long dress and walked into the living room. Donna was sitting on the sofa. Her expression was getting worse and worse. She looked as if she was fast approaching death.

"Emily... Come over here," Donna said softly.

Emily paused for a moment before walking over.

"Why are you wet? Are you playing with water outside?" Donna asked, holding her hand.

Emily lowered her head and did not speak.

Donna had gotten used to her attitude these past few days. She took out a bunch of keys from her pocket and handed it to Emily. "This little one is the key to our house. There is something I left for you at home. Remember to get it when you get home."

Emily did not take the keys. Perhaps she did not understand what Donna said. However, Donna knew her own health condition too well. Her days were numbered.

She turned her head and coughed. Then she reached out to stroke Emily's head. "Emily, let me hug you."

Emily was silent. Donna hugged her and gently patted her back. "I just hope that you will be happy forever."

A drop of tears fell down Emily's neck. Emily moved, and Donna had already released her. "Go and change your clothes. What do you want to eat tonight? I will cook for you."

Her eyes were still red. Worried that Emily might see her, Donna turned her head and pretended to be relaxed. "Mom will cook for you today, okay?"

Emily didn't agree or refuse. She just silently held the keys in her hand and went upstairs.

Donna looked at her and sighed softly.

The atmosphere of dinner was still silent. Perhaps Emily had already figured out what death was after she returned, so she could not accept this reality for a while. However, her silence still made others so worried.

But no one could do anything about it. Even Donna also failed to comfort her.

In the dead of the night, Vincent still sat by the bed to read Emily's story. She did not ask him to read the story, nor did she let him go when he was reading the story. The clock rang, together with the sound of Vincent's low voice.

When Vincent came out, Rex looked at him with embarrassment.

Vincent frowned slightly and went downstairs. He saw Donna sitting on the sofa with a luggage bag.

"Sorry for disturbing you for so long. I will go back." Donna stood up. "I guess my days are numbered."

"So, this is the reason why you abandoned her?" Vincent's tone was not so friendly.

"She has lost her father. I don't want her to watch me die with her own eyes. I... Just tell her that I went on a vacation. When she grows up, she will understand," said Donna, taking a deep breath to hold back the tears in her eyes.

"If she understood, she wouldn't have become like this. Besides, I won't lie to her," Vincent said indifferently as he looked at Donna.

Rex advised, "It would be better if you stay here with Emily. Recently, your complexion hasn't been very good. Are you sick or have you not rested well?"

Donna's eyes were red, and tears began to fall.

"Since you intend to abandon her again, I won't keep you. Rex, send her off," Vincent said as he walked towards the stairs.

Donna suddenly broke down and cried out, "I don't want to die ... I saw my daughter after so much trouble! How can I leave without worry?"

"But what can I do if I stay? I'm about to die! I don't want her to see me like this ... Her father is dead, and she has already suffered such a big blow. I don't dare to let her see me ... die in front of her..."

Vincent stopped walking.

At the turn of the stairs in front of him, Emily, who was in a pink nightgown, stood there quietly. She was barefoot, her eyes calm, as if she had heard it but did not understand it. It was also as if she had not heard anything.

Rex also saw Emily at the corner of the stairs. He was so shocked. Donna noticed his look and also turned around. Vincent then took a step forward and picked Emily up. "Why did you come out without wearing shoes?"

The tall figure completely covered Emily. Donna was not sure if Emily had heard it or not, nor did she know how much she had heard. She was afraid that Emily had heard the last few words.... Then Donna's body went limp and she fainted on the sofa.

## **Chapter 684**

Rex quickly called the doctor and let him come over.

Vincent carried Emily into the room and wiped her feet with a wet tissue and wiped it with a dry tissue. Then, he looked at her and asked, "You can't sleep?"

Emily looked at him and suddenly went forward to hug him.

Vincent guessed that Emily must have heard what Donna had just said and was frightened.

Vincent patted her back to comfort her. "If you can't sleep, I'll read a story for you. I won't leave until you fall asleep."

But she just didn't let go of him.

Vincent also didn't refuse. After a while, he felt something on his shoulder and heard her steady breathing. Vincent turned his head and saw that Emily had fallen asleep, but her hands were still firmly around his neck.

Rex opened the door and came in. When he saw this scene, he immediately stretched out five fingers to cover his eyes, leaving only a gap. "Mr. Vincent..."

Vincent waved his hand to let Rex go out.

Rex was at a loss and whispered, "Donna fainted."

"Let a doctor come," Vincent said indifferently.

"I have already called."

Vincent raised his eyebrows. His look was as if saying, "Then why do you come?"

Rex said lightly, "I just tell this to you."

Vincent coldly said, "Get out."

"Alright!" Rex quickly went out.

The next day, Donna failed to get out of bed to eat meals. The doctor suggested that she go to the hospital for treatment. Moreover, all her indicators were not up to standard. She was seriously suffering from low blood pressure, heart and lung failure. In her early years, she was depressed and finally left a difficult to cure disease for her body.

When Donna was sent to the City Hospital, Emily saw Jackson at the entrance of the hospital. Probably because it was the first time she saw Jackson, Emily stared at him for a long time, but she did not ask anyone who he was. After looking back, she quietly followed the doctor to the ward.

Next was a series of checks. Donna was very weak, and she always felt her throat dry and itchy. She could not help but want to cough when she spoke, but she forcibly held it back.

She looked at Emily and wanted to say something, but in the end, she kept quiet. She just looked at her and silently cried.

Emily did not cry. Just like when she heard the news of her father's death that day, she sat there quietly. Completely ignoring others' discussion, she was only immersed in her own world.

Donna did not want to do have the operation. The doctor's suggestion was the same. The pain caused by the surgery was certain, and the chances of recovery after the operation were so small. Right now, she could only survive for half a month.

Jackson was busy dealing with it. He met the directors of many hospitals, called the experts in and outside of the country, and discussed intensely in the doctor's office almost every day.

Kamron also came to the hospital a few times and did not say anything to Donna. He just brought a bunch of flowers over and sat quietly with Donna who was about to leave the world.

Over the past few days, Kamron had almost figured it out. His mother had passed away a long time ago. After so many years, his father finally met someone he liked and made many mistakes because of it. Although he did not want others to replace his mother in his father's heart, seeing his father's lonely appearance these days, he suddenly understood it. After all, it was just that there would be one more person at his house.

But by the time Kamron figured it out, he found that Donna's days were numbered. God really loved to play tricks on humans.

In the end, Jackson decided to respect Donna's own wishes and go home to recuperate. In fact, everyone knew that she was going home to wait for death. She did not accept any medicine or equipment treatment. The pain from her diseases had already tormented her for too long. She did not want to leave this world in pain in hospital. She hoped to pass away at home, where she could feel at ease and warm. She wanted her family members to stay by her side.

Jackson drove them back to the villa in City Y.

In the hot summer, cicadas chirped from the trees. Donna looked at the big tree outside the window with a soft look, "Emily, do you remember? When you were young, you always liked to climb trees. There were insects on the trees, but you didn't listen to me when I told you not to do so. Later, you were bitten by insects and cried in my arms at night..."

Emily sat at the table, practicing her calligraphy. She now could write many names well. Maury Britt, Donna Cater, Vincent Scavo, Rex Greer, Kamron Heyton, and the name of the doctor in charge.

That day, Kamron came over to deliver something. When he saw that Emily was practicing calligraphy, he casually signed his name on the side and said that she could practice writing his name. He had not expected Emily to really do it.

After Donna finished speaking, she did not expect Emily to respond. These days, Emily still was silent. She often sat there alone to practice calligraphy. Besides, she would just squat at the door and stare at the ants on the ground for a long time. Vincent carried the little puppy over. The little puppy was now white and chubby. All the guards felt it cute, but Emily still showed a poker face.

Occasionally, she would sit quietly on the sofa with the puppy to watch TV, take a nap with the puppy, listen to Vincent reading stories with the puppy ... Sometimes, she would fall asleep quietly when Donna combed her hair.

One day, Donna came home with a bunch of newly picked wild chrysanthemums in her hand. She smiled at Emily. "Emily, do you think the flowers I picked are beautiful?"

Emily looked up, and Donna was smiling.. Donna was about to find a vase, but suddenly, she fainted and fell to the ground.

## **Chapter 685**

"Mom!" Emily rushed over.

Donna's eyes were deeply closed. She had already been unconscious.

The guards outside rushed in when they heard the noise. The doctor who was nearby also rushed over quickly. Donna was placed on the bed. Her face was calm with a faint smile.

After the doctor finished checking, he shook his head at the people present.

Jackson had just come back. Seeing this, he burst into tears. Donna was the one he wanted to take care of for the rest of his life. Unfortunately, she had met the wrong person in the past. After that, she was busy repenting to Emily. In the end, she had not lived even one day for herself in this life.

When the doctor covered Donna with the plain white cloth, Emily stood at the door with the little puppy in her arms. Her look was dull. She did not cry, but just stood there expressionlessly. Kamron could not bear it. He gently turned her shoulder and said, "Don't look."

Emily, however, still stubbornly turned back to look. Several people took Donna away, leaving only that piece of white cloth in Emily's eyes.

Donna's funeral was very simple.

Ferne, Noah, and Randy all attended. Half a year ago, they had just attended Maury's funeral. They had never expected that in just half a year, they would also attend Emily's mother's funeral.

After learning that Emily's mother had passed away, Emma delayed her wedding date until October. Sydnee and Lynn were busy entertaining other guests. Eliot was holding a crutch to complete the handover of Donna's will with the lawyer. He helped Emily take the house and property that Donna had left for her. The property was more than one million. It was given to Donna by Maury, who felt guilty and made up for Donna. In the end, she had left all of it to Emily.

Janessa had long been able to move freely, but she still needed to take care of her heart and lungs. On such a hot day, she could not eat ice cream or drink cold drinks. Besides, she also could not stand in front of the air conditioner. She had always been asked to stay at home and never came out. It was not easy for her to leave the house, and she hadn't expected that such a thing would happen. She said a lot to Emily, but Emily did not respond. There were a lot of people in the room, and there were noisy voices everywhere. Emily was just sitting at the corner of the sofa alone with the little puppy in her arms, as if she had been abandoned by the whole world.

Suddenly Vincent came to hold her into his arms. His unique breath wrapped around her. The clear smell of the aftershave water, mixed with the fragrance of the shower gel, slowly made her regain her consciousness.

Vincent carried her out of the room. The sun was setting, and half of the sky was red. Vincent just carried Emily and kept walking.

The roadside was full of unknown flowers and weeds. The cicadas on the trees were chirping, and the sound of frogs could be heard at the end of the road. The summer heat still had not yet subsided. They felt that even their hearts were warmed up.

A warm wind blew, bringing them the scent of dirt. Vincent finally stopped. He took off his suit jacket and spread it on the ground. Then, he placed Emily on it.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

Emily did not say anything. She just sat there and looked at the green lawn in front of her. Further ahead was a row of dandelions. The breeze blew, and the little dandelions fluttered in the wind. The fingernail-sized flowers bloomed quietly in the grass. The small flowers were tightly clustered together with a bright color.

Behind them, the guards handed over a basket that contained some sandwiches and bread. There was also a set of sushi and two cups of ice cream. In addition, there were also several bags of snacks, shrimp and French fries. All of them were favored by Emily. These guards had observed a lot of girls who went to the convenience store. Then, they decided to buy these kinds of food.

"Eat something." Vincent handed the sandwich over.

Emily reached out and took it. She put it in her mouth and took a bite, and soon another bite. She didn't begin to chew until her mouth was full. Her cheeks were bulging, like a hamster.

"Take a sip," Vincent said as he handed the drink over.

Emily took a sip of the drink from his hand.

As the sun set, the two sat side by side. A few birds flew past them, leaving behind the birdsong.

Vincent reached out his thumb to wipe the crumbs off her lips and asked in a low voice, "When did you wake up?"

## **Chapter 686**

Emily paused, swallowed the food in her mouth, then looked down and said, "The night I came back from the cemetery."

Vincent asked, "Why?"

Emily understood his meaning.

When she just woke up, she remembered the things that had happened before and even when she was little. At that time, she was so dependent on Donna and called her mother eagerly, but she couldn't forgive Donna easily.

His father's death had something to do with Donna.

How could she live with Donna happily?

However, the days when she lived with Donna reminded her of the childhood days when her father was absent. It was Donna who made her happy, kept house, and taught her to talk, sing, and draw, all of which made her have a happy childhood.

It was her mother who sang the nursery rhyme "Snail and the Oriole Bird" to her, instead of his father.

The first name she wrote was not Eliot, but Donna.

Why did she forget about it?

But it would be unfair to her father if she forgave Donna.

Emily was stuck in a dilemma.

She needed to make choice between her beloved father and her unforgivable mother.

Before Emily could make up his mind, her mother had died.

Vincent looked at her and said, "Cry out, there is no one here but me."

As soon as he finished speaking, Emily threw herself into his arms. It happened so suddenly that Vincent was directly thrown to the ground by her. The guards hiding in the dark were shocked by the scene. A moment later, they all picked up their phones and kept taking pictures.

"Vincent, I said that I wouldn't forgive her, but I have already forgiven her in my heart. I've heard everything she said that day so I tried to understand her and found many reasons for her abandoning me back then ... However, if I do this ... will my father blame me..."

Vincent touched her hair and said, "No, he won't blame you."

Emily said, "Actually, I want to talk to her, but I'm afraid that my father will be unhappy if he knows. Vincent, am I very stupid? Now that my father has died, how can he be unhappy..."

"But I feel that as long as I talk to her, it is to tell everyone that I forgive her and Jackson who killed my father ... I don't want to do be like this ... But I don't know what to do..."

"I thought that I wouldn't cry even if she died. However, why am I so sad that I want to cry when she died..."

Her eyes were all red and swollen from crying. Then she said ruefully, "You are all I have left..."

Vincent hugged her, gently touched her back, and murmured, "You are my only one."

It was dark.

Emily was tired from crying and fell asleep in Vincent's arms.

A few fireflies flickered in the darkness. They flew in the air, passed over Emily's sleeping face, revealing her swollen eyes, red noses, and pursed mouth.

Vincent's heart suddenly melted. Then he leaned over and gently kissed her lips.

Guard A hiding in the dark said, "Damn it! You don't kiss until now! Do you capture the moment?"

Guard B hiding in the dark said, "I don't! I was busy swatting mosquitoes just now!"

Guard C hiding in the dark said, "Who dares to take photos with the flashlight! If Mr. Vincent finds it, we will die!"

At this point, guard D took a few pictures with clicks and a bright light that was comparable to the double flash of the car. Then he put down the phone calmly.

The other guards on the side were all shocked by guard D's behavior, including Rex who was not far away.

Everyone remembered that Rex was punished by Vincent because he had accidentally taken a photo with the flashlight. They did not expect guard D to be punished hurriedly. The others looked at guard D with pity and just waited for the order to throw him into the mountain.

Unexpectedly, after Vincent got up with Emily in his arms, he waved at guard D and said, "Show me the photos."

Guard D quickly turned on his phone and handed it over. He slid the screen to show the photos to Vincent very considerately.

"Not bad. Send it to me when you get back," Vincent said as he glanced at the photo.

Then ... guard D was rewarded with one day off.

The guards hiding in the dark were shocked.

Rex hiding in the dark was confused.

On the way back, Vincent suddenly remembered what Donna said to him a few days ago.

"I know Emily is back. Although she hasn't called me mother these days, I am still very happy. Even if she has been accompanying me out of pity, I am still happy. I am willing to die now as long as she's with me."

Emily slowly woke up in his embrace and stared at him. After a long while, she asked, "Vincent, did you plan to feign death before?"

Vincent stopped and looked down at her, "Yes, but I didn't expect that I got in a car accident, and you were involved in it."

## **Chapter 687**

Emily looked at his firm and strong jaw. "I know. So the first time we met, I said that you would die. You said you believed me because that was your plan."

"Yes." Vincent remembered Emily crying and giving him a lollipop the first time they met. To be precise, the second time they met was at the pool.

"Why did you treat me so well?" Emily asked.

"Why?" Vincent looked down at her. He smiled and lowered his head to kiss the corner of her mouth. He sounded deep and warm. "You are a retard."

Guard D hiding in the dark said, "What! It is all because she's quite a beauty! All men are animals!"

Guard B hiding in the dark said, "I am so shy! Is this a declaration?"

Guard C hiding in the dark said, "He said she was a retard. So sweet!"

Guard A hiding in the dark said, "Why are you walking? Hurry home! Get married!"

Guard B hiding in the dark said, "Get married!"

Guard C hiding in the dark said, "Get married!"

Rex hiding in the dark was speechless.

Donna's funeral was arranged by Jackson. Even the cemetery was chosen by him. Even though Donna did not have any formal relationship with him, he guarded her for seven days.

Emily collected Donna's effects and found that her mother did not have a family. Donna's parents passed away early. She earned a living alone. Although she was not well-educated, she was smart and worked hard. She worked in the hotel where she met Maury. Then she had Emily.

Emily didn't want to think too badly of her father. But she couldn't help but wonder if her father was purposeful to get together with her mother.

But her mother passed away. She could only gather everything and stop all distracting thoughts. She should force herself to think that her parents were truly in love.

Emily did not talk to anyone until Vincent enlightened her. Then she took the initiative to talk to everyone after she returned. Janessa and Emma were happy for her. But because Donna just died, Ferne would not celebrate with red wine.

When Eliot came over again, Emily had a quick chat with him. They were talking about the Britt Group. Emily planned to go out to study for some time and then take over the Britt Group in the future. Over the next years, she hoped to hire Eliot as the general manager of the Britt Group to temporarily manage the company for her. The annual salary was two million yuan.

Eliot agreed. He had a difficult position in the Britt Group. Moreover, the rumors outside impacted greatly on him. He did not care. But he was with Sydnee, he should consider more. Emily's decision was very advantageous to him. He had no reason to refuse.

"By the way, congratulations! Sydnee told me that you planned to get married. Remember to inform me of your wedding date." Emily handed the contract over.

Eliot accepted it and signed his name. "Sure."

He didn't know when Emily was no longer the innocent girl that needed to be protected. She no longer cried and hid in his arms. She did not need him and even alienated him.

He did not find that Emily was no longer the innocent girl as before until Elsie's accident. Eliot's feeling for her was close to disappearing.

After being cheated for so long, he did not know how to react.

Later, Emily had only memory before age seven left after the car accident. He even doubted that she was pretending to have lost her memory. Since then, everything had changed.

However, Sydnee became the hope in his painful days. It was strange. He never expected that he would be together with Sydnee. She seemed to be arranged by God. The timing was so appropriate that he could not forget her for a long time.

If nothing had happened, he would have been alone.

After signing his name, he pushed the contract to Emily.

Emily checked the contract, picked up the seal, and stamped it. She instinctively handed it to the air and was stunned for a moment.

Eliot noticed that she was holding the contract and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." Emily withdrew her hand.

Harold was gone.

Just like Donna and Maury, he left forever.

Eliot thought that she missed Vincent and advised, "You will meet a better man in the future."

Emily realized that Sydnee did not tell Eliot that Vincent was alive. She was probably afraid that the more people who knew about it, the more unnecessary trouble they would cause. Emily did not explain.

"No matter what you do, I will be with you. And I believe you will do everything you want very well."

Emily sat up from the bed. Vincent, who was reading a book beside her, put down the book and touched her forehead. "What happened? Did you have a nightmare?"

Emily shook her head. She looked sorrowful. "I miss Harold."

Vincent did not speak.

"I promised him that I would let him go after the matter. I also want to help him realize his dream." Emily covered her eyes. She was faintly trembling. "Mr. Vincent, I'm useless. I can't do anything I want to do. The people I want to protect all suffered. Dad, Eliot, Mom, Harold, and you..."

"Many difficult problems exist in this world. You are not a god. Others may not be able to do what you can't do. I said I would protect you. But in the end, you were injured. Look, I can't do it either.." Vincent hugged her in his arms and kissed her on the top of her head.

## **Chapter 688**

"Mr. Vincent, you always comfort me with nice words." Emily sniffed and then kissed his lips. "Thank you."

Vincent held the back of her head and kissed her again. Then he said with a hoarse voice. "Accompany me to a place in two days."

"Where?" she asked.

"It's my grandfather's birthday." Vincent touched her long hair. "I'll take you to see him."

Emily nodded. "Alright, I haven't gone to see Mr. Rolando and the others for a long time."

"Good night." Vincent put the book aside and turned off the lights.

"Good night."

The guards were restlessly waiting outside the window. Half an hour later, they still did not hear anything. They could not help but stick their ears against the window.

Guard A: "Do you hear that? Is there any movement?"

Guard B: "No."

Guard C: "I didn't hear it either. Could it be that he's asleep?"

Guard D: "Hey, it's over."

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On the 16th of August, it was the old master's birthday of the Scavos family. Originally, Mr. Rolando didn't want to celebrate his birthday. But Ethen treated him like his own grandfather after he became the patriarch. Sometimes he would send some fruits and local specialties. Otherwise, it would be some special tribute tea leaves. In short, although Vincent was not here, Mr. Rolando gained a more considerate Ethen.

Others were very envious. They all praised Mr. Rolando for his good fortune. Although Vincent was more capable, he was not as considerate as Ethen. In front of Ethen, many people praised him for his rare filial piety and said that he was even better than Vincent...

Mr. Rolando endured it at first, but he simply could not bear it anymore after hearing people's words. He said, "Shut up if you don't know how to speak! What's wrong with my grandson? Do I need you to help to judge whether Vincent is considerate or not? I don't need you to tell me! Yes, Ethen is also capable, but you don't have to flatter and insult my grandson! I only have one grandson, Vincent!"

Ethen had long been annoyed by the words of those people. Because he was the patriarch, it was not good for him to ask someone to drive them away. Moreover, this was Mr. Rolando's house. If he showed his anger here, it would damage Mr. Rolando's reputation. He still knew how to deal with interpersonal relationships. But he did not expect that Mr. Rolando had shocked those people with just a few words. If his close relatives were not here, Ethen would have applauded Mr. Rolando.

In fact, Ethen was really tired of sitting in the position of patriarch. He had to be careful to speak and behave himself. He had to think twice before he could say anything or do anything. His actions and his words also represented the Scavo family. In the future, he could not go to any entertainment places, and even keep relationships with some friends and so on. It simply limited all his private life after work.

He had to deal with the mess of the people in the clan, just like a police officer in this area. No, it was more like a living committee officer. He felt upset and missed his cousin, but his cousin would not be here forever. Even though it was difficult to make every step, he could only hold on.

Mr. Rolando felt at ease after roaring at the people. They held their wine glasses and chuckled as they went out.

"Don't be angry. It's your birthday, and you have to cut the cake later." Ethen took a cup of tea and handed it to Mr. Rolando, "Moisten your throat and calm down. Don't bother with those people."

Mr. Rolando took a sip of tea and waved at him. "I'm going to the garden to take a rest."

"Okay, remember to cut the cake later." Ethen beckoned for someone to help Mr. Rolando over.

Mr. Rolando's body was still quite healthy, but some people were saying that he was unable to recover from his grandson's death in a car accident. He had been pretending to be physically inconvenienced for many days. Although he was able to climb to the third floor in one go, he did not forget to pretend.

After he arrived at the garden and sent the person away, Mr. Rolando crossed his legs and enjoyed his snacks while watching the moon.

A sound of footsteps came from behind him. He thought that Ethen had arranged someone to come over and take care of him. He waved his hand without looking back. "There is no need to serve here. You can go back."

"Are you watching the moon alone during your birthday?" A voice came from behind him.

Mr. Rolando was shocked for a second. Then, he completely laid down on the lounge chair and relaxed. As he munched on his snacks, he said, "Yeah, it's so nice. There are still some snacks to eat."

A shadow flew over and Mr. Rolando caught it quickly. He looked at it and became unhappy. "It's swimming trunks again. It's the same every year. Can't you change some new tricks?"

"What do you want?" Vincent said and chuckled.

Mr. Rolando pondered for a moment and said, "My granddaughter-in-law."

"Alright."

"Alright?" Mr. Rolando turned around in surprise.

"I just happened to bring her here.." Vincent said as he walked out from the shadows, holding Emily's hand.

## **Chapter 689**

"Hey! Little girl! It has been a long time." Mr. Rolando was very happy. He stared at Emily for a moment and confirmed that her memory should have been restored. Then, he took the time to size up Vincent.

"Why are you thinner? Have you not eaten well recently?"

Vincent's hair had already returned to black. He looked very healthy. It was just that he had been extremely thin during the time he was on the Emerald Island, and he was still so thin even now.

"Just because he takes care of me." Emily handed a gift to Mr. Rolando. "Grandpa, happy birthday."

"It is his duty to take care of you." As Mr. Rolando spoke, he happily tore apart the gift. He put on a hearty smile and asked curiously and pleasantly, "What is this?"

It was a DV.

There were all the photos and videos taken secretly by Vincent's guards, including photos of the little puppy. There were also some cheerful videos of Emily and Vincent bathing the little puppy.

Mr. Rolando's phone rang before he could turn on the DV. He looked at the call and found that it was his old friend. He immediately picked up the phone with exultation. "Hello..."

"Where are you? Where did you go?" Carl asked on the phone.

"Garden, you guys come here. Don't bring anyone else with you. You guys come together. Don't let anyone see them." Mr. Rolando happily replied answered the phone.

Carl was very excited when he heard Mr. Rolando's voice. He hung up the phone and said to the others beside him with a puzzle. "He sounds very happy. He said he is in the garden and told us not to bring anyone else along..."

"Let's go. I guess he is pretending to be happy. If such an outstanding grandson is gone, who can be happy? He went to the garden. Whoever is celebrating his birthday will go to the garden alone. He should be thinking about his grandson."

"That's right, let's bring the gifts. Everyone, don't talk about anything sad later and talk about something happy."

"By the way, you didn't bring your grandson, right?"

"No, I didn't. Who would dare to bring my grandson? I'm just afraid of provoking him."

"Alright, let's go."

A group of elder gentlemen stepped into the garden with heavy expressions. Just as they were about to smile, they saw a man and a woman under the dim light. They were standing in front of Mr. Rolando. The elder gentlemen could only vaguely see that this man was tall and sturdy in a black suit. Just by looking at his posture, they could tell that this man was mature and responsible. Then, they looked at the little girl next to them. She was wearing a black dress, which complemented Vincent's pure black suit. They couldn't see her face but her long hair behind her back. However, when they heard her laughter, they vaguely felt like...

The elder gentlemen were about to take a closer look when they saw Mr. Rolando wave at them, "Come here, see my grandson and my granddaughter-in-law."

"What?"

The elder gentlemen stood there blankly and almost thought that they heard something wrong.

The man and woman standing in front of Mr. Rolando slowly turned around. The man looked very handsome with a stiff collared shirt. That was Vincent who died in a car accident!

"You, you, you..." The elder gentlemen stammered as they looked at Vincent. Then, they looked at Mr. Rolando. Finally, they confirmed one thing from Mr. Rolando's happy face. Vincent was still alive.

"Hey! You damn old man! We all discussed that we couldn't bring our grandsons here, because we are afraid of provoking you! But you! Ah! Your grandson is standing here!"

After Carl finished speaking, he seemed to have recalled something as he turned to look at Emily who was standing next to Vincent. He asked hesitantly, "What did you just say about her?"

"My granddaughter-in-law." Mr. Rolando raised his chin and replied, his tone sounded as proud as a peacock spreading its tail.

"Ah!! I should have known it! The nearby water balcony gets a month first! If I knew earlier, I would have told my grandson to come! My grandson is particularly innocent. He has never been in a relationship until now!" Benson shouted.

Aaron and Carl fell silent together.

Benson realized something was wrong. He looked back at their reactions and immediately found the problem. "You - you actually secretly do that. No, it is your grandson secretly found a girlfriend?"

"..."

The relationship was a little messy.

Benson stared at Aaron unbelievably, "Who told me before that his grandson stayed in the garret every day and never left home? He couldn't even meet or talk to a girl... How long has it been since you told me that? Tell me how he got a girlfriend? My grandson goes out every day but can't find a girlfriend."

Aaron raised his hands and said, "I really don't know. I only found out after listening to them. They told me that there was such a girl who lived with my grandson now..." As he spoke, his tone couldn't help but become a little proud. "Probably... I will have a great-grandson not long after."

Benson clutched his chest in disbelief. Then, he looked at Mr. Rolando, then looked at the others one by one. Everyone in this group had very capable grandchildren. Trevor was a genius. Randy was a gaming expert, who played games in an E-sports team. There was no need to mention Vincent. He had been famous in City Y for many years until now.

The more Benson thought about it, the more despair he felt. Compared with the others, his grandson was completely useless. He covered his face with his hands, feeling incomparably sad.

He was actually crying.

## **Chapter 690**

Seeing that, people there were somewhat astonished, "..."

"Don't cry," Carl comforted Benson. "You can't determine your children's fortune. Love cannot be forced. Randy just accidentally met someone he likes. This hasn't even been set in stone since the girl hasn't agreed to be with him yet."

"Really?" Benson was somewhat relieved.

Carl nodded, "But who would dislike Randy? They will definitely be together."

Benson was heartbroken again, "...You can leave now. I don't want to hear it."

Aaron pushed Carl to the side, "You're too bad at comforting people. Go away, I'll do it." Then he patted Benson on the shoulder, "It's fine. Armando may already have someone he likes and he's working hard to court her now. When he succeeds, Arabella may have had a child already..."

Benson put on a smile and said, " Fuck off!"

Rolando, Carl, and the others laughed out loud. Although Benson was a bit annoyed by these old guys, he couldn't help but laugh with them together.

Emily waited for everyone to quiet down before giving gifts one by one.

"Do we also have a gift?" these old guys were flattered.

The gift was an amulet with the front engraved with "safe and healthy" and the back engraved with "longevity".

Everyone's amulet was engraved with his last name on the top. Carl rubbed the amulet and smiled at Emily. "Thank you. Randy also gave me one. You kids are so considerate."

Carl had no intention of showing off. He did not tell his old friends about his illness. Everyone didn't know about it. They only thought that Randy gave Carl an amulet out of his filialness.

Benson became more jealous and sad, " Armando... He doesn't even go home. I don't know where he goes every day and he doesn't find a proper job yet. He hasn't even given me any gift, not to mention bringing a girlfriend home."

"Now that Emily gives one to you, don't cry." Aaron patted him on the shoulder. "As an old man, why are you crying so often? I can hardly stand you..."

"Who's crying? I'm just a bit sad! I'm definitely not crying!" Benson glared at Aaron.

"Well, who was weeping just now like this..." Aaron imitated Benson's awkward look of crying earlier. Benson was so angry that he wanted to hit Aaron with his shoe. For a moment, the entire garden was in chaos.

But those old guys were smart enough to make space for Rolando and Vincent. After creating a disturbance, they left happily with Emily's gifts.

Rolando was still smiling in satisfaction.

Vincent poured a cup of tea for him, then pulled Emily to kneel on the ground.

"What are you doing?" Rolando asked in confusion.

"Rolando, you need to take care of yourself from now on." Vincent kowtowed to him with Emily.

The implication was that he would not return to the Scavo's in the future.

'That's right, he has another home now,' thought Rolando sadly.

He held back his sadness and said, "Of course, I can take good care of myself. Get up, the ground is dirty."

"Mr. Rolando, you can live with us." Emily said eagerly, "Let's move together, and..."

"No, Emily. I won't leave." Rolando gave a slight, sad smile. "It's fine. What matters most is that you two are fine. You must be safe and sound. Vincent, protect her well."

"I will." Vincent kowtowed to him again. "I will protect her with my life. I will never ... let her get hurt again."

Emily suddenly burst into tears.

"Emily, what are you crying for?" Rolando laughed.

Emily wiped her tears and recalled what Rolando had said to her before.

"Emily, though I've known you for a short time, I know that the one Vincent love must be the best. I hope that no matter what happens in the future, you must remember to protect yourself, and not ... leave Vincent in sadness."

It turned out that Rolando had previously been worried that he would once again face the despair and pain of his loved one dying in front of him.

She hadn't understood that before. After going through the thick and thin with Vincent, she now understood the depth of Rolando's words.

Rolando went to cut the cake. Emily held Vincent's hand and stood in the garden for a while. She stared at the moon above her and then tilted her head to look at Vincent. "Shall we leave?" she asked.

"Wait for a moment."

Just as Vincent stopped talking, they heard someone coming from behind.

"You're lovey-dovey so blatantly, aren't you?" Ethen brought two glasses of wine over. "Rolando is really good at pretending. He was obviously quite energetic just now. But when he returned to the hall, he immediately became lethargic."

"Hello, Emily." He grinned at Emily.

"Hello." Emily nodded at him.

Vincent looked at him. "Thanks."

He thanked Ethen for taking care of Rolando for him.

"You made me, man." Ethen raised his eyebrows and said naughtily, "Let's scare them, ok?"

Vincent took the wine from Ethen's hand and drank it all in one gulp. "I'm here to tell you that you've done a good job. Keep on."

Ethen almost spat out the wine in his mouth. "Hey man, are you kidding me? What do you mean? Do you want to wander over the world or something? Are you going to abandon me?"

