

## Reborn Baby – Chapter 701

Emily looked at him and said, "Sure."

"Thank you." Trevor's eyes were very clean. He was very thin and tall. When Emily talked to him, she found that he was wearing a white shirt, which made him feel like a gentle breeze brushing across her cheek.

Emily suddenly remembered that she had actually seen him before. At that time, she did not remember him. She only remembered that Christy had been there, and when she went back, she talked to a person in the car, which should be Trevor. At that time, he was still wearing a hood and his face could not be seen with his head down.

Now, he could already stand in front of people and talk casually. Emily was happy for him and suddenly said, "Trevor, I want to draw a picture for you, can I?"

"Why?" He was startled.

"I'll give you this painting of Christy. And I want to give the painting of you to her." Emily said.

"Alright," "Do you need me to sit here?" Trevor nodded.

Emily shook his head. "No, I'll just look at you more."

Hearing the last sentence when he went upstairs, Vincent glanced at Trevor's face and then entered the study.

Trevor didn't say anything.

Neither did Emily.

Rex gestured to Trevor, "Young Master Trevor, please."

Emily tugged Rex's arm. "What? Is he angry? Jealous?"

Trevor shook his head, "No, Vincent is looking for me for something else."

"Alright, then you can go in." Emily was relieved.

Trevor pushed open the door, entered, and called out his name.

Vincent looked at his face.

"What's wrong?" "Is there something on my face?" Trevor touched his face.

Vincent stood up and handed him a mirror. "Why does she want to look at you more?"

Trevor didn't know what to say.

He looked at the mirror and then at Vincent, "What is the mirror for me?"

"Look at the mirror, and look at me." "Which one of us is better-looking?" Vincent asked, looking at him.

Trevor could not answer.

"Cheers!"

At the dining table, a group of people sat all around, and everyone raised their glasses to toast to the newly-wed couple in the center. Emily and Vincent also raised their glasses and drank up.

"I wish you all the best!"

"I wish you all the best to have children as soon as possible! No, it's better to give birth a little later!" Ferne said with a smile. Noah pushed a chicken drumstick into his mouth.

"I wish you a happy marriage!"

"I wish you two love each other for a long time..."

Everyone was showing their blessings, toasting to Vincent one after another. Janessa had never seen him get drunk before. She was the most active one to toast to Vincent. After drinking dozens of cups, Vincent was not drunk at all. She was astonished and could only retreat.

Emily was originally sitting next to Christy and was talking to Sydnee and Lynn. Christy would occasionally chime in and they chatted happily. After drinking with Vincent, Janessa felt bored, so she joined Emily and the others. Soon, they started playing games again. It's the dice game, comparing the numbers. The loser with smaller number had to drink or reveal a secret.

Randy was always bad-lucked in the game. Every time he participated in the game, he would only lose until he was left with almost nothing.

After a few rounds, not only did he account for his first love, but he also confessed that he had a mole on his chest.

Ferne was even more miserable. He was completely betrayed by his teammates. When he mentioned that he had once disguised himself as a woman and participated in the police station operation, and that he was blocked by his team members in the bathroom and was told that he love him. Janessa laughed and said, "I know this! This is not a secret! Tell us another one!"

At that moment ... his gaze was dull and lifeless.

Screw it!

His dark history was actually known throughout the world?

Emily lost a few times. She drank two cups first, then the third. She felt a little dizzy, so she simply said a secret, "Actually ... I died once."

"We also know this. Isn't it just a car accident?"

"No, before that ... it was a long time ago, I died once..." Emily held the wine cup, her gaze wandering. "A dagger." She gestured and aimed at her chest. "Just like that, it pierced in..."

Everyone was shocked by her description. Later, they found that Emily seemed to be drunk and was talking nonsense. They couldn't help but ask, "How are you living well now?"

"I don't know. When I woke up, I met ... Vincent." Emily smiled at Vincent from a distance. "He saved me in his last life ... I fell into the pool..."

"You are really drunk." "Vincent, hurry up and take her to rest. She's so drunk that she's talking nonsense." Ferne shouted at Vincent.

Vincent had drunk a lot of wine but was still conscious. Hearing Emily, he couldn't help but recall the scene in the pool. At first, she didn't know how to swim but she managed to swim up herself. Then, she sat on the bank and cried...

Hearing his name, she said that he died young.

At Elsie's birthday banquet, she threw a flower pot at Marquise and said that he was a bad person.

That night at the Tea Manor, she cried and said, "No!" and stabbed him in the chest with the dagger in her hand.

When she saw Kamron, she hit him without saying anything...

It seemed that everything that had happened before was traceable. Vincent held her in his arms. Emily nestled in his neck and said softly, "Vincent ... I like you very much."

"I know," Vincent said in a low voice as he smiled.

When he put her on the bed, Emily still held his neck. "Where are you going?"

"Take a shower." Vincent said in a low voice, "My body is full of the smell of alcohol."

Emily narrowed her eyes and lowered her head to take a sniff. Her pouting expression was a little silly and cute. "I also have the smell of alcohol. I want to wash too."

"Alright."

Emily liked to stick to people when she was drunk. Vincent carried her into the bathroom, and she hugged his neck and refused to let go no matter what he said.

Vincent had no choice but to take her to take a shower and remove her makeup.

She kept moving around and got her hair wet. Vincent washed her hair again. She leaned against his leg and enjoyed it with her eyes closed. Soon, she fell asleep.

Vincent brushed her nose while drying her hair. "Sweetie, I waited so long for this day to come, and you fell asleep?"

Emily woke up too early in the morning. Her scalp felt very comfortable when she was in the bathroom, so she naturally fell asleep. After leaving the bathroom, Vincent carried her into their bedroom. There was still the dry fragrance of the sun on the new quilt. She narrowed her eyes and woke up for a moment. "Is this ... our room?"

"Yes." "Our room," Vincent kissed her earlobe, his voice low and low.

She rubbed her ears and narrowed her eyes to look at Vincent. The man was handsome and had a high nose bridge. His thin lips were pursed and his lower jaw lines were smooth. When he spoke, his Adam's apple bobbed up and down. He was very sexy.

"Vincent..." Her uttered with cat-like voice.

"What?" he answered in a low voice.

"Today you said...", She could not continue, and her face and neck were turned red.

"Yes," he said with a chuckle.

Emily waited for a moment and found that he was still looking at her from above. She couldn't help but cover herself with the quilt and turn her back to ignore him in embarrassment.

The blanket was too hot. She was stuffy for a few seconds. When she felt a little out of breath, she lifted the blanket. She saw that the curtains had been drawn. Under the heavy darkness, a hundred-year-old candle lit up on the table. The fiery red candlelight illuminated the outline of the man beside her. Vincent slowly took off his clothes, revealing his strong upper body.

Emily was startled, and suddenly covered herself in the quilt again.

After waiting for a minute, she did not hear any movement from outside. She gently moved the quilt away. Unexpectedly, just as she revealed her head, she saw a shadow fall from the top of her head. The fine and passionate kiss instantly drowned her.

The guards outside the window shed two lines of bitter tears.

Guard 1: "It's not easy! I am going to cry!"

Guard 2: "I'm crying!"

Guard 3: "I'm crying to death! Why are you holding your phone?"

Guard 4: "Countdown."

Guard 1 was speechless.

Guard 2 was choked.

Guard 3 was the same.

Rex said: "Be a normal person!"

Guard 2: "Yes, please be a normal person!"

Rex said: "Please record this to me thanks!"

Guard 2: "What?"

Guard 1 was choked again.

Guard 3 was the same.

## **Chapter 702**

Janessa was drunken, and she was brought to a guest room by Armando. He washed her up and dried her hair, after covering her with a blanket, he was going to get out.

Janessa, however, reached out to hold him. He paused for a moment and sat on the edge of the bed, poking her forehead. "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?"

"Yes." "Don't go," she said vaguely with her eyes closed.

"Alright, I won't leave." He held her hand and sat motionless on the edge of the bed. After waiting for a moment, he lowered his head and gently kissed her lips.

He did not know if she had mistaken him for Warren. Although he cared a lot in his heart, he still did not ask. He was willing to wait. No matter how long it would take, she would completely forget about that person one day.

"Janessa..." He tossed and turned to kiss her, calling her name, "Janessa..."

When Ferne passed by the guest room and saw this, he couldn't help but shake his head. Noah also saw this and didn't say anything. Ferne pulled him to the end of the corridor and asked, "What do you think?"

"Pretty good." Noah took out a cigarette and lit it for himself.

"It's good, but..." Said Ferne, frowning, "Forget it. Anyway, it's really fine now."

Noah did not rebuke.

After vomiting a few times, Randy finally came up supported by Rex. He saw Ferne and Noah from distance and was about to shout to them when Rex quickly covered his mouth and threw him onto a bed in a guest room. Before he could make a sound, the door was closed.

Randy was dizzy on the bed. He wanted to say something, but his mind was in a daze and he completely fell asleep.

Christy and Trevor were cleaning up the mess in the kitchen. The group of people were drunk. Lynn and Sydnee were cleaning up the living room. Eliot was dealing with the little puppy named Master. Susan and the butler had already been sent away by the car after they finished their meal.

Christy was washing the dishes in the sink. Suddenly, Trevor came close behind her. He was very tall and easily embraced her. Then, he lowered his head to hold her hand and washed the dishes with her.

The hands in the pool were slippery due to the cleaning essence. Their fingers were intertwined under the water. Christy could not help but lean her head back against his chest and laugh. "What are you doing?" she whispered.

There was someone in the living room outside, so she didn't dare to say out loud. She just pushed him away with her back. "I'll wash up right away."

"Okay." Trevor answered.

When Christy was invited over, she did not think that Trevor would be willing to come along. After all, the Pecks had come several times, and they had only spoken through the door. He had almost never

come out to meet them. Even when Master Peck came over, Trevor did not come out to meet him. Christy thought that he was still not used to it, but unexpectedly, when he heard that she was to attend the wedding of Emily and Vincent, he put down his computer and said, "I'll go with you."

He rarely wore a hoodie. Christy had prepared many shirts for him. She felt that he was very suitable for pure white shirts, so the cupboard was almost full of pure white clothes.

He was extremely tall. In the past half year, his diet had been very regular. Even though he had already grown more than ten kilograms of meat, it could not be seen with naked eyes and his figure was much better than before.

When Janessa and the others got out of the car and saw him, they all exclaimed, "My God, what did your Pecks usually have for meal?"

Christy thought that he would not be used to lively occasions. He had lived in a sealed attic for more than ten years. The only way to contact the outside world was to rely on the computer. Even if the little robot Eleven told him everything that had happened in the outside world, he had never experienced it himself. However, he behaved just the same as an ordinary person. If there's any difference, it was that he was much better-looking than others.

This was the first time he had gone far away, and it was also the first time that he had joined so many people, drinking, eating, playing games together, and even ... sneaking into the kitchen at the home of the host of the banquet.

When Christy turned to look, she found that he was standing by the side and had not left at all. She turned on the tap and took a bowl of dishes to rinse it. "I'm done washing it right away. You can go out and wait for a while."

"No." "I'll wait for you here," he said, leaning against the counter.

She smiled. When she finished washing the dishes, she leaned over and placed them in the sink, quickly pecking his lips.

Just as she was about to retreat, he reached out and pinched her chin, kissing her.

She raised her wet hands and took a few steps back. "Trevor, this is not our home..."

The sound was finally swallowed, and only the sound of kissing was left in the air.

Sydnee holding the plate, retreated quietly. Behind her, Eliot was holding the little puppy and was about to ask. Sydnee wanted to reach out and cover his mouth, but she couldn't move her hands with the plate in her hands. For a moment, her head was dizzy. She tiptoed to block Eliot's mouth with her mouth.

Lynn, who was passing by, widened her eyes in surprise. Then she took a few pictures with her mobile phone.

Sydnee was speechless.

She put the plate on the table in the living room calmly and then ran to the bathroom with a blushed face.

## Chapter 703

Eliot threw the little puppy to Lynn, then picked up the crutch at the table and walked to the bathroom step by step.

The two of them were in the same city, but they seemed to be in a long-distance relationship. Sydnee often stayed in the Tea Manor, while Eliot had to deal with various matters of the Britt Group. Occasionally, he would work overtime until very late. When they occasionally met, Sydnee was still not used to it and was a little reserved. Moreover, there would always be many people by her side. Eliot could not find a chance to be alone with her. The last time they kiss would be traced back to the time when they met Marquise in the hotel.

Sydnee washed her hands and face in the bathroom. She felt that she was probably stimulated by the scene in the kitchen, so she did that.

She scratched her head frantically and thought, I can use my head! Why would I use my mouth?

In fact, during this period of time, Eliot had been very nice to her. He had been very considerate in all aspects. Occasionally, he would give her some small gifts. Every time they met, he would take care of her emotions. However, the two of them had very little time to be alone. Because there were people everywhere. Moreover, everyone liked to gossip in the Tea Manor. She did not dare to bring people into the room at all. Firstly, she was worried about others gossiping about them, secondly, she still worried about what he would do after entering the room. More importantly, she did not seem to be ready yet. What if ... He was trying to do something else.

Sydnee patted on her face. Most importantly, her parents ... she hadn't told them yet. Her parents had thought that Eliot was a good person, but at that time, he still had the identity tag of the Britts. Now, there were so many rumors. Her parents believed the rumors and felt that Eliot was not a member of the Britt family. They even told Sydnee not to interact with the Britts. For this reason, Sydnee even had a big fight with them.

The heavy sound of crutches hitting the floor came from behind. She looked up at the mirror. He had already arrived behind her. He stood his crutch by the wall and came over to wash his hands. He looked at her in the mirror and asked, "Why are you running?"

"No, I just came over to wash my hands," She stuttered.

He washed his hands again.

He wiped his hands and waited patiently by the side. After she finished washing her hands, she said to him, "Then you ... continue, I'm leaving."

"Are you hiding from me?" He laughed.

"No." She shook her head and said with a forced smile, "How could that be?"

"Then stand closer." He said.

She didn't say anything and didn't move.

The distance between the two of them was less than half a meter, and he even let her get closer...

"Why?" He was leaning against the sink. He was dressed in a suit and had a white shirt underneath. His clean temperament was different from Trevor's. His facial features were bright and clear. After the gloom features on his face disappeared, he showed a bit of the steadiness of an adult. He had drunk a lot of wine, and the sound of his throat was a little low. It was as if he was drunk. "Are you afraid I will eat you?"

"Are you drunk?" Sydnee looked into his eyes and said.

He smiled and pressed his finger against his brows. "Are you afraid that I'll recognize the wrong person? Or..." He reached out and grabbed her, pulling her into his arms, lowering his head to kiss her lips.

"Are you afraid that I'll kiss the wrong person?" he asked, his lips touching each other.

There was a training room on the first floor. There were all the training facilities such as punching bags and boxing ring. Jaquan looked around but could not find Emma. He accidentally pushed the door open and entered the room. The fine sunlight shone through the window and into the room. Jaquan clicked his tongue, "Vincent is really generous."

Just as he was about to turn around and leave, he saw a person standing in front of a sandbag.

He took a few steps forward, "Emma?"

When she heard the noise, she looked back at him. Jaquan breathed a sigh of relief. "Why are you here? I found you..."

Before he could finish his words, a fist wind swept over. Jaquan instinctively dodged this punch and then looked at Emma in disbelief, "You..."

She looked at him with unfocused eyes, then raised her leg and chopped straight down from Jaquan's head.

He was dodging hurriedly. This was different from the previous time. Previously, she was drunk and had injured one of her legs. Now, her arms and legs were fine and her attacks were fierce.

"Baby! It's me! Jaquan!" He ran to the back of the sandbag and howled, "I'm your husband! Jaquan! Your darling!"

She paused, and he thought she remembered who he was, and was about to breathe a sigh of relief when he saw her leap into the air and jump onto the sandbag in the next second, her slender legs flanking from both sides, towards his head.

Jaquan was frightened.

"My life is over."

## **Chapter 704**

Outside the window, two guards were chatting.

"Isn't she awake?" one guard asked.

"Yes, honestly, she had been asleep for a day and two nights," the other guard answered.

"Is she alright?" the former guard asked again.

"Well, I guess not!" the other guard answered while shrugging.

"Oh my god, Mr. Vincent is amazing!" the former guard remarked.

"After all, he had been single for so many years," the other guard answered.

The noise outside the window was like birds chirping and it disturbed Emily. She opened her eyes with a frown. Before she could complain, she heard the guard speak again, "Hey, she is awake!"

Then, footsteps came from outside the door. Emily stared at the ceiling in a daze. Then, a cup of water appeared in front of her, followed by Vincent's voice. "You're finally awake. Have some water."

She wanted to sit up, but she found that she had no strength. Then, she was picked up by Vincent. However, she felt a sour pain all over. She hissed and then took a sip of water before lying softly in Vincent's arms. "Vincent," she muttered.

"Yes? Do you feel uncomfortable anywhere?" Vincent asked. He then lowered his head and kissed her face.

"Yes," Emily answered. She moved her arm and found that she couldn't lift it, so she said with a sad face, "I felt pains all over my body."

"Do you want to eat something?" Vincent asked gently. He then began to give her a massage on her shoulders.

"Ah, don't touch it," Emily cried out as soon as Vincent grabbed her shoulder. Tears welled up in her eyes, just the same as last night. Vincent's blood raced as he heard her groan. He tilted his head and took a deep breath. Finally, he suppressed the sex drive in his heart.

"What about them?" Emily tilted his head and looked out the window. The window was open, and the golden sunlight shone in, casting a gorgeous golden light on the ground.

"You have been asleep for a long time, so they left," Vincent said. Meanwhile, he wiped away her tears with his finger and lowered his head to kiss her eyes.

"What? What day is it today?" she asked with doubt.

"It's the 11th of this month," Vincent said.

"What?" Emily said with her eyes wide open. She remembered that they got their marriage certificate on the ninth day of this month. Then they came back and had a party with their friends. Later, they played games together.

All of a sudden, she remembered the wild night with Vincent. Her face blushed. She blinked and then closed her eyes in embarrassment. "Well, I'm going to sleep," she said shyly.

"Eat something first," Vincent persuaded.

Upon hearing his husky voice, Emily recalled the scene when he tricked her into calling him "honey" that night. She blushed again and even her ears turned red. "No, I want to sleep," she said in a hurry.

Vincent noticed the change of her expression, as well as her red ear. He stretched out and touched her face. "Why is your face so hot? Do you have a fever? Do you have a headache?" he asked with concern.

"No, I'm fine," Emily answered and then covered herself in the quilt.

"Then, what's wrong with you? Are you feeling unwell somewhere else?" Vincent asked as he reached out to pull the quilt.

As soon as Emily heard what he said, she felt embarrassed. She buried her head in the quilt and said, "I don't want to see you!"

Vincent was stunned.

He finally understood why she covered herself in the quilt. He coughed lightly and touched her head across the quilt. Then, he comforted, "Be good, don't be angry. Next time, I will..."

He said something in a low voice. Emily covered her ears in embarrassment and said, "I won't listen!"

The two guards outside the window heard their conversation. They began to joke. "I won't listen, I won't listen!" one guard repeated Emily's words.

Upon hearing that, the other guard said, "Listen to me. I can explain. I didn't mean to let you suffer from pains. I love you so much that I can't control myself."

The former guard said, "I won't listen. You are annoying!"

The other guard said, "Honey, please forgive me. Next time, I will..."

The former guard snorted and said nothing.

Rex, who was standing on the corridor was rendered speechless by the way the two guards imitated Vincent's and Emily's tone.

Emily could finally go downstairs at night, but her whole body was sore and painful. She sat on the dining chair, and her hands holding the fork and knife were shaking. When she heard that Jaquan was hospitalized, she froze on the spot. The steak on her fork fell to the plate. "Why is he hospitalized?" she asked in shock.

Vincent took the steak with his fork and brought it to her mouth. "He was beaten up by Emma," he said thinly.

"Why?" Emily asked while chewing the steak. Her cheeks bulged and she looked like a cute little hamster.

Vincent looked at her dotingly. He took a tissue and wiped the soup on the corner of her mouth and said, "Emma was drunk."

Upon hearing that, Emily widened her eyes in disbelief. After a while, she remarked, "Emma is really something."

She then asked, "What about Jaquan? Is he fine now?"

Vincent didn't say anything, instead, he took out his mobile phone and opened the photo album. Then, he handed his phone to Emily. In the photos, Jaquan's head was wrapped with bandages, and there was a fixed stand on his neck.

Looking at the photos, Emily could not help but say, "Jaquan is pitiful."

She scrolled downwards, but there were no photos. She thought there would be more if she scrolled upwards, so she scrolled. Vincent noticed her movements. Before he could stop her, he saw her blushing and put the phone on the desk with its screen to the desk surface.

Emily glared at Vincent angrily, "Heck, how can you take a photo like that?"

"The important days should be remembered," Vincent said. He then reached for his phone, but Emily refused to give it to him. After pondering for a while, Emily released her grip on the phone and said, "Then you must not let others see it..."

"Of course. There is no reason for me to show your photos to others," Vincent said. He took back his phone and stroked the girl's long hair in the photo.

Emily took a sip of water and asked, "Then why did you take those photos?"

Vincent looked up at her and said, "I took them for myself."

Emily was lost for words.

After dinner, Vincent led Emily out for a walk, followed by Rex and guards. Candy was also there.

In the twilight, they looked like a line of black dots under the sky. Emily's legs went limp after she walked for a while. Later, Vincent carried her and walked forward.

"Vincent, when we get old in the future, will we eat together, walk together, and look up at the starry sky above us together?" Emily asked. She then looked up at the sky and continued, "When we die, will we become a star in the sky forever, hanging in the sky and watching the relatives below?"

Vincent stopped and looked up. "I don't know what the others will do, but I will only look at you," he said with affection.

Emily was amused by his words and began to giggle. "Then I can recognize you at a glance. You must be more beautiful, bigger, and brighter than the other stars," she said with a smile.

The corner of Vincent's mouth curled into a faint smile as he heard the way Emily described the star he became.

"There are fireflies!" Emily shouted all of a sudden. Then, she got off Vincent's back and ran forward. She then turned round and beamed at Vincent. "Vincent, come quickly! There are so many fireflies here!" she said with excitement.

As she spun, she looked at the fireflies around her with a smile on her face. The long dress on her body swayed and rotated. The fireflies around her were alarmed and began to fly away. They were like small lamps, illuminating her pretty face.

Vincent walked towards her and extended his hand. "Miss, can I invite you to dance?" he asked like a gentleman.

"But I don't know how to dance," Emily whispered into his ear after giving him her hand.

"Don't worry. Just follow my steps and movements," Vincent said. Then, he held her waist with one hand.

The guards around took out their mobile phones to pick out music. Rex pulled the little puppy and pointed at the root of a tree and said, "Candy! This is where you pee! Don't pee on my pants anymore!"

As soon as he finished his words, the little puppy peed on his leather shoes. Rex roared angrily, "Ah, you naughty puppy!"

The little puppy was startled. Then it barked and ran away as fast as its little legs could carry it. Rex chased after it.

Under the vast starry sky, Emily beamed at Vincent. She tiptoed to Vincent and said, "Vincent, I love you so much."

Vincent tilted his head and gently bit her ear with his teeth.. "I love you, too," he said in a husky voice.

## **Chapter 705**

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On the second day after Jaquan was in hospital, Collin brought an apple to see him. On the surface, he came to see him. As a result, he entered the ward and chatted with Emma, completely treating Jaquan as a dead man.

Jaquan coughed heavily.

Emma looked back. Jaquan signaled her to ignore Collin with his eyes. She probably understood, but she pretended not to understand and continued to talk to him.

Collin had a cold and fever before, so he had lost a few pounds. After all, doctor was almost a high-risk job.

Jaquan could not help but cough heavily again.

"What's wrong?" Collin asked Emma to get the medicine from the pharmacy. Then, he slowly walked over. "What's wrong? Is there an asthma attack?"

"You are the one with asthma!" Jaquan felt a buzzing pain in his forehead.

"What happened to you?" Collin pulled a chair over and sat down.

Jaquan held the fixed frame on his neck and said to him, "Stay away from my wife!"

"Sorry, I won't." Collin calmly sat on the stool, took the fruit knife and began to peel the only apple he brought.

Jaquan was speechless.

"I heard that you fell down the stairs?" said Collin.

Jaquan looked at the door of the ward. Emma went to get the medicine and could not come back for a while. He coughed lightly and said in an unhappy tone, "Yeah, what's wrong?"

"Before I came, I asked the doctor about the situation. He said that there were footprints on both sides of your head." "And they seemed to be very symmetrical," Collin said, pointing to his ears.

Jaquan didn't know how to answer.

Collin cut off a piece of apple and stuffed it into his mouth. He stared at Jaquan's expressionless face and mocked, "So it really was her."

Jaquan could not answer.

"Do you really believe me?" Collin couldn't help but laugh out loud.

"Damn it, Collin, I'm going to kill you!" Jaquan rolled up his sleeves and was about to go down to beat him up.

Collin pointed at his neck. "Save it. Do you still want your neck?"

"Get away from me. Don't affect my recovery," Jaquan said.

"It doesn't matter if you can't recover. At some appropriate time, I can take your place to be the groom." Collin said.

"Get out!!"

A head popped out from outside the door and he smiled when he saw Collin. "Mr. Collin."

Collin waved at Stony. When he arrived in front of him, he touched his head. "Be good. You've grown a lot taller and more handsome."

"You are more and more handsome." Stony said with a smile.

Collin spared no effort to praise him, "You are so sweet. It's obvious that your mom taught you well."

Hearing this, Jaquan, who was on the bed, wanted to smash him out with a stool.

"I will take you out for dinner later, okay?" Collin asked Stony.

Without waiting for him to reply, Jaquan, who was lying on the hospital bed, shouted anxiously, "That's my son. Don't you dare to have any ideas on him!"

Stony blinked, looked at Collin and said, "Mr. Collin, I want to have dinner with my grandparents. I can't eat with you this time."

"Okay, I'll bring you something snack next time." Collin rubbed his head.

"Thank you."

Collin cut a piece of apple for him and immediately thought of something. "Alright, I have something to send to your mother. Come with me."

"Alright."

Collin held Stony's hand and walked out. Jaquan on the bed was so angry that his face was distorted.  
"Stony! Collin! You bastard!"

When Emma came in with the medicine, she found that Jaquan was beating the bed hard, "What's wrong?"

"Collin wanted to grab my son!" Jaquan was infuriated.

"He is just joking." Emma said.

"He can't joke on that!" Jaquan was furious.

Emma didn't answer him.

Collin took out a box of perfume from the drawer and handed it to Stony, "I bought it for my mother, but she doesn't like it, so give it to your mother."

Stony reached out to take the perfume and looked at it, "Mr. Collin, although I don't understand perfume, I don't think you gave this perfume to your mother."

"Why do you say that?" Collin felt that it was quite interesting. He half-squatted and asked him, "If it is not for my mother, who is it for?"

"Did you give it to a girl, but she didn't accept it?" Stony asked innocently.

"Hey, you brat." "How did you know?" Collin looked at him, amused.

Stony pointed at the perfume and said, "You kept looking at the perfume when you handed it to me. It definitely wasn't for your mother."

"You are much smarter than your father." "It would be great if you were my son." Collin sighed.

Stony didn't answer.

He silently returned the perfume to Collin and said, "My mother won't accept it."

"You've already exposed the secret, how could she accept it?" Collin put the perfume back into the drawer.

"Are you out of love?" asked Stony.

"I don't know. Perhaps." Collin sighed.

Stony patted him on the shoulder like an adult, "You're so handsome, and she will definitely like you."

Collin laughed, "If you were born twenty years earlier, I definitely wouldn't work for your father. In the future, I would follow you."

Stony chuckled and revealed a childish smile that belonged to a child.

## **Chapter 706**

Collin found out the perfume in his drawer when he packed up to get off work. He bought it in the brand counter on his way back with his blind date partner on Saturday.

That girl thought that he bought it for her, so she talked about her sensitive skin all the time. And the guide kept blowing on how gentle the perfumes are, how good they smell, and how long the fragrance lasts. However, Collin finally bought this perfume that was too light for the sweet and lovely girl. When Collin paid the bill, he did not give it to the girl, which made her surprised and awkward.

As the two separated at the door, the girl tried to be polite and asked him, "Dr. Mueller, may I ask who you bought that perfume for?"

"Someone," Collin said concisely.

He just happened to pass by the counter and smelled the fragrance that he thought was very suitable for Roxy. He regretted buying it, but he also didn't want to send it to that girl, so he kept it in his hand.

"Who?" The girl asked reservedly.

Under normal circumstances, Collin should have given the perfume to her. Unfortunately, he didn't and said without hesitation, "My mom."

So at that night, Cora scolded him all the way. When they got back home, she even continued after taking a sip of tea.

"Collin, look at you! Do I owe you something? You were born to anger me, weren't you? Tell me which girl I found for you didn't come according to your preferences? It's fine if you don't like some of them, but it's impossible that you don't like anyone when you have met over a hundred girls, right?"

"I did run into someone I like, but..." Collin thought.

The next day, when Collin drove to the apartment he rented to Roxy, he saw Roxy walking into the elevator with a man.

He glanced at the perfume in his hand and threw it to the passenger seat.

The phone on the table rang again.

It was Cora's call.

Collin didn't really want to pick it up, but he had no other choices.

"The young lady who rented your house before called to say that she couldn't bathe in hot water. I asked her to ask the maintenance master herself. I just called her, but no one answered. I'm a little worried. The young lady lives there alone and if she meets..."

"I'll go take a look now and I'll call you later. Don't worry." Collin already set up before Cora finished speaking.

"Okay." Cora felt it was good for Collin to be of a sense of justice. It would be better if he was also so active in the blind date.

It was the peak of work, and Collin had never felt so agitated in a traffic jam. He kept calling Roxy, but no one answered.

Half an hour later, he finally arrived, sweating profusely. When he knocked on the door, no one answered. He waited for a while and simply opened the door himself by a spare key that should have been given to Cora.

"Roxy!" He entered and called out. He followed the sound of water from the bathroom and saw Roxy who was drenched all over.

She seemed to be a little surprised and stared at him, "How did you come in?"

"What's going on inside?" Collin didn't reply and just glanced behind her.

"There was no hot water, so I checked it out on the Internet and fiddled with it. Then..." She frowned.

"And then?" Collin asked.

"Sorry, the water pipe is broken. I'll pay for it." She turned around. There was water everywhere and some got out of the bathroom. It seemed that only the water in the bathroom had not been cleaned.

Collin took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves to help.

Roxy sighed, "Your shoes will get wet."

"It's fine." Collin was about to go in when his arm was pulled and Roxy shouted at him, "Wait a minute."

He waited and watched as she walked out step by step in her wet clothes. Not long after, she returned with a pair of slippers, "Use these."

Collin did not move and asked, "Has anyone else worn them?"

Roxy stared into his eyes for a while, "No."

"Then who did you buy them for?" he asked.

Roxy frowned slightly, "You can go back. I will deal with it myself." After that, she entered the bathroom.

Collin stood there for a while and called Cora. After telling her that Roxy was safe, he promised that he would go back immediately. In fact, he changed into the pair of slippers. His casual pants were a little long, which got wet when he stepped into the water.

Roxy was squatting under the water pipe of the sink with a flashlight to check. Collin stepped over and asked her, "Why didn't you answer my mother's call?"

"What?" Roxy touched her pants. She was fully wet, including her phone for the elderly.. She shook her phone, only to find that it could not be turned on.

## **Chapter 707**

Collin pulled Roxy behind him, "Let me see."

"Can you fix it?" Roxy asked, frowning.

Collin did not answer, but took the flashlight from her to shine, and asked, "Where is the toolbox?"

"Is there a toolbox here?" Roxy looked back as if thinking about where to store the toolbox.

Collin sighed, stood up, and walked to the bottom of the cabinet near the door of the sink, opened the bottom door, took out a small toolbox from the inside, opened it, and took out the white tape and a wrench. Then he handed the flashlight to Roxy, "Hold the flashlight to illuminate this place."

When Collin was a college student, whenever he was too lazy to go home, he stayed in the dormitory. The conditions of the dormitory were good, but there were always some minor problems in the male dormitory. Sometimes the lights were broken, or the air conditioner was broken, or the toilet was blocked. At that time, he was busy dating his girlfriend and almost didn't care about things in his dormitory. But he knew that the parents of a roommate were plumbers, so this roommate could solve these minor problems. Later, the water pipe in his girlfriend's dormitory broke, and Collin volunteered to repair it. Before repair, he consulted his roommate and did not hesitate to break the water pipe in his dormitory to repair it...

He did a lot of stupid things when he was in college. He thought he was energetic at that time, but now he doesn't have that energy at all.

Collin's figure was rarely seen in the profession of the doctor. When he rolled his sleeves to his forearm and took the wrench, his muscles were visible.

Roxy stared at him for a long while, her gaze shifted from his forearm to his outline. He seemed to be slightly short-sighted, and occasionally wore gold-framed glasses, but he did not wear them today. It is said that people who wore glasses had dull eyes, but his eyes were not. His focused gaze suddenly moved to the side from the water pipe, and those dark eyes seemed to look straight into Roxy's heart.

"It's crooked," he said.

Roxy made an "Oh" sound, picked up the flashlight, and shone it in again.

Collin looked at her for a moment before saying, "When I'm done with my work, there will be plenty of time for you to appreciate."

He turned his head so quickly that he did not see Roxy's smile.

"Alright." Collin stood up, turned on the tap, turned it off, and said to her, "Try it over there and check if there is hot water."

"Alright." Roxy walked to the bathroom and turned on the shower. After a while, the water spilled down. She tested the water with her hand. "It's still cold."

Collin stepped into the bathroom with a frown. The bathroom was very small. As soon as he came in, Roxy immediately stepped back involuntarily and pressed her body against the wall.

Collin stretched out his hand to test the temperature of the water. The water was slowly heating up. He turned his head to look at Roxy, "It's hot water now."

"Oh, thank you." Roxy turned off the water and intended to go out, but Collin blocked her. She looked at him, with some other emotions in her hollow eyes because she was accidentally drenched by water.

Collin asked, "Why don't you ask your boyfriend for help?"

Roxy didn't seem to understand, "Eh?"

"The man you brought back last Sunday, isn't he your boyfriend?" Collin asked with a look of enlightenment, "Oh, is he the same as me?"

"Ah, him..." Roxy lowered her head and thought for a moment before she looked up and said, "He is."

The air seemed to freeze.

Collin grabbed her arm, his eyes agitated with uncontrolled anger, "The rental contract clearly stated that no strangers are allowed to stay here!"

"Sorry, I will pay attention next time," she said lightly.

Collin wanted to tear open her heart to see what was inside. He came all the way anxiously, but he got such a sentence when he rushed here. People used to say that he had no heart, but he ran into a woman who was even more heartless.

"Call me later if you have that need." Collin took a long time to calm down, then took a deep breath, stared at her, and asked, "How was it?"

Roxy looked up at him, "Each takes what he needs?"

Collin turned on the shower and let the water wash the tops of their heads. He stared at her lips moisturized by the water, and his voice cracked, "Yes, each takes what he needs."

"Alright." Roxy readily agreed.

"Let's make three rules. In the future, you can't be with others." Collin held his arm above her head, "You can't bring anyone else here. You can't fall in love with others."

Roxy looked up at him, "What if you get married?"

Collin stared at her face for a long time before he said, "It will end after marriage."

"Alright."

"There's another one." Collin touched her lips with his thumb, "Here."

Roxy understood but did not agree immediately.

They had stood under the water for a long time, and the warm water slid down each other's skin. In the small space, they cuddled closely. Roxy hesitated for a moment, put her arm around his neck, and kissed him.

Collin could hear the beating of his heart. He looked down at Roxy's face. Her expression was very calm, and her hollow eyes were stained with inexplicable emotions, like thick ink, which made people could not see clearly.

Before dawn, Collin saw that there was a missed call from Jaquan on his phone. He looked at the time.. It was already half past one. He called back with a hoarse voice, "What's the matter with you?"

## Chapter 708

Jaquan was sleeping soundly when he received a call, so he couldn't help cursing, "Are you crazy? It's so late and you even called!"

He hung up after that.

After sleeping for a while, Jaquan felt that something was wrong. He then touched his ears, but failed to figure it out and continued to sleep.

Going out of the bathroom after taking a shower, Collin saw Roxy lying on the sofa, asleep. He took her into the bathroom and briefly washed her before carrying her into the bedroom.

He had stayed in this bedroom for a few nights before. Later, he moved to his current house. There were few things here and Roxy did not add anything, but the table was full of notebooks and pens.

He raised the temperature of the air conditioner and turned on the humidifier, then covered the blanket on Roxy's belly before entering the kitchen to open the refrigerator to see if there was anything to eat.

He was very hungry.

The last time this feeling of extreme hunger was more than half a year ago, and it was also at this time.

Originally, he thought that there was nothing in the fridge. Unexpectedly, he saw a lot of food, including meat, hams, and vegetables. That meant she had cooked.

Roxy could do that. She had cooked in the kitchen.

For whom? The man that came that day?

Collin turned on the fire with no expression and made noodles with beef, ham, and vegetables. When he turned off the heat, he saw Roxy standing at the door of the kitchen in her pajamas. She might have been there for a while.

"Hungry?" He asked as he divided the soup and noodles into two bowls, "Is it enough?"

Roxy walked over and gave some back into his bowl before sitting down with him at the dining table.

Collin ate very elegantly. Roxy sized him up from time to time, thinking that Collin was totally different when he was naked. It was difficult to associate him with a doctor. His fingers were slender and long, and the posture of holding chopsticks was natural and beautiful. It was as if he was not holding chopsticks but a scalpel.

Collin picked up his phone and checked the time.

"Are you going back later?" Roxy put down the chopsticks and asked.

She stood up, picked up two bowls, and put them into the dishwasher. "There're two bedrooms and you can sleep in the other one."

"Okay." Collin agreed.

He wiped the table clean with a rag, then threw it into the dishwasher, watching Roxy wash the dishes.

Her fingers were clean and slender, but there were calluses on the tips of her fingers left behind either by typing or doing a lot of housework when she was young. Her nails were short and were not varnished.

Her long hair was tied up, revealing the back of her neck that was red. He liked that position very much because it was the most vulnerable and sensitive part of humans.

After washing the dishes, she washed her hands twice and then walked to the bedroom. Not long after, Collin followed her in.

Roxy looked at him and asked, "Do you want to sleep here?"

She took her pillow to go next door.

Collin grabbed her arm and said, "There's no need. Let's sleep together."

He never stayed for the night. He used to have an eccentricity that he disliked sleeping in the same bed with women. He had to hear a sound that made him relax before he could fall asleep.

But he was a little tired tonight and did not want to go back. Since he could not sleep here anyway, he might as well stay with her for a while.

Not being clingy, Roxy slept on the edge of the bed with her back to him. Collin stared at her back for a while, and only quietly pulled her into his arms when she breathed steadily.

He knew very well that the woman in his arms did not meet all his requirements for choosing a mate. She smoked, drank coffee, ate instant noodles, had irregular diets and messy social relationships, and lived in private ... for the time being, he did not care.

Behind her was her birth mother who would appear from time to time, and her past might jump out and drag him into the abyss at some time.

First, Roxy would not agree. Second, if Cora knew Roxy's background, she would never agree to the two being together. Collin was clear about how big the gap between them was, so he held the attitude of ... from the start.

Collin felt that he had gone mad. What was there to be infatuated with such a woman? A woman with a loose and fat long dress, always wearing black-rimmed glasses. The ashtray on the coffee table was full of cigarette butts, and the refrigerator was full of beer.

Her appearance was also ordinary. Other than her cute face when she was asleep, she was cold and empty at other times, as if no one could get close to and warm her.

Any blind date would be more perfect than her. They would be more delicately dressed, more passionate about life than her. They would cry, laugh, and even act spoiled, not like her who had empty eyes as if she was abandoned by the world.

Collin stroked her face and found himself completely trapped. He liked this woman more than he imagined.

Very .... much.

## Chapter 709

...

Janessa officially joined the news agency after a month of work. To welcome her, a weekend dinner was set to celebrate for her. Janessa was kind, upright, and beautiful, so in less than a month, all the colleagues in the news agency liked her very much. The director of the editorial department thought that she was single because she always came and went alone, then she specially pushed all the male colleagues around Janessa during the dinner.

As a result, Janessa was surrounded by male colleagues.

"Do you usually like sports?" the male colleague A asked.

"What fruit do you like the most?" the male colleague B asked.

"Do you like tea?" the male colleague C asked.

"What color do you like?" asked the male colleague D.

"What kind of movie do you like to watch the most?" asked the male colleague E.

Janessa took a sip of the peach juice and smiled politely. "Sorry, I have a boyfriend."

"What?" The male colleagues were quite surprised. "But you ... went to and from work alone and your boyfriend never picked you up. Moreover, you have never posted your boyfriend on Moments."

"Is there a connection? I can't go to and from work myself when I'm in love? I don't like to expose my life in Moments. Is that a problem?" She asked.

The colleagues were speechless at her retort.

What she said was right.

"What does your boyfriend do?" the male colleague A asked.

"Work."

Janessa remembered that last night when Armando came back, his eyes were red. He was more hardworking than anyone else, and he cherished everything at the moment than anyone else, whether it was work or love.

Janessa suddenly felt sorry for him like this. Recently, she even made poached eggs early as breakfast for him. Since that night, Armando moved in with Janessa and discharged the cleaner. When they went back in the evening, only they were left in the apartment.

Hidden and happy.

"We are also working." The male colleagues changed the topic and later discussed work.

Janessa drank a few mouthfuls of wine and was called out by the director. The director was a kind middle-aged woman with glasses. "I heard you have a boyfriend?"

"Yes."

"Okay, that's my fault. You should change your seat. I thought you didn't have a boyfriend." The director smiled. "I'll let them know later."

"Thank you." Janessa nodded at her.

"When will you treat us to wedding candy?" The director smilingly left.

"Sure, of course," Janessa smiled.

After the director left, she laughed at herself. A wedding ... might be impossible in her life.

At 8:30 in the evening, Janessa took a taxi back to the gate of the neighborhood. When she got out of the taxi, she saw Armando standing at the door. She turned around in surprise after paying. "What are you doing here? Didn't I say I was back?"

"I'm afraid you will get drunk. How much did you drink?" Armando leaned closer to sniff her face.

"How could I get drunk at a colleague gathering? I only drank two glasses." She made a victory gesture.

Armando helped take off two high heels for her. Then, he turned around and squatted down. "Come up."

Janessa looked back and saw that there were passers-by around them. Since no one noticed them, she gently leaned over, hugged his neck, and said softly, "I sit there every day and I don't feel it tiring to wear high heels."

"I want to carry you on my back," Armando said as he carried her into the neighborhood.

Janessa did not speak, burying her head in the back of his neck and smelling the scent of his body. It was the smell of young people. It mixed with the perfume of her, making her feel at ease.

Janessa closed her eyes until Armando carried her into the room and placed her on the sofa.

He went to the bathroom to get a massage basin, and every night when he came back, he would fill a basin of rose petal water to soak Janessa's feet and also massage them.

When he brought the water over, he asked, "Have you eaten?"

"Not yet. I'll just eat a little." Armando put her foot into the basin, then kissed her face. "You soak in it for a while."

He entered the kitchen.

As Janessa sat on the sofa and watched his busy back, she took a photo of him with her phone. After pondering for a while, she posted it on her Moments visible only to her.

With a word: Him.

Armando's phone on the coffee table had a WeChat notification. Janessa looked at it and found a girl sending him a voice message.

"Someone sent you a WeChat message," Janessa shouted to the kitchen.

"Oh."

"Can I check it?" Janessa asked.

"What?" Armando poked his head out.

Janessa picked up his phone. "A girl sent you a message. I'll check it."

Armando smiled briefly. "Alright."

Janessa entered the password that she had known a long time ago. He had never changed it for ten years.

The screensaver was a landscape picture that she had once taken and the interface was clean, with neither entertainment apps, nor any apps to watch video games. In addition to contact and WeChat, there were several apps introducing archaeological knowledge for ancient artifacts.

When she opened WeChat, she found her at the top.

The latest message was from her, one telling him that she would be back soon.

She was the only one pinned to the top.

Janessa slid down and finally saw a red unread message. There was no remark and the girl's screen name was a small porcelain bowl.

Janessa opened the chat box and found that this girl had sent a lot of messages before, but Armando's reply was brief. They occasionally talked about cultural relics and sometimes the girl would ask where the food here was delicious. However, Armando did not reply to this kind of question.

Janessa opened the voice message to listen carefully.

## **Chapter 710**

"Mr. Armando, guess where I am now? I am on a snack street. There is a lot of delicious food here, and our colleagues are here, too. Would you like to come along?"

Needless to say, she was the only colleague.

Janessa closed the phone, thought for a moment, then picked up the phone and replied, "He's taking a shower."

Sure enough, there was no reply.

When Armando came back, Janessa was at ease soaking her feet, and her hands were scrolling through Weibo.

He picked up his phone and looked at it. After finding the message from Janessa, he looked up at her.

"You can tell her that she was my sister," Janessa said arrogantly.

Armando took out his phone and clicked open the dialog box with "a small porcelain bowl" in front of Janessa, and sent a voice message. "Don't send me a message. My girlfriend is jealous."

Finished sending, he threw his phone on the coffee table and stared at Janessa on the sofa.

Janessa deliberately pulled a long face and then covered her face with her phone.

Armando reached out to take her phone. Janessa dodged sideways a few times and did not manage it. The phone covering her face was taken away. Janessa stared at him with feigned anger. "What are you doing!"

Armando just looked at her and smiled.

"What's so funny?" "Go away, go away," she said, waving him away with her hand.

He lowered his head to kiss her and gave her a long deep kiss before carrying her into the room.

"Stop messing around, I haven't showered yet..." Janessa fluttered in his arms.

"Wash later," Armando kicked open the door.

...

"Madam, it's time for dinner." Rex opened the door of the studio and shouted at Emily, "If you don't go down, the food will be cold. Vincent has been waiting for you for a long time."

Emily put down her brush and said, "Alright, coming."

Rex was about to turn around when he suddenly turned back to look at the painting in front of Emily and was stunned for a moment.

Emily stood up and threw the paintbrush into the bucket. "Isn't it vivid?"

"Yes, very lively." Rex's expression now was rare, and he looked a little solemn.

If he hadn't seen this painting, he would have almost forgotten what Harold looked like.

After washing her hands, she looked back at the painting and said to Rex, "Help me frame it after it's done. I want to put it in the studio."

"Alright."

As soon as Emily came out, a little dumpling rushed over by her feet. The little puppy had grown very big in just a few days, and now it had become a big round ball. Emily held it in her arms. "Sir, let's go eat together."

Sir barked twice.

"It peed from time to time. Don't hug it. Be careful not to be peed on your body."

Emily narrowed her eyes and smiled at him. "No, it seems to only pee on you."

Rex could not find a proper answer.

The little Hulk was becoming more and more mean.

"Am I right, Sir?" Emily touched the dog's head, then put it in Rex's arms. It briskly went downstairs, and before it reached downstairs, he heard Rex's collapsing voice, "Screw it!" "You really like to pee on me?"

Emily couldn't help but laugh.

She went back to the kitchen to wash her hands. Then she walked to the dining table and saw a few beautifully wrapped red boxes lying on the table. "Wow, where did you get the moon cake?"

"Tomorrow is the Mid-Autumn Festival. Ferne and the others sent it over." Vincent picked up a piece of moon cake from the box and cut it into four small pieces, handing her a piece, "Eat a bit, lest you can't eat later."

"Alright." Emily took a bite and stuffed the rest into his mouth, "This way, I won't be unable to dine."

Vincent could not rebuke.

He helplessly ate the moon cake in his mouth. It was so sweet that the corners of his mouth could not help but rise.

"Is it that delicious?" Emily smiled and asked him, "Do you want to try the chocolate flavor?"

Vincent leaned over and held her chin. His thin lips gently kissed the bits of moon cake at the corner of her mouth. His voice was low and alluring. "I want to try your taste."

Emily immediately sat up straight. "Rex, hurry up and take the Moon Cake away. We have to eat."

Rex, who had been peed all over by Sir, dragged his body to carry the Moon Cake away. Emily watched him leave with a look of pity and said hesitantly, "Sir seems to really like him..."

When Rex, who had just arrived at the door, heard this, he stumbled and fell out of the door with the moon cake in his arms.

Emily was stunned and could not think of a word.

It had been more than half a month since the two of them had registered their marriage. Emily often stared at the ring on her hand and felt that it was inconceivable. It seemed that she was still very young, but she already had a husband in the blink of an eye.

The two of them were in a studio in the afternoon. There were only a few steps between them. They could see each other when they looked up. When they were tired, they went to the lounge chair to rest. There were fruits and snacks on the coffee table.

Emily had never been lying on his own lounge chair. Instead, she rested her head on Vincent's leg, making it convenient for him to peel the melon seeds and directly feed them to her.

"Can we still participate in the competition we talked about earlier?" Emily asked after eating a melon seed.

Vincent picked up a grape, peeled it, and stuffed it into her mouth.

"Yes."

"Sure, we'll have to wait until December." Vincent wiped his hands with a tissue and looked down at her. "Have you thought of what will you participate with?"

"I haven't thought it through." Emily looked at Vincent's face above her head and could not help but poke his chin, "I wanted to draw it as a gift for Dad, but..."

Emily had changed a lot after Donna had died.

She completely walked out of the shadows of the past. At the same time, she also walked out of her complaints and puzzlement towards Donna. In those few months, she and Donna had been together day and night. She slowly recalled the meticulous care and love her mother had shown to her when she was a child. She suddenly felt relieved.

"I don't want to draw anymore." "I want to draw something else." Her long and dense eyelashes cast a shadow in the shape of a butterfly.

"Alright." Vincent brushed away a strand of her long hair and said, "Draw whatever you want."

Emily smiled and kissed him. As Vincent lowered his head to respond, he raised his hand and snapped his fingers. The curtains of the French window slowly closed. The guards outside the window stretched their necks and peeked inside.

Guard 1 outside the window: "No! I can't see it!"

Guard 2 outside the window: "In two years, our little young master will be coming out soon!"

Guard 3 outside the window: "Little young master! Wow! He will definitely be very very cute!"

Guard 4 outside the window: "You think too much. Don't you know what is in the warehouse?"

Guard 1 outside the window: "What is in the warehouse?"

Guard 2 outside the window: "Nothing but about 20 boxes of..."

Guard 3 outside the window: "20 boxes of... Is it what I was thinking of?"

Guard 4 outside the window was stunned.

Guard 1 outside the window didn't say anything.

Guard 2 outside the window, either.

Guard 3 outside the window, either.

The special assistant outside the window was also silent.