

Reborn Baby – Chapter 731

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Several fancy cars stopped in front of Felice's house. Felice's neighbors came to ask who came to visit.

They came into the house and saw a row of men in black among whom Deon was sitting. Deon smiled at the neighbors, looking a little arrogant.

The neighbors were scared away.

Deon was rendered speechless.

Emma and Bernice were sitting on the sofa. Emma whispered to Bernice, "Why did you all come? I have told him that I will drive back myself."

"Your dad insisted on coming. He said that he stayed at home every year on this day. So, he wanted to come here and see how do you do," Bernice said.

"I understand. But why did they come?" Emma said as she pointed at the three people sitting on the opposite sofa.

"Then I don't know," Bernice said with a shrug.

Korbin was in a dark blue suit and he looked cold. Emily was also in a dark blue cheongsam, who was sitting between Korbin and Roger. Roger was sitting beside Emily, crossing his legs.

The three looked at Emma when they heard her talking. Korbin asked, "Have you decided the location for your wedding."

Emily nodded and said, "Yes. Do you like hot-air balloons or cruise ships? What about your wedding dress? Have you taken photos? Take me when you two are going to take photos. I like taking photos."

Roger raised his hand and said, "And me. Although you all will be eclipsed by me in the photos, I will try to keep a low profile."

"I am fine wherever the wedding will be held and I haven't taken photos," Emma said and waved her hand at Roger, "You are not going with us."

Roger looked upset and said, "Please. I want to do it with you."

Felice was cooking in the kitchen. Allen could not help with cooking so he came out to entertain the guests. But he was a pedant, who was either talking about geography or politics. He couldn't find anything to talk about with Deon so he sat in the chair, watching them.

Jaquan was washing fruits with Stony in the kitchen, then after a while, he came out with the fruits.

"Grandpa and grandma, please have some fruits." Stony gave a cheery to Deon and then handed one to Bernice.

"Thank you," Deon said gently.

Bernice patted on Stony's head and said, "Thank you, my sweetheart."

Stony then distributed the fruits to his two uncles and auntie. Dorothy didn't like it when Stony called her aunt so she let him call her auntie.

The Albertons seldom stayed in one room because there were so many of them. They usually chose a yard or a lobby when they met. Now they were staying in this small living room, with so many people on the sofa. The aroma from the kitchen was intense and people were talking in the living room. They could hear the laughter of children outside the window.

The atmosphere was different from that in the Alberton's.

They felt warm and comfortable when they were here.

When Felice was cooking, Emma and Bernice came to help. Stony was busy helping fetch things in the kitchen. Jaquan talked with Korbin for a while and then came to accompany Deon. At last, he went into the kitchen, leaving the guests and Allen alone in the living room.

After a while, Allen wanted to lighten up the mood so he said, "Do you guys want to eat mooncakes?"

Deon waved his hand and a man standing at the door brought a box of mooncakes edged with gold over and handed it to Allen.

Allen opened it and saw so many mooncakes topped with gold.

He didn't know what to say.

He did not understand the world of rich people.

"Let's eat. I have brought twenty boxes over here. You can eat to your heart's content," Deon said generously.

Allen was speechless.

"How much for one box?" Allen asked, staring at the mooncakes.

Roger walked over and picked up a mooncake. He took a bite and said, "I know the price. 800 for one."

Allen still didn't know what to say.

One mooncake would cost 800?

There were 5 mooncakes in one box. That was to say, one box would cost 4000. Then twenty boxes would...

Allen was shocked by the price so he put down the mooncake and said, "I need to see how things are going in the kitchen."

Deon frowned and asked Korbin, "Doesn't he like the mooncake?"

Korbin nodded and said, "Maybe he doesn't."

Roger threw the mooncake which he had taken one bite into the garbage can and said, "I have told you that the mooncake is not good. It looked too fancy but too cheap. I am not surprised that he doesn't like it."

Emily held her chin and said, "They are all in the kitchen. Is there something fun in it?"

Korbin was curious so he said, "I want to have a look."

"Me too..." Emily and Roger said.

The men at the door in black looked at each other and said, "Do we need to..."

In the small kitchen, there were full of people. Felice saw them and said, "Why do you all come in?" Then she realized that she forgot to put some salt into the dish.

Emma was cutting vegetables with her hair tied together. She looked up and said, "I put it in."

"Oh, that's good." Felice sighed in relief.

Bernice tasted the soup in the pot and thought it was good. She wanted Emma to taste it when she saw Korbin, Emily, and Roger coming in. Then she handed them a spoon and said, "Do you want to have a taste?"

Korbin took over the spoon and had a taste. He said, "That is good."

Roger came closer and said, "I want to taste it, too."

They were okay to use one spoon because they were family.. After Korbin and Emily tasted the soup, they rolled up their sleeves and were ready to help.

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This group of people, including Deon, had no experience of cooking, but now as guests, they actually wanted to cook for help. Bernice felt that they were insane. She kept an eye on them all the time, afraid that one of them would put drugs in the pot.

"What is this?" Dorothy asked.

"I don't know either." Roger shrugged.

"Pepper. That one over there is chili powder." Emma said as she looked up.

"Chili powder. I like spicy food. Put more."

"No..." Before Emma could finish her words, she saw that Roger had already poured half of the chili powder into the pot. She looked at it expressionlessly for a while before saying, "Eat all of that dish later."

Roger nodded, "I know. I will. I like spicy food very much."

Korbin pinched a handful of vegetable as he frowned as if he was studying the stock. He asked very seriously, "That was lettuce just now. The one over there is black cabbage, and the other is cauliflower. What is this?"

"Spinach," Emma replied.

"Oh." Korbin took out his phone and took a picture of the spinach. He posted it on his Moments with a caption. [Do you know? This is spinach.]

Emma was speechless.

"How is it?" asked Dorothy after cutting the potatoes.

Potatoes were cut in uneven thickness, some even like fingers.

Emma took the knife without any expression. A moment later, the potatoes turned into distinct potato strips.

"What's wrong with my eyes?" Deon asked as he peeled the onions.

Bernice said as she helped him wipe his tears, "It might be because you committed too many sins in your past life."

Deon was lost for word.

Stony secretly took his phone and took a photo of the kitchen. The narrow space was full of people. Their expressions varied, but their eyes were smiling.

After the chaos in the kitchen, a feast was finally served. They sat at the table. Jaquan took out the red wine and poured it for everyone. "Happy Mid-Autumn Festival!"

After everyone clinked their glasses, they sat down and began to eat happily. Since they had participated in the process of making the dishes, the feelings of eating them were different. When Roger took his third bite, his expression changed. "Damn! Why is it so spicy?"

He kept drinking red wine to rinse his mouth, but it was useless. Ten minutes later, he looked at Emma and asked with a swollen red mouth, "You did it on purpose, didn't you?"

"I've reminded you." Emma said.

"When? Why didn't I hear anything? What did you say?" Roger felt so spicy that his eyes were red.

"No." Emma thought for a moment.

"You just said no?" Roger was so shocked.

"I haven't finished. I want to say that no more chili powder. It will be very spicy. Didn't you say you liked spicy food?" Emma gave him a rare smile.

Korbin picked up spinach and placed it in Roger's bowl, "Have a taste of the spinach I washed."

Roger was dumbfounded. "Korbin, this is washed by you, not cooked by you. No matter how I try, I can't tell what this dish has to do with you."

"I washed it. So, it will be very delicious," Korbin emphasized.

Roger was helpless.

"This was cut by me. Although Emma improved it later, I did most of the job. Try it." Dorothy picked up some potato strips and placed them in Roger's bowl, "Very delicious."

Roger was lost for word again.

Deon pointed at the onions on the plate and said, "Eat it! I peeled it!"

Everyone was speechless.

A few seconds later, a burst of laughter broke out on the dining table. Everyone at the dining table laughed out loud as they slapped the table. So did Deon.

Although they did not celebrate the Mid-Autumn Festival in the big restaurant this year, they had a very warm Mid-Autumn Festival lunch.

Deon had never seen the three siblings of the Alberton family laugh so happily like today. Dorothy laughed as she embraced Roger whose lips were swollen like red sausages to take a photo. The scene was noisy and cheerful.

On the side, Jaquan peeled the shrimps for Emma and Stony. Emma whispered something into his ear and Jaquan smiled. The next second, he peeled the shrimps and gave them to Allen and Felice. Then he peeled for Bernice and Deon.

Bernice smiled and said thanks. Then she looked at Deon and asked, "Jaquan peeled it for you. Why are you in a daze? Eat it."

"Alright." Deon smiled.

He seemed to understand why Emma had wanted to run away from home.

There was laughter in his ears, and in front of him were the warm smiles of his family. Deon's eyes were filled with tears, as if this was the first time he had understood the meaning of a happy family.

"Your dad seemed to be crying when he left." Jaquan threw the trash outside the door. Emma stood at the door and watched Deon and the three siblings leave in the car.

"Yes." Emma pursed her lips and nodded.

"Is he afraid that you'll have a hard time in my house?" Jaquan asked.

"No." Emma shook her head and walked back with him.

Jaquan pulled her and asked, "Then why?"

"I won't tell you." Emma tilted her head and smiled at him.

Jaquan was speechless.

Stony played chess with Allen. Jaquan chatted with Felice in the room. Emma sat on the sofa and watched TV. As Jaquan spoke, he could not help but look up at the living room. His eyes were full of love.

"Felice said that our relatives can eat at the restaurant. After we finish, we can choose the place we like. That is to say, when the time comes, we will show up and do whatever we like later." When he got home, Jaquan untied the collar of his shirt and went into the kitchen to pour himself a glass of water.

"How about we go to the cruise ship?" He put down the cup and said to her, "Only invite the friends we know."

"Sure," Emma nodded.

Stony shouted in the bathroom, "Mom, I didn't take my clothes."

"Okay, right away." Emma replied, then remembered something and said to Jaquan, "Have you told Emily?"

"I only said we will get married, but I didn't mention the specific date." Jaquan unbuttoned his shirt and revealed his beautiful abs. "When the date is set, you can notify her."

"Alright." Emma walked into Stony's room to get his clothes. Jaquan also followed her in. He hugged her and kissed her neck. Emma pushed him a little. "I will give the clothes to Stony."

Jaquan kissed her lips and said, "I'm going to run for a while first.. You should wait for me in the room after taking a shower."

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"I'll sleep with Stony tonight," Emma poked at his sweaty muscles.

"What?"

"Every year during the festival, I accompany him. This year, I want to read for him." Emma found Stony's pajamas from the closet and took it into the bathroom.

Jaquan looked down at the bed in the room, and it seemed to be ... large enough for three people.

So that night, Stony was lying in the middle with Jaquan on the left and Emma on the right.

"..."

"You want to sleep here?" Emma asked.

"Yes, let's sleep together." Jaquan took the story book in her hand, "What do you want to listen to? Let me read it."

Two seconds later, Jaquan put down the book about mechanical manufacturing in his hand and tilted his head to ask Emma, "Did you take the wrong book?"

"No," Emma took the book in his hand, "He likes this book quite a lot. He chose it in the library by himself. He has already read more than twenty pages. There are some words he doesn't know, so he asked me to read it for him."

Jaquan was shocked.

He thought about what he had done in his childhood. He could not recall anything related to books. Compared to that of Stony, his childhood was really terrible.

When Jaquan came out to the bathroom, he called Collin, "I found that compared to my son, my childhood was like shit. Why wasn't I as smart as him at that time..."

"You have never been smart." Collin corrected.

Jaquan was choked.

"I originally wanted to say happy Mid-Autumn Festival, but now I just want to wish you a lifetime of loneliness!"

Collin sneered.

The two of them joked with each other before Collin hung up the phone.

At first, Cora thought it was a call from a girl. After eavesdropping for a while, she heard Jaquan's voice and glared at him. When Collin hung up the phone, she seized the opportunity to chatter, "Look at him. He will get married next month. Look at you, you don't even have a girlfriend."

Collin answered, "Yes, yes." He stood up, picked up the car key, and walked to the entrance.

"Why didn't you sleep at home for the Mid-Autumn Festival? Why did you go back so late at night?" Cora was stunned.

"I have to work tomorrow morning." Collin waved lightly.

Cora was so angry that she threw the tablecloth on the table, "Alright, you are always busy. Let's see when you can find a girlfriend!"

When Mike came out of the study, he did not see Collin and asked Cora, "Where is he?"

"He left a long time ago!" Cora sat on the dining chair and sighed, "If I had known it earlier, I would have a second child. He doesn't listen to me now, and there is no use worrying about him. He is almost thirty years old, but he doesn't have a girlfriend..."

"Let him take your time. What's the use of urging him? When fate arrives, they will naturally meet." Mike said.

"I understand it. But where is his fate?" Cora looked at the door sadly.

Collin did not return to his own residence, but went to the supermarket to buy some snacks and returned to Roxy's rented house, which was his former wedding room.

He did not knock on the door and directly opened the door with the key. Then he saw this scene.

Roxy sat on the sofa and a man was crying and sitting beside her. Her hand was on the man's shoulder. It seemed like she was comforting him.

The two people on the sofa heard the sound of the door and looked over at the same time.

"..."

The air froze.

Collin changed his shoes and placed the key on the cabinet at the entrance. Then, he walked to the dining table and put down the snacks in his hand.

After Roxy pulled a tissue for the man on the sofa, she moved to the dining table, looked at Collin and asked, "Aren't you at home today?"

"So, you brought a man here?" Collin sneered.

"..."

At the beginning, they had agreed that she would not bring any strangers back. Roxy had agreed, but not long after, she openly brought this man home.

The man on the sofa looked a little feminine and his skin was fair. He looked even whiter than Roxy. He stood up and forced a smile at Collin. His eyes were red and his voice was a little hoarse. It was obvious that he had cried. "Nice to meet you."

Collin looked at him coldly. "No."

"..."

The man looked at Roxy helplessly.

Roxy said to Collin, "He's my editor."

Collin's expression was still very cold as he emphasized, "He's a man."

"No, he looks like a man." Roxy said.

Collin stared at the other's pants.

The man silently clamped his legs.

Then he took a few steps toward Roxy and whispered, "I'd better go. Your boyfriend looks a little terrifying."

Roxy pulled him, "It's fine. Sit for a while first." She paused before adding in his ear, "Not my boyfriend."

Collin stared at the man's face and finally remembered that the man who he saw Roxy walking in with from the gate of the community was the man sitting on the sofa.

Roxy pulled Collin into the room. "I'm very sorry. I violated the agreement between us, but he is not a stranger. He is my editor. He fell out of love today and wants to stay here for a while. I thought that you would not come today, so I promised to keep him here. But there is no relationship between us. He ... does not like women."

This was the longest statement that Collin had heard from Roxy in his impression, but not for herself, but for a man who was unfamiliar to Collin.

If Roxy was his girlfriend, she would definitely let him know before bringing her friend home and not cause such an awkward scene.

But unfortunately, she wasn't.

Collin knew that he and Roxy were like partners traveling together on a long journey. When they arrived at the station, they split up and went their separate ways. No one would stay for each other.

Why did he have to show his jealousy here, attracting the ridicule of others?

"Since you've already decided, there's no need to tell me." After he finished speaking, he turned and walked out.

Roxy grabbed his hand. "Where are you going?"

For a moment, Collin really wanted to go back to his residence, but after meeting Roxy's eyes, he suddenly changed his mind, "Go back to the room."

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Roxy let him go.

When Collin passed the hall, he saw the male editor on the sofa making a phone call, crying, aggrieved and sad, "You bastard."

When these three words came out, Collin trembled a little.

The next second, the male editor threw his phone on the ground. Then, he glared at Collin angrily. After a while, he cried and asked, "Are you hungry? I'll cook for you, okay?"

Collin was dumbfounded.

After Roxy came out, she took a tissue to wipe the male editor's tears, and then led him into the kitchen. A moment later, there was a knock on the kitchen.

Collin looked at her suspiciously for a while before turning his head to Roxy, "Was he the one who used to cook here?"

"Well, how did you find it out?" Roxy asked.

Collin did not speak. He originally thought that she was cooking for another man, but he did not see that coming.

Roxy thought that he was curious and explained to him in a few words, "He and his boyfriend prepared to go back to his house together during the Mid-Autumn Festival. Later, his boyfriend escaped before the battle..."

"You asshole! Dickhead!" The male editor in the kitchen waved his kitchen knife and hacked at the chopping board crazily, "I will chop you to pieces!"

Collin was dumbfounded again.

It seemed that somehow Collin's anger was released.

"Have you bought snacks?" Roxy brought the bag from the dining table over and sat down on the sofa. There was still coffee on the coffee table, and a few filters left in the ashtray.

Collin glanced at Roxy but did not say anything. Roxy put all the snacks on the coffee table and then took a sip of the coffee that had long been cold. Then she turned her head and asked, "Why did you come back here again?"

Why did he come back?

Staying at his parents and spending a night there had always been the case of Mid-Autumn Day. He would only leave on the next morning.

But this year, as he sat there eating, he could not help but wonder what Collin was eating alone at noon today? Instant noodles with coffee? Or take-out?

Roxy was not a woman who would act coquettishly. She did not even send a text message during festivals. She was young, but she always wore a loose, fat black dress. She used Nokia and she bought a new Nokia after her old one was "drowned".

She was no slave to fashion. She was far from Collin's bars for a spouse. She looked ordinary and had a lot of bad habits. She ate instant noodles, drank coffee, smoked, and stayed up late. She had almost all the bad habits that Collin had never developed.

But ... he liked her.

Just by watching her eat snacks like this, he would feel a sense of satisfaction and joy.

Roxy stuffed a piece of potato chip into his mouth. Collin opened his mouth and took it. He casually glanced at the tea table and focused on her computer. He saw his name.

Roxy did not notice what Collin was looking at and was still searching for other snacks on the coffee table. She was looking for some tomato-flavored potato chips.

Collin continued to scan the computer and saw a line, [Collin was forced to call him husband...]

Collin was confused.

He continued to look at it in disbelief and saw another line below: [The man touched his head and said, "Be good, don't worry. You'll have it later."]

Collin froze.

Roxy finally realized that her laptop had been targeted by Collin. She quickly piled all the snacks on the keyboard and then went to the study with the laptop.

"Are you writing about me?" Collin asked.

"No." For some reason, Roxy denied it. She looked a bit guilty as well.

"You used my name." Collin reminded her.

Roxy closed the laptop, trying to convert the topic. "There are many people with the same name in the world."

Collin was speechless again.

He took a deep breath and asked, "You wrote me as a uke?"

"There are also many people out there who share the same name with you and are ukes," Roxy said.

"Roxanne!"

"... Yes, I used your name," Roxy admitted.

"Great." Collin sneered.

Roxy knew a "punishment" would fall on her.

At night, Roxy stayed up all night in the study to play with her laptop. Collin walked over and carried her into the room. When he passed by the living room, he saw the male editor standing in the kitchen drinking water.

When the male editor saw them, he blushed and immediately covered his eyes. "I didn't see anything."

The walls could barely do any soundproofing. The male editor went back to his room and hid his head in the quilt. He covered his ears and woke up in the middle of the night. After waking up, he prepared to go to the bathroom. Just as he opened the door, he heard a sound coming from the bedroom from the other side of the door. He picked up his phone and looked at it. It was two o'clock in the morning.

Having bitten his fingers, he then sent a post on his WeChat Moments, saying "I'm jealous!"

After taking a shower, Collin took out his phone and searched for Roxy's pen name. He found her recently updated novel and clicked on it. The novel was called White Diary

The story was about a doctor telling the story of him and a patient. The doctor was based on Collin. Or maybe he should say the doctor "was" Collin. He wore the same perfume and the same watch as Collin. He even talked the way Collin talked to Roxy. However, they changed their identities. Roxy became a man, a domineering seme, while Collin ... became a uke.

It took Collin more than an hour to finish reading, then he picked up the sleeping Roxy and went to the sofa outside.

The male editor waited for a long time and prepared to go to the bathroom. As soon as he opened the door, he heard some noise on the sofa. He looked at his phone. It was four o'clock in the morning.

He returned to his room and silently posted another moment, "My boyfriend said that I would never meet anyone better than him again. Well, I just did.. Really, much better than him."

Chapter 735

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After the Mid-Autumn Festival came the National Day holiday.

It was cool in the morning. Sitting in the garden, Emily was drawing. Candy was at her feet, pushing the ball with its nose and playing back and forth. The guards sat on the tree and chatted idly, each with an ice lolly in hands.

Rex was washing his custom-made suit pants, the fourth one that Candy had peed on ... He had already washed this pair of pants twenty-three times in total.

There was also a dead black leather sofa in the garden. Vincent was sitting on it, with one hand on his brow. He was reading a book. A moment later, he did not raise his head. He still maintained his posture and asked, "Have you done yet?"

"Not yet." Emily took up another brush and said to him, "Alright, you can move your mouth now."

Vincent smiled and turned to the next page.

Emily felt that they had spent a lot recently, so she decided to draw a few portraits of Vincent and sell them in Ferne's hotel. She would come back to raise Vincent after selling them for a good price.

Vincent didn't argue and let Emily do whatever she wanted to. He only sat on the chair with a book.

When it was almost noon, Emily finally completed her masterpiece - in a colorful garden, a pure black leather sofa was placed on the green lawn, and a man in a black custom-made suit was sitting on the sofa, his long legs stretched leisurely, one arm leaning on the sofa, his fingers pressed against his eyebrows, his dark and deep eyes slightly hanging down, looking down at the book in his hand.

His fingers were distinctly slender and beautiful, and the ring finger wore a ring, shining brightly under the sun.

"I don't want to sell it. I like this one a lot." Emily stood up and admired it for a while, then walked behind Vincent, crossed her arms around his neck, and gently bit the back of his neck.

Vincent pulled her into his arms and sat down. He pinched her chin and looked at her teeth. "Which teeth bit me?"

"Look for it yourself," Emily said, baring her teeth at him challengingly.

Vincent smiled as he lowered his head and took a small bite at the back of her neck.

It didn't hurt, but it made her numb. It was as if she had been hit by an electric current. Emily's ears turned red. She raised her head and looked at the tree. Sure enough, she ran into the eyes of the guards with binoculars in their hands.

Emily felt a bit embarrassed.

"It's almost noon. Let's see who will cook today," she said.

Lunch was now a lottery system. Whoever got it would cook lunch. No matter how bad it was, everyone had to endure it. Emily was lucky enough to get it once. What she made was an overcooked stew, hard to tell what was in.

The guards gave a high yet dishonest evaluation, "Although it doesn't look good, it tastes not bad."

From then on, Emily's stick in the lottery bucket was directly thrown into the trash bin - Emily still wondered why she hadn't been selected recently.

Rex, who had just finished washing his trousers, was unfortunately picked. The guards cheered and hugged, and some even hugged the dog and shouted, "Long live Candy!"

There were mixed feelings on Rex's face. Emily felt sympathetic. She held back her laughter and patted Rex on the shoulder, then a group of people yielded the kitchen to him.

There was now an intelligent racing system in the living room. As long as one wore his bracelet and ran at full speed on the sensor pad, he would be able to compete with the people beside him.

In addition to running, there were other events such as dancing and playing.

Emily chose to practice free combat. After she got married, she understood the reason why Vincent said she had a bad constitution. It was so bad that she almost fainted every time after they had sex. She had to sleep until the afternoon of the next day and her legs could barely prod her up when she got out of the bed.

Therefore, she was determined to exercise.

The simulated characters were artificial, but the feeling was real. Emily was having a good time. At least she didn't need to use much strength. She just needed to make a few moves.

Vincent was on the treadmill next to her. His leg had been injured before, and he had been sitting in a wheelchair for several months. His muscles had atrophied a little. Although he had taken medicine from the medical doctor to relieve himself, his muscles still needed to be trained. However, because of his leg illness, he could not exercise too much, so he must maintain a balance.

Recently, except on rainy days, he stopped walking with the help of a walking stick. Occasionally, he would walk on the treadmill or take a walk in the garden.

A loud noise went out from the kitchen and the entire living room fell silent for a few seconds. When Emily turned around, she only saw guards lifting Rex, whose hair had been blown up.

Emily was shocked.

"What was it that exploded?" Emily looked at him. For the first time, she found that someone could cook and blow up the kitchen. This was not an exaggeration, but a statement of the truth.

Rex wiped his dark face. "The wok..."

The guards quickly opened the windows to get some air, some went into the kitchen to find the source of the explosion, and some went in with fire extinguishers to extinguish the fire.

Emily quickly took a photo, and Rex raised his hand to cover his face. "Little ... Mrs. Scavo! Don't take it!"

The miserable Rex stood there and covered his face with his hand.. Candy ran to the edge of his pants and raised his leg without hesitation to pee again.

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Rex sensed the heat coming from his pants and looked down. He almost cried out. He looked at Emily and asked aggrievedly, "Why is it staring at me?"

Emily quickly went over to carry Candy away, then said to Vincent, "Let's go out and eat,"

Vincent nodded. Then, he picked up something and handed it over. Emily took it in confusion. "Is this ... a mask?"

"Yes, wear it whenever you go out." Vincent touched her face, "Don't let others stare at you anymore."

"You should wear it, too." Emily also reached out to cover half of his face. Looking at his exposed pair of eyes and his high nose, she said with a smile, "I think you should wear a helmet and cover your whole face completely, only revealing a pair of eyes that are also good-looking."

Vincent felt a bit bashful.

Happisland Street welcomed such a scene. A group of people in black suits and four people were wearing sunglasses. The man and woman in the middle were wearing masks, while a man wearing a hat and mask stood on the side, holding a fat puppy in his arms.

"Vincent, why do I feel like more people are staring at us?" Emily touched the mask on his face, "Why don't we take it off?"

Vincent pressed down on her hand and waved to the guards behind him. In the blink of an eye, all the guards disappeared, leaving Rex standing on the side with the dog in his arms.

As expected, fewer people paid attention to them.

The three of them chose a restaurant. While they were eating, Rex picked up a phone call. A moment later, he whispered something to Vincent. Emily was looking out through the window. From afar, he saw a girl wearing a school uniform being pushed by a few other girls in school uniforms. The girl looked up helplessly and happened to meet Emily's gaze. Someone slapped the girl in the face. The girl quickly lowered her head and was dragged forward.

"If you help her once, the other party will retaliate even more unscrupulously. You can't protect her every day," Vincent said.

Emily turned around. "I thought you were talking to Rex. How did you see her?"

"I am looking at you." Vincent put a shrimp on her plate.

Emily smiled.

"Do you still want to go to school after seeing that?" asked Vincent.

Emily put the shrimp in her mouth and nodded.

In the end, her eyes widened. "Can't it be...?"

Vincent raised his eyebrows slightly.

Emily asked happily, "Really? I can go to school?"

"Yep." Rex showed the tablet to Emily. "At present, you have two choices. The first one is King's School, but Miss Scavo, you may not be able to keep up with your peers there. The other is Happisland School. It is not as good as the first one, but there are many students like you or students who regret and want to go back to school after they start to work, so the school has specially set up a class. But there is no hope of getting into a key university, and it can only be made into a diploma."

Rex slid down and let her take a look at the school and the photos of the students.

"What's the name of this school?" Emily asked.

"Happisland School," Rex said.

Happisland School.

The school uniform was the same as the one worn by the girl just now.

Emily thought for a moment and said, "This one it is."

Rex nodded, "There will be an exam before you enter the school. The teacher will arrange a class for you according to your grades. If you don't do well in the exam, you will directly enter the last class, Class F. There will be many examinations later on. After you finish the exam, you will move forward. Class S and Class A are the best classes. If you enter one of them, there will be a chance for you to enter Tsinghua or Peking University in the future."

"Exam?" Emily bit her chopsticks, "I don't wanna take any exam. I'm afraid I'll humiliate you if I don't do it well."

Rex was speechless.

"Then we'll decide on the second one?" He made a record on the tablet and then said, "I'll ask the school later. They just started school not long ago. They should be able to go to school tomorrow and the day after tomorrow."

Vincent looked at Emily. "It can be delayed for a month before going over."

Emily shook her head. She looked a bit excited. "Nope. I can go right away."

"If you run into trouble in school, you have to tell me." Vincent poured her a glass of water.

Emily asked after drinking the water, "Is it as troublesome as the girl just now?"

"Don't be afraid. You are different from her. You have me to back you up." Vincent held her hand.

Emily shook his head, "I'm not afraid."

What she did not say was that when she saw the girl being bullied by a group of girls just now, she did not think of saving her. The experiences of the past few months made her know what restraint was, and it also made her care more about the future of her and Vincent. She could not throw herself and Vincent into the eyes of the public for a stranger.

She did not dare to take the risk. If some villains found out that Vincent was still alive, if they took her as a hostage to threaten Vincent ... things could be complex. She could not drag Vincent into the danger for the sake of a stranger.

She found she had changed.

But she couldn't tell if it was better or worse.

Perhaps she had become more selfish.

Chapter 737

...

"Stephanie! You lied to your fans! Why didn't you admit that you were in love?" The fans below the stage questioned angrily, and then she was hit by something below.

Stephanie stood on the stage blankly, letting the egg yolk slide down from her hair to her face. The assistant beside her screamed, and a security guard rushed to the stage to protect her to go backstage. It was so noisy. Stephanie covered her ears and felt that she was going crazy.

"Are you ok?" The assistant took a tissue and kept wiping her face.

Stephanie let go of her hand and went to the bathroom to wash her face. She saw the miserable appearance in the mirror. Her delicate makeup was blurred by the egg and her black hair was stained with sticky eggshells.

"I'll stop all your jobs now. You should have a rest at home for the next few days. We'll talk about it after the PR is done. I'll reject the other programs for you and get someone to take care of your Weibo. Don't go online. Just give yourself a break and take a rest."

She heard the agent was talking something to her, but when she looked back, she saw nobody in the bathroom but only her tragic face in the mirror.

"Stephanie, it's fine. I'll send you back." The assistant came over to hold her arm.

Stephanie shook her hand and said, "I want to take a shower."

The assistant was shocked. "Ah? Here? You can't take a shower here. Hold on and I'll take you to the hotel."

"I want to take a shower." Stephanie looked at her and said word by word, "Take a shower."

The assistant ran to negotiate with the cleaner for a long time and took a construction sign to block the door of the bathroom. Then she locked the door and took a bucket of hot water to wash the eggshell on her head.

Stephanie cried quietly in the water.

"Don't cry. It's not your fault. We should blame that follower. He couldn't do this to you! Many people are looking for him on Weibo. Everyone is scolding him..."

"Give me the phone." Stephanie reached out to her.

"But Anna said..." The assistant hesitantly covered her bag.

"Give it to me." Stephanie looked at her. Her eyes were red, and she looked pitiful.

The assistant opened her bag and handed the phone over.

Stephanie logged into her Weibo account and posted:

Yes, we live together.

The assistant shouted, "Stephanie, you are crazy! Don't be silly! You didn't even discuss it with Anna before you sent this..."

"Tell her that I quit." Stephanie stood up and wiped the water off her body. "I will pay for the liquidated damages. Tear up the contract and give me freedom."

The assistant was stunned. "Stephanie, don't scare me... Other stars have also encountered this before. Don't be so pessimistic. Everyone will still love you when it's gone. Your next movie will be on soon. Anna said you can win an award with this movie! Don't be so passive over such a thing!"

"I'm not suitable for this." Stephanie looked at her and said, "I didn't belong here. This is just one accident of all. Today I was suspected of cohabiting with my boyfriend. Then I will be accused of cheating or something I can't bear in the future. They threw eggs at me today, maybe they might hurt me tomorrow! My grandfather is surfing the Internet now. He is old and he can't bear these things. I don't want him to live very carefully in fear in the future."

"But Stephanie, what are you going to do? You are still young. You will be better in this industry in the future. You can't give up now. You can rest for two years and start from the beginning after that." The assistant cried, "Are you going to give up your future? You still have unlimited possibilities! We said we were going to get three titles of movie queens."

Stephanie put on her clothes and slowly dried her hair. Then, she looked back at her assistant and said, "Wipe your tears and help me fix my makeup."

She said, "I don't want to be so ugly for my last show."

The assistant sobbed.

The news that Stephanie had been smashed in the face by a male fan had been cancelled, but it was still hot on Weibo and everyone was discussing it. The video of the live broadcast was gone, but the topic was still there. Many people were leaving messages for the follow-up. Stephanie's loyal fans were still claiming that she was in love and cohabiting. However, when Stephanie posted on Weibo, it was directly pushed to the peak.

Yes, we live together.

Many fans were still crying and shouting on her Weibo.

"That's impossible! Stephanie was forced by you! She is not in love at all! She is just hurt by her fans. You don't understand at all!"

"Have you forgotten that she wanted to jump off a building to suicide? She was suffering from serious depression in the past! Why don't you let her go?"

"Yes, don't follow her if you don't like her! Why do you hurt her like this?! I want to ask you, that male fan. It's none of your business even if Nana is in love. Did she say she wanted to be with you? Did she cheat on you?"

"I don't care what Stephanie is like, I love her! I hope everyone loves her! She is the best artist I have ever seen, and she is so real! She is even nice to the assistants and the people around her! I beg you not to follow this topic anymore, okay? She must be in pain now, and she needs time to heal herself."

"Stephanie! We all support you! We love you forever!"

Stephanie came out of the company's conference room with a contract after staying there for three whole hours. The assistant was crying sadly, and the agent was not happy.

S walked to the window and took a deep breath of free air.

She was crazily called by various entertainment companies, her friends in this industry, newspaper reporters, and also Emily.

"What's going on?" Emily asked after Stephanie answered the call.

"It's nothing. It has already been resolved." Stephanie said, "I'm free now."

Emily was probably the only person who wouldn't tell her that it was a pity. She congratulated her on the phone, "That's great. You can play around in the future."

Stephanie said with a smile, "Yes, I don't need to wear sunglasses and masks when I go out in the future."

Stephanie hung up the phone after a while and drove back to the hotel to pack her luggage. There were not many things. After packing up, she sent a message to her assistant that she could keep the rest if she liked or just threw them away.

Then she checked out and drove alone back to the Hump Village with all her luggage.

She saw Spencer busying himself in the field from afar. Just as she was about to get out of the car, she saw the man with a face full of gauze handing water to him. Then, he took the tools from Spencer and worked on the ground.

A live-in boyfriend?

Stephanie sighed. She just retired like a drowned rat for this stranger.

She should have retired after receiving the movie queen awards, not like this.

"Why are you here today?" Spencer walked over.

Stephanie was stunned. Didn't her grandfather read the news?

She turned her head to look at the man working on the ground and met his gaze. She felt that his eyes were very familiar.

"Give me a break and rest for two years." Stephanie said to Spencer, "Then I have time to accompany you as well, and you can enjoy yourself."

"Are you serious? That's good for taking a holiday. You can have a good rest. Your job is too tiring. You look so weak." Spencer said with a smile.

"Yes, I mean it. My luggage is all here." Stephanie said as she pointed at the trunk.

Spencer said happily and called Harold, "Hurry up, help her move her luggage down."

Chapter 738

Harold agreed. Then he washed his hands and came over to help carry the luggage. When he passed by Stephanie, he said to her, "Sorry."

Stephanie looked at him in surprise and then realized that he had seen the news. Probably that was the reason why he didn't let Mr. Rolando see the news.

"I can help you clarify it," Harold added.

"Are you sure?" Stephanie smiled and said casually, "How? People even can't recognize you with your face wrapped."

"When they see my appearance, they will believe you are not in love," Harold looked at her and said, "No one is willing to face it every day."

Stephanie's smile froze for a moment, then she patted him on his shoulder, "Are you questioning my grandfather's medical skills? Don't worry. He can cure you. Maybe you will be more handsome than before."

"Why weren't you angry after being misunderstood," Harold looked at her.

"Why should I?" Stephanie glanced at him, "You didn't mean to do that. It was all my fault. I was too careless to post that photo on Weibo. Moreover, it had nothing to do with you. Don't mind it too much."

"What are you talking about?" Spencer shouted, far away.

"Nothing," Stephanie answered, "He just knew that I was a star and was asking for my signature!"

"Impossible!" Spencer laughed.

Stephanie was stunned and turned to Spencer, "Why?"

Spencer paused for a moment and said, "He already knew who you were, but he didn't ask for your signature at that time. Of course, he will not do now."

"You're right," Stephanie pondered for a moment. Then she stared at Harold and asked, "It's strange. Other people will ask for my signature at the sight of me. Why didn't you do that? Don't you like me?"

Harold was lost for words.

"In the future, we will live under the same roof and can meet every day. Even if you don't like me now, you will like me in the future," Stephanie grabbed her puffy hair and raised her eyebrows, smiling, "I know I am a beauty. Every day I look in a mirror, I will be marvel at my beauty. It will be lucky for my future husband to marry me."

Harold did not say anything.

...

It was October 5th.

After Eliot went to the cake shop to get a cake, he drove to the rehab.

Today was Elsie's birthday.

Elsie looked much better than when she first arrived here. She remained silent and seldom spoke. She just stared in the same direction, looking pale and emotionless.

Putting the cake on the table, Eliot lit the candles and said to her, "Happy birthday!"

For no reason, however, Elsie suddenly got mad and threw the cake into the ground. Then she screamed out and shouted at Eliot. The staff there immediately came to stop her. A doctor gave her the sedative injection. And other people tied her into the bed with bandages to calm her down. Then Elsie was brought away by the staff.

Eliot sat there for a few moments, staring at the mess. Then he got up and left.

Only the butler and Susan were still living in the Britt's. When Eliot passed by on his car, he raised to see the balcony on the second floor. He remembered that Emily would wait for him on the balcony every day in the past. At this, his gaze turned soft. Gone were the sweet days. Eliot would still recall moments of happiness when they lived in the Britt's. He had loved it very much, and the little girl, Emily.

"Aren't you going to the company today?" Sydnee put the lunch on the table and prepared chopsticks for Eliot. She glanced at him and asked, "You seem to be unhappy."

"Today is Elsie's birthday," Eliot looked at her and said, "Do you still remember? On her last birthday ..."

Sydnee smiled and answered, "Yes. How time flies. It has been one year."

"Yes," Eliot walked behind Sydnee and hugged her gently, "It was the most difficult time for me. Fortunately, I met you."

"Life will be better and better in the future," Sydnee held his hand.

"Yes," Eliot kissed her on the cheek, "I know."

After they finished eating, Eliot found on the table a set of study supplies, including books and pens. He asked, "What are these? For your relative's kid?"

"No, it's for Emily. She is in school," Sydnee replied to him without even raising her head. She was busy cleaning the kitchen.

"In school?" Eliot raised his eyebrows in surprise, "Did she go to school?"

"Yes, it has been two days. Don't you know?"

"I don't know."

Sydnee did not say anything.

She covered her mouth and continued to clean the kitchen with her head down.

Eliot intended to call and ask about the situation, but he stopped. He thought that Vincent would take good care of all these, so he didn't need to worry.

However, he still felt restless.

It was as if that Emily would not be as close to him as before. And he would be the last one to know everything about her.

Eliot went to the nearby room to check the yellow dog. It was better with its wounds curing. However, it was still alert when people approached it. It would bare its teeth and bark in a low tone.

After staying here for a few days, Eliot would apply medicine to it and offer it water. It gradually calmed down, but it still feared Eliot.

It reminded Eliot of Emily. When Emily was first sent to the Britt's, she was timid and hid in the corner. She would just stare outside with her eyes full of tears.

"Don't be afraid," Eliot reached out to slowly stroke the yellow dog on its head, just like the moment he had pulled Emily out of the dark cupboard.

He also reached out to touch Emily on her head and said to her, "Don't be afraid."

However, things had changed with the passage of time. When Emily was still a little girl, she would hug Eliot and call him "Brother". Emily was married and in school, but he was the last one to know all these.

Just as Eliot was about to get into the car, he received a message, saying, "Brother, I was in school. Don't worry. I am fine."

He turned back to look at the building and saw Sydnee hiding behind the curtains. Then he smiled speechlessly.

Emily put down her phone and finished her lunch. Then she said to Vincent, "I'm going to school."

"Alright," Vincent put down his teacup and walked out with her.

"Mr. Vincent, you don't have to send me every time," Emily stopped and said, "I think I should live in school in the future. I have to commute from home to school many times. It's troublesome. And it wastes time."

Vincent looked back at Rex, "Contact the teacher and stop her classes. You don't need to go the school."

Emily said, "No, no.. I think it's great that you send me to school every day."

Chapter 739

After Emily rubbed the soft body of the puppy, she washed her hands and slowly got into the car.

Emily's phone rang. It was from Sydnee. Emily answered the call.

"Don't tell him that you sent him a message because I reminded you," Sydnee whispered, "I don't know whether he saw me just now, because I was hiding behind the curtain. I saw him staring at his phone screen for a long time."

Emily smiled, "I think he has already known it."

Sydnee was lost for words.

She sighed, "You know what? Today's Elsie's birthday. He went to see her with a cake. However, Elsie suddenly went crazy and threw the cake on the ground."

Of course, Emily remembered this day.

"He still cares a lot about his family," Sydnee continued.

"Yes."

After Emily hung up the phone, she stared at the phone, thinking about something.

"What's wrong?" Vincent rubbed her head and asked.

"Eliot used to treat me very well," Emily looked out of the window. A moment later, she said softly, "It's the same now."

"Why didn't you tell him you're in school?" Vincent carried her hand with his fingers.

"He promised that he would take me into the school," Emily smiled and added, "I don't want to make him sad. He might feel sorry because he didn't keep his promise."

She looked out the window and said in a soft voice, "I didn't expect that he would be sad even if I didn't tell him."

"Don't think too much about it. Could you understand what teachers taught for the past few days?" Vincent hugged her.

"I couldn't. I couldn't understand all these subjects except Chinese," Emily immediately forgot her sadness and complained.

"Just take them down. I can help you tonight," Vincent said as he stroked her hair.

"Alright." Emily kissed his chin and said, "Just put me off on the roadside instead of the school gate."

Vincent pinched her chin and kissed her, "It's up to you."

There were different kinds of people in Class F in Second High School. Emily tried to keep a low profile by wearing a mask and oversized uniform. Vincent told her not to take off the mask, which was his only requirement for her.

With her long hair covering her cheeks, Emily was wearing a mask and uniform. She had much in common with the students. No one knew that Emily was three or four years older.

Every day she would sit in the front of the classroom and take notes in each class. She would look up to the dictionary whenever she came across new words. Although she was poor in academic performance, her writing was beautiful. However, teachers would not pay much attention to their students. They would leave as soon as they finished the lecture.

Class S and Class A were different from Emily's class. All the teachers would take advantage of the break time. They would finish their lectures seven minutes behind schedule, leaving only three minutes break for students. However, the next class would begin one minute ahead of schedule. Thus, some students couldn't even go to the toilets.

At first, Emily's deskmate showed much interest in her and asked, "Why are you wearing a mask? Are you allergic? Why didn't you speak? Where do you live? What's your name?"

Rex had already arranged it well before Emily came for classes. To keep a low profile, Emily sat down for classes without even making a self-introduction.

Emily's deskmate had asked her several questions in a row, but Emily didn't answer them in detail. Probably her deskmate thought Emily was indifferent, so she didn't speak to her anymore. The deskmate even drew a line between them and wouldn't allow Emily to cross the line.

Emily was speechless.

Fortunately, Emily had also got help from someone kind. The girl was sitting behind Emily. Every time Emily was busy taking notes, she would say to Emily, "Those knowledge points are not for texts."

"Why?" Emily turned around and asked.

"They're too simple." The girl pointed to her own book with red marks on it and said, "These are for the texts."

"How do you know?" Emily asked.

"This is a book I bought from a senior sister. Didn't you find that the book is old? It will be easier to learn and prepare for the exams by focusing on the notes," The girl thought for a while and said, "I can lend it to you. You can mark down the important learning points before returning the book to me."

"Thank you," Emily took the book for that girl.

The girl stared at Emily's ring finger.

Emily was lost for words.

She retracted her hand and said awkwardly, "I, I..."

"I know. Was it a gift given by a boy? Don't worry. As long as you're careful, our teachers will not discover it," the girl said casually.

Emily didn't say anything.

She immediately removed the ring and stuffed it into her pocket. She would make it as a necklace to wear after returning home.

The deskmate looked at her ring and mocked, "It is just a two-yuan cheap ring."

"No, it's very expensive," Emily smiled faintly.

The deskmate seemed to be a little interested in it and said, "Three yuan?"

Emily was speechless.

She held back her words and kept quiet. Emily hadn't known before that Trevor designed the ring given by Vincent. She thought the ring was as priceless as a piece of treasure.

"How are your relations with your classmates?" Vincent asked when they were having dinner, "Is there anything different from what you imagined?"

Emily thought about her deskmate, "Not bad."

"Teachers will rearrange the seats after having a text. You can separate with her if you don't like your deskmate," Rex interrupted, "And you will transfer to a new class after an important examination so that you can transfer to classes at a higher level. There is no need to maintain good relationships with your current classmates."

"Yes."

"You can try to get along with your classmates," Vincent said as he patted Emily on the head.

Emily nodded, "Alright."

"Where's the ring?" Vincent asked as he stared at her hand.

"Here," Emily took out a necklace with the ring on it.

Vincent asked, "Did someone ask you about the ring?"

"Yes, she even said that my ring cost only two yuan." Emily thought of something, and she curled up her lip corners, "I didn't wear my school uniform on the first day. She also asked me how much my clothes were. Before I could answer her, she said that they definitely cost less than 20 yuan."

"Why are you so happy when she said so?" Rex looked at Emily puzzledly.

"Don't you think that it's funny?" Emily laughed, "I even asked her where she could buy clothes that cost no more than twenty yuan. She was so angry that her face turned red."

Rex, "Mrs. Britt, I think that you will soon be isolated by your classmates."

"What? What do you mean?" Emily asked.

Rex was lost for words.

Vincent took out a notebook with many notes on it from Emily's bag and asked, "What is this? Your notebook?"

"Yes. Didn't you ask me to take them down?" Emily was a little embarrassed, "I don't understand all these."

Vincent didn't say anything, just flipping through pages. There were indeed many notes on it.

"Mrs. Britt, was this your third day in school?" Rex was stunned and asked.

"Yes," Emily took out another notebook from her bag, "And I still have another one."

Rex was lost for words.

What Emily wished most was to graduate from high school.. She dared not dream of being enrolled in elite universities like Peking University or Tsinghua University.

Chapter 740

...

Emma and Jaquan's set their wedding on the 15th. They would have a ceremony in the hotel and then they would turn to the cruise ship. Because they had to spend a day and a night on the cruise ship, the group went back early to pack up some necessities. The next day, they directly took their bags and went on the cruise ship.

Cynthia bought vegetables and fruits to Armando's place. No one was in the room, so she opened the door with a spare key under the carpet outside the door, then went into the kitchen to start cooking.

She came here to cook once a week because Janessa did not like to cook, and Armando always ate outside, not at home, so Cynthia did not come often. Except on the weekend, she would buy some food and bring it to refill the refrigerator. After dinner, she would help Armando clean up the room and then go back.

After dinner, she tidied up the living room first. Then, she entered Armando's room. She helped him tidy up his bed. The pillow was a little high, so she pulled it out and patted it. Something fell on the floor. She looked down and was shocked on the spot.

It was a piece of female underwear.

She picked it up and looked at it. She was in shock. Whose was this? No, no, no, how could Armando hide it under his pillow? No, no, no, it was hidden or carelessly ... No, it was placed in such a hidden place, how could it not be hidden ... It was hidden, and it was hidden by him.

How could her son have such a strange hobby? Cynthia was angry and worried for a moment. Then she looked down at the things in her hand and somehow opened the door to Janessa's room. She opened the closet and opened the clothes underneath with trembling hands. Sure enough, she saw a set of underwear, which looked the same as the one in her hands.

Cynthia was so shocked that she directly fell to the ground. Armando ... How could he ... No, impossible ... Cynthia's mind was in a mess, like ten thousand flies flying inside, buzzing.

But nothing was impossible.

Armando had been chasing after Janessa since he was a child. He had not spoken much to his parents for a year at home. He only went home for a few days when Janessa returned.

It was self-revealing.

Cynthia sat on the sofa. She did not know how long she had been sitting there, but there was a noise coming from the door. She turned back in a hurry and saw Armando walking in. "Mom."

Her son was kind of boring. He didn't like to talk and he wasn't likable either. But whatever personality he had, he was the child that she had protected and cared about.

Cynthia looked at him, and tears fell from her face.

Armando had prepared many scenes to face this moment, and he had expected Cynthia to cry, but he still felt a sting in his heart. "Mom, what happened?"

Cynthia took out the underwear on the sofa and asked him, "Tell me, what is this?"

Armando took a look. It was something he had long hidden under the pillow, only waiting to be discovered by Cynthia one day. He was no liar, but for Janessa's sake, he was willing to lie.

He would depict Janessa as an innocent and unstained woman in his story.

"Why did you hide her stuff under your pillow?" Cynthia cried out and questioned, "Armando! I'm asking you a question! Answer me! Why did you hide her stuff there? Do you know what you are doing?"

"I do," Armando said as he took a tissue to wipe her tears.

"When did you start to have such thoughts?" Cynthia asked.

"A long time ago."

"How long ago?" Cynthia trembled.

"Back in middle school," Armando helped her sit on the sofa.

Middle school...

It had been more than ten years.

"Does she know?" asked Cynthia, panting.

"I don't know." "Mom, don't tell anyone in the family. I won't do anything," said Armando, lowering his head.

"No, move out immediately. I'll find a place for her." Cynthia waved her hand.

"Mom, please." Armando held her hand.

"If your grandfather knew it, he would be blown up!" Cynthia looked infuriated. "Move out before things get worse," said Cynthia, her heart pounding.

"Mom, why can't I? I like her. I love her. I want to be with her for the rest of my life."

"Armando, what nonsense are you talking about?" Cynthia was so shocked that she almost couldn't speak. "She ... you... Anyway, you can't. You'll meet a girl you like in the future, but not her."

Armando lowered his head and did not say a word.

Cynthia stood up and took a deep breath. "I will help you pack your things. You will move out tomorrow!"

"Tomorrow, Jaquan will get married. I want to attend," Armando said.

"Then I'll help you pack up. You can just move out." Cynthia went to his room and began to pack his things. Then, she thought that he still had to stay tonight. She stopped again. When she came out, Armando was still standing by the sofa, silent. She couldn't help but advise, "She doesn't like you. Don't go too far. Janessa is experienced and has a lot of lovers. She likes mature men and you are just not her type."

"I know. Mom, I just like her," Armando said in a low voice.

When Cynthia walked out of the community, she just saw a man sending Janessa back. Janessa smiled and waved to the other person through the window. Cynthia looked at the man carefully. He was handsome and gentlemanly. It was Janessa's type. Cynthia felt sour and bitter at the moment. Her silly son bitterly liked a woman who would never love him.

Janessa opened the door and entered the room. She asked Armando on the sofa, "Why did you ask Noah to come and send me?"