

Reborn Baby – Chapter 711

"Vincent..." The girl's soft and husky voice sounded in the room.

"Yes?" Vincent turned on the light and walked to the bed. He touched her face and asked, "Do you want to drink water?"

"I'm so hungry." Emily presented an aggrieved expression and pursed her lips.

Vincent lowered his head and kissed her. "I'll cook. What do you want to eat?"

"Anything!"

"Alright, Wait for me for ten minutes" Vincent said as he gave her a kiss on the lips.

Emily felt sleepy not long after lying down on the bed. When Vincent came up with the food, she had already fallen asleep.

"Eat something before sleeping, okay?" The man's voice was like hypnotic drugs. The more Emily listened to his voice, the more sleepy she became. She drooped her head, her palm-sized face wrinkled, and then she said with a grievance, "I'm so sleepy, so hungry..."

"Alright, alright. Get up and eat food, okay?" Vincent held her in his arms, took a spoon and fed her one bite at a time. Emily took a few bites and asked in confusion, "What is this?"

"Is it delicious?" Vincent chuckled.

"Well." Emily came to her senses and deliberately said, "It's not delicious."

Her eyes were still red, and her voice was extremely hoarse. Vincent knew that she was angry. He coaxed her softly, "Next time..."

Emily covered her ears and complained in her hoarse voice, "You always say 'next time', I don't believe it! Big liar!"

"You can do whatever you want after finish the food, okay?" Vincent kissed her face.

Emily's cheeks puffed up in anger as she glared at him. "Really?"

Looking at that, Vincent suppressed his smile and said, "Yes."

Half an hour later, Vincent was wearing a princess dress, his expression...It was a long story. In addition, Emily had found a lipstick to apply to his lips, so his lip was vivid red.

"Take a spin." Emily stood on the bed, picked up the phone and took a picture. "Make a posture, a bit sexier, a bit more charming."

Vincent was speechless.

"You said I couldn't do whatever I want, didn't you?" Emily asked, feeling aggrieved.

Vincent didn't say anything but followed her orders.

Ten minutes later, the burly man, whose back strong muscles were exposed because of the tight princess dress, walked from the corridor to the first floor and then went back to the room.

The guards outside the window were stunned, as well as Rex, who was holding Candy in his arms.

Emily laughed heartily at the photo. She rarely laughed like this. Vincent stood in the room and looked at her, who was laughing so hard that she couldn't stand up straight. He didn't take off the princess dress at that time, only to see her laughing a little longer.

"Vincent..." Emily laughed so hard that she fell off the bed. "Let's take a photo together, okay?"

Vincent looked at her and took a piece of tissue to wipe her tears of joy. "Is it funny?"

"Yes! it's funny." Emily laughed as he punched his arm, "You...Why aren't you laughing? I...I can't hold on anymore..."

On the eve of the Mid-Autumn Festival, laughter coming from the house in the suburbs lasted all night.

Wearing a long face, the guards looked at Vincent's princess dress and turned to look at Rex, who was wearing a blue princess dress with red lipstick.

Guard A couldn't help laughing, so he covered his mouth, "Rex, you are so ugly!"

Rex said, "Go away! You're the ugly one! Look at yourself in the mirror!"

The guard turned back to look in the mirror and couldn't help but retch.

Holding the phone, Emily lay on the ground. She smiled with tears all over her face. "You guys... Stop arguing. I want to take a photo!"

After the countdown started, Emily sat in the middle on the floor. Candy, surrounded by a small pink towel, stood in front of her. Behind her stood six men in princess dresses. The man on the far left had handsome features, and his thin lips were vivid red. He didn't look at the camera, but looked at the girl gently.

Behind her, the guards, who were wearing the same yellow princess dresses, looked at the camera with stupefied expressions. Rex, who was wearing the green princess dress, stood on the right and simpered.

In the photo, only the girl in the middle was smiling.. Her eyes were full of stars.

Chapter 712

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"The moon is round." Spencer lay on the recliner and looked up at the moon above him. He sighed, "Tomorrow is the Mid-Autumn Festival. Time flies."

Harold nodded.

"Your face..." Spencer turned back to look at him. "Don't worry. It's just that it's hot now, so it'll take some time for you to recover. Shouldn't it hurt anymore?"

"Yes, it doesn't hurt anymore." Harold touched the gauze on his face.

"It has been more than two months. Not everyone can stand it. You are the only one who has a strong will and can endure it." Spencer remembered a patient from a rich family. He met the patient when he travelled all over the country a long time ago. "As the house caught fire, the man was severely burned. It was not as serious as yours. I told him the specific treatment plan. However, he began to drive me away. He hoped to receive western treatment because he could use anesthetic."

"During the New Year, I went home and passed by that place. The skin on that person's face was still stuck together, but he had already spent several million. Later, he begged me to treat it."

"You do not agree?"

"Yes." Spencer turned around and smiled. "I think he can't bear the pain. I advised him not to try. I turned around and left. When the man saw me leave, he was so angry that he scolded me for having no descendants."

"Later, my son and daughter-in-law really died. I was afraid that the curse would really come true. I did not dare to take my only granddaughter back."

"I think I will stay in this village for the rest of my life and never go out again. Stephanie is not married yet. I don't know how long I can live."

"You are a miracle-working doctor. You can live to a ripe old age." Harold said sincerely.

"I don't expect to live that long." Spencer smiled bitterly, "As a doctor, I used to see old age, sickness, and death. I have been through the vicissitudes of life. It is too tiring to live."

"Didn't you want to witness Stephanie's marriage?" Harold said.

"Yes. When she gets married and has a husband who truly loves her, I can feel at ease." Spencer turned to look at Harold, "Do you ... like Stephanie?"

"No." Harold took a step back.

"Okay." Spencer turned around and whispered, "If she was with you, I would be quite relieved."

Harold did not reply.

There was the sound of a car from the door, and Stephanie's voice could be heard from far away. "What's wrong with the lights here? Isn't it the voice-activated sensor light? Argh! Argh! Shit. Only shouting loudly can make it light up."

"Stephanie is here," Spencer said as he got up from his chair.

Harold nodded, touched the gauze on his face, and said to him, "Then I'll go in."

"What are you afraid of?" Spencer took a few steps, came back and pulled him.

"I'm not afraid, I..." Just as Harold was about to explain, Stephanie had reached the door. "Grandpa! Fortunately, you are not asleep. I finally finish all the jobs and come to accompany you to spend the Mid-Autumn Festival."

"This is...?" she asked curiously as she glanced at the man that Spencer was pulling.

Spencer was about to introduce Harold when he heard Stephanie suddenly say, "You have already received the patient?" As she spoke, she walked up to Harold and greeted him, "Hello, just call me Stephanie."

"Hello."

Stephanie looked at him suspiciously, "Your voice..."

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing. It sounds a bit familiar." Stephanie sized him up. His entire face, as well as his entire head, was wrapped in gauze. She could only vaguely see a pair of eyes under the gauze. She thought about it and took a few steps back to look at Harold. "Your figure is quite like someone I knew before."

"Who does he look like?" Spencer asked.

Stephanie waved her hand, "Nothing. Come and see what I buy for you."

"Don't squander money on me. I don't lack anything." Spencer muttered. He walked to the door step by step and saw a few bags of clothes in the car. He immediately frowned. "Why are you buying clothes for me again? I don't need so many clothes."

"I'm supposed to earn money to buy you something. If you don't lack clothes, then what do you need? I threw away the clothes in your wardrobe. Why did you pick them up again?" Stephanie complained.

Spencer quickly covered his ears and ran away. Not long after entering the room, he seemed to remember something and turned back to say to Stephanie, "Buy him some clothes."

Ever since Harold moved in here, he had not gone out.

Harold had only a few pieces of underwear. He had been wearing them for the past two months. The underwear must be old.

"Buy it for him?" Stephanie asked doubtfully. "Isn't he your patient? Why do you need to buy him clothes?"

"His face is injured. It is not convenient to go out for the time being. You can just buy him some clothes to change into. Moreover, he needs shoes, slippers and so on." Spencer thought for a moment and said, "Is the shaving knife that you gave me before still there?"

"He lives here?" Stephanie finally realized.

"Yes.." Spencer nodded.

Chapter 713

Stephanie received a script and signed a confidentiality agreement. She had not come back to see Spencer for more than four months. Unexpectedly, the patient had lived at home.

"Which room ... does he live in?" Stephanie stared at Spencer.

"What are you thinking? He doesn't live in your room. He lives in the room next to yours." Spencer pointed to a room that had been filled with sundries.

"Isn't there no bed in that room?" Stephanie asked in astonishment.

"Yes, he made a mat and slept on it at night." Spencer said.

"What? Just sleeping like that? Aren't you uncomfortable?" Stephanie asked as she looked at Harold.

"Where are your family?"

Harold shook his head.

"You lost your memory and didn't remember your parents?" Stephanie asked.

"His parents were long gone, and he was alone. He was in a car accident and his face was disfigured." Spencer said on behalf of Harold.

"I'm sorry." Stephanie looked at Harold and said, "Then you can stay here. Spencer lives here alone. It's nice that you could accompany him. I'll get my assistant to buy clothes now. What size do you take? What size are your shoes?"

Spencer originally thought that his words could let Stephanie realize that the person in front of him was Harold. Unexpectedly, she did not react after hearing it. He could not help but sigh and went to the door to move things.

Harold stood in place and answered all of Stephanie's questions in a dull manner.

Stephanie wrote them down and sent them to her assistant. Then, she looked at Harold and said, "Your tone is also very similar to a person."

She didn't say who he sounded like, and Harold didn't ask.

There were always some pests in the bathroom in the village. When Stephanie was bathing, she felt something slide over her shoulder. She immediately screamed.

When Harold heard the noise in the room, he immediately ran over. He directly barged in and saw Stephanie, who was naked. He immediately turned around. She was wiping away the foam on her eyes and shouted to the person behind her, "Who is it? Why don't you knock when you come in?"

Harold saw a snake above her and whispered, "I'm coming in."

Stephanie finally wiped her eyes and was about to turn around.

Harold made a prompt decision and stepped forward. He quickly grabbed the snake. Before Stephanie turned around, he threw the snake out.

When Stephanie turned around, she saw him throw something out.

"What did you throw?" Stephanie covered her body with a towel and said angrily, "What's wrong with you? Didn't you notice that I'm taking a shower? I won't argue with you for the sake of you being my grandfather's patient. Go out now."

"Alright." Harold quickly closed the door and went out.

After taking a shower, Stephanie told Spencer about it. She doubted that Harold was definitely peeping at her. She thought that he had a bad character. She felt pity that his parents were dead. However, his character was poor and he was not worthy of being treated by his grandfather.

Spencer almost spat out the tea in his mouth when he heard what she said.

"He peeped at you while you are taking a shower?" Spencer couldn't believe it, and then he laughed.

Stephanie glared at him, "Grandpa, why are you helping him? You don't believe me? He really ... directly barged in and stared at me for a long time before leaving."

"You said he was peeping. Why did he go in and stare at you?" Spencer asked.

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Stephanie was speechless for a long time, and then suddenly remembered that she seemed to have called out.

"I thought there was something above me, so I called out. I didn't expect that he would suddenly barge in?"

"He is not a bad person. You have misunderstood him." Spencer patted her hand.

Stephanie left, unconvinced. She used the flashlight of her phone to light up the door of the bathroom. She wanted to see what exactly Harold had thrown out, but she could not find it after a long time.

On the way back, she passed by Harold's room. She thought of that Spencer had said that he was going to sleep on the floor. She could not help but push open the door to take a look. Sure enough, she saw Harold sleeping on the mat. Furthermore, he was sitting and fell asleep, his back against the wall.

What a strange man.

The next day, the assistant drove the rented truck over to deliver things. There was a bed, a goose-down pillow, a thin quilt, an air conditioner, as well as four or five sets of men's clothes, including underwear, and a few pairs of men's shoes. There were all kinds of shoes, including leather shoes, slippers and sneakers.

Harold stayed in the room without coming out.

"Stephanie, are you in love?" the assistant asked quietly as he moved things out.

"What?" Stephanie pointed at herself. "You mean me? Can I hide it from you if I'm in love?"

"Then you...?" The assistant pointed at the super large and comfortable bed on the truck.

"A patient treated by my grandfather," Stephanie said concisely, "was in a car accident. He is quite pitiful. His parents were gone."

"I see." The assistant nodded understandingly. "Stephanie, you're so good."

"Come on.. Bring the things in."

Chapter 714

The small truck that the assistant drove was temporarily rented. The bed was too heavy for the assistant to lift. The things were carried onto the truck by the loaders. Stephanie glanced at it and shouted into the room, "Hey, that guy!"

She had forgotten to ask his name.

"Stephanie, don't you know his name?" the assistant asked.

"I don't care what his name is." Stephanie said.

The assistant nodded.

Hearing the noise, Harold opened the door and came out. When he saw the truck at the door, he had already expected it. He found the bed was really huge. He thought about it and thanked Stephanie.

"Thank you."

Then, he put his hands on the cargo carriage and jumped up. Stephanie's assistant was stunned. "Have you underwent training before?"

Stephanie couldn't help but look at Harold. He was wearing a long sleeve and his whole body was wrapped tightly. The gauze on his head was very thick today, and even his eyes were almost invisible.

The assistant said, "Wow, he's so awesome. He looks even more awesome than the stunt doubles we met during filming. But ... is his face disfigured?"

Stephanie nodded, "About the same. I haven't paid much attention to it."

Harold moved the bed down by himself. Stephanie wanted to help, but she was rejected by Harold. "Your waist is uncomfortable. You don't have to do it."

Stephanie felt that Harold was crazy. He refused her help on the grounds of her uncomfortable waist. How did he know that her waist was uncomfortable?

The assistant said that he seemed to have been trained. Could it be that he could tell at a glance?

In the end, this bed was carried in by Harold. The room was almost full.

After moving everything, the assistant gave two boxes of cookies to Stephanie. "Happy Mid-Autumn Festival. Don't forget to post blessings on Weibo."

"I see. Thanks. Do you want to eat with us?" Stephanie took out the red packet that she had already prepared and stuffed it into her assistant's pocket. "Let's have a simple meal."

"Thank you, Stephanie." The assistant refused, "My parents are still waiting for me to go home for a reunion dinner. Thank you for your red envelope. I'm leaving!"

After the assistant left, Stephanie stood at the door and took a few photos of the herbs. After thinking about it, she took a photo with Spencer. When she was about to post, she suddenly deleted the photo. She did not want her grandfather to be disturbed.

"Grandpa, take a photo for me." Stephanie stood in the vegetable garden and was going to pull out the grass.

"Alright." Spencer took several pictures.

Stephanie happily took over the phone and wanted to look at photos. But she immediately put on a long face. "Grandpa, what are you photographing? Are you taking photos of me or taking photos of vegetables?"

The photos were so bad.

Stephanie had no choice but go to the room to find a selfie stick. When she passed by Harold's room, she realized that she could asked Harold to take a photo for her. She could not help but pass the phone to Harold. "Take a photo for me, please."

Harold hadn't used the phone for a long time. When he held it again, he immediately thought of the text messages from Emily.

The phone and all the text messages went up in flames.

"What are you staring at?" Stephanie poked his shoulder. "Do you know how to take pictures?"

Harold snapped back to reality.

"I asked if you knew how to do it?" Stephanie demonstrated to him, "Just press this key. I will stand there and pull out the grass. You take a picture of my movements. Please take a good picture of me."

"Okay."

Harold took photos of Emily a long time ago. Many things in his memory were related to Emily.

It was the Mid-Autumn Festival, so Emily should be having dinner with Vincent.

Would she think of him?

"Hey, I didn't expect that you are good at taking photos." Stephanie looked at the photo and asked casually, "What is your name?"

Harold did not speak.

Stephanie felt that he was strange, so she did not ask again.

The lunch was cooked by Spencer. Harold couldn't get close to the fire. The gauze must be dry. It couldn't be too wet or hot. He would stay in the air-conditioned room almost in the daytime to keep the gauze dry. Harold had a minor operation every month. Spencer would use a knife to cut off the sticky flesh on his face. It wouldn't be too much at once, so as to avoid hurting his facial nerves. After his skin growing within a month, he would undergo the next operation.

No anesthetic was used during the operation.

It was also the first time that Spencer had performed this kind of operation. He had told Harold that he was not confident that he would help him completely recover. He could only try.

"No matter what, it's better than what it is now," Harold agreed.

Chapter 715

Stephanie took a few photos of lunch, which were common dishes, but her words were full of happiness: Grandpa cooked the rice.

After the picture was sent, the comments emerged in large numbers.

Stephanie was the cutest: "Wait, why are there three pairs of chopsticks?"

Stephanie, I love you: "There are three bowls!"

Dear Stephanie: "There is someone else besides grandpa!"

Great Stephanie: "Ah! Who are you staying with?"

Stephanie was cute: "Are you have a boyfriend?"

Stephanie was the most charming: "No matter who you are with, I love you. I wish you happy, Stephanie!"

Stephanie, I'm your honey: "You finally fall in love!"

Before Stephanie finished her lunch, her agent called her, "What has happened? Why haven't you told me your love relationship in advance? Which entertainment company is he from? How long have you been dating? Have you brought him home this time? Are you ready to get married?"

"What's wrong?" Stephanie was confused by the questions.

"It's your Weibo. Please be careful. You just finished filming a movie. It's not the time to publicize it. You're going to make a couple soon. Why do you make it public now? They have already written the draft and will release it on Weibo to get a wave of hype for you. Now, he has met your parents directly."

"Love relationship?" Stephanie put down her chopsticks in confusion as she browsed Weibo. "Wait, I send it, but..."

Before finishing saying, she had already seen the other bowls and chopsticks. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Oh, it's wrong. You have misunderstood. I'm not in love. They are my grandfather, a patient and me. We are eating together today."

"Is he eating at your house in the Mid-Autumn Festival?" The agent asked.

"Yes." Stephanie knew the agent didn't believe her. "Hey, believe me. There is no one at his home. He could just eat here..."

"All right, give me your account number and password. I'll get others to help you with the public relationship later. Don't search on Weibo now. If you cause trouble at this moment, you really..." The agent is quite busy. He should be eating outside.

"I'm sorry. I'll be careful next time." Stephanie replied in embarrassment.

"All right, accompany with Grandpa properly." The agent said and hung up.

Stephanie put down phone and sent her account number and password to her agent. Then she poked the rice in her bowl and looked at Harold. Why didn't she notice that she had taken three bowls?

"Why don't eat?" "Does your boss let you film a movie? It's rare to get some rest, so you should rest for a few more days," said Mr. Spencer. He handed her a piece of meat.

"Nothing serious. My agent wished me a happy holiday." Stephanie lied through her teeth.

Harold, who had excellent hearing, had already heard conversation with her agent. When he heard her saying, he looked up to her.

"What's wrong?" Stephanie immediately looked back.

Harold shook his head and continued to eat.

However, the matter wasn't suppressed, instead, it spread even more widely. On that afternoon, a piece of Weibo said that Stephanie's assistant had gone to more than ten shops to buy underwear and socks. She had even gone to the furniture center to buy bedding and other things. Once it was exposed, the fact that Stephanie was in love could no longer be concealed.

The assistant was so anxious that she did not hesitate to admit that she had bought them for her boyfriend, but no one believed because she was single for many years.

Moreover, Weibo also said that according to the shop owner, the assistant bought things wearing a mask in a hurry. It didn't look like she bought for her boyfriend. The shop owner also said that when he asked what the weight of his boyfriend was, the assistant took out her phone to check. It was obvious that she did not buy them for her boyfriend. If she bought it for her boyfriend, how couldn't she know the basic information?

Therefore, Weibo had many discussions on the whole afternoon. Stephanie didn't care about, but she didn't expect that Emily would appear.

Mrs. Britt: "I saw it on Weibo. Congratulations."

Charming Steph: "You also believe it? I haven't done anything. But there exists a boyfriend strangely. I feel wronged now."

Mrs. Sare: "Who is he?"

Charming Steph: "A patient who is very pitiful. He has no parents and now has a traffic accident. Grandpa let him stay here."

Mrs. Sare: "What are you going to do?"

Charming Steph: "It will be solved by the company. I can do nothing until the case passes."

Mrs. Sare: "All right."

Charming Steph: "Oh, I haven't asked you yet. How's going after marriage? I was still filming that day you got married. What a pity! I really would go!"

Mrs. Sare: "It is similar to the life before marriage. Each day is full of happiness."

Charming Steph: "How is Vincent?"

Mrs. Sare: "He is very good to me."

Charming Steph: "You know I have asked another question."

Mrs. Sare: "..."

Charming Steph: "How's going?"

Mrs. Sare: "Yes, pretty good."

Charming Steph: "Just pretty good? I think that should be excellent!"

Mrs. Sare: "..."

Mrs. Sare: "Excellent."

Charming Steph: "I have a picture in my mind."

Mrs. Sare: "..."

Mrs. Sare: "Happy Mid-Autumn Festival, I'm going to draw."

Charming Steph: "Hey, don't go."

Mrs. Sare: "Escape JPG"

"Ah, it's so boring," Stephanie said as she threw her phone on the bed.

She called her assistant. "What's the situation now?"

The assistant replied crazily, "Stephanie, they now think that you have lived with your boyfriend. Today, you took him to see parents. They demanded you to admit it. The company just had a meeting to discuss it. There is no result yet...."

Chapter 716

"It's that serious?" Stephanie could not believe it. "I can just say that my grandpa is sick. Isn't that enough?"

"But who bought underwear, shoes, socks, and a bed for patients?" the assistant retorted.

Stephanie was at a loss for words.

"It's all my fault. I was in such a hurry, so I just went out with a mask, and then being recognized by others. Otherwise, this wouldn't have happened..." "I'm sorry," the assistant said anxiously.

"How can I blame you? It is all because I took an extra bowl in my photo shoot today." "It's fine. At most, I'll admit it. I'll break up in a few days. It's not a big deal," Stephanie comforted her.

"Don't. Let's wait for the company to decide." The assistant advised her a bit more before hanging up.

Stephanie held her phone and was worried for a moment. But on her second thought, today is Mid-Autumn Festival, a festival once a year, there was no way she could let it affect her holiday mood.

She threw her phone on the bed, hooked a sun hat on the wall and was going next door to look for grandpa, who usually patrolling in the field in the afternoon.

"Grandpa," Stephanie went to knock on the door and found that Mr. Spencer was not there. She went to the next room again. That man was not there either. She looked at the folded air-conditioning quilt on the bed and muttered, "He used to be a soldier? How could he make the quilt so neatly?"

She came out in a few steps. After walking through a long path, she finally saw her grandpa, who was sprinkling crops on the ground. She rolled up her long skirt and said, "Grandpa, I will help you."

"No need, just stay up there." Mr. Spencer wiped the sweat off his face.

"What is this?" Stephanie asked.

"Corn." "I know you like to eat corn, and I don't trust the sanitary conditions of the corn sold in the market, so I planted two rows of them for you. It's enough for you to eat."

Stephanie smiled and shouted with her hands outstretched, "Grandpa, I love you."

"Grow up! Go, go, go, go over there." His face turned red, "Move, move, move."

"No, I'll stay here and look at you." Stephanie squatted there, holding her face and staring at him, "Who would work in the fields on such a special day?" She looked around, "By the way, where is your patient?"

"That boy went to catch fish."

"Catching fish? Where?" She stood up and took a look.

"Just behind, all the way back, there's a river." "You can go and take a look." Spencer pointed to the path.

"OK." She took a few steps towards the small path and turned back to look at her grandfather. Mr. Spencer was still working with his head down, but the smile on his face was still there. He smiled so much that his teeth could not be seen.

Stephanie couldn't help but laugh.

The small river in her memory was located at the back of the village. When Stephanie arrived there, she saw that silly boy standing in the water. He had taken off his shirt and trousers and was wearing nothing but boxers. Stephanie walked over and only saw his back. Just as she was about to turn around, she suddenly remembered something and looked back, just in time to see him turn and bare his chest.

What kind of skin was that? She couldn't tell if it was a scald or a burn wound, the skin was all glued together, forming ugly wrinkles and dense tree-like lines all over the body.

He grabbed a fish with one hand and threw it into the bucket on the shore. When he looked up, he saw Stephanie. He stared at her for a second. A moment later, he turned around and continued to touch the fish under the water.

He probably felt embarrassed being spotted by her.

Stephanie did not walk over. She turned around and left. As she walked along the small path, she suddenly thought of Harold, the assistant of Emily who died in the car accident. When he died, was his body also like that person just now ... covered with ugly wrinkles and scars?

It must be very painful.

Stephanie suddenly remembered the scene of him picking up his clothes and saying to her, "You've seen me, and I'll see you. We're even." She suddenly smiled, but her eyes were wet.

"Why did you put the moon cake here?" "Why didn't you bring it to the table?" Mr. Spencer asked, pointing to the plate of moon cakes by the water well.

"Well, for a friend," Stephanie said, taking a sip of the fish soup.

"Friend? What kind of friend? Male or female?" Mr. Spencer asked.

"You know him. It's Emily's assistant," Stephanie said.

As soon as this was said, grandpa was silent for a moment.

Harold looked up at Stephanie without speaking.

"What, you mean Harold?" Mr. Spencer looked at Harold in surprise, thinking that Stephanie knew that he was still alive.

"You still remember him?" Stephanie asked.

"Of course I remember." Mr. Spencer looked at Harold and said slowly, "You're giving him the moon cake?"

She nodded.

Mr. Spencer looked at Harold and asked Stephanie, "Why didn't you give it to him in person?"

Stephanie, "What?"

"I mean..." Mr. Spencer looked at Harold on the side and wanted to say that she could give it to him right away.

"Oh," Stephanie said, "You mean carrying these moon cakes to the cemetery."

Mr. Spencer did not answer.

"I only have one day to accompany you. It won't be enough to go back and forth to the cemetery. Maybe next time." After Stephanie finished the fish soup, she said to Harold, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean it today."

After that, she went to the kitchen to clean up.

Mr. Spencer glanced at Harold and asked, "Why did she apologize to you?"

Harold shook his head, but his eyes fell on the moon cakes next to the well. Then he walked over, gently picked up a piece of them and took a bite.

Then Stephanie came out and happened to see him eating moon cakes by the well.

Mr. Spencer thought to himself, "She can definitely tell it now!"

Unexpectedly, she looked at Harold in confusion and said, "Isn't there on the table? Never mind. Go on."

As she spoke, she took another piece of moon cake from the box and placed it on the plate.

Watching all this, Mr. Spencer did not say anything,

Only thought to himself, 'What an innocent granddaughter I have.'

Chapter 717

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This was Emily's second stroll on the streets.

People everywhere were celebrating the Mid-Autumn Festival. The supermarket was overflowed. Many people took various goods and put them into the shopping cart. They were in a hurry and sometimes stopped to ask the guide where the things they wanted were. And then they went straight to where the guide pointed.

The bread in the baking shop smelt great. Emily closed her eyes and smelled it. Just as she was to continue smelling it, she felt something soft on the tip of her nose.

She opened her eyes and said with a smile, "I just want to smell it."

Vincent stuffed the bread into her mouth and tore off a piece to eat. "It should be easy to cook."

"I think it's quite difficult. They've been busy for the whole morning without rest." Emily pointed at the bakers in the baking shop.

"But they made so much bread." Vincent waved at Rex and asked him to buy the utensils for making bread. Then he lowered his head and said to Emily, "We can try it at home."

"It looks very difficult." Emily ate the last mouthful of bread in satisfaction, and then asked Vincent, "We should pay at the check-out counter. Did you pay for this?"

"No." Vincent raised his eyebrow.

Hearing this, Emily looked at him with a dumbfounded look.

Rex, who was about to leave, turned around and said, "The baker gave it to Mr. Vincent for free because he is very handsome."

Emily asked in disbelief, "Mr. Vincent, can I take you to luxury stores one day?"

Words failed Vincent.

A child ran over and almost bumped into Emily. Vincent kept Emily behind him with one hand and frowned slightly at the child, who was about one year old, and started walking. She looked up at Vincent and burst into tears for no reason.

"..."

Vincent's guards quickly surrounded Emily and Vincent in a safe circle. They all stared at the child. Seeing this, she cried even louder.

Her parents rushed over. They were picking the moon cakes when she suddenly ran out of sight. When they rushed here, they saw she was surrounded by a large group of people in black. They could not help but shout angrily, "Who are you? My child was scared!"

Emily patted a guard on the shoulder.

The guards all froze. And then they forced a smile at the child.

Seeing this, the child cried even louder.

The guards didn't know what to do now.

Vincent waved his hand and the guards disappeared at once.

The child's parents were stunned. They looked left and right for a while and thought they were seeing things. "Where are they going?"

"They suddenly disappeared."

"Magic?"

"I don't know."

The child was a girl with curly hair and big eyes. She looked at Vincent while crying.

Emily tugged at Vincent's sleeve. "Mr. Vincent, she's looking at you..."

Vincent looked at the child with a frown.

Emily whispered, "You look a little fierce. You should smile at her."

However, it was too difficult for Vincent.

Emily stood on tiptoe and used her fingers to pull the corners of his mouth. "Come on, smile like this."

The child was still sobbing as she looked at Vincent. She crawled towards her parents. "He looks so scary."

"Don't be afraid. We're here." Her mother held her in her arms, looked at Vincent and Emily, and said, "Why do you scare my child?"

"She ran into him herself," Emily said.

"But you can't scare her." The child's father looked at Vincent and said, "Your face looks so cold. The child will be frightened."

Emily was a little angry. She looked at him and said, "My husband is born with such a face."

When Vincent heard this, a proud smile flashed across his lips.

"Besides, he doesn't look cold but cool." Emily pointed at Vincent's face. "Do you see that? His face is of the golden ratio. Only a few men have such a handsome face. It's lucky for you to see it today. You should be grateful. You won't meet such a good-looking man anymore."

The girl's parents were stunned when they heard this, so they said, "What a strange couple!" Then, they turned around and left with the girl in their arms.

The guards shrugged when they heard Emily's words in the drinking area.

Guard A: "Emily said only a few men had such a handsome face."

Guard B: "She even said Mr. Vincent's face was of the golden ratio."

Guard C: "She thought he didn't look cold but cool."

Guard D: "She said he was her husband. How sweet!"

Guard A was angry: "Guard D, shut up."

Guard B nodded: "I agree with Guard A."

Guard C continued: "Now that she said that, Mr. Vincent will have sex with her for a whole night."

Guard A was shy, but Guard D began to give a little sweet moan.

Guard B couldn't stand it anymore: "Let's shut his mouth!"

Guard C answered: "Okay!"

Guard D was out of words.

Chapter 718

Emily sat in the shopping cart and looked up at Vincent behind her. "Mr. Vincent, it seems you dislike children?"

He looked down at her and said in a low voice, "Right, I only have a crush on you."

Emily rubbed her ears and pointed to the shelf, "I want that cookie."

Vincent picked out a box of cookies and put it into her arms. "Anything else?"

"No, next shelf." Emily said, waving her arms, "Move."

Vincent pushed the cart down to the next shelf. Many customers looked at them, on the way. His lofty image attracted the gaze of people far away from him. When they looked closer, they only found this was a man of imposing appearance. It was picturesque when he casually swept his deep eyes over.

Women couldn't get their eyes off Vincent. He looked softly when he lowered his head and spoke, with his lip slightly curved. Their fond dream was shattered when a girl in shopping came into sight.

The girl was sitting in a shopping cart full of goods. Her long dress was covered with snacks, revealing only her white arms. She was lying on her back, with two legs hanging outside the cart. It was obvious that she was petite. The girl held a box of cookies, almost veiling her face. When Vincent moved closer with the cart, people saw the girl.

Her silky long black hair falling to the shopping cart framed her white face. A pair of eyes were big, innocent, and pure, with long and curved eyelashes. Passers-by were stunning by her beauty. She responded with a smile. Her smile was so charming that people almost lost themselves in it.

Vincent pushed her to the frozen food aisle and took a few boxes of yogurt. Then he remembered something and looked at Emily. "Do you like children?" he asked.

"Just so so." Emily looked up at him. "It's not like or not. It's just ... looking at you, I feel like you don't like children very much. I thought you would like them."

"Why do you think so?" Vincent asked.

"I have no idea. Maybe that's because Jaquan and the others like children very much." Emily said.

"We are different," Vincent said as he handed her the yogurt.

"Yes, Mr. Vincent, but why?" Emily took the yogurt with her eyes narrowed.

"I don't dare." Vincent turned around.

"What?" Emily didn't believe what she had heard and asked with her eyes widened.

Vincent put a bottle of milk into the cart. His voice was very low. "I dare not think about what will happen if I have a child. I will worry about whether he will be like me when I was a child ... I will worry about whether he will experience everything I have suffered ... so I don't dare to think about it."

Emily had no words. She expected something but had not foreseen the rest part.

"What do you want to eat?" Vincent pushed the cart to the next area.

Emily thought back to the moment Vincent and the child looked at each other. Her heart seemed to be prickled.

She suddenly wanted to give birth to a baby that was very similar to him. The baby will call him daddy in a soft voice to comfort his anxiety.

At checkout, Emily saw many families of three. A child was naughty and ran around with balloons. Parents scolded him angrily. A child fed cotton candy to her mother. Her mother took a bite and kissed her cheek. She gave it to her father. Her father kissed her...

"What are you looking at?" Vincent asked.

Emily gazed at the sweet family of three. The child imitated her parents and kissed their cheeks. "They are very happy," Emily said with a gentle smile.

Vincent followed her gaze and raised his eyebrows in surprise. Then, he touched her head and pulled her into his arms. A kiss landed on her head. "You are young. Don't think too much. We will talk about it later."

Emily nodded.

Rex and guards were carrying a large bag of mold for bread-making when Vincent and Emily came out from the supermarket. The group was very eye-catching. Vincent bought a hat for Emily. Whenever she

went out, he would put it on her and cover half of her face. Therefore, most of the people focused on him.

Emily lifted her hat, looked at him, and said, "Mr. Vincent, I think you should wear the hat. There are many beautiful women outside. You are an attractive target."

"Where?" Vincent deliberately glanced around, then lowered his head and bit her ear, "I only see a little fairy here."

Emily lost herself in his charm and didn't finish her words. Her ears were reddening.

"Aren't you going to see Grandpa today?" In the car, Emily asked.

"Yes." Vincent took the pad that Rex handed over and flipped through a few pages. There were some photos of Pablo.

Rex was reporting in the passenger seat, "Mr. Pablo's tourist photos have been sent over regularly. He also wishes you a happy Mid-Autumn Festival."

"Ignore it." Vincent flipped through a few pages and handed it back.

"Okay."

Emily was speechless.

Chapter 719

At noon, four guards were viewing and emulating Vincent on bread-making, while Emily acted as assistant, handing over a whisk or a spoon occasionally.

Rex was studying how to use the oven, with Candy holding his leg and peeing.

The atmosphere was good. Emily couldn't help but take a photo and post it on her Moments.

A large number of comments were gathered soon.

Ferne: "Mrs. Scavo, Happy Mid-Autumn Festival! Wow, what is Vincent wearing? An apron? Am I blind?"

Armando: "Happy Mid-Autumn Festival!"

Jaquan: "Wow! Vincent is cooking? What are those people behind you doing? Kneading dough?"

Janessa: "Are they going to blow up the kitchen? Happy Mid-Autumn Festival!"

Emma: "Happy Mid-Autumn Festival!"

Eliot: "He is cooking?"

Sydnee: "Does Mr. Vincent do the cooking? I envy you."

Eliot replied to Sydnee: "I can cook too."

Sydnee replied to Eliot: "Me ... too."

Christy: "Wow! How happy you are!"

Noah: "An Emoji of moon cake."

Lynn: "So handsome, even wearing an apron."

Xia Nana: "I love you. Mr. Vincent, do you have any brother who can be introduced to me?"

Randy: "Happy Mid-Autumn Festival! Vincent is cooking? Oh my God! Remember this historic moment!"

Emily replied to Randy: "He has always been the one cooking."

Randy continued: "Please stop! Give me a cool Vincent."

Emily typed: "He is wearing a princess dress."

Randy replied to Emily: "..."

Randy again: "One of my friends wants to see."

Ferne replied to Emily: "The friend is me. Send the photo to me."

Jaquan replied to Emily: "In fact, that friend is me. Just send it directly to me."

Vincent: "Well."

Jaquan replied to Vincent: "Vincent, they are shamelessly asking for your photo. I just stopped them."

Randy replied to Jaquan: "Shame on you."

Ferne replied to Vincent: "Jaquan covets your muscular body early. Vincent, punch him."

Jaquan: "..."

Emily: "Surprise! Vincent is busy. It was me that answered your comments."

Randy: "..."

Ferne: "..."

Jaquan: "..."

Armando: "..."

"What are you laughing at?" Vincent put the eggs into the flour and stirred them while looking at Emily who was laughing. "Who are you chatting with?"

Emily put down his phone, "I post a Moments with your photo. Many people comment that it is a historic moment for you to cook."

Vincent stared at the instructions on a pad to make bread. When he heard this, his thin lips curled up slightly. "I haven't cooked before."

The answer to why he cooked here was self-evident.

Emily cleaned the mold and placed it on the kneading board, smiling at him.

With flour in his hands, Vincent couldn't touch her head. He could only smile and press his chin against the top of her head. "What are you giggling about?"

"I am so lucky." Emily nestled in his arms and reached out to play with his fingers that were covered with flour. "You treat me well."

"Pay me back tonight." Vincent bit her ear slightly and whispered.

Emily was silent.

At midnight, Emily posted another Moments with a picture of the vast starry sky. Writings: "Will never praise Mr. Vincent again. He is not good at all!"

There was an unhappy Emoji following.

Stephanie was the first to comment: "Please give me Mr. Vincent if you think he is not good. Thank you!"

Janessa copied the first comment: "Please give me Mr. Vincent if you think he is not good. Thank you!"

Emily saw a series of the same comments when she woke up and opened her phone the next day: "If Vincent is not good, then give him to me."

Apart from some female friends who were deliberately joking, the male friends also followed the comment. It was weird.

Ferne: "If Vincent is not good, then give him to me."

Randy: "If Vincent is not good, then give him to me."

Armando: "If Vincent is not good, then give him to me."

Jaquan: "If Vincent is not good, then give him to me."

Collin: "If Vincent is not good, then give him to me."

Noah: "If Vincent is not good, then give him to me."

Only Eliot expressed the puzzlement of a straight man: "?"

Chapter 720

...

Janessa returned to the Mosby family on the Mid-Autumn Festival.

Benson had already asked the chef to prepare the food, waiting for her and Armando to come back. Although Benson was angry with Armando, he still loved his grandson. When he entered the house, he didn't show any unhappiness on his face. He just said, "Today is Mid-Autumn Festival. Let's have a happy meal."

The previous unhappiness was gone.

At lunch, Cynthia asked Armando from time to time, "Are you tired from your work? Where did you have lunch? Did you have enough money?"

Benson said angrily, "He is not a child. He knows how to take care of himself when he is outside. As a mother, you don't have to worry about him. He is spoiled by you."

The peaceful atmosphere suddenly became tense again.

Suddenly, Janessa pointed at the sautéed potato on the plate and said, "Wow, I haven't eaten this food for a long time. It's still delicious."

Benson softened a little and said, "That's specially made for you. If you like it, you can stay at home for a few more days. I'll ask the chef to cook for you every day."

Janessa took a bite of rice and said, "No, thanks. I've found a job and can't stay at home anymore."

Armando stopped and looked up at her.

Cynthia was stunned, "What? You work here? You found a job in City Y?"

Janessa smiled and said, "Yes."

Benson was also surprised, "Will you stay in City Y from now on?"

"Yes, I'm not leaving." Janessa looked up at Benson and asked, "What's wrong?"

"It's good to come back. I've told you that there's no need to stay outside. You've been outside for so many years, but you haven't found a boyfriend yet. You'd better come back and find a local boyfriend. I can also give your parents an explanation." Benson smiled.

Cynthia asked, "Where do you usually live? Why didn't you tell us when you came back to work? Oh, you should ask us to find a company for you. What kind of company do you work for? By the way, how long have you worked? Where have you been living these days?"

Roman couldn't help but frown, "Can't you ask her one by one? How can she answer me?"

Everyone looked at Janessa and waited for her answer. Unexpectedly, Armando suddenly said, "She lives in my house."

Janessa's nervousness made her feel slightly dizzy.

She heard Cynthia ask in surprise, "In your place?"

Armando took a sip of soup, "I have an apartment, which is close to her workplace."

"Oh, okay. You two can take care of each other." Cynthia said with a smile.

The atmosphere at the table became less awkward.

Janessa's back was completely wet. After a long time, she came to her senses and said, "Yes."

"Thank you for taking care of Armando." Cynthia patted Janessa's arm, "He always doesn't take good care of himself. I'm worried about him if he stays outside alone. Now that you two live together, I'm relieved."

"I will."

Benson frowned and said, "You two live together..."

Janessa tried her best to keep a smile.

Benson looked at Armando who was eating and seemed to want to say something. Finally, he waved his hand and said, "Forget it. I'm afraid that he will cause you trouble. It's okay if you don't mind. You can live there and take care of him if you can. If you feel troublesome, you can find another house and I'll buy it for you."

"She's getting married soon, so she doesn't need to buy a house," Cynthia said with a smile. "She's back to work. She's young and beautiful, and she has a lot of pursuers. It won't be long before she brings one back."

Janessa chewed the rice and smiled noncommittally.

They had a good time.

Janessa and Armando went back after lunch. It was Mid-Autumn Festival, and it happened to be weekend. They had three days off. Armando had prepared a movie, and the two of them were going back to watch it together.

In the afternoon, Cynthia came over and sent some food and bank cards to Armando. He didn't take them and gave Janessa's perfume to Cynthia.

"This is for me?" Cynthia covered her mouth in surprise. "You just work. How much do you earn? Don't buy me anything. This perfume is very expensive, isn't it?"

"It's not expensive." Armando said as he took a step closer to Cynthia. "Mom, I'm sorry that I've been bothering you all these years."

Tears streamed down Cynthia's face, "Why are you talking about this? I... I'm not worried at all. Kid, don't buy me any gifts..."

She smiled and cried, which made Armando feel bad. He wiped her tears with his hand and then sent her downstairs.

When Armando opened the door and came in, Janessa had just put all the fruits brought by Cynthia into the fridge. Seeing him come in, she walked a few steps towards him and asked, "Have you sent her away?"

"Yes." Armando went to the kitchen and poured himself a glass of water.

Janessa sat on the sofa and pressed the button for the movie that the two of them were watching. Armando came over to watch with her after drinking water.

"Why didn't you ask me before you told them?" Janessa asked.

Armando stared at the screen without blinking, "They will know it sooner or later."

"Then why are you unhappy?" Janessa paused the movie and looked at him sullenly.

Armando turned his head and said, "Janessa, don't treat me as a child. I can handle it myself. You don't need to help."

"But if you don't tell me, how can I know what you are going to do?" Janessa asked.

"I will handle it." Armando held her hand.

Janessa took a deep breath and said, "You don't know. When you said we lived together at noon, I felt my heart was pounding."

"I know." Armando held her in his arms and gently touched her back. "Your shoulders will be stiff as soon as you are nervous."

"I'm afraid that they will know." Janessa said in a low voice, "I'm really scared... This feeling is too terrible.. My whole body is stiff with fear."