

Reborn Baby

Chapter 871

Noah followed behind Ferne. They changed the shoes, took off the coat, and came in to sit down at the dining table. "Is there anything to eat?" Noah asked.

Rex had already gone to the kitchen to prepare dinner for them.

"You guys aren't eating your fill in the hotel and come here for a meal. That's unbelievable," Stephanie sneered.

"Can one eat his fill in the hotel?" Ferne said, "I don't know what's wrong with the chef. He only made one mouthful of food. Noah has to eat at least fifty pieces. That's too much for me."

There was another knock on the door.

It was Christy. She held two sets of dinner in her hands and said, "It's made by Trevor. I'll share it with you."

Rex, who was in the kitchen, breathed a sigh of relief and quickly took the dinner in.

"Thank Trevor for me. I love him." Ferne took his share and pouted at Christy.

Christy stuck out her tongue and pretended to feel disgusted.

"Are you pregnant?" Ferne looked surprised.

"Bug off," Christy scolded him with a smile.

Noah sat there and ate quietly. Stephanie served him a bowl of soup. Noah took it and thanked her, and then continued to eat. He ate in a wild manner, unlike other gentlemen, but had his own charm. It was very attractive, and... He looked very appetizing.

Stephanie couldn't help but stuff food in her mouth. Ferne asked vaguely while eating, "Where's Randy?"

Christy tilted her head and thought for a moment. "I haven't seen him since this morning."

"Maybe he hasn't come back." Ferne laughed vulgarly.

"Focus on your food." Noah shot him a glance.

"Alright."

"Where are you going, by the way?" asked Ferne, looking at Stephanie.

"Oh. This weekend, we plan to go to..." Stephanie looked at Rex. "Where's it?"

Rex replied, "The graffiti wall and the hot spring in the west in Hapisland City."

"Yes." Stephanie snapped her fingers, then looked at Christy, and asked, "Will you come with us?"

"Of course!" Ferne was excited. "We haven't gone out to play together for a long time. I only went to the hot spring with you once, and I didn't go to the guest house with you the last time. It's a pity."

"The guest house? I've lived in that place before. It doesn't seem to be fun," Stephanie said, resting her chin in her hand.

"You couldn't enjoy it when you were filming," Ferne mumbled as he was eating. "You can only enjoy the time when you are with friends."

Ferne sprayed food on Noah's face. He managed to hold back his laughter and took a towel to wipe Noah's face. "I'm sorry. Don't be angry. Come on. Smile. It's not cute to keep a straight face. Smile."

The atmosphere suddenly got strange.

After Ferne wiped Noah's face, he realized that the atmosphere was strange. When he turned around, Ferne found that everyone was looking at him. "What... What's wrong?" Ferne asked nervously.

"Nothing," Christy pursed her lips and tried her best not to laugh.

Emily continued to eat.

Stephanie was taking a video on her phone and laughing as she recorded it.

Ferne was speechless.

After dinner, Ferne received a call. He glanced at Noah, then went into the bathroom to answer the phone.

"Ferne, I found the five people you asked me to look for. They were just discharged from the hospital, and now we have caught them. They confessed to me what they had done in the past and I taught them a good lesson. Moreover, the crimes they have committed would put them in jail for many years. Don't worry."

"Thanks. I'll reward you." Ferne finally felt relieved. When Noah came back injured, Ferne was so furious. If Noah had not stopped him that day, Ferne would have killed those people.

"You're welcome."

Ferne chatted for a while before he hung up.

After dinner, everyone came out of Vincent's. Stephanie followed Christy to the guest room. Noah and Ferne walked slowly behind.

"Who is it?" Noah asked.

"Just a friend." Ferne walked with ease.

Noah glanced at him and said, "You're in a good mood."

"Have I been in a bad mood?"

Noah didn't know what to answer.

"Do you really want to know who called me?" asked Ferne.

"No," Noah said coldly.

"Come on. You want to know that."

"Get away." Noah ignored him.

"Am I right?"

"Get away."

"Don't be so mean."

Noah didn't want to talk to Ferne.

Chapter 872

Randy was shocked when he woke up and found that the person sleeping beside him was not there. He went out of the room quickly on bare feet.

It was bone-piercingly cold in the corridor. Randy happened to be caught in the draught, and his limbs were stiff and numb. He hurriedly jumped to the last floor. But as soon as he stepped out of the corridor, he saw Lord Top carrying a few boxes back.

Lord Top's hair was cut short. Just like before, she had a cool hairstyle. She might be deemed as a handsome young man from afar. Wearing a black down jacket, she looked like a fair lady.

"Captain Randy?" When she approached, Lord Top saw Randy standing there in a daze. He didn't wear shoes, nor did he wear a shirt, and his lips were pale from the cold.

Lord Top took off her down jacket and put it on Randy. "Why did you come out without clothes on?"

Randy held her hand and put the down jacket back on her. "I didn't see you when I woke up," he said in a trembling voice.

"I went to buy food." Lord Top raised the bag in her hand. But Randy said with a grievance, "I thought that you left me."

Lord Top was speechless.

When someone passed by the door and saw Randy standing there without clothes on, he shouted, "Awesome!"

"Let's go back." Lord Top pushed him back.

Randy then rushed back with Lord Top. When they were about to reach the door, he said with his teeth chattering, "I... I didn't bring the key."

"I did." Lord Top opened the door and helped him in. After putting down the bag, she went to the bathroom. Randy grabbed her hand and asked, "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the bathroom." Lord Top looked at him helplessly and said, "Captain, I'm not leaving."

"Oh." Randy let out a sigh of relief and released her hand.

Lord Top went to the bathroom and brought out a basin of hot water. She first used a hot towel to wipe Randy's face and hands. Then she changed the hot water and let Randy soak his feet. After that, she went to the kitchen to make ginger soup.

"Can you cook?" Randy sat on the sofa wrapped in a blanket. He twisted his body and looked awkwardly at the kitchen.

"A little bit." Lord Top finished cutting the ginger and opened the refrigerator. She did not find any cola, so she put in some sugar.

"Why did you cut your hair?" Randy stretched his neck and asked.

Lord Top paused. "I think it's more convenient."

Lord Top would rather be mistaken for a boy than being involved in other people's relationships. Miya sounded an alarm. If she attracted many boys in school because of her face, Lord Top might as well be a boy from the beginning, which would make the boys give up chasing her.

Lord Top put on her coat again, and she looked no different from a boy from behind, except that she was slender.

Randy looked at her back and said slowly, "You make me feel like I'm gay."

Lord Top didn't know what to say.

"But it looks good. You're beautiful in any hairstyle." Randy wiped his feet clean. Then, he wrapped himself in a blanket and walked to the kitchen, hugging Lord Top.

Randy was fond of beautiful legs. He loved beautiful girls, but he had a certain obsession with fair legs.

Lord Top slapped his hand away. After a while, she slapped his hand away again.

A moment later, Lord Top finally said, "Captain Randy..."

"What's wrong?" Randy played dumb shamelessly.

When Lord Top got up from her bed in the afternoon, she found that her legs were covered with fingerprints, and more were hickeys.

"The ginger soup is ready." Lord Top went into the kitchen and got the soup.

"It's still very hot." Randy stuck to her.

"Then drink it when it gets cold. I had to read books later," Lord Top said as she patted his hand away.

"Stay with me for a while longer." Randy rested his chin on her shoulder pitifully.

"Alright, I'll stay with you for another five minutes," Lord Top said, glancing at her watch.

Randy quickly threw the blanket away, picked up Lord Top by the waist, and walked to the bedroom.

Lord Top was shocked. "Wait a minute, Captain Randy. Where are we going? What... What are you doing?"

"What do you think?" Randy kicked the door close.

Lord Top was speechless.

Randy had to hurry up.

"Vincent... Can't we rest for a while?" Emily was lying on the floor, panting heavily.

Emily was wearing a simple long-sleeved shirt with her hair tied up, looking very brisk. However, she was lying on the ground with sweat all over her face.

Rex was also lying on the ground tiredly. As a training partner, he did not dare to be too ruthless to Emily. But he did not dare to throw the game. Therefore, every time he fought with Emily, Rex had to compromise with his real strength. It was more painful than being beaten up by the guards.

Vincent walked straight over and squatted on the ground.. He hooked up Emily's chin and said in a low voice, "If you want to rest, you can't have a rest tonight."

Chapter 873

Emily immediately sat up and gave him a fake smile. "I'm alright."

Rex had no choice but to get up from the ground.

Emily had been in the studio for too long. Her waist was sore and her back was aching. Vincent temporarily took her paintbrush and paint away. He asked her to train with Rex these days.

Emily felt that she was good at it, so she began to challenge Rex. As a result, the two of them had been fighting for more than ten minutes, and with Rex's intentional failure, the two of them could be considered to have fought to a draw.

The guards, who were watching from the side, seemed to be unable to take it anymore, and the guards were watching them with confusion.

Rex wiped his sweat with a tissue and whispered to Emily, "Why don't you punch harder later? I'll pretend to faint on the spot."

Emily looked at Vincent, who had already sat back on the sofa, and said somewhat guiltily, "Not good, I guess?"

"Nothing bad." Rex pointed at his face. "You will hit me here later, and then I will flip over and pass out. It will be over."

Emily looked at her fist and felt that this suggestion was too unrealistic, so she made another suggestion. "Why don't I do this later..."

She looked down and glanced at Rex's pants.

Rex quickly clamped his legs and put his hands together. "Please spare me. I don't have a girlfriend yet. I haven't married and had a child yet..."

Emily was lost for word.

"What are you two talking about?" Vincent raised his eyebrows in displeasure.

Emily squeezed a cute smile at him. "Nothing."

After turning around, she said to Rex, "Isn't there Supreme Ultimate? Come, let's do that."

Rex was speechless.

Therefore, in the next second, Emily and Rex drew circles with their hands facing each other ... The two drew circles around each other's hands, and just like that, they did it for three whole minutes.

The guards were speechless as well.

Guard 1 whispered, "What the hell are they doing?"

Guard 2 replied, "Supreme Ultimate?"

Guard 3 whispered, "I almost thought that they were going to dance, but it turned out to be Supreme Ultimate?"

Guard 4 laughed.

Vincent looked at this scene with a long face. Finally, Emily felt that she couldn't stand that gaze anymore, so she suddenly got close to Rex. Rex was shocked by her and quickly retreated. Then he tripped over her leg and fell to the ground.

"Bravo!" The guards applauded.

Rex was lying on the ground with confusion.

Vincent got up from the sofa, took off his suit jacket, and said to Rex and the guards, "You could leave."

Emily was scared to death. She quickly pulled the guards and wanted to go out with them. However, Vincent picked her up with one hand. The ground was covered with a thick wool carpet. Emily was not wearing shoes and was only wearing a pair of white socks. She was gently placed on the carpet and could only look up at Vincent innocently.

"Your physique is too poor. Why aren't you exercising?" Vincent wiped the sweat off her forehead.

Emily was unconvinced. "Who doesn't exercise? I do it every day."

"A few minutes of training is not enough."

"Originally, it was enough, but every night you..." Emily puffed her cheeks. Her skin was wet with sweat. At that moment, her face was a little red. "Anyway, it was enough. And my physique is also good. You made it poor."

"Me?" Vincent looked at her with his dark eyes.

Emily gritted his teeth and said, "I did."

"Then why aren't you getting up? Do you want me to help you?" Vincent tucked her long hair behind her ear and asked in a low voice that carried an erotic sense in it. "Do you want me to help you?"

If he were to help her, it wouldn't be the same as helping her, and she would be carried to the room later.

Emily quickly stood up and found that Vincent had taken off his suit jacket and was only wearing a black shirt.

"Are you going to teach me personally?" Emily was a little surprised.

Ever since Vincent had returned from Emerald Island, Emily had been trained by Rex and the guards. Occasionally, Vincent would watch from the side and give suggestions a few times, but he had never done it personally. Given that his leg had not yet healed, and his muscles had atrophied, he could not do too much high-intensity training for the moment.

Vincent rolled up a sleeve, revealing his strong forearm. He glanced at her. "Wrong, I came to check your homework."

Emily felt upset instantly. She now had a shadow over homework. In the past, she read books day and night. Since the holiday, she had been relaxed and comfortable. She almost forgot about going to school. Now that Vincent reminded her, she remembered that there were more than ten papers and a set of homework unfinished on the desk.

"Do you need time to prepare?" Vincent stood up and raised his eyebrows.

Emily glanced at his leg. "Is your leg alright?"

"It's fine."

Emily kept thinking of retreating. She knew that Rex was just letting her win, and she definitely couldn't beat Vincent. She had no choice but to take a roundabout approach and care about his leg. "Don't pretend to be okay."

"It is indeed okay." Vincent looked at her and said, "You should know it very clearly at night."

Emily was speechless.

Emily couldn't reply.

She waved his fist and rushed toward Vincent.

Chapter 874

"You are not punching hard enough." Vincent caught Emily's fist without dodging and gave her a little pull. Emily fell into his arms. Raising his eyebrows, Vincent slid his palm from Emily's legs to her waist and then his index finger from her waist to her chest. It was then he leaned against Emily's ear to whisper, "Full of flaws."

Emily pushed Vincent away in embarrassment before striking the next round of attacks.

The guards at the door shook their heads as they watched.

"Guard A: No wonder we got kicked out. They are basically making out!"

"Guard B: Mr. Vincent does take pains to take care of Mrs. Emily."

"Guard C: Look, Mrs. Emily's face flushed bright red."

"Guard D: Men."

Rex was lost for words.

That night, Vincent got locked outside. He knocked on the door and yelled at Emily, "Open the door."

"You meanie! You didn't go easy on me at all!" Emily fumed, standing on the bed with her hands on her hips. "You will sleep in the study room tonight. Don't come into my room."

The guards and Rex were eating ice cream at the door, watching the show.

Vincent suddenly shot a glare over, and the ice cream fell off from the hands of the guards.

The guards were left speechless.

"Allow me!" Rex volunteered.

"No need, I will sleep in the study," Vincent said dryly.

Rex was shocked. "Mr. Vincent, are you sure? It's freezing!"

"It's not like there's no heater in the study. Why make such a big deal about it?" Emily thought to herself.

Emily leaned against the door and eavesdropped on the conversation.

Rex continued, "The air-conditioning in the study room is broken. I haven't asked anyone to fix it yet."

"It's fine." Vincent was on his way towards the study.

Rex sighed at the door, "Mr. Vincent's legs haven't recovered yet. How could he sleep in such a cold place."

And the footsteps faded away.

Emily pressed against the door for a while before figuring no one was out there. She climbed into the bed.

She would not fall for it. Rex was definitely putting on an act.

Emily tossed and turned for a few minutes. She looked at the clock. It was already half-past ten in the night. Vincent would normally sit and read by the bed at this time, while Emily read picture books in his cuddle.

When Emily saw a nice picture, she would poke Vincent's arm to show him, and then the two of them would smile together.

Emily pouted as she paced the floor. She pressed her ear against the door again for a while before She finally gently opened the door. Emily only opened an inch. She waited, and nothing happened. Wasn't Vincent at the door?

She quietly poked her head out. There was indeed no one outside.

Emily opened the door and walked out. She stepped on the soft light of the floor lamp and walked to the living room. There was no one on the sofa or in the kitchen, and the study door was closed.

Did Vincent really sleep in the study room?

Emily was about to go to the study when she was suddenly shocked by the four shadows by the wall. She gripped her chest and looked at the guards who were hanging upside down on the wall. "Why aren't you sleeping?" Emily whispered.

Guard A said aggrievedly, "I was punished for eating the ice cream."

"Vincent doesn't even let you eat the ice cream?" Emily was surprised.

Guard B added, "It was because we were making fun of Mr. Vincent."

"What was it about?" Emily looked blank.

The four guards all looked at her.

Emily pointed at herself. "Me? What have I done..." Just then, she remembered how she had just locked Vincent outside of the room. Emily scratched her head awkwardly. "Well... you guys continue."

"Mrs. Emily, aren't you going to talk Mr. Vincent back to the bedroom?" guard C asked.

Emily gave a small cough. "No, I came out just to take a walk."

"Yeah, right. All Women do is lie," said Guard D.

Emily was choked with words.

On half of her way back, Emily recalled something and turned around to stare at guard D. "I remember the saying is "All men do is lie.""

Guard D humphed. "They are all the same."

Emily was silenced.

Emily was so angry that she quickly went to the kitchen to get ice cream. She sat on the carpet and enjoyed the ice cream before the four upside-down guards.

It was the guards' turn losing for words.

"I think the vanilla one is not as good as the mango one." It was not enough just to eat; Emily began to comment on the taste, "The peach one is a bit too sweet, but the mango one avoids that by mixing the natural taste of mango with the sweetness. Plus, the chocolate added just the right amount. Wow, you can smell the sweet aroma of cream when you breathe, with a light fruity scent..."

"That's enough!" guard D came down from the wall and lifted Emily up, throwing her into the study once he opened the door. He even managed to snatch the remaining ice cream from Emily's hand.

There was dead silence.

Chapter 875

Emily looked blankly at her hand see nothing. After the door was closed, the study was dark, and she could not see anything.

"Mr. Vincent?"

She tried to find the switch on the wall but failed. She touched a cool hand. She was so frightened that she cried out in a low voice.

Emily was held by that hand and she fell into Vincent's arms. Vincent chuckled in the darkness and said, "What are you doing here if you're so afraid?"

Emily relieved and responded, "What are you standing here for?"

"Waiting for you." Vincent hugged her and rested his chin on her head.

Emily lay in his arms and muttered softly, "What if I didn't come?"

"But you're here, right?" When Emily heard Vincent's low voice, she could not help but smile. She said, "Mr. Vincent."

"What?"

Emily was about to speak, but she realized that the study room had a heater.

"Rex! He lied to me!" she snapped.

"Yes, he lied to you," Vincent replied.

"I'm going to beat him up tomorrow," Emily said, waving her little fists.

"Alright, I'll support you," Vincent said.

Rex, who was already lying down on the bed, suddenly sneezed. He touched his nose and said, "I have a bad feeling..."

Emily put her head into Vincent's arm and complained, "You beat me today. It hurts a lot."

Vincent knew that she was acting like a spoiled child, but he still asked with concern, "Where?"

Emily thought for a moment and replied, "My whole body."

"Then I'll give you a massage." Vincent raised his hand and touched her.

Emily quickly pushed his hand away. "Don't."

"Then what should I do?" Vincent asked in a low voice as his thin lips brushed past her ears.

Emily thought for a moment and said excitedly, "I want to draw something I haven't done before."

"What?" Vincent felt something was wrong.

"You know what I mean."

Vincent was speechless.

Ten minutes later, in the studio.

Vincent sat naked on the sofa and looked at Emily who was sitting in front of the easel expressionlessly.

Emily put all the painting tools on the table, then picked out a pen. She stared at Vincent for a moment and said, "Mr. Vincent, can you relax yourself a little bit?"

He looked too nervous.

Although Vincent regretted agreeing with her, he could only sigh at this moment. He leaned back on the sofa with ease and then propped his head up with one hand. He stared straight at Emily with his dark and deep eyes.

However, at this moment, Emily was adjusting his color. After she gazed at Vincent, she continued to lower her head to check her color. She did not notice how attractive Vincent was.

"I wanted to draw this after seeing the Titanic, but the people I wanted to draw were all busy..." Emily finally finished adjusting the color and placed the color plate on the table. Then she looked at Vincent and found that Vincent was really handsome. There was a strand of hair on his forehead, but it did not cover his dark eyebrows. His nose was straight and his lips were thin. At this moment, he was lying on the sofa. He had defined muscles. Vincent had his long legs crossed and his posture was leisurely and lazy, but he showed an invisible power.

Emily was stunned.

"Who else do you want to find?" Vincent asked.

"Noah." Her gaze lingered on Vincent's pectoral muscles, and she did not forget to add, "And Rex."

Rex, who was already asleep, sneezed again. He covered himself with the quilt and tried to hypnotize himself, "Nothing! Nothing will happen! Rex, you are the best! Yes!"

Vincent smiled slightly and said with a strange voice, "Is that so? They have good figures?"

Emily was almost bewitched. "Yes." She nodded and realized that something was wrong. "No, no, no, it's not as good as yours."

"How do you know?" Vincent raised his eyebrows and stared straight into her eyes.

Emily paused.

This wasn't an easy question.

"No, I haven't seen their bodies before. It was just an idea." She raised her hand.

Vincent raised his chin and said, "If you want to think of someone's body in the future, it can only be me."

"Alright. I will." Emily smiled ingratiatingly at him, then she took a blanket and draped it over him, "Cover yourself first. You can take it down after I finish drawing."

Vincent did not move. He just looked at her and said, "Next time it's your turn."

Emily didn't understand.

"Next time, it's your turn to sit here." Vincent reached out and pinched her cheek, then lowered his voice, "Naked."

Emily was stunned.

At two o'clock in the evening, Emily finished her drawing. She rubbed her eyes and walked to Vincent. She said with a low voice since she was so sleepy, "Mr. Vincent, the painting is done."

"Let's go to bed first. We'll talk about it tomorrow," Vincent said as he hugged her.

"Okay." Emily hugged his neck and kissed his chin. Then, she leaned on his shoulder and closed her eyes.

Vincent carried her out. When he reached the door and looked down, she was already asleep.

The guards came in to clean up and lifted the sofa outside. When they passed by the easel, all four of them stopped.

Guard A said, "What did I see?"

Guard B said, "Mr. Vincent's nude picture!"

Guard C said, "Oh my god! Mr. Vincent has a good figure."

Guard D said, "I've taken a picture."

Guard A was stunned.

Guard B was speechless.

So as Guard C.

Chapter 876

Emily and the others didn't meet Randy and Lord Top until Sunday.

Ever since Lord Top went abroad to participate in a competition, Emily had not seen her again. It was the first time that Stephanie had seen the Lord Top, but she had actually seen Randy's team members when she was in the hospital. However, Stephanie had not noticed it at all. This was the first time Stephanie had seen the Lord Top. Lord Top was dressed in a black down jacket, and she had short hair. Given such a style, Lord Top looked like a boy.

Stephanie even screamed when she saw Randy coming out with Lord Top's arm in his hand. When Stephanie went to the restroom and found that the Lord Top was there as well, she rushed to Emily in astonishment and said, "That man just entered the women's restroom!"

Emily sighed.

"Lord Top is a girl," said Emily.

Stephanie was shocked deeply "My goodness! How could it be! She looks totally like a boy! Cool and handsome! I was thinking that they could make a good match!"

"They?" Emily didn't understand.

"Randy and Lord Top! I thought they were like Noah and, well, Ferne," added Shana in a low voice.

"Girl..."

The graffiti wall to the west of Happendland City was more than twenty meters long, but it was divided into two sides, the east and the west. There was a total of more than forty meters long graffiti wall for people to paint on freely.

Among all the people, Emily was the only one who loved painting. The others were purely there to watch the show. But when they saw that the two walls were covered in all kinds of strange paintings, they were all eager to give it a try.

The wall was wide, and there were many ladders set up on the side. Clearly, there were many people who would come here to paint and play. Emily chose a white wall, and there were small buckets and brushes beside her feet. She held a big marker pen in her hand and was standing near the wall, thinking.

Vincent took a lot of colorful spray paint from Rex and put them beside her feet. He stood with her and looked at the white wall.

Emily whispered in Vincent's ear, "I'd really love to draw a picture of you on it, Mr. Vincent."

Vincent found it funny, but his smile froze when Emily continued, "A naked one."

Vincent's smile vanished.

"Just joking!" Emily laughed.

Emily hid the painting of Vincent in the bedroom the next day. Although she wanted to frame it and hang it in the bedroom, it would make the atmosphere too horny. She had to hide it in the wardrobe in the bedroom so that she could see it every day she opened the wardrobe for clothes.

Hand placed on the waist, Rex sat down on a bench nearby. He thought a consensus with Emily had been reached in the training a few days ago. Unexpectedly, Emily mercilessly threw him over her shoulder in the training and almost broke his spine.

"She's just so cunning!"

Emily was like a professional actress. In the beginning, all her moves were slow and harmless, yet Emily threw Rex over the shoulder without any warning.

Rex rested on the bench, watching Vincent and Emily standing there talking and laughing. The look on Rex's face told that he hated being left alone like this.

Suddenly, they heard an intimidating voice, "What the hell are you doing here?"

Emily turned around and saw a group of people wearing colorful jackets. There were men and women, all of them had their hair dyed. Some were yellow, some were wine red, and some were blue.

A blue-haired man walked over and stared at Emma and Janessa. He glanced at the paint spray in their hands and said, "This place is ours! Pack your stuff and get lost!"

There was a girl with wine-red hair. She had thick makeup on and looked petite. She was shorter than Emily. It was winter, yet she wore a slip dress and a green jacket. There was a row of holes in her ears. She sized up Emma and Janessa from head to toe, as well as Stephanie and Christy who were standing aside. She passed through the crowd and saw Emily standing by the wall. She said to the man beside her in surprise, "Joseph, these chicks are all quite beautiful."

The blue-haired man called Joseph had already noticed it when he came over. It surprised him that Vincent looked like an elite and the women around Vincent were all beautiful.

Seeing Joseph and his group come over, none of the girls around Vincent showed any fear. All of them looked over indifferently as if they didn't take them seriously.

"Can't you see that the men here are very handsome?" said a girl with yellow hair. She was sexy and had a nose ring and her lips were painted purple. She was wearing a purple jacket and a white tight suit under it, revealing her waist. There seemed to be something like a diamond in her navel. Looking at it from afar, it was shining.

"I saw it. That one over there is the best of them all. I like him!" The girl with wine-red hair smiled and glanced at Vincent.

Vincent frowned slightly. He and Emily weren't wearing masks today.

Emily stepped in front of Vincent, but she was too short to block the view of Vincent's body. She frowned and looked back at Vincent, "Squat down, Mr. Vincent."

Vincent shrugged.

Joseph spoke, "This is our place! You can join us if you want to, but the girls have to have fun with us."

"You'd better think twice before you speak!" sneered Ferne.

Chapter 877

Meanwhile, Jaquan walked in the direction of Vincent while protecting Emma. Armando also helped Janessa walk in that direction. When the two men arrived in front of Vincent, they both said, "Vincent, we'll leave it to you."

Vincent was surprised.

Given that something might be wrong, Stephanie quickly put on a mask and hid behind Emily. Lord Top was still sleepy, and Randy pulled her toward Vincent. Christy and Noah stood there and just glanced at the people in front of them.

There were only a dozen or so people on the other party. They were pretty even.

"What? You want to fight?" Joseph spat on the ground, and they were at loggerheads as if they were about to fight the next second.

Christy wanted to step forward but was stopped. It was Trevor. He pulled Christy and said, "Don't go. Just stay here."

"There are a lot of people in the dark. We don't need to move." Christy explained, "I just want to fish for information and drive away the onlookers."

"Well, I'll go with you." Trevor held Christy's hand.

"Alright." Christy smiled.

The moment the two of them moved forward, Joseph and his group suddenly turned around and disappeared in a corner not far ahead. Christy and the others looked at each other in dismay, while Emily frowned as she looked in the direction those people ran away.

Janessa leaned against Vincent's exclusive sofa and asked, "What happened? I thought you were going to fight."

Emma said, "If they wanted to fight, they would choose some tools. But people like them are too weak. The more powerless they are, the more likely they would use tools."

Noah heard Emma's words and glanced at her. Unexpectedly, at the same time, Ferne also looked at Emma. Then Noah and Ferne looked away from Emma and looked at each other.

"Have you also thought of what happened in Forest Park?" whispered Ferne.

Noah didn't deny it.

Noah had known how powerful Emma was on the cruise ship. He had to admit that Emma was born an Alberton, but Emma hid it well. Perhaps Emma hated violence and blood, so she wasn't as violent as others in the Alberton family.

Jaquan shouted at Emma, "Stand further away later. Don't be afraid."

Emma smiled and nodded.

"Are you very good at fighting?" asked Janessa.

"Just so-so," Emma said.

"I don't believe it. You said that you didn't sing well, but the moment you sang, I was touched by your singing. Now you say that you aren't good at fighting. I suspect that you are better than your husband." Janessa looked at Emily after she finished speaking. "What do you think?"

Emily nodded. "I think what you said makes sense."

Emma was speechless.

Just like what Emma said, Joseph and others pulled out pieces of wood from some unknown place. They rushed over in a threatening manner.

Lord Top finally got sober. When Lord Top looked up to Randy, she saw Janessa turn to look at her and ask, "Are you afraid of fighting?"

Lord Top thought for a moment and shook her head.

"Could you help me record later?" Janessa offered her phone.

Lord Top was shocked.

"Don't be rash," Emma said as she pressed down on Janessa's hand.

Janessa covered her mouth and smiled. Recently, she had been wearing no makeup. She was very beautiful. Janessa wore a white down jacket, and her long hair was scattered. Janessa looked very gentle, but her words were harsh. "Come on! I won't go there. I don't know how to fight. I just want to see how strong Armando is."

Words failed Emma.

The bodyguards of the Alberton family and Vincent's guards in the dark all jumped out the moment Joseph rushed in front of them. Ferne shouted, "Wait a minute. We haven't fought for a long time. Let's warm up first!"

Then those guards stopped in time and dodged to the side of the wall. They just waited and watched.

The bodyguards of the Alberton family each had a handful of pine nuts, walnuts, and pistachio nuts. Vincent's guards just had some melon seeds and got envious.

Guard A said, "Hi, bro of the Alberton family, as the saying goes, sharing brings happiness. Why don't you share some with us?"

Bodyguard A said, "You're ugly. No."

Guard A said, "Shit! Guys, he said we're ugly."

Guard D said, "No, he said you're ugly."

Guard A was speechless.

Guard D said, "The melon seeds are very tasty. It was from the Cloud Temple, and those seeds are christened. Mr. Vincent wouldn't give us some ordinary melon seeds. Don't share with them. Those melon seeds are precious."

The bodyguards of the Alberton family looked at each other. Then each of them took out some pine nuts, walnuts, and pistachio nuts and handed them to Guard D.

Guard D counted the melon seeds in his hand and finally gave each of those bodyguards one seed.

The bodyguards were stunned.

But they did not say anything.

They ate the melon seeds and didn't taste something different. They just thought the melon seeds were quite ordinary. But they felt the seeds were better than usual for no reason.

Vincent's guards all took out their phones and opened WeChat.

Guard A sent a message. "Why didn't I know that the melon seeds were from the Cloud Temple?"

Guard B followed. "And they were christened?"

Guard C said, "Where is the Cloud Temple? Which of you have been there?"

Guard D replied, "Well, I made it up."

Vincent's guards turned to look at the bodyguards of the Alberton family who were tasting the melon seed and showed sympathy.

Then those guards roared at Guard D on WeChat.

Guard A said, "Shame on you!"

Guard B followed. "Shame!"

Guard C said, "Give me some!"

Guard D said, "No way."

Those guards were speechless.

Chapter 878

The wound on Noah's arm had just scabbed not long ago. Ferne shouted at Noah as Ferne fought with Joseph's group, "Noah, go away. You're injured. Don't play the hero."

Someone swayed a wooden stick toward Noah. Noah caught it with one hand, slapped the person away with a backhand, and said in a calm voice, "I can beat them with one hand."

"Right. Of course you can," said Ferne scornfully.

Jaquan's opponent was a girl. Jaquan yanked the wooden stick out of the girl's hand. The girl let out a fake cry. Jaquan did not feel any pity at all. He grabbed the girl by the collar and slammed her to the wall. Jaquan said, "Try this again. I won't be so polite next time."

The crowd was a mix of men and women. They fought each other without any methods or senses of beauty. Armando was very careful during the fight. Armando did not cripple people, but he could beat people to the ground and make sure that they stayed down. Janessa stood behind Armando and watched him closely. Janessa was worried that Armando would get hurt, but Janessa also wanted to see how powerful Armando was.

After Armando stacked several fainted men together, he said, "Hurry up and leave. Don't waste our time."

When the girls realized that their helpers were defeated, they all ran out and tried to spin the truth. The girls glared at Armando and Jaquan and said accusingly with tears, "This is our territory. It was you who came to seize our territory."

"Did you own this place?" Ferne released the person in his hand and turned to ask.

Joseph was beaten to the point where he had no strength to fight back. Honestly, Joseph had been utterly humiliated. Yet, when Joseph saw Ferne turn around, Joseph immediately picked up a wooden stick from the ground and smashed it straight at the back of Ferne's head.

Unexpectedly, Joseph's sneak attack was intercepted halfway. A hand came out of nowhere and grabbed the wooden stick. The person smashed the stick down with a backhand.

Joseph was so scared that he stumbled backward hastily.

Noah did not show any mercy and hit Joseph's right arm directly.

"Fuck! My hand! You crippled me! You have to compensate me!" Joseph lay on the ground and wailed, "I'm a promising printer. You crippled me! Just you wait. You have to compensate me!"

Ferne did not see what happened behind him. Therefore, Ferne thought that Noah had smashed Joseph's arm in the fight and immediately scolded Joseph, who was on the ground, "Compensate my ass. You deliberately came to pick a fight. It is clear that you deserve it. Now that you lost, you want money? Let me tell you, you have picked the right person to frame. I love it when people think they can rip me off. Come on. Let's go to the police station. Let's report this to the police."

When those men heard Ferne say that he was going to the police station, they immediately flinched. Joseph also looked hesitant.

"But you hurt our people." The dark-red-haired girl from before ran out to look at Ferne and said, "You injured Joseph's hand. Do you see the wall behind you? The graffiti on it was drawn by him. He is going to be a graffiti master in the future!"

Emily looked at the wall opposite her. The graffiti on it was slightly abstract. A twisted human face was being shrunk into the black hole. Perhaps Joseph wanted to imitate the abstract style of the western painter. But the painting he presented was meaningless. It was dark and distorted, but there wasn't a story.

"If he can be a freaking graffiti master, I can too!" Ferne took the spray paint and sprayed it on the human face on the wall. The main body of the wall was black. Ferne took a bottle of red paint and sprayed it across the wall casually. Jaquan also took a green bottle and started spraying. Janessa rushed over with a bottle of yellow paint. Emma thought for a moment before taking a bottle and joining them.

Thus, they surrounded a wall and sprayed paints all over it. Dozens of seconds later, Joseph's graffiti was destroyed. Now, the wall was only filled with a mixture of colors. It was ugly and hard to look at.

Ferne admired his own work. "Not bad. It looks much better than your previous work."

Jaquan and Noah heard these shameless words and could not help but turn away.

Although Janessa felt that it was equally ugly, he still agreed with Ferne, "I feel the same."

Emma was silent.

Emily clapped her hands. "I think that it is quite good too."

Joseph was so angry that he almost fainted.

"Not only did you hit me, you even ruined my work!" Joseph lay on the ground and shouted, "You guys are going too far!"

"That's right! You guys are going too far!" A few girls also stepped forward and shouted, "Bullying is not something you should be proud of!"

"Yeah, if you are really good, you can fight us one on one!" The plump yellow-haired girl shouted. Her nose ring swayed slightly while she tilted her chin high.

"We can't beat them..." Someone whispered. But the yellow-haired girl said, "Although we can't beat them, we can challenge them to a one-on-one drawing match."

The blond girl raised her voice, "If you win, this is your territory. If we win, then please leave this place as soon as possible."

"Yes!" the others echoed. "Solo drawing!"

Ferne raised his hand. "I object! This is not fair at all. Are you competing with us because we don't know how to draw at all?"

"Since you don't know how to draw, why are you here? Since you are here, either you compete or leave now," the yellow-haired girl shouted. "By the way, you have to apologize if you lose. And you have to take Joseph to the hospital."

"Yes! That's how it should be!" the other girls agreed.

Joseph, who was on the ground, did not say a word and seemed to agree with this proposal.

Ferne didn't expect to get into trouble. He was out to have fun. Ferne scratched the back of his head and looked at Emily, who was standing in the furthest end. "What do you think, Emily?"

Emily walked out of the crowd and stood in front of Joseph and the others before saying, "Alright."

Noah was well aware of the injury to Joseph's arm. When Noah smashed it, Noah had controlled his strength and was careful not to break the bone. Joseph would only feel pain from time to time. There was a patch of bruises on the surface. Joseph's skin was faintly purple. Joseph sat on the ground, cradling his right hand. Several girls surrounded him to discuss who should compete in the drawing solo.

There were several men who were painting the walls with white paint.

Emily stood there and looked at the twenty-meter-long wall. It was covered with all kinds of strange graffiti. Some were cute and childish. Some were mature. Many of them were scenic paintings, such as balloons, elephants, tigers, and other animals. There were also some abstract paintings that normal people could not tell what the contents were.

Not long after, Joseph and the girls came to an agreement. Because Joseph's hand was injured, the yellow-haired girl would be their representative for the match. The yellow-haired girl stood in front of Emily. The girl glanced at them and asked, "Which of you will come out and compete with me?"

"Me." Emily raised her hand slightly.

The yellow-haired burst into laughter at Emily's reply. The girl turned to the group of people behind her and said with a smile, "They actually sent a shorty. Is she even over 18?"

Emily waited for the girl to finish laughing before asking, "What are the rules?"

Chapter 879

"There are no rules. Draw whatever you like." The yellow-haired girl pointed to the wall and said, "You can draw as big as you want, as long as you can finish it within the limited time."

"How do we tell the winner?" Emily asked.

The yellow-haired girl smiled with a proud and confident face, saying, "There is no doubt that who draws better will be the winner."

"Who can be the one to judge?" Emily asked again.

"The passengers." The yellow-haired girl pointed at the passers-by behind Emily. "The passengers can vote for the one they favor. The winner will be the one who gets more likes."

Ferne couldn't resist and interrupted her, "You guys come here a lot. How can we know whether the passengers are your accomplices?"

Joseph, who had already stood up, said impatiently, "Then you can choose to give up and leave now."

"Yeah, why do you waste your time joining in the competition? You don't even know how to draw, yet you're here to snatch our territory," the yellow-haired girl echoed.

"Your territory?" Ferne looked at the yellow-haired girl with disdain, "Big face bitch, do you think that this whole street is your property?"

The yellow-haired girl's smug smile immediately disappeared. "How did you just call me?"

"I called you a big face bitch. You're so fat, but you are still wearing such scanty clothes. Are you eager to show off your fat?" "Look at your obese waist. Tsk, I wonder what your family is like. Judging from your figure, you should at least have a cow for a meal, right?" Ferne scolded as he glanced at her stomach.

The yellow-haired girl trembled with anger. "... You!"

"Cathy, don't even talk to him. We will definitely win this game," the girl with red hair comforted her.

Ferne patted Noah on the shoulder with much strength. Nobody knew what entertained him so much, but he laughed so hard that he could not stand up straight, "She is called Fatty Cathy! Fatty Cathy! When I was young, there was a little girl in kindergarten who was chubby and also called Fatty Cathy! "

The others completely did not understand his joke, and the scene was very awkward for a moment.

Noah held Ferne's chin with one hand, stopping his wretched laughter. However, Ferne's shoulders trembled as he laughed. Not long after, two lines of tears burst out.

All the others were awkward and stunned on the spot.

Jaquan couldn't help but slap him. "What's wrong with you? Why are you laughing so wildly?"

Ferne's mouth was covered and he couldn't speak. He just stared at Jaquan with tearful eyes, and soon his face twisted as his laughter grew wider.

Jaquan didn't know what to do.

Noah dragged Ferne to the wall. Just as he let go of Ferne, Ferne pulled Noah's arm as he was still laughing. He laughed so hard that he was kind of out of breath. "Noah, I can't take it anymore. I'm going to laugh to death. Please help me ... Fatty Cathy ... Damn... I don't want to laugh anymore..."

Noah slapped him, raised his eyebrows and took a serious look at Ferne, "It seems that I've saved you."

"Fuck! Can't you be gentler?" Ferne stopped laughing immediately.

Noah pinched his chin, saying, "If you speak dirty words again, I'll pull out your teeth."

"Shouldn't you pull out my tongue? Why are you going to pull out my teeth?" Ferne asked, with confusion.

Noah took a deep breath, turned around and ignored him.

Emily and Cathy were already standing by a white wall. When the time came to ten o'clock, Joseph claimed, "Start!"

Cathy quickly picked up a pen and made a draft on the wall. She waved it very quickly. It was obvious that she always hung out in the district. After a few lines of sketching out the picture she wanted to draw, she took the paint and began to spray it on the wall.

Emily, who was five meters away from Cathy, stood in front of the white wall in a daze. Ferne couldn't help but ask, "Emily, the game is on. Why don't you move?"

"Don't talk. She might still be thinking," Christy said as she tugged at him.

Somehow, Vincent had walked over and was standing behind Emily. As long as she turned around, she would be able to see him. However, Emily did not turn around. She just looked at the white wall in front of her. After quite a while, she left the first stroke on the wall.

The graffiti here was like a fast-food style painting, full of casual thoughts of freedom. It not only represented the free feelings of the painters but also the mood of the painters while painting.

Emily started to draw slowly, but it was a very detailed painting. She first drew a road, followed by two mottled walls. Janessa looked at the painting on the wall and compared it with the wall next to her, then whispered to Emma, "She seems to be drawing this road."

"No, she is drawing a moment that happened before." Emma shook her head.

"Huh?" Janessa was confused at first, but when she saw Emily's next stroke, she suddenly understood.

Emily was drawing people, a lot of people.

Janessa, Vincent, Rex, Lord Top, Randy, Christy, and Trevor... All of their figures were depicted into small ones on the wall. Some of the figures only revealed the hem of their clothes, while others revealed half of their faces, but they all looked in one direction.

On the opposite side stood Joseph and the others. They had colorful hair and a slightly arrogant style. Their clothes were all sloppy jackets. Cathy was next to Joseph in the painting, revealing her thick waist. There was a white diamond in the middle of her navel.

Joseph gave them an hour to draw, which was more than enough for the laid-back graffiti. Therefore, Cathy finished her own graffiti in less than half an hour. She felt that she was sure to win. After painting, she stood in front of her graffiti and asked the others to take various pictures of her.

Emily was surrounded by people, and the guards even covered the wall tightly with their bodies. Joseph and his friends could only see Emily drawing, and they could not see what exactly she was drawing at all.

"I can allow you all to draw together, considering that you are going to lose anyway." Cathy probably felt that her victory was a sure thing, so she was very arrogant.

Hearing the voice, Ferne let out a very loud "tsk".

On the other side, Emily had just completed the sketch. Actually, she really could not finish it on her own. She turned to look at Christy and Emma, asking, "Can I trouble you to paint the clothes of your own characters?"

"Sure." Christy and Emma started to spray.

Emily was not very good at controlling paint. She took the paint and brush, filling in the details bit by bit. The necks, skin, faces, brows, and most importantly, eyes... all parts were carefully fulfilled.

Everyone's eyes looked different, and the emotions conveyed in their eyes were also different. Janessa looked indifferent. Christy was calm. Trevor's eyes were clear and bright. Emma was composed and Ferne was disdainful. Armando focused his eyes on Janessa, while Jaquan was staring in the direction of Emma with concern. Randy protected Lord Top to walk inside. And when their eyes met, a sweet glow splashed.

As for Vincent...

He frowned slightly. He had dark eyes, a straight nose, and thin lips that were slightly pursed into a straight line. When he tilted his head, the curve of his lower jaw was smooth and perfect. Further down was his meticulously buttoned clothes, covering his sexy Adam's apple.

Emily put all her attention into drawing, and this kind of attention almost reached a peak where she forgot herself when drawing Vincent. She would not be able to hear the voices of the outside world and would not be disturbed.

Therefore, Emily continued to draw when Joseph said loudly that the time was up for dozens of times.

Chapter 880

"What do you think you're doing? Time is up, you fool! Stop it! Now! You've lost!" shouted Joseph in anger.

Cathy said lazily, "It doesn't matter. They will lose anyway. Waiting for a little while doesn't hurt."

About half an hour later, Joseph's people brought back with snacks in their hands. Then, they saw Emily sitting on a single sofa that showed up out of nowhere. Standing straight next to Emily was a man in a black suit, looking decent and handsome.

Cathy and the other girls behind her were dumbfounded. After all, they rarely saw such a handsome man in their lifetime. Moreover, the men around him were also very handsome.

"Is it done?" Joseph didn't forget about the main issue. He had just gone to the pharmacy to check his arm and was told that it was fine. He didn't even need to go to the hospital. He just needed to go back home and take care of it for two days. He had planned to ask the pharmacy owner to write him a note saying that his arm was in a serious condition in need of emergency treatment. He would've let Emily and the others take him to the hospital and ask for more compensation. Now, it seemed that he could only admit that he was unlucky.

It was almost noon. Many office workers passed by this road. They saw a group of people standing around a wall. So, they also squeezed in and saw the delicate graffiti on the wall. Honestly speaking, it was more than graffiti. The details were handled very well. It was like a masterpiece of artwork, not casual graffiti.

More and more passers-by squeezed in just to look at it.

The noise rose from the crowd.

"Oh my! Who drew this?"

"Could it be this group of people standing near it? It's amazing! This is so vivid!"

"That's right! It almost looks like a photograph! The eyebrows, the eyes, and demeanor! This is gorgeous!"

"Isn't this a graffiti wall? Why would anyone do such a painting on it?"

"No idea, man."

"I heard that they are competing to see who can draw better. The other one is over there. I have seen it. It is not bad. Average, I would say."

"What is it about?"

"Just go see for yourself."

The crowd turned to look at Cathy's work. There were only a few passers-by standing near Cathy's work other than her friends. They glanced over and hurried to Emily's masterpiece.

The outcome of the competition had already been determined.

Cathy couldn't believe it. She hadn't checked what Emily had drawn. When a man only shook his head after he checked Cathy's work, Cathy couldn't help but follow the crowd to Emily's painting.

The man walked back to Emily's wall and said, "I just checked it. It is indeed very ordinary. It's a head of a tiger. It is very good for someone to draw graffiti to this level. However, compared with this one, that tiger head is obviously not on the same level."

When Cathy heard this, she just went through the crowd.

She looked up and saw the picture.

If she hadn't experienced it herself, she would have been frightened by this painting. Emma had drawn all the clothes, the figures, the expressions, and even look in the eyes during the confrontation. All of these were drawn on the wall in great detail.

Cathy came out of the crowd, Ferne was in front of her, "Hey, girl! You guys lost, right? Look at the audience my team have here! It must be obvious to you who's the winner now!"

Joseph immediately shouted, "You lost! It's a competition of graffiti, and this is no graffiti at all!"

Cathy opened her mouth and wanted to say something, but she closed it again.

Although it was not graffiti, Cathy did not expect that Emily could paint the scene on the wall in such a short time and in such detail.

Ferne sneered, "You're just trying to deny the fact, boy. Don't you try to pull this on us! What a shame on you!"

"The shame is on you!" Joseph shouted.

"Are you looking for a fight or what?" said Ferne as he tried to roll up his sleeves. But the sleeves of his down jacket were not easy to roll up. Noah could not bear to look at such a funny scene and pulled Ferne behind him.

Emily was sitting on the sofa resting her wrist. She held her right wrist and said to Ferne, "Let's go. That man made a point. This is not graffiti. We lost."

Vincent wiped the paint on Emily's fingertips away. When he heard this, his thin lips curled up slightly and he patted Emily's head as if he was encouraging her, "Nice painting, anyway."

Emily rubbed her head against Vincent's palm. She looked at Cathy and said, "I'm a rookie in graffiti, and I still need more practice."

Cathy looked into Emily's eyes and said, "You clearly don't know how to graffiti at all, why did you choose to compete with us? Wait, you don't want to compete with us at all! Why did you draw this, then?"

Emily looked at the wall and said, "Consider this as a memento of what happened at this place. This wall carries stories, and this is the story I want to leave on it."

When people that loved graffiti behind Joseph heard this, they were all stunned and silent.