

## Reborn Baby - Chapter 691

"I'm not one of the Scavos. The patriarch is supposed to belong to you. Rolando also acknowledges you as his inheritor. But you still have much to do in the future. Just step by step." Vincent patted Ethen on the shoulder and looked happy when he saw Emily. "Unlike you, I'm just dependent on her for the rest of my life."

Ethen replied, "...Vincent, are you here to show your affection?"

"I gotta go." Vincent returned the cup to him and walked out with Emily.

Ethen stopped him sadly. "Vincent, if you leave, at least give me one of your assistants who looks very smart. If not, you just stay to deal with those women in the neighborhood committee, sorry, in the family without showing up ..."

"Rex?" Vincent pointed at a man in the distance. "Ask him."

When Rex came at them, he held his fists to say goodbye. "I'm sorry, where Mr. Vincent goes I will go, and where he stays I will stay."

"Vincent, you do leave all to me and trust me," Ethen said worriedly.

"Of course, do your best." Vincent patted him on the shoulder and said, "The Scavos have great hopes for you."

Ethen sighed. "There's no better way. You don't want to be the patriarch, so I only take your place. Where will you go later? Will you travel all over the world?"

"I have found a house and plan to live there. It is far from here and nobody knows us." "Let's just move on. We still have more important things to do." Vincent walked out with Emily.

"What will you do next?" Ethen suddenly understood and looked at Vincent strangely. "It's only about eight. Vincent, no matter how much desire you have, just wait a little later, OK?"

Vincent didn't know what to say.

To be honest, Emily also felt the same way.

Not only Rex behind Vincent but also his guards in secret all shared the same idea.

Before getting into the car, Rex even went to buy a lot of 'Durexes' in the supermarket nervously. At that moment, the cashier looked at him in astonishment.

That night, Vincent drove Emily with all the luggage to Happendland City, where he settled.

On the way, Emily fell asleep as she was looking out of the window. Her hand was held by Vincent. When she opened her eyes gently, she saw Vincent hold her into his arms and kiss her forehead. He said, "Back to sleep."

When it was almost midnight, they finally arrived. Rex, who was in the next car, rushed out of the car to the bathroom with the puppy in his arms. He shouted, "You bastard. You pissed in my pants."

Seeing this, Emily laughed against the car. Vincent touched her face, and she rubbed against his palm like a clingy kitty.

The dim street lamp at the door cast a shadow over Emily's face, covering her white skin with a layer of soft light. She leaned against Vincent's palm and said in a low voice, "Vincent."

"Yes."

"I just want to call your name." She closed her eyes and rubbed against his hand.

"OK."

He ran his other hands through her long hair, "Let's go. I'll take you to have a look."

Emily didn't need to visit here, for she had lived here with Donna. But she was not the same one as she used to be. Vincent just wanted to take reborn 'Emily' to visit here again.

"You can design our bedroom by yourself." Vincent led her into the bedroom and hugged her from behind. "From now on, this is our home. It belongs to us."

"Alright."

It was already two in the morning when she finished eating and taking a shower. Emily was so sleepy that she could barely open her eyes. She lay on the bed without drying her hair. In her half-asleep state, she felt someone's fingers run through her hair. Meanwhile, there was a hot wind blowing gently over her scalp. She opened her eyes and saw Vincent's manly face with heavy eyebrows, a straight nose, and beautiful lips.

She had been staring at him for a while when Vincent noticed her gaze. He lowered his head to kiss her eyes and nose ... As he reached her mouth, Emily fell asleep completely.

It had been a long time since she had a sweet dream. In her dream, Maury and Donna were celebrating her birthday. She was wearing a Princess dress and sitting in the middle, singing a birthday song with them. Finally, she blew the candle and they cheered for her. It was so real that she even thought it became true when she woke up.

But what was real was her tear on the face.

The sun was high in the sky. Emily drew the curtains and saw a few guards squatting under a fake tree in the garden and eating popsicles. Rex was holding the little puppy and shouting sadly, "You bastard! You shit in my pants again!"

Emily laughed, as she opened the window and shouted at Rex, "Its name is bastard from now on!"

"... Whose?" Rex asked.

Emily pointed at the puppy in his arms and said, "It's."

Rex lowered his head sadly and stared at the dog for a moment. He immediately became even sadder. "It became my little bastard," he said.

Emily laughed heartily and didn't notice Vincent's coming. He just took a shower after finishing the exercise, full of a pleasant smell.

"Good morning." Vincent kissed her neck.

Emily stayed away from the tickling and said, "Good morning." Finding Vincent was about to come closer, she quickly covered her mouth and ran away. "I'll go to brush my teeth..."

"Go," Vincent kissed the back of her hand.

Emily looked at herself in the mirror with a smile as she brushed her teeth.

She would start a new life with Vincent from now on and just let the unhappy things go.

## **Chapter 692**

Armando received a call from Benson as soon as he got off work. Benson was flustered and exasperated. He said that the grandson of the Geller family had found a girlfriend and that the grandson of the Peck family, who even had never gone out because of autism, had not only found a girlfriend but was also about to get married and have a baby soon. He blamed Armando for the fact that he didn't have a girlfriend or even a job. It made Benson lose face outside.

Armando listened quietly. It was hot at night. He had just come out of the museum and stood under the street lamp for a while. His forehead was covered with sweat. He didn't give any explanation and just listened patiently. It was not until Benson had finished scolding him that he said, "Grandpa, drink some water..."

Benson was even more exasperated.

Cynthia felt very uncomfortable when she heard what Benson said. From time to time, she argued for her son, "He has already worked. Recently, he hasn't used my money. He even returned my card..."

"You must have secretly given it back. I know you so well!" Benson sneered.

Cynthia cried out in disagreement and Roman joined in their conversation. It was so noisy that Armando couldn't even hear them clearly.

After hanging up the phone, Armando went to a shop to buy a pack of cigarettes. He rarely smoked, but he liked to watch Janessa smoke. When Janessa smoked, her expression was very beautiful and she was completely lost in her thoughts. Armando didn't understand before and only thought that she was very beautiful. Later, he understood. He realized that she was very beautiful and sad when she missed someone.

After he finished smoking a cigarette, a voice came from behind him. "Armando?"

Armando turned around. It was the young restorer in the office. He forgot her name and only answered, "Yes."

He turned to leave.

The housekeeper called and he picked up the phone. "Hello..."

"Mr. Mosby, Miss Janessa seems to be injured. I want to help her but she refused. So I..."

"I'll be right there." Armando was about to hang up when a voice came from the side, "Can you give me a cigarette?"

Armando turned his head. The restorer was still standing there. Standing under the street lamp, she had a smile on her face. Armando handed her a cigarette expressionlessly and then turned to leave.

The restorer looked down at the cigarette in her hand and said to herself, "Shouldn't a man say that girls shouldn't smoke? What does he mean?"

It was already nine in the evening when Armando arrived at the apartment. He had been staying upstairs in his shop all this time and rarely stayed here. He wanted to give Janessa enough time to gradually forget the man in her heart.

When the housekeeper saw him, she quickly gave him a glass of water and handed him the medicine kit. She whispered to him, "Miss Janessa is in the room. She's silent."

"Alright. You can go back now. Thanks." Armando thanked her and knocked on Janessa's door with the medical kit in his hand.

She lived in the guest room. She had never lived in the bedroom he lived in before, and the things inside had not been moved. Originally, she just crashed here. But now she seemed to be the owner of the house. Moreover, the main bedroom had remained as before, as if she was waiting for someone to come and stay.

Janessa didn't answer the door, so Armando opened the door with a key. Janessa was lying on the bed with her back facing him. She thought that it was the housekeeper who came in. She said impatiently, "I said it. I'm fine. Don't come in. I'm sleepy and want to sleep."

A hand touched her arm and Janessa was shocked and reflexively pulled her arm back. When she turned back and saw Armando's face, she covered her chest with her hand and said, "You scared me to death! What are you doing!"

There was a wound at the corner of her mouth, and her left face was swollen. Armando pushed aside her hair and saw the five fingerprints left on her skin.

"Is it Warren?" He felt so angry.

"No." Janessa denied.

"Did he meet you?" Armando asked, staring at her.

Janessa found a job. She didn't work at the travel agency but at the newspaper. She was the editor's assistant. Today was the third day of her work.

Armando had always thought that she wanted to go to work because she didn't want to be idle at home. However, he didn't know that Janessa later called home and learned from Cynthia that Armando had given all his bank cards to Cynthia. These days, he had been working outside to make money. She was too clear about the purpose of making money.

"No." Janessa shook her head. "It wasn't him. Our newspaper interviewed a woman. I made her unhappy and she slapped me. She had apologized for it."

Armando grabbed her chin and forced her to look up. His eyes were very dark. He seemed to know what Armando was thinking. "It couldn't be a woman. Janessa, be honest. Who did it?"

Janessa was surprised and she wanted to turn around and avoid his gaze.

"I have already asked you." Armando got up and walked out. Janessa quickly grabbed his arm. "What are you going to do?"

"Go to find him."

Janessa took a deep breath. "Don't. He won't appear again in the future."

"He hit you," Armando said with bloodshot eyes.

"Yes." Janessa closed her eyes.

Warren appeared in the afternoon. She had just finished sorting documents with the editor when the colleague told her that someone was looking for her.. Janessa saw Warren when she went out.

### **Chapter 693**

Warren was very haggard. After being beaten up, he stayed in the hospital for several days. Then he was discharged from the hospital and rested at the hotel for several days. After his injury healed, he appeared in front of Janessa. He paid a lot of attention to his image. Janessa felt a little guilty that Warren was beaten up by Armando and apologized to him.

Warren glared at her angrily. "You lied to me! You are too disgusting! Janessa! How could you do such a thing?"

She knew what he meant.

She knew that she couldn't hide that thing anymore when Armando appeared. Warren would know. The Mosbies would also know. Everyone would know. They would point at her nose and call her disgusting then.

But she didn't expect that one day, Warren, her beloved man, would look at her with such a hateful expression. He even slapped her angrily when she admitted it.

It was not that she had never thought of this end.

But the retribution came so quickly, and she was still severely injured.

She took a day off and got off work. She acted well. When she got home, she kept smiling at the servant. Even if she stayed in her room alone, she tried not to cry out. But when Armando clenched his fists and pulled her into his arms, she couldn't hold back her tears.

"I'm sorry." Armando gently kissed her red and swollen face.

Janessa felt that the pain in her face was gone. Armando's kiss made her face a little itchy. She was done. She closed her eyes and the tears poured down her cheeks. "Don't go to him. Promise me."

Armando didn't answer. He just kissed her gently. After a while, he kissed her more and more fanatically. She couldn't resist and her eyes were misty.

She was anxious. "Promise me!"

"Armando, promise me not to look for him. It's all in the past. It's all over now."

A long time later, Armando responded, "Okay."

He got up to leave, but Janessa pulled him and closed her eyes to kiss him.

This was wrong.

It was all wrong.

Absolutely wrong.

But what could she do? She could not go back.

Since it was wrong at the beginning, why not continue this mistake?

Armando couldn't believe Janessa really kissed him. His red eyes were filled with ecstasy. He didn't respond in a daze. A moment later, he reacted and got the initiative.

They slept together this night.

On the other side, Aaron returned home with the amulet. After pondering for a long time, he felt that he did not care enough about his grandson who had always stayed in the attic. He lived outside for so long, but he could not take a look at him personally. He wanted to take a look at him now.

Mr. and Mrs. Peck were still at Rolando's birthday banquet and did not return. Aaron found a car and went to buy some fruits. He felt that it was not enough, so he asked the driver to take him to the supermarket. He bought many things and stuffed the trunk and back seat full. Then he said with satisfaction, "Okay, it's done."

"We are here," the driver said as they arrived.

But Aaron did not dare to get out of the car. He opened the car door and regretted it before he could put his legs out. "Do you think he will not want to see me? I heard that he didn't let his parents in. They only looked at him outside the door when they came."

The driver was speechless.

"Why don't we go back? He might fall asleep at this time." Aaron looked at the time.

The driver didn't know what to say.

"You get these things up first and knock." Aaron finally decided.

The driver was wordless.

In the end, the driver and Aaron moved the things up together. The driver knocked on the door. Christy saw the driver through the peephole, recognized that he was from the Peck family, and quickly opened

the door. She had never seen Aaron before. As she was about to ask who he was, Aaron coughed lightly and said, "I am the butler."

The driver was wordless.

Christy had seen the butler of the Peck family before and was a little puzzled. "Where is the former butler?"

"He's sick. He's recuperating. I'll help him for a few days. Could we go in?" Aaron asked as he took a step towards the door.

Aaron looked not like a butler. Christy was good at observing people and Aaron didn't act well. She found that the driver was very respectful to the "butler" and guessed that he should be Aaron who often went out.

He looked very strong. Although his hair turned white, he looked very young and as handsome as when he was young. The Pecks seemed all good-looking.

Aaron looked around and said to the driver behind him, "The lights here are dark. Buy a new chandelier like the one in my room. There is no Earth Light sensor here. Ask the boss of the core energy store to get one here."

He pointed out all problems he saw along the way, just like an interior designer. After he finished his comments, he found that his behavior was a little out of place. He acted too arrogant. Which butler dared to wantonly comment on the decoration style in front of his boss, and even so generously asked his boss to personally come here to install the chandelier?

However, Christy did not mind at all.. She even went into the kitchen to boil water and made him a cup of tea.

#### **Chapter 694**

"Does he like this tea?" Aaron asked as he sat on the sofa and drank tea.

"Well, he drinks whatever tea I made. He doesn't pick." Christy took a sip of tea.

"Thank you for taking care of him. You must be working very hard."

Christy shook her head. "He's the same as us and doesn't need any special care. In fact, he takes care of me more."

Aaron was a little surprised. He had always thought that this girl would take care of Trevor a little more when they lived outside. He did not expect that it was Trevor taking care of her.

Christy took out her phone, opened a photo, and showed it to Aaron. "The dishes he cooked tonight are delicious. He is very smart. He can make the same dishes after reading the menu."

There were four white porcelain dishes and two bowls on a table in the photo. The dishes looked very exquisite and delicious. The candles were on the side. It was a candlelight dinner.

Aaron's eyes weren't too good. He wanted to take a closer look, but he accidentally slipped to the next photo. Christy's face turned red. She quickly took her phone and hid it behind her back. "That dish is quite delicious."

"What?" Aaron was stunned, and it took him a long time to recover from the shock.

It seemed like they were kissing.

Aaron was dumbfounded. Was it Trevor? Could Trevor kiss?

No. It was not important. Rather, he hadn't expected that Trevor's life outside would be like this.

Before leaving, Aaron stood in front of the fridge and asked politely, "Could I bring your dishes back tonight?"

The driver was speechless.

"Alright, but there's only a little left," Christy said, stunned.

"It's fine. Is this cake made by you?" He watched Christy take out the dishes from the fridge, pointed at a cake on the plate, and asked.

Christy took a look. "Trevor made it. This juice was also made by him. There's also this bread, this egg tarts, and..."

The room quieted.

Christy widened her eyes as she watched Aaron continuously take all the bread, juice, and egg tarts she had pointed at in the fridge into his arms.

She didn't know what to say.

"Shall I find you a bag?" Christy said with a smile.

"Alright, thank you," Aaron let out a long sigh of relief.

He thought that she was not going to give them to him.

After sending off Aaron, Christy looked at the fridge and opened the bedroom door with a worried expression. "Trevor, your grandfather just emptied our fridge."

"What do you want to eat?" Trevor looked up from the computer. His hair was long and was tied up by Christy on his forehead. When he looked up, he looked extremely cute and handsome.

Christy walked over and hugged him from behind. She tilted her head and leaned close to his ear to say, "I want to eat dessert. A new restaurant just opened next door. I want to eat it."

"Alright, I'll cook for you." Trevor tilted his head and kissed her. "My work will be over soon."

"Do your work. I won't disturb you," Christy clung to him and spoke.

Trevor smiled and typed faster. In a moment he closed the computer and threw it to the side.

"What are you doing?" Christy smiled and retreated.

Trevor chuckled and said something. Christy laughed. "Hooligan!"

The air was gradually filled with romance. The curtains were not completely closed. The bright moonlight shone through the crack into the bed, leaving two intertwined shadows on the wall. They hugged and kissed in the moonlight.

When Aaron returned home, he shouted at Mr. and Mrs. Peck in the living room, "See what I bring back!"

"Dad, are we going bankrupt? Aren't you going to celebrate Rolando's birthday? Why do you bring so much food back? Can't we even afford to eat now?" Mr. and Mrs. Peck widened their eyes in surprise when they saw Aaron bring back so much food.

"What are you talking about?" Aaron asked the driver to put the food on the table and took a deep breath. "Guess who made it?"

"Did you cook for Rolando's birthday?" Mr. and Mrs. Peck asked in surprise.

The driver was speechless.

Aaron said, "How is it possible?"

"Then who made this? Could it be Arabella? She doesn't know how to cook at all," Rachel asked.

Aaron shook his head, looked very mysterious. "Trevor. These are all made by Trevor."

Rachel was stunned. Winston widened his eyes in surprise.

Aaron had reached out to take a slice of bread. Before he could put it in his mouth, his hand was slapped off by Rachel.

Aaron looked over in shock. Rachel shouted at the servants, "Quick! Protect them! Don't let anyone touch them! These dishes are made by Trevor! Go ask the chef how we can keep it for more than ten years!"

The driver was wordless.

The servant fell to silence.

Winston didn't know what to say.

Aaron was speechless.

"Let me just have a taste." Aaron pointed at the dish in the middle.

After a while, Rachel nodded in agreement. She pinched his finger and gently dipped it into the soup of the dish. "Alright, just have a taste. Don't be too greedy."

Aaron looked at the soup on his finger and then at Rachel.

The driver was silent.

The servant was wordless.

Winston continued to be silent.

Aaron didn't know what he should say.

## **Chapter 695**

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Carl placed the two amulets on the pillow, then took out his phone and dialed, "Randy, are you asleep?"

"Not yet. How is Rolando?" Randy sounded tired.

"He is fine." Carl wanted to tell him that Vincent was still alive. Thinking for a while, he felt Randy must have known about it long ago. But Carl did not want to blame him. After all, Vincent was involved in a big matter, and Rolando must have known about it long ago. He had heard some things about the Scavo family before. Vincent's appearance was quite different from Rolando's son's, but they did not say it out. After all, Vincent was a very good person and they all watched him grow up. But it seemed that they would not come back in the future.

Carl said with a sigh, "Rolando must be very proud! Emily is also fine. She and Vincent seem to be getting married."

Randy thought for a moment and said, "Emily's mother just passed away. Vincent will have to wait for a while to get married."

"Well, Emily looks obedient. She even gave each of us an amulet. I don't know if I can watch you get married," Carl said with a sigh.

"When the competition is over, grandpa, I'll take the trophy and bring her to see you." Randy suddenly got spirited.

"Okay, don't work too hard. Sleep early." Carl said a few more words before hanging up the phone.

Randy pinched the space between his eyebrows and sat up from the bed. He had been practicing for the whole afternoon. His eyes were dry and tired, and his throat was also a little dry. He pushed the door open and saw the figure of Lord Top in the training room through the transparent glass. Beside her, Wink and Urchin were playing a match with her. These days, the three of them had been teaming up to play games. They were more attuned than before, but it was not enough. It was possible to stand out in National Championship at this level.

Randy took a few cans of cold drinks from the fridge. Wink and Urchin saw him coming over and nodded. Only Lord Top stared at the screen in front of her. She was very focused when playing games. Randy thought that even if there was an earthquake at this time, she would sit still and control the mouse as if that was her everything.

After the game ended, Wink and Urchin quickly picked up the cold drink that Randy had put down on the table and gulped it down. "It's so cool! Thank you, Captain Randy!"

"Go rest." Randy waved at the two.

"But..." Wink and Urchin looked at Lord Top hesitantly. She had just finished one game, and her eyes seemed very tired. She only took the eye potion on the side and dripped two drops into her eyes, and then blinked, about to start the next game. After a while, she found that Wink and Urchin were not ready. She turned her head and looked over, only to find Randy standing behind her.

"Captain." She shouted.

"Rest if you're tired." Randy stroked her head.

"I know. I'm not tired," she said as she started the single-person match, her firm gaze reflected on the screen.

Randy curled his lips slightly and turned to look at Wink and Urchin. "Go and rest for a while. I will play the next game with you."

"Yes, Captain!"

Many of the team members who had gone to rest heard the commotion and came over.

They fought excitedly for two hours. Finally, they couldn't hold on any longer. Their eyes were red and they were all yawning.

Randy moved his hand away from the mouse, rubbed his shoulder and neck, and said to the team members tiredly, "Alright. Go to rest early."

"Yes, Captain!"

The team members collapsed on their chairs and rested for a moment. Then they went to take their clothes into the bathroom to take a shower and prepared to sleep.

Lord Top didn't respond. She was still sitting in front of the computer. In the blink of an eye, she started another game. Wink and Urchin on the side also wanted to play the game with her. Before they could speak, they saw Randy wave at them.

Then they stood up and left.

It was a good thing for the team to enter the National Qualifying match. However, they had to face heavy training. They only rested for two days and then started training. They even had no time to eat. Their eyes were red. They even dropped more than ten bottles of eye drops.

No matter how tired they were, they had never complained in front of Randy. Many people dreamed of participating in the National Qualifying match but they couldn't. It was already a supreme glory for them that they could participate. Heavy training was a necessity. Besides, in terms of hard work, who could compare to Lord Top?

She was always the first one to get up and the last one to turn off the computer and sleep. Randy let them practice for twelve hours a day, but Lord Top always practiced at least eighteen hours a day.

Except for eating and going to the toilet, she seemed to be sitting on the chair forever.

Randy sat next to Lord Top. He was sleepy and tired, so he made himself a cup of coffee. He did not persuade Lord Top to rest for a while. He just sat there quietly and watched her nimble fingers.

Everyone here wanted to participate in the National Championship, but no one had such strong determination and willpower as Lord Top. Not only did she want to participate, but she also wanted to get a ranking in the National Championship.

Randy held a meeting before. He hoped that everyone could work hard together and strive to not lose badly. However, he never thought that not only did Lord Top never think that she would lose, but she also wanted to get a ranking and the award in the national competition.

At first, Randy thought that she was whimsical. But gradually, he was attracted by the temperament of Lord Top who refused to lose. Didn't they get third place in the National Qualifying match beyond everyone's expectations? Maybe they could also get the award in the National Championship, even if it was too whimsical.

After the game ended, she turned around and found Randy still sitting on the side. She said in surprise. "Captain, why are you still here?"

She never paid attention to the movements around her when she played games, and Randy had adapted to it.

"Let me tell you." He reached out to hold her mouse. Unexpectedly, Lord Top's hand had not moved away from the mouse. Randy held her hand and realized how small her hand was. He could wrap it up.

Moreover, her hand was very thin and the knuckles were clear. The temperature was higher than his. She probably sweated after holding the mouse for a long time. However, she did not have the smell of sweat like the man. She had the smell of mint.

She struggled slightly but did not break free.

## **Chapter 696**

Randy looked down at him and said, "We need to do this properly."

Lord Top was speechless.

She couldn't remove her hand. Randy started giving his speech in this awkward position. Sometimes, he moved the mouse to mark notes.

"Captain Randy, I can understand what you're saying, so we can skip the notes." Lord Top smiled embarrassedly.

"Well, I'm trying to help." Randy's hand was still on hers.

Lord Top fell silent again.

"Alright, enough." Randy withdrew his hand, "Have a good rest."

"Okay." Lord Top turned off the computer and quickly rushed into the bathroom.

Randy wished the National Championship could end as soon as possible. At that time, he would know Lord Top's decision.

But Randy had made up his mind to introduce Lord Top to Mr. Rolando no matter what.

He wanted Mr. Rolando to witness their marriage.

Randy felt that time was a complicated thing.

Time pushed people forward, and many things had become muted and faded over time.

Randy walked to his room. As he passed by the bathroom, Lord Top stood by the sink with a cup of coffee in her hand. "Don't drink too much coffee at night. It's bad for your sleep," said Randy.

The lights in the bathroom were dazzling, and Lord Top looked bright and beautiful under the light. Randy suddenly had an urge to kiss her.

But he put it out.

"Alright." Randy poured the coffee into the sink, rinsed the cup, and said good night to Lord Top.

Lord Top looked up at Randy in the mirror and smiled, "Good night."

...

In early September, Emily went to the shop to buy a desk.

She had already set up the bed and wall paintings and planned to put a desk where the cupboard was placed. It had been a long time for Emily to leave the house since she visited Rolando with Vincent. She had been dressing in black since her mother passed away. The only time Emily changed into something bright was on Rolando's birthday. When she was home, Emily sat in front of the dining table alone and recalled the good old days. It felt like Donna was back again and gently said, "Emily, do you want to have an apple pie?"

Vincent worried about Emily, so he took Emily to the shop. Emily followed him out of the house to the shopping center.

Happiland City was less developed than City Y, but people still could buy what they needed in various shopping malls. Emily couldn't find her desk after browsing a few stores. Fortunately, Rex helped Emily purchase the bed based on her choice. Otherwise, it would take a week to set up a bed.

"Sir, which one do you prefer, the dark or the light?" The shopping guide provided Vincent with good service.

Vincent leaned back on the sofa and looked at Emily, who was busy picking her desk. "She's the boss here."

"Oh, well. May I ask who pays for the desk?"

"Me. But she's the user."

The guide froze for a moment, "Okay. So, which one do you prefer, sir?"

"Like I said." Vincent took a sip of the tea, "She's the boss here."

The shopping guide didn't say anything.

But at this moment, her heart was teeming with jealousy.

"How could a man be so perfect? He's tall, handsome, and most importantly, loves his girlfriend! How come I never meet a man like this?"

Emily chose one and was about to try it, but a girl at about 13 or 14 years old occupied the desk. She turned to her parents with a frown, "Well, that's not too bad. But I prefer the pink one."

"It's just a study desk. What's wrong with this one? If you have the pink one, you must regret when you grow up a bit. Your cousins can't laugh at your childish idea if you buy this one." The little girl's mother said.

"I think this one is better." Her father, with a big, fat belly, added.

The little girl pouted, but the guide had already led the parents to the cashier

Emily stared at the little girl in a student uniform. After a while, the girl left with her parents.

"What's the matter?" Vincent walked over and followed her sight. He saw three people leaving the shopping center.

Vincent thought it triggered Emily's childhood memories, but Emily stayed there and said, "I haven't been to school, so I think she might be happy."

"School?" Vincent looked at her and asked.

Emily shook his head. "Well, it's nothing. I'm too old for school, am I?"

She put it behind and turned around, but Vincent fished out his phone and texted Rex.

Rex was wiping his dog's ass and suddenly jumped up when he saw the text. "What? The little Hulk wants to be a student?"

The two guards were so shocked that they fell off the tree.

In the end, Emily picked the dark one, and she bought a lot of paintbrushes and drawing boards when they walked past a stationery store. Emily loved drawing boards and easels, although she already had four easels in her studio. Sydnee gave her the other two. But Emily still felt an urge to buy some more.

The two guards held the drawing board in one hand and the paintbrush in the other. The old wounds didn't bother them, but they still walked slowly in the crowded street.

There were a lot of students here. Some were with their parents, while the others were with friends. Vincent was helping Emily to tie her shoe at the side. Emily smiled at him, but at this moment, a boy whistled at her.. Emily didn't notice him, but the shrill whistle drew everyone's attention to Emily.

## **Chapter 697**

### [Next](#)

She was dressed in a long black dress. Her hair was tied in a simple ponytail, revealing her fair face and neck. Under the light of the mall, she looked charming. Her big eyes were watery and she had a smile on her face. She was as beautiful as a fairy from a fairy tale.

Exclamations resounded through in the mall. Vincent got up with a frown. He heard someone say that she was cute and pretty. When he turned around, he saw many people staring at Emily's face with burning gazes. He lowered his head to look at Emily. Emily did not seem to know what had happened. She looked at him with a faint smile on her face.

"What's wrong?"

Vincent sighed, "I suddenly don't want to take you out."

"What?" Emily looked at him at a loss.

Vincent pinched her chin, lowered his head, and bit her soft lips.

Emily was shocked. After all, they were outside. There were so many people around them. When Vincent let go of Emily, her face was red.

"I can't wait any longer."

Vincent's voice was slightly hoarse and Emily looked at him with a surprised expression, saying, "What do you want to do?"

"Afraid?" Vincent chuckled.

The two were extremely close, and Emily could even hear the vibration of his chest when he laughed.

Emily lowered her head in embarrassment and said, "Let's talk about it when we go back. There are many people around."

Vincent laughed as he held her hand and led her out. Seeing this, many boys were so sad, but their eyes couldn't help but stick to Emily's face. On the other hand, the girls present looked at Emily with jealousy at first. Not long after, they were attracted by Vincent who was beside Emily, and widened their eyes.

"So handsome!"

"Are they a couple?"

"I don't think so..."

Then the girls saw Vincent lowering his head and kissing Emily.

They were heartbroken.

All boys and girls watched Emily and Vincent leave. They were sad.

Emily and Vincent's new residence was in the suburbs. They won't be disturbed by outsiders. There was no one else in a radius of a hundred miles. The courtyard at the entrance was filled with flowers and plants. In less than two months, flowers were blooming everywhere. The edges of the stone bricks were planted with lawn, looking very beautiful.

It was as if this place was isolated from the world. There was no one around and it was very quiet. Emily walked into the courtyard and picked up the little puppy, saying, "Candy, do you miss me?"

Rex was speechless.

...

All guards were stunned.

Emily's tone was the same as when she called Vincent's name.

Vincent was also speechless.

When it was almost evening, the bedroom had been completely tidied up. The desk was cleaned and placed beside the bed, and the table was filled with Emily and Vincent's paintings and books.

After Emily put on the bedsheet, she took a photo and posted it on her WeChat Moments.

Many people left comments.

Stephanie: "New room! Congratulations!"

Sydnee: "It looks good."

Lynn: "There is something on the desk..."

Eliot: "Where are you? Do you buy a new house? Where is it?"

Ferne: "Emily! Is the new house satisfied? Do you want to invite us in?"

Noah: "Just ignore him."

Christy: "I want to go, too."

Armando: "Congratulations!"

Randy: "Shall we make an appointment to go together?"

Janessa: "Okay."

Armando replied to Janessa: "Are you off work? I'll get off work in ten minutes. Wait for me. Don't buy cold drinks. I'll cook for you when I get home."

Randy replied to Armando: "I'm jealous."

Ferne replied to Armando: "I'm jealous."

Jaquan replied to Armando: "I'm jealous."

Janessa replied to Armando: "I see."

Randy replied to Janessa: "Showing affection in public is pretty inconsiderate."

Ferne replied to Janessa: "Showing affection in public is pretty inconsiderate."

Jaquan: "The bedroom is very beautiful!"

Emma: "Beautiful."

Jaquan replied to Emma: "Darling, you are also beautiful. Love you."

Randy replied to Jaquan: "I'm jealous."

Ferne replied to Jaquan: "I'm jealous."

Armando replied to Jaquan: "I'm jealous."

Jaquan was speechless.

"What are you looking at? Why are you so happy?" Vincent walked over. Emily showed him her phone with a smile, "Look!"

He asked, "Do you want them to come over?"

Emily smiled and said, "Yes. They are very lively."

"Alright. Come with me to a place tomorrow." Vincent wrapped his arms around Emily's waist and rested his chin on her shoulder.

"Sure."

Emily shifted her gaze and found a box on the table. She hadn't paid much attention to it when she saw Lynn's comment. Now that she had found it, she thought it was Vincent's. She asked casually, "What's that?"

Vincent also saw it. He walked over and lowered his head. A moment later, he picked it up and said, "Rex's."

Emily asked, "What is it?"

"It's..." Vincent glanced at her.

"What?"

Vincent put the box into his pocket, turned around, and walked out, saying, "Stop asking. I'll tell you tomorrow night."

Emily became more and more curious. She asked, "Why do you tell me tomorrow night? Can't you tell me today?"

...

When Vincent reached the door, he turned around, saying, "Because this is what we are going to use tomorrow night."

Emily stood there in a daze and she asked, "What?"

Guard A who was outside the window: "The exciting moment is finally coming!"

Guard B: "I can't wait to see it!"

Guard C: "My God!"

Guard D who was outside the window: "He's not a gentleman at all."

Rex, who passed by, was lost for word.

## Chapter 698

The next morning, Vincent picked Emily up when she was still in her dreams. She woke up and asked with sleepy eyes, "Mr. Vincent, what's wrong?"

"Come on, today is an important day." Vincent kissed her ear and carried her into the bathroom. He put a bath towel on the sink and placed her on it. Then he washed her face with a towel and squeezed the toothpaste for her.

After washing up, Emily returned to the bedroom and took out her phone to check the time. It was 5:40 pm.

She was speechless.

Just as she was about to get changed, a group of people in uniforms came in. They were holding a few sets of clothes and toolboxes. Emily was confused when she found that Vincent was dressed very formally today. He was wearing a pure black suit with a black shirt on the inside, and his tie was also black. It was the one she gave him on his birthday. His hair was in good shape. He looked very charming.

"Get her into that dress and do her makeup in half an hour, is that okay?" Vincent pointed at a dress and asked the makeup artist.

"Of course," the woman replied.

"I'll wait for you outside," Vincent said as he patted Emily on the head.

Emily was a little confused. Last night Vincent had said that he would take her to a place. She guessed it must be a formal place.

There was a knock on the door. Rex brought Emily breakfast and quickly went out after putting it down.

Emily was not very hungry yet, but the makeup artist advised her, "Eat some food. You can't eat anything after the makeup is done."

Hearing this, Emily took a few mouthfuls of food and drank some milk.

Vincent chose a black-and-white dress for Emily. The V-neck was white, the corset was black, and the dress was black and white. Emily was a pretty girl with fair skin. Black and white suited her well.

After Emily changed into her dress, the makeup artist praised her, "How fair your skin is! You don't even need to put on makeup."

"Hurry up, I still need to give her a haircut," the stylist urged.

The photographer took a few photos of Emily in various directions. "Very good, the camera likes you."

Emily felt that something was wrong. She did not expect this banquet to be so grand. But Vincent often attended those formal banquets. So, she didn't think much about it.

The hairstylist held her hair and gasped in admiration, "Your hair is as soft as satin. I wish I could comb it for you every day!"

Emily didn't know what to say.

She was not satisfied with the hairstyles, but she was afraid to hurt the hairstylist. She gently suggested, "Don't make it too fancy. The one with the red ribbon is pretty good. I would like to leave my hair loose."

The hairstylist agreed. The hairstyle she asked for was simple and girlish.

After that, he helped her roll up the ends of her hair and pinched them with a clip. At last, he adjusted the red ribbon and tied a knot.

The photographer took several photos. "Wow, this hairstyle is very good."

The hairstylist shook his head with a smile. "Her hair is too beautiful. I can make more than a hundred hairstyles for her, and each one will be suitable. It will be nice if her hair is dyed red or purple."

Emily looked in the mirror. She felt different with makeup. Her eyes were bigger, and her eyebrows were more shaped. She had long, thick and curved eyelashes. Her nose was delicate, and her lips were bright red.

Now she was not a girl, but a woman.

She looked mature and sexy.

The hairstylist removed her hair clips and ran his fingers through her curly long hair. "It's done," he said.

"Look at the camera," the photographer pleaded.

He took a few photos as Emily smiled at the camera. When Emily walked out of the room, he was still pressing the shutter. The stylist and makeup artist grabbed his collar and stopped him. "What are you doing?"

"Sorry, I was lost in her beauty." The photographer checked the photos he had taken. "Emily and Vincent are really good-looking. I have taken so many photos in my life, but this is the first time that I have ever seen someone prettier than movie stars."

The makeup artist was envious. "Her skin is really fair, especially her body..."

"Hey, did you peek at her?"

"I saw it when I helped her pull the zipper. She had a nice figure. Did you see her collarbone? Wow, it's really amazing!"

"Collarbone? Can you ask her if she is willing to be my model?"

"Come on, her husband would kill you."

"Didn't you see the bodyguards in the yard? Any one of them can tear you apart."

"Forget it," the photographer was terrified.

Downstairs, Rex was helping Candy get dressed. Candy was wearing a black suit and a red bow tie. The guards stood straight downstairs in tuxedos. Vincent was sitting on the sofa with his legs slightly bent. Hearing the noise coming from the stairs, his gaze fell on Emily.

Emily wore her slightly curled hair loose. It flattered her little pretty face. Her black eyes were as shiny as pearls. Her lips were bright red, like a flower waiting for someone to pick it up.

Emily walked down the stairs step by step. This was the first time she had dressed like this. She was still trying to get used to it. Her gaze passed through the crowd and fell on the man on the sofa.

The guards' mouths fell open in surprise. Emily was astonishingly beautiful when she dressed up. She was a little fairy before, but now she was a grown fairy with breath-taking beauty.

Vincent stood up. He looked more handsome than usual. He walked to the stairs and stood there with a smile, stretching out his hand to wait for Emily to come down.

Emily held Vincent's hand as she walked down the last stair. She stood on tiptoes and came closer to him. "Mr. Vincent, you look very handsome today."

Vincent put his arm around her back and whispered into her ear, "Miss Emily, you look very beautiful today."

They looked at each other with a smile. Their eyes were shining like stars.

The photographer crazily took pictures of them. The guards were also busy taking pictures. Rex was holding Candy and missed the chance. When he finally took out his phone, Candy peed on his pants again!

Fuck! He had just put on a brand new tuxedo!

Sitting in the car, Emily looked out of the window and asked, "Mr. Vincent, where are we going today?"

"You'll know when we get there.." Vincent stroked her hand.

## **Chapter 699**

Emily was slender and had fair skin. She looked petite and fragile, like a delicate vase.

She leaned closer to him and sniffed his neck like a kitten. "You're wearing perfume."

Vincent loosened the two buttons on his collar, "You tell me..."

Emily giggled, lay in his arms, and rubbed her head on his neck. "It smells good," she said.

Vincent lowered his head and buried his chin in her back collar. "So do you," he said.

Emily suddenly felt hot all over his body. When she got off the car, her ears were burning.

"This is ... the Civil Affairs Bureau?" She stared at the doorplate, first looked back at Vincent, then turned to Rex, who stood there with a blank face and a puppy in his arms. He was wearing the same suit and surrounded by a group of guards in tuxedos.

"Yes." Vincent held her hand. "I can't give you a grand wedding now, but I can give you an official title. You still have time to run."

Emily widened her eyes in surprise. She had never thought that Vincent would take her to the Civil Affairs Bureau and get a marriage certificate.

Vincent whispered, "3, 2, 1 ... Are you ready?"

Emily suddenly laughed, "Well, I think I need three hundred seconds."

"Wait, what? Are you serious?" Vincent's face stiffened.

"You are tall and handsome and love me, but..." Before Emily could say anything else, the guards cried out.

Guard A: "Marry him! Please! The little Hulk!"

Guard B: "Please don't break Mr. Vincent's heart! I'm willing to take the punishment in Vincent's place. Come on!"

Guard C: "Marry him! Miss Emily! Please say yes!"

Guard D: "I want you to choose your next words very carefully. Mr. Vincent is cold, ruthless, and hard-to-please, but he loves you so much."

Guard A: "Are you fucking messing things around?"

Guard B: "D, you're screwed! I had someone prepared your grave!"

Guard C: "Well, save the grave. I can tear him off."

Rex immediately stopped them. "Hey, take off your tuxedo if you want to start a fight."

All the guards said at the same time, "Well, over my dead body!"

Rex was speechless.

"But..." Emily showed her hand and said, "You haven't prepared a ring yet. I saw it on TV that all marriage needs a ring."

Vincent hugged her tight and said in a gentle and husky voice, "Do you think it's funny?"

"Mr. Vincent, I love you too much. How could I say no...I'm afraid that you might get tired of me one day..."

"No." Vincent leaned over to kiss her ear and said in a low voice, "It won't happen."

Emily tried to fight back her tears and said with a smile, "Okay."

Vincent took off the pendant on his neck and unhooked the ring on it. "I wanted to give it to you a long time ago. How dare you complain to me about the ring?"

Emily remembered that she also had a ring on her pendant. She took it off and put the two rings together. Suddenly, the rings lit up, and a voice came from the gray gemstone.

"We detect that Miss Emily and Mr. Vincent are currently outside the Civil Affairs Bureau. Are you going to get married?"

It was weird, but Emily still responded, "Yes." He pulled Vincent's hand, urging him to say something.

"Yes," Vincent chuckled.

"Congratulation. The ring started to track your moves. If either of you betrays the other one, this marriage will terminate. The ring will automatically fall off from your hands."

Emily listened to it carefully.

"What are you thinking about?" Vincent tapped at her head.

Emily whispered, "What if you betray..."

Vincent covered her mouth, which made Emily's mouth pout up high like a goldfish.

"I'm kidding." Emily spat every word out difficultly.

"Don't think too much." Vincent released his hand and scratched her nose.

"Okay." Emily touched her face and held Vincent's hand. Her eyes fell on the two rings in his palm.

The gemstone continued, "Miss Emily. Have you come to offer yourselves to each other, freely and without reservation?"

Emily nodded. "I, Emily Britt, take you, Vincent Scavo, to be my husband. I promise to be true to you in good times and in bad, in sickness and in health. I will love you and honor you all the days of my life."

"Mr. Vincent. Have you come to offer yourselves to each other, freely and without reservation?"

"I, Vincent Scavo, take you, Emily Britt, to be my wife. I promise to be true to you in good times and in bad, in sickness and in health. I will love you and honor you all the days of my life." Vincent said as he held Emily's hand.

"You have declared your consent before the Church. Now, please exchange your rings."

Vincent put the ring on Emily. Then, he kissed Emily's hand.

Emily looked at the ring on her ring finger. It was a little loose, but suddenly, the ring slowly shrank to fit her finger size.

"This is amazing," she said in surprise.

Vincent chuckled. Trevor spent many years making these rings. The most magical thing about them was their automatic calibration.

Vincent could not give Emily a grand wedding, but he prepared a surprise for her.

Emily lowered his head and carefully put the ring on Vincent. A strand of hair fell on Vincent's hand, making his heart flutter. He then held Emily's head and kissed her lips.

The guards behind him all clapped their hands, the puppy by Rex's legs barked happily.

"Lipstick..." Emily whispered.

Vincent backed away and used his thumb to wipe out the lipstick on her face.

Emily looked at his mouth and chuckled. She then tiptoed to wipe the lipstick on his lips with her thumb.

The photographer had been witnessing from the beginning to the end. He started to sob, and the makeup artist and stylist on the side were also wiped away their tears. "This is beautiful..."

Rex was focused on taking pictures and didn't even notice the puppy was peeing on his shoes.

The Civil Affairs Bureau this day was busy, but people didn't get in because there were a lot of bodyguards around. When they saw Vincent and Emily exchanging rings and kissing, everyone burst into simultaneous applause.

Vincent held Emily's hand and walked in. A woman's cry came from the second floor as they waited in line to get the official paper. Emily turned around, and she saw a woman pushing and kicking a man. The man didn't do anything but wept silently.

"Mr. Vincent, why do you think they divorce?" Emily asked in a daze.

"I don't know."

Emily rubbed his finger. "Do you think we will...?"

Vincent suddenly hit her head.

"Hey!" Emily held his head and pouted, feeling wronged. "It hurts!"

"If you keep thinking something bad, you will be in so much trouble tonight." Vincent whispered into her ear.

Emily covered her mouth, her eyes slowly widening.

"Tonight?"

## **Chapter 700**

The lady at the marriage registration office probably had never seen someone as good-looking as these two. She asked time and again, "Are you really not celebrities? Do you have stage names?"

Emily was worried that the staff would find her look too young for her age. (Vincent had added three years on her age.)

Now that she heard the question, she heaved a sigh of relief. Then, she smiled and answered, "No, we are really not celebrities."

Vincent stood there indifferently. Only when his eyes fell on Emily would he show a trace of tenderness.

When they took photos, Emily understood why they should put on makeup. The photographing process was too fast. The couples ahead of them happily took photos and wanted to take a look, only to find them unsatisfied with the photos. A girl pleaded with the photographer, "Let's us do it again, please!"

"Just one more chance," the photographer compromised.

However, they were still dissatisfied with the second one. They came here happily, but when they left, the girl was so sad that she forgot to take the marriage certification.

The photographer muttered, "You can take the photo yourself and bring it here. Why so picky?"

He shouted to the outside, "Next pair."

Vincent held Emily's hand and they walked in. The photographer had just picked up the camera and looked up at the tall man. "Young man, you are so tall."

Then he saw Emily standing beside Vincent. His eyes swept across them in surprise. "You two are so good-looking."

They sat down in their chairs. Emily sat stiffly and Vincent always had a cold face. The photographer took the camera and looked at it for a moment. "You are married. Smile and get closer."

Emily stole a glance at Vincent. Seeing his cold face, she couldn't help but laugh out. Vincent turned to look at Emily and was amused by her.

"Watch the camera!" The photographer shouted, "Come closer!"

In the photo, Vincent held Emily close to him. Emily was beaming with smile, her eyes curved like crescents. There was undisguisable tenderness in Vincent's eyes. The curved of his lips softened his coldness.

When the two walked out with the marriage certificate, Emily said to Vincent, "From now on, you have a wife. You can't flirt with other girls."

Vincent pinched her nose, "When did I flirt with other girls?"

"I'm just warning you. Our Britt family have discipline and rules. Since you are now a member of my family, you have to obey the rules." Emily prattled on, "You should be worthy of being my husband."

"Alright." Vincent was amused.

Emily put away the marriage certificate. She turned around and saw many people standing at the door. Susan, the butler, Sydnee, Lynn, Eliot, Ferne, Noah, Randy, Armando, Jaquan, Emma, Janessa, Christy, and beside was... Trevor?

Emily looked at him in disbelief. The young and handsome boy looked at her with an innocent smile. Then, he looked beside Emily, "Vincent."

All of them were smiling. Seeing the couple come out, they said in chorus, "Happy Marriage!"

With that, each one pulled a ribbon cracker in their hands. Colorful ribbons flew all over the sky. The photographer focused on their faces and, in the end, turned the camera to Emily and Vincent.

Emily couldn't help but laugh. "Why are you all here?" She turned to look at Vincent. "Did you ask them to come?"

"My wife asked me to invite them here," Vincent leaned closer to her and whispered in her ear.

Emily was speechless.

Emily remembered she has mentioned it casually last night... but Vincent called her wife...

She was shy.

"Congratulations! Emily!" A voice suddenly exploded in her ears, "This is a wedding gift!"

Emily turned around and saw Ferne handing over a box, "A small gift with my congratulations for you."

Emma, Janessa and the others also came over, "Here are our gifts, happy wedding!"

Susan and the butler also brought gifts. "Emily, take care of yourself." Then she looked at Vincent as if she still could not believe that he is alive.

Emily suddenly realized what a sacrifice Vincent had made for her. He could avoid the trouble and keep his secret from these people. But in order to cheer her up, he asked all these friends here and let them know he is still alive.

She was not in his vision of future at first.

He had planned to leave the Emerald Island and live as a hermit, avoiding the outside world.

Now, he kept being reminded of his past, bad memories, and previous pain.

When everyone returned to their house in the suburbs, it was already noon. Noah and Christy went directly into the kitchen to make the lunch. Emma also joined in to help. Armando was doing simple things like washing vegetables. Janessa and Randy seemed to have nothing to do. They stared at each other for a moment and decided to take a tour around the house.

On the other side, Eliot was staring at Vincent. He was the last person to know that Vincent was still alive. He couldn't help but feel a little annoyed. Not only Emily had kept it from him, but even Sydnee did not tell him the truth.

"Emily has called me brother for ten years." Eliot deliberately picked on him, "Since you're married, you have to call me 'brother', understand?"

"Brother," Vincent said without changing his expression.

Eliot was speechless.

He stared at Vincent strangely. "You're a fake, right? You can't be Vincent."

He had the urge to throw away his walking stick and peel off Vincent's face to see if he was wearing a mask.

Sydnee pulled him over to the sofa in time. "Come and drink tea with us. We are missing one person."

They were not playing cards. How could they miss a person?

Eliot was dragged to the sofa. He asked, "Why did you all hide it from me?"

"This is a long story..." Sydnee said with difficulty.

"Then let's make it short." Eliot took a sip of tea.

Sydnee said, "Alright."

Ferne and Rex were playing with the chubby little puppy in a small suit in the garden. From time to time, their calling of "Candy" came through the window.

Emily came out of the bathroom and met Trevor in the corridor. This was the first time she saw Trevor's face. She stared at him for a while and asked, "What are you looking at?"

Trevor was looking at her art studio. It was connected with Vincent's study. When Vincent read, she would draw on the side. In the evening, they could lay on the lounge chair and watched the sunset outside the window.

Emily had drawn a few paintings in the studio these days, and coincidentally, one of them was Christy. Christy had an exquisite face. Her eyebrows were dark and long and had a beautiful curve. Her lips were rosy and her teeth ivory. Two golden earrings dangled down her earlobes. And the most charming was her sparkling eyes.

Emily was impressed by Christy in her red dress when they first met.

"Can you give me this painting?" Trevor asked.