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In the Dalton Hotel.

The waiter went in the presidential suite with the dining cart. He placed the steak on the table and poured a glass of red wine respectfully. Then he glanced at the bedroom but the door was closed.

When the staff didn't see their boss at the morning meeting, they all had the same guess. It was said that their boss had brought a man to the suite last night. The man was exactly the person be confined in the wine cellar.

What did this mean?

Their boss went gay!

It was said that their boss was the top and the other guy was a cute little bottom. However, when the waiter went in the suite with the trolley, he only saw a masculine man with strong chest and beautiful abs. He had just finished a shower with bathrobe loosely cloaked over his body, exposing his hairy legs.

Those rumors were wrong!

He was not a cute little bottom!

He was no little!

The waiter cast a few glances at him and met the man's gaze. The man looked quite gentle with dark brows. However, the slit in his eyebrow made him dangerous and sexy.

The waiter asked in a soft manner, "Is Mr. Ferne still sleeping?"

Noah was enjoying his steaks and answered in a blurred voice, "Yes."

The waiter was shocked by his words and asked, "Hot night, right?"

Noah did not hear him clearly and frowned, "What?"

The waiter immediately shook his head, "I mean Mr. Ferne must be too tired recently. Just call us if he wakes up."

Tired?

Sleeping on the cold floor was really a tough thing.

Noah smiled faintly, "Alright, you can leave now."

Then the waiter left reluctantly. As soon as he came out, his colleagues rushed to him. Waitresses were excited about the fact that their boss was gay, and the waiters were all eager to find about the truth. They quickly encircled the man and asked him all sorts of questions.

"How is it?"

"Did Mr. Ferne look satisfied?"

"Which step are they in? Is the bed a total mess?"

"Just say something! Why are you not saying anything? What's going on?"

The waiter hurriedly walked to the elevator and sighed with relieve, "I only know that Mr. Ferne is still on the bed now. Besides, the bottom is in good shape with strong chest." The waiter lifted his trousers and showed his leg hair, "His leg hair is thicker than mine."

Waitress all covered their mouths and said, "Does that mean Mr. Ferne...?"

The waiters lifted their pants and looked at their leg hair at the same time.

Was it too late for them to shave their legs?

However, in the presidential suite. Ferne was lying on the floor with his mouth taped. Both his hands and feet were bound by ties so he couldn't move at all. He could only sleep in a curled manner and couldn't yell out even if he wanted to pee.

Damn it. The whir of the steak emanated from outside. Although he had eaten many steaks in the hotel, it was the first time he had such a strong desire.

It smelled so nice!

He kept wriggling and kicking the foot of the bed. Then he heard the footsteps. Noah walked in with a torn shirt in his hand. He was wearing a bathrobe and said "Sorry, it's too small. I tried to wear it."

Although he said he's sorry, there was no trace of guilt on his face.

Ferne kicked the bedside again. He was wailing as he wanted to speak.

"Do you want to talk?" Noah stepped forward as if he would rip off the tape.

Ferne was stunned by his action. If Noah really did this, then his mouth would suffer.

Noah smiled, "You are really a coward."

He found a wet towel and put it on Ferne's mouth. Then he began to whistle.

Ferne felt the urge to pee and struggled with an anxious expression. He curled up his fingers and toes and tried his best to prevent himself from peeing.

However, Noah intended to fool Ferne. He kept whistling and then poured wine for himself. The sound almost drove Ferne crazy. He shook his head crazily and whined. The tape was even torn off by him. As soon as he could speak, he quickly shouted, "Hurry up! I can't control myself. Let me go!"

Noah leaned against the wall and said, "Beg me."

Ferne was furious, "Don't push it!"

Noah whistled again.

"Please!" Ferne closed his eyes and begged, "Please!"

Noah finally let him go. Ferne said nothing and rushed directly to the bathroom.

After holding his pee for such a long time, Ferne felt quite relaxed when peeing, so he closed his eyes. However, at this moment, he heard a cracking sound.

The moment Ferne opened his eyes, he saw Noah closing the phone. And the phone looked familiar. It was his phone!

Ferne was furious.

Bastard!

Ferne rushed to grab his phone without zipping, "Who did you send the photo to?"

Noah didn't want to have physical contact with Ferne when he's half-naked and quickly walked backwards. "Your friends said that they would call the police if you don't reply their message. I just send a message to reassure them."

"Them?" Ferne was very furious.

"Sure. Group chat." Noah stood still for Ferne had grabbed his bathrobe. However, Ferne suddenly jumped up to grab the phone. Noah was pushed down with his bathrobe widely opened. His thin waist and strong chest were exposed in the air. Ferne's pant was fallen too. He sat on Noah's body with one hand

grabbing the phone and the other hand holding Noah's neck. Then he shouted, "Bastard!"

The door behind them suddenly opened. The waiter didn't expect to see such a scene. He was so frightened and stuttered, "I come to take the cutlery."

Other waiters peeking outside also saw this. They were all shocked by what they saw. The waiter in the room was probably dumbfounded for he kept standing there for a long while. Finally, a waiter outside pulled him out and closed the door.

They hurriedly returned to the elevator entrance and couldn't calm down for a long time.

After a while, someone said,

"Mr. Ferne's butt is so fair."

Immediately after, people all joined the discussion.

"The man had big feet with long toes. I heard that people with long toes...."

"It is said that the longer the distance between one's fingers to his wrist, the...."

"His leg is really hairy!"

"His leg is really hairier than Sam. It is said that someone with hairy legs..."

"Who said he is the bottom? He is absolutely the top!"

"....."

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The guest house.

After sending the message to Harold, Emily messaged Sydnee back on WeChat. She had to go back to school and do her graduate work these days, so she would be a little busier than usual. Therefore, she had to ask Harold to keep an eye on the Tea Manor and the renovation. Probably because she was too busy these days, she had lost five kilograms of weight. After sending him the photo of her weight, she received a message which said, "A woman weighs lighter than a hundred kg is either flat-chested or short."

Emily replied, "Don't worry. You are very tall."

She then handed over the work to Harold and started to ask about Eliot. When she looked up, she saw Arabella was still talking to Vincent. Arabella looked adoringly up at him, and said, "Vincent, I think we should change this. We'd better put the videos of the children at the end. Some of them cried, so I think their tears can make the advertisement full of emotion. Do you think so?"

In fact, Vincent just glanced at her when she was talking. His tone sounded plain, "Just show me the plan when it's done." Then he turned around to answer the phone.

When he hung up the phone, Arabella was still here. He stood there patiently and listened to her repeat her idea. This time, Vincent wasn't as cold as just now. Instead, he gave it a thought.

This was just a three-minute PSA, in which two companies, children who was donated to, the meaning of charitable donations, a summary should be included. Moreover, it must catch the eyes of the audience in three minutes.

Women were always emotional, and Arabella was no exception. Her proposal that the PSA should end with the videos where the children cried, to some extent, was advisable, but Vincent didn't like it. In order not to discourage her, he said after pondering for a moment, "Your idea is good. You can make a video for reference."

Arabella got delighted, "Really?"

Vincent nodded.

He walked to the edge of the bed and asked Emily, "Are you sleepy? Do you want to sleep for a while?"

Arabella never heard him speak so gently to someone.

Therefore, she got overwhelmed by jealousy.

Emily was indeed a little sleepy, but it was almost five o'clock. If she slept now, it would be hard for her to fall asleep tonight, so she was a little hesitant. However, in Vincent's sights, she was just being bashful.

'She wants to sleep, but she is a little shy with Arabella here.'

Thus, Vincent turned around and said to Arabella, "You can leave us. We want to sleep for a while."

Arabella stared at him in shock. What Vincent said just now was "we".

However, Vincent did not feel something was wrong. He walked to the bed and helped Emily take off her coat as well as her shoes. He was as attentive as a babysitter.

But even the buttons of his suit and trousers were buttoned by the assistant. How did it end up like this? Arabella couldn't accept such a change, so she staggered out of the door.

Emily was so sleepy that she was like a snake laying half on the bed. When she saw Arabella go out, she tilted her head and asked, "Why did you ask her out?"

Vincent turned around and said, "Then, should I ask her in again?"

"No." Emily grabbed his arm at once. Seeing Vincent turn around, she looked at her mischievously and gave a smile, "Vincent, you've gone wrong."

Vincent pinched her nose and said, "You're getting bolder and bolder."

"If you lay down with dogs, you get up with fleas." Although Emily was sleepy, she was as lovely as usual. She blinked at him, and her little face looked adorable and cute.

"Then lay down with me." Vincent caught her chin softly and kissed her lips.

She had just drank water with brown sugar, so he could feel something sweet in her mouth. And when he stuck his tongue down her throat, he tasted something sweeter.

"Oh my God!"

When Randy rushed in and saw this, he cried out, "Vincent, why didn't you close the door?"

Emily also got stunned, so she pushed Vincent away and got under the blanket right away.

Vincent slowly stood up from the bed, adjusting his cuff links and rubbing his lips with his right index finger gently. With afterglow shining through the window onto his shoulder, he was like an angel. When he looked up at Randy, his eyes were as cold as a robot's.

Randy almost knelt on the ground.

He hurried to take out his phone and said, "I want to tell you Ferne was philandering everywhere. I'll knock on the door next time!"

Vincent frowned, but he didn't snap at him. Instead, he looked toward the phone.

It was a photo taken at the entrance of the bathroom. It only reached Ferne's upper body. He stood in the bathroom with his hands grabbing something. He raised his face with his mouth slightly open, and he looked very cozy.

“Look at his face.” Randy added, “I knew this guy couldn’t help cheating outside. Look, as the boss of a hotel, he felt at home even in a hotel. Nobody will know what he did. To my surprise, he should play with two women and even send us the selfie. I wonder who he wants to show off to.”

After Randy finished his words, he looked up into Vincent’s eyes. Only then did he recall Vincent had the principle that he wouldn’t have sex with Emily before marriage!

It was Vincent who Ferne wanted to show off to. He must be crazy!

“I remember I still have something to do, so I should go.”

Randy ran away with phone in hand at once. When he rushed to his room, the others were playing games with their eyes fixed on the phone. It was a single-player game in which the player needed to distinguish between colors and numbers. In order to train their fingers and speed up their reaction, he set a goal that all his teammates could attend tomorrow’s mountain climbing only after winning the final.

The others didn’t expect he came back so early. They held their phones and wailed, “Lord Top, can you help me with it? It’s too difficult. I can’t do it.”

“Lord Top, I also need your help!”

“He needs rest. He’s been playing for four hours.”

“This is because he is helping you. Urchin, Carrot, and Aug, only you have won the final now! Lord Top even hasn’t done it himself. How dare you pretend before Captain Randy.”

Before Wink could finish his sentence, he froze when he looked up and saw Randy.

The others who were playing the game didn’t notice Wink stopped. Instead, they stared at their phones and said, “Okay, let’s play by ourselves. Lord Top has played for so long, so he must be tired now.”

Wink then coughed to remind them.

“Wink, what’s wrong? Are you not feeling well?” The others finally looked up at him, and then they looked down at the phones again.

Wink coughed again and turned his neck towards the door as he said.

“A neck spasm?” A player walked to him and tried to help him.

Someone asked, “Could it be an epileptic seizure? Wink, do you have epilepsy?”

Wink had no choice but to shout, "Captain."

Only then did the others see Randy was standing at the door. They stood up and said, "Captain Randy....."

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Randy walked in with a gray face, not saying anything. He just stretched out his hand.

Everyone was stunned for a moment, and obediently handed over their mobile phones. Wink couldn't help but say, "We really want to go climbing tomorrow, that's why we...."

Randy raised his hand and stopped him from speaking. He walked towards the person in the back. The person was wearing a jacket and a hat, only revealing his chin. Randy knew how unruly his eyes would be when he raised his face.

This person was Milk Tea Bro, and his Game ID was Lord Top. Generally, team members called each other by their IDs. But no one wanted to call out his ID, as their Captain's ID was Top of the Tops. Obviously, Milk Tea Bro was stealing their Captain's thunder. He was also arrogant, independent and unruly. He always played on his own and never joined the group. Many players thought that he would not be able to survive the probation period. However, Milk Tea Bro broke the Captain's record and injured the Captain's face shortly after arrival.

The Captain did not fight with him. Instead, he endured it!

This was unbelievable, just as if Hitler came back to his life and began to preach world peace!

And the Captain actually took him to a game. Generally speaking, all the members had to go through rounds of selection before joining the big family, and also needed to pass the assessment within one month to participate in the small-scale competition. However, Milk Tea Bro did a big job from the start. That was, he participated in the international competition with the Captain. And what more incredible was that the Captain provided support for him...

The Captain was actually helping a rookie?! No, no, no. The Captain was willing to assist the rookie?! For these years, there were few opportunities for the Captain to be others' support! Unless he wanted to practice his familiarity of a specific hero, who would dare to let him be the support?!

But the rookie did it!

Not only did he do it, he also succeeded in making support—the Captain completely unable to keep up with him. He also made the audience feel that support was dispensable. And he was the leader of the game ... He was the main character!

There was far too much unbelievable stuff about him to say. But it was in this match that everyone realized that some people could turn the tide by themselves.

So, was there a problem with his arrogance?

Not at all! That was because he was too good!

After he finished the game, all the team members were convinced and shouted, “Lord Top!”

He upstaged the Captain. So what? He had the strength!

“You, follow me out.” Randy finished his sentence and walked out to the next room.

Milk Tea Bro, the Lord Top did not raise his head but continued to play the game on his phone. As there was still one final stage to go, he lowered his head and walked forward. The players on the side knew that he never looked where he was going when playing games. So they all supported his arms and guided him to the door of the next room.

After Lord Top left, one of the teammates couldn't help but look at his own hand and mutter to himself, “Lord Top is very thin. He doesn't have much flesh on his arms, and his arm is soft...”

The rest of the team didn't pay attention to what he said. Instead, they were all eavesdropping on the door frame.

“You think you are best, aren't you?” Randy glared at him angrily before the door closed. “You wanted to show off? Now I'm telling you, it doesn't count, and neither does what you're fighting right now!”

Hearing this, the players on the doorframe wept.

Milk Tea Bro lowered his head and was still moving his fingers. He quickly made some calculation and dialed nine. Then, he quickly lit up the green color represented by 9.

This game wasn't that difficult, but the shortest amount of time was needed to clear the double SS. Therefore, many players only got a B, or A, or a single S.

After Milk Tea Bro stopped playing, settlement showed on his phone. From E to S, they piled up one after one. A ribbon burst out in the end. Then, the double SS was displayed in front of him.

He made it.

He held the phone in his hand and finally looked up at Randy, "Captain, why are you here?"

Randy was lost for words.

So did the team members.

**

At 8:30 pm, everyone sat at a long table in the lounge area, with ten people on each side. The meal in the guest house was very special. It was packed in wooden bucket, similar to rice served with pickles, fried eggs and pieces of sausage on top.

Randy liked sausages very much, so he decided to ask for more. When he was coming to the boss, the lights of the guest house suddenly stopped and the rest area fell into darkness.

Randy said, "Screw it."

Jaquan laughed, "Randy, who are you going to screw?"

"Screw you." Randy placed the bucket on the counter and shouted, "What's the matter?"

"It's fine! The power went out all of a sudden. I'm going out to check it out. The electric wire was probably bitten by some animal. I just replaced them last month. I don't know what animal it was. It probably ground his teeth by that. I hope everything was fine..."

The owner of guest house hurried out with a flashlight. Just as he stepped out, he turned back, as if he thought of something. He took out a few candles and lighters from under the counter. "You guys light the candles first. It won't be long."

The group took the candle and lit it, then looked at each other.

Of course, it would be romantic to have candlelight dinner with your beloved. But now, the team players were all sitting face-to-face, and they had seen each other all day long. It was very awkward now.

They all had such thoughts, except the ones on the side.

Armando raised the candle and helped Janessa pick her pickles in the wooden bucket out. Then, he handed her his fried eggs. Janessa frowned and said, "No, eat it yourself."

Jaquan sat in the opposite of Arabella. He wanted to pick pickles for Arabella, but Arabella looked at the wooden bucket and frowned. "Eww, I don't want it. You guys enjoy."

Stony finished chewing the corn kernels before looking up at her, "Arabella, it's yummy."

Arabella was untouched.

She sat there, staring at Emily and Vincent who sat face to face. There wasn't much interaction between the two of them. Emily and Vincent lowered their heads and ate slowly. Occasionally, Vincent took a sip of soup, with his three bony fingers holding the bowl. Under the candlelight, his every move was indescribably pleasing to the eye. His imposing manner made Arabella suspect that he was not holding a bowl, but a high-grade wine cup.

Emily probably finished her dinner. She took out a napkin and wiped her mouth. She supported her chin with her hand and watched Vincent eat with a faint smile on her face.

Vincent was good-looking. He had thin black eyebrows, and high straight nose. The candlelight cast a shadow over his half of face. Although one could sense his indifference, he was incomparably handsome.

He was a figure born in the spotlight. He would shine even in the darkness.

Vincent looked up at her and saw that there was still some left in her wooden bucket. He asked, "Full?"

"Yeah." Emily nodded.

She left two pieces of sausage and some fried rice mixed with corn and carrots. Vincent took her wooden bucket to himself. He took a spoon and stuffed the leftover into his mouth.

Arabella was shocked at his behavior, got up and said, "Vincent, eat mine.. I haven't touched it.

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"No need." Vincent did not raise his head.

He even didn't ask her why she didn't eat.

Arabella was somewhat embarrassed. She flushed in her cheeks, full of sadness, awkwardness and grievance. Mostly, she was jealous towards Emily. Why did Vincent prefer to eat Emily's leftovers rather than her untouched food?

She couldn't figure it out, for sure.

Jaquan pulled her arm and had her seated on the stool. "Hurry up and eat. It is getting cold. No other food available in the kitchen, as the power is out."

Other people almost finished eating. Only she had a full wooden bucket. She deliberately said, "I'm on diet. I don't wanna eat."

However, hearing this, Vincent didn't even raise his head.

Emily looked at her instead and said, "It's delicious."

The more Emily said that, the more Arabella didn't want to taste it. She got up and was about to leave, but Stony grabbed her arm and said, "Arabella, do you want chocolate?"

Arabella squeezed out a smile, "No, thank you."

When she turned around, she saw Vincent feeding Emily with a spoon. His cold handsome eyes were full of caring and tenderness.

Wasn't she full? And now what? Show off?

Arabella flashed with jealousy in her eyes.

As the team members over there were chatting in the darkness, no one noticed what happened here. In addition, Emma, Stony, Jaquan and Arabella happened to be blocking the shocking scene. Mr. Vincent, the legendary figure of City Y, known for his indifference and ruthlessness, actually condescended to feed a little retard!

Never took interest in women? It was totally a lie!

In fact, Emily was just staring at Vincent. However, Vincent mistakenly thought that she was still hungry, so he fed her. Furthermore, Vincent took the initiative to feed her, how could Emily refuse him?

After seeing that, Arabella left. Since the surroundings was dark, Jaquan was worried that something would happen to her, so he took his phone and followed her.

Janessa was happy with this result. She hated the person who complained about the taste of food most, as it would greatly affect her mood. She had no idea what the hell Arabella learned abroad these years, as Arabella became impolite and jealous.

After Arabella left, Janessa was a little happier. She knocked on the wooden bucket with her chopsticks and said to Randy, "Randy. What's next?"

Randy roared, "It's Randy! Janessa, you are my elder. How could you call me by nickname?"

After he finished speaking, Janessa did not react. Armando frowned unhappily, "Randy, watch your words."

Randy, "What?"

That was the so-called best friend?

Just for a woman, this best friend turns himself against him?

Janessa added, "You know I am your elder? Why didn't you say hi to me when we met? I was going to tell your grandfather that you didn't care about the elders but games?"

...

Randy covered his chest with his hand, "OK. I am sorry."

Janessa didn't continue arguing with him, as she was happy for now. She played with the wooden chopsticks in her hand, "I am sick staying in City Y. The scenery here is amazing, but it isn't a place to stay for long. I want to sneak back to Inner Mongolia. At least there is prairie..."

Armando said, "Randy, didn't you prepare a lot of activities?"

Randy was confused and said nothing.

Janessa was interested. "What activity?"

Now that Randy was put onto the shelf, he had to think about it. Finally, one idea came to his mind, "Poker?"

Janessa rolled her eyes.

Randy said, "Roll the dice?"

Janessa closed her eyes, indicating his ideas being boring.

"What do girls like to play?" Randy asked a member from the side. The teammate was also at a loss, "I don't know..."

Someone said, "Truth or Dare?"

Janessa's eyes lit up, "That's it!"

Randy slapped on the head of the person who said it, "Good idea!"

The person was Lord Top. He straightened the hat on his head and said somewhat disgustedly, "Captain, don't touch my head."

Randy was silent.

If that bastard hadn't won the match, he would have been pressed to the ground and got kicked.

"Put the tables together. Everyone sits around." Janessa gave the order. Everyone quickly prepared. Stony stood by the wall, supporting Emma. Emily and Vincent were also there, looking at their phones, as if they were checking the real estate news.

Emma didn't want to disturb them. Just as she was about to change her place, she heard Emily say, "I bought two apartments. The price offered by the decoration company is quite high. Do you know any friends who work in decoration industry? I need a discount."

"A bridal suite?" Vincent raised his eyebrows.

Emily shook her head. "No."

"Then I don't know any."

Emily didn't say anything.

Vincent put on a cold face. He leaned against the wall and extended his slender index finger and thumb to pinch the tip of her nose. "Why didn't you tell me that you bought two apartments?"

Emily pursed her lips and looked at him, "To earn money for you."

Vincent curved his thin lips, "Let me see. I think there is."

Emma rolled her eyes.

Originally, Emma thought that Vincent was overbearing, and Emily was petite, but she didn't expect ... Vincent was actually a bit arrogant and cute.

The table was set. The boss lady of the guest house saw they gather together, so she came out to ask what was going on. After knowing that they were going to play games, she brought out two boxes of beer. "Do you need dice?"

Randy waved his hand, "No need. We are going climbing tomorrow, so we won't drink much. Do you have any better red wine?"

The lady boss shook her head, "Only beer is available here. We don't dare to stock red wine, as it has high purchasing price and fewer customers to buy."

Randy sighed, "If Ferne come, he would definitely bring a bottle of good red wine."

Janessa brought out a bottle of beer. "How? Spin the bottle? How do you do it?"

"Spin the empty bottle?" Randy shouted to the lady boss, "Please ... sixteen cups."

Whether Jaquan joined them or not, it was a good idea to prepare his cup first, in case he wanted to play later.

Lord Top in the crowd said, "Turn the empty bottle. If someone doesn't want to choose 'truth' and 'dare', then he should drink three glasses of wine as punishment."

Janessa nodded, "Okay."

The team member raised his hand and asked, "Captain, everyone has to drink?"

Smoking and alcohol were banned during the competition. But no rule told they were not allowed to drink outside. Randy asked, "What? You can't drink?"

The team member smiled awkwardly, "One cup of beer gets me drunk."

As expected, the others laughed, "Are you a man or not, dude?"

Just as the team member was about to speak, Randy slapped him on the back and said, "Don't say you are not!"

That team member could only say, "I am....."

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The game got started. Who would be the first to spin the bottle drew a heated discussion.

"Captain, you first!"

"No, he can't be the first one, as he's too cunning!" Janessa said.

"Holy shit! Me? Cunning?"

"Janessa, why don't you do it?" Armando asked.

Randy slapped the table, "No way! She is tactful, resourceful, sophisticated..."

Janessa chuckled, "I heard you, little brat. You said I am old in disguise..."

"No, just a slip of the tongue."

"..."

Everyone argued endlessly. Lord Top stood up. He held the beer bottle on the table. With a thumb up, the bottle rotated. Everyone sat on their chairs, holding their breath and waiting for the bottle to stop.

Randy praised Lord Top in his heart. But when he turned around and met Lord Top's gaze, his heart skipped a beat for no reason. Damn it, he and this brat were completely at odds!

Just as he was thinking this, the bottle on the table slowly stopped. Randy raised his eyes and saw the bottle mouth facing him.

Words failed him.

Did this brat mean it?

Janessa clapped her hands and laughed, "Truth or Dare?"

Randy didn't dare to take the big risk, so he could only take the second place, "Truth."

Janessa smiled and looked at him, as if everything was under her control. "Alright, how many women have you slept with since birth?"

Randy didn't know how to answer it.

Although Randy looked dissolute, he was purer than Armando. He loved games and cartoons, so much so that he couldn't find a woman he liked in the real world. So, he was still...

"I will drink!" Randy took the bottle and poured the beer into his own glass. He drank three cups in a row.

The team clapped their hands and Randy unconsciously revealed a trace of pride. 'Though I couldn't answer the question, I am awesome in drinking.'

"Who's next?" Randy asked.

The team members looked at him and said, "You."

"Oh, Okay." It seemed that Randy hadn't played the game before. He wasn't a party person. Even he had to join that, he didn't play any games. He just occasionally played poker with his bros.

He twisted the bottle so fast that it almost flew off the table. Fortunately, it finally turned back. When the bottle stopped, it was aimed at a member of the team. The member was obviously a little nervous. He was holding the cup, getting ready to drink.

Randy, "Who will ask the question?"

"Of course it's you." Lord Top looked at him, as if he was talking to a fool. "Who spun the bottle asks the question."

Randy finally understood the rule and glared at Janessa who was laughing. "Why didn't anyone tell me just now? You actually asked me questions! Are you kidding me?"

The team members were silent.

Armando held his tongue.

Janessa laughed crazily, "How would I know that you should follow my order? You're a good boy. I misunderstood you ... "

Perhaps he was angry at Janessa or alcohol worked, Randy's entire face turned red. He gritted his teeth and looked at his teammate with hatred. "Truth or dare?!"

The team member was so frightened that he picked up his glass and poured the beer to his mouth, "I will drink!"

"...."

In the game, the empty bottle was all turned toward Randy's team members. After all, there were a total of nine of them, accounting for more than half. Meanwhile, Stony was sleeping, lying in Emma's arms.

Emily sat on the table and drew a sketch. Vincent stood outside, answering the phone. His voice was very low but could be heard vaguely. Every time, he looked back at Emily. Emily would also look at him, as if they have some telepathy.

It was past nine o'clock. Finally, a bottle turned to Armando.

Janessa stood up and said, "You should choose 'Dare'."

Armando nodded, "Okay. Dare."

"Armando! Man should be brave! Pick 'Truth!'"

"You didn't tell the truth just now." Armando glanced at him.

Randy didn't know how to retort him.

What kind of friend was he?

Janessa looked at the member who spun the bottle. "The mission is to let him carry Stony onto the bed."

"Why are you telling my team what to do?" Randy was pissed off and rolled up his sleeves. "Urchin! Don't listen to her! I order you!"

Urchin was dumbfounded.

Before Urchin could say anything, Armando had left. He walked to Emma, took the child from her embrace, and then walked forward. Janessa handed him the flashlight.

Randy was sort of angry.

Bastard, let's break off the relationship.

Janessa laughed maliciously, "Continue."

Randy encouraged his team members, "Turn, aim at her! Fight her crazily!"

The teammate, trembling, happened to turn the bottle to Randy.

Words failed Randy.

What was an incompetent teammate? This was.

Janessa cracked up.

Emma had planned to take the child back to sleep, but she didn't leave as she was totally attracted by the game. As a result, Stony fell asleep in her arms, as he was probably tired.

And she couldn't carry the child back by herself, as her right leg was not cured and the lights in the room hadn't been fixed yet. The group of people was playing games, so she didn't interrupt them. Emily came over and asked her, "Do you want me to help you carry the child back?"

The man at the door also looked over. Emma knew very well that as long as she nodded, that man would do it.

She shook her head. Vincent was well-known, thus she didn't want to be involved with him. Moreover, he was Emily's man. She didn't want to cause any trouble for others because of her own affairs.

Now, Armando left with the child in his arms, and Emma also followed. She did not have a flashlight, so she only walked forward, relying on the light in front of her. Armando probably noticed that, he turned around to look at her, and slowed down his pace.

After arriving at the room, he put down the child and waited for Emma. And then he turned around and left.

The room fell back into darkness. After Emma took off Stony's clothes and shoes, she took out a wet tissue and wiped his hands, face, and feet. After tidying him up, she covered him with the blanket and walked out of the room. Then she went to the bathroom.

Just came to a door, it was suddenly opened. Emma did not say anything, but Jaquan in the room was shocked. "What the hell! Are you a ghost?"

The corridor was not near to the hall, but she had gone half way. She could see the hazy light ahead, as the candlesticks were muffled by the shadows of the crowd gathered round the table.

Emma ignored him and walked straight forward. Jaquan watched as she went forward step by step, supporting the wall. He was so upset that he frowned and asked, "Don't you know how to turn on the flashlight on your phone?"

"No."

Emma was annoyed with him, too. She looked at him with a frown, indicating that he should leave her alone.

"What?" Jaquan raised his eyebrows in disbelief, "What are you? You don't have a cell phone?"

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Emma didn't feel like talking to him. She leaned against the wall and went on again without turning her head back.

Jaquan turned on the phone light, lighting up the road ahead of her until he entered the hall.

"Jaquan! Come here!" Randy was surprised and delighted to see him.

Jaquan had a bad feeling. He was pulled over by Randy and sat down on the chair before he could move a step. "Substitute for me! We are playing Truth or Dare. You should be good at that!" Randy whispered in his ear, "Janessa did so well. Help me to dismay her!"

Janessa's gaze swept over when Randy started talking. She smiled defiantly at Jaquan, "A substitute? Rany, you really leave me a deep impression."

Randy fell silent.

Jaquan too.

Unfortunately, Jaquan was unable to beat Janessa. He accidentally beat Lord Top.

When the bottle turned to Lord Top, he was slightly stunned. Then, he heard the players asking him, "Truth or dare?"

He decided not to drink.

He said resolutely, "Truth."

They were affected by Janessa, and since they were all from the same team, they wanted to ask something unknown before. They asked, "When did you have sex for the first time?"

Lord Top was reluctant to answer this question, but he finally answered it seriously, shaking his head and saying, "No."

They didn't believe, "How could it be possible?"

"I really didn't."

Janessa was also surprised, "I doubt is there any innocent boy except Armando?"

Armando rolled his eyes.

No one would be happy after hearing this.

Randy muttered, "What's wrong with this? Neither do I..." However, his voice was too low for anyone to hear.

They were still talking about this,

"I don't believe! It's a lie!"

"I heard a woman call you last time!"

"That's right! I heard too. She even said that you were not considerate at all after you slept with her!"

"..."

Lord Top didn't know how to explain, "I will drink, but I have answered, so I only drink one glass."

He looked at the glass, took a deep breath, and drank up.

"Great!"

Lord Top spun the bottle again. His head lay on the table as the bottle stopped.

Everyone, "..."

Was he the kind of person who can only drink one cup?

Janessa couldn't stop laughing. She wiped tears from laughter, "What an honest boy! Do not drink if you can't. Why don't tell us at first? Oh yes, is there a guy who said that he can't drink more than one cup?"

The one who said that smiled bashfully. There were three empty bottles at his feet.

Randy was counting on Jaquan to dismay Janessa. He didn't expect that the one on his side was out first. He did a facepalm and sighed, "Shit!"

They wanted to send Lord Top back. Randy waved, "You guys continue to help me fight against her! I'll send him back."

He walked over and pulled Lord Top up. Lord Top wasn't as heavy as he thought. He tried to drag Lord Top towards the corridor. Janessa couldn't stop taunting, "Randy, are you a real man? Is that all you can do? Can't you take him up? I'm ashamed of you."

Randy, "..."

To save face, Randy exerted all his strength and carried Lord Top up. He felt strange when holding Lord Top in his arm. He wondered. 'This guy is too light and too soft!'

"See?" Randy successfully saved his face. He turned on the phone light after he showed off to Janessa. Then he carried Lord Top to the room. He didn't know which is Lord Top's room, so he randomly put Lord Top in one room. Anyway, every room has two beds. Randy put Lord Top on the bed and tucked him kindly.

Great!

Lord Top's hat dropped halfway. Randy picked it up and put it on the bedside. He then saw the limited edition headphones on the bedside cabinet.

He surprisingly found this is his room. What the hell?

He lifted the quilt and wanted to carry Lord Top to another room. He lowered his head and came face to face with Lord Top. Lord Top's breathing sprayed on his face, and the lip can also be touched.

Randy took a few steps back as if he was frightened by this, and wiped his face by hands.

What the hell?

All right, leave it at that. Randy wiped his face hard and walked out. He even went to the bathroom to wash his face, and finally vented that strange feeling.

He cherished his face a lot. If he had to choose between death and disfiguration, he would definitely choose the latter.

The owner of the guest house came back to take the tools and went out again. They were still playing in the resting area. One of the two cases of beer was drunk up soon.

Janessa ordered another two cases.

They all got drunk except for Jaquan who sipped. He can drink a lot. Randy was about to compliment him, but he saw Janessa still sitting there soberly. When seeing him, she even waved, "Rany, come here. They just gossip about you..."

Randy was completely shocked by her words before he can think why she was still sober, "What? What did they say?"

"They said that you use a facial mask every day, moisturizing your skin with skin lotion in the morning and the evening, and you even wear a radiation-proof mask when playing games..." Janessa propped up her chin and looked at him, "I think this is a bit too exaggerated. It doesn't seem to be true."

Randy, "..."

He thought, 'Thank you for your approval. I am sorry to tell you that they are all true.'

"They also said that you like small breasts." Janessa looked at his facial expression and said, "So this is true."

Randy, "..."

He couldn't help doing a facepalm, "It's too dirty to say that."

"Why? Is this a problem?" Janessa looked at Armando in confusion, "What do you think?"

Of course, it was a problem! Every single word was extremely pornographic.

Randy felt hopeless. Armando would surely be on Janessa's side, caring nothing about him at all. What a so-called 'good friend'!

They got drunk one after another. Only one or two of them stood up trembling and said that they were tired and wanted to go back to rest. Janessa approved, and then they went back.

Randy was unable to think why they listened to Janessa. He just sat on the chair and looked at Jaquan, asking, "Why you are here? Where is Arabella?"

"She locked herself in the room." Jaquan sipped his beer and said in a muffled voice, "I don't know how to help her, because we are in the same situation."

Janessa sat opposite and did not interrupt. She just listened quietly. She knew that Jaquan liked Arabella. Although she did not like Arabella, she still blessed them. After all, it's their business. It's no need to be nosy.

Randy chinked glasses with Jaquan and said, "So what did you do there?"

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Jaquan gulped it down before he said, "The client of my previous case called me, and he discussed the update with me.

Randy said nothing anymore, because he knew his advice wouldn't matter to him. Emily was drawing. Except the sound of her pencil on the paper, it was silent.

Vincent was sitting beside Emily after answering the phone, watching her drawing. The peaceful and warm picture of the two of them stopped Janessa from disturbing them.

"Shall we continue?" Janessa turned the wine bottle in her hand. Only the four of them were left in the game. Emily and Vincent could be ignored, since the two of them had never taken the game seriously during the entire process.

Randy put down his glass and said, "I quit."

Jaquan heaved a sigh, "I'm in."

Randy was mute.

The power supply was finally restored at half past ten.

The landlady of the guest house said, "We can heat up the water for a bath now. Someone who wants to have a bath can go to the bathroom in ten minutes."

Several of them were lying along the long table drunk. Emily looked around, only to find that Armando was sitting there sober and he seemed to worry about something.

"Let's go to sleep. It's late." Vincent led her to the room after taking the toiletries. The two of them went straight to the bathroom, and they met the landlady on their way. The landlady asked them with a smile, "We have bathrooms. Do you need it?"

"...."

In the lounge area, Armando finally brought himself to reality. Patting Jaquan and Randy on their shoulders first, he then carried Janessa in his arms and went to their room. Janessa had drunken too much alcohol, so she was about to throw it up when being carried by Armando. After cleaning her vomit up in the restroom, he continued to take her to the room. But Janessa asked for some water on their way to the room.

Then Armando took her to the lounge area, and he asked the landlady for some soup to sober her up. And he also fed her some water.

When he finally carried Janessa to the room, it was almost midnight.

There was no separate bathroom in the room. So everyone had to go to a bathroom or a public one when they needed a shower. Armando went to the bathroom with his clothes. When he was standing under the shower with his eyes closed, he could think of nothing but the words of Janessa. She said she couldn't wait any longer.

On the other side of the guest house, Lord Top suddenly sat up from his bed in the room. He touched himself and felt relieved after knowing he wasn't naked. Then he intended to change his clothes when sensing the smell of alcohol all over his body. He was looking for his suitcase in the dark, only to find the clothes there weren't his. Actually, the suitcase wasn't his.

He wasn't in his room?

It was dark in the room. He could hardly figure out who was on the bed next to him. So he randomly took some pieces and left.

The landlady of the guest house hadn't gone to bed yet. When she saw him coming with some clothes, she said, "A young man is taking a shower inside. Tell him to hurry up, because I want to sleep."

Just as Lord Top wanted to give up the thought of taking a shower, he saw a bathroom for women over there. He sneaked into that bathroom without turning on the light after the landlady left. He took off his clothes quickly and turned on the shower. After a few minutes, the stinky smell of alcohol disappeared.

Lord Top was at a loss the moment the light was on. Then he abruptly covered himself with a towel and turned to look at the door.

Emily was so surprised to see a man there that she turned the light off immediately.

The voice of Vincent came from the door. He asked, "What's up? You didn't find it?"

"Nope. I think I didn't leave it in the bathroom. It should be in my room." Emily explained in a low voice.

"Okay."

It went back to silence outside the bathroom.

Lord Top continued his shower gingerly. After that, he found the clothes he took were both sweaters. He didn't take his trousers.

The trousers he wore earlier smelled stinky, so he wouldn't put it on. He thought no one would be outside at this time. He put on one of the sweaters and tied the other one on his waist to cover his butt. Then he quickly went back to his room and closed the door.

He breathed a sigh of relief. Fortunately, no one found him. But he saw Randy right behind him when he turned around.

What was more, the light in the room was on.

Randy was a little thirsty. He shouted for a while, but no one answered. He could only get up. When he turned the light on, he found no one was on the bed next to him. He was sitting on the bed to sober himself up. When he was about to go back to his sleep again, he heard the sound from the door. And then two long and straight legs, the skin of which looked pretty fair, appeared in front of him. 'What perfect legs!' Randy thought to himself.

He looked up along the legs, trying to find out who was the one in front him. Just as he was about to see the face of the person, he was knocked unconscious.

Lord Top quickly took out a pair of loose trousers from the suitcase and put it on at once before Randy woke up. Then he went to the next room and asked one of their members to change the room with him. When he finally lay on the bed, his forehead was covered with sweat. He took the shower in vain.

**

"That mouse was charred. The smell can be sensed far away from the place it was charred."

"I told you to change a better cable, but you didn't listen to me. There're mice and squirrels everywhere. Even a man would die when touching a cable, not to mention such a small animal."

"I got it. I've contacted the worker and asked him to add another layer outside the cable."

The rooms in the guest house weren't that soundproof, so everyone woke up amidst the quarrel between the owner and his wife. It was eight in the morning.

Everyone gathered in the lobby after dressing themselves up. Some of them yawned heavily while the others were dizzy because of a hangover. Everyone wasn't ready for a climb anyway.

Randy looked the most terrible as if he had been struck by lightning. He kept massaging the back of his neck, glancing his members back and forth. He asked them one by one, "Who the hell hit me yesterday night?"

A hangover always caused a trouble. He could hardly remember what happened yesterday night, except that he was playing Truth or Dare with Jaquan, Armando and Janessa, and drank a lot of alcohol. His neck hurt that much, and he suspected it was Janessa who hit him. But he got to know she was also drunk last night.

The member in his room was the biggest suspect. When he was defending himself and was about to tell Randy the truth, Lord Top was making a gesture towards him as if he would give him a lesson.

The team member rubbed his neck gingerly and lowered his head without saying anything.

Janessa didn't feel that bad when she woke up. She thought it was because of her good physical condition. She didn't know how heavily she had vomited on Armando and how thoughtfully Armando had taken care of her. He even washed her face and feet for her.

Armando, on the other hand, didn't get a good sleep and the shadows under his eyes looked so obvious.

Janessa even asked him with concern, "You didn't get a good sleep? You can't sleep on a bed except your own one?"

Looking at her, Armando nodded slightly.

He was always like that, and Janessa was used to it.. So she didn't ask him anymore and began to apply sunscreen.

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The owner of the guest house brought them breakfast, saying, "You young persons are here to exercise, so you should have got up early. The air here is fresh. Have a good time here after finishing your breakfast."

The landlady also brought some porridge to them. "One of you did get up early, but it was too early. She asked me what to eat for breakfast at about five in the morning. She must have wandered around for long."

Looking at each other, they finally realized that Arabella wasn't here.

Why she got up so early was that she didn't have dinner yesterday and woke up due to hunger. Everyone knew it clearly, so none of them said a word but enjoyed the porridge.

Sitting opposite Vincent, Emily was eating porridge. She suddenly found someone was staring at her. She looked up, seeing Lord Top look at her as if he wanted to tell her something.

Emily knew what he wanted to say, so she made a gesture to ease him.

Lord Top felt relieved and let out a grateful smile towards her.

Emily thought to herself that no wonder he rarely smiled. Maybe she should say she rarely smiled.

Her smile was so attractive, and so were her fair and slender legs.

Emily admitted that Lord Top did look cool without a cap after looking at her for a while. Her shoulder-length hair was combed backwards and fixed with a little gel, showing how delicate she was. When she was enjoying her porridge, her eyebrows were slightly up. Her nose was high and her mouth...

A big hand appeared in front of her eyes. The joints of the hand were distinct, and there were some thin calluses on its palm. The fingers were long and slender. Most importantly, it almost could the whole face of Emily.

She retracted her gaze and raised her head to see Vincent raising his eyebrows to look at her. He followed her gaze and saw that the group of members eating porridge. One of them looked very cool and just smiled at Emily.

Vincent did say anything else but to remind her, "Have your breakfast."

After having a sip of the porridge, Emily glanced at him while biting the spoon, "I can explain."

The aura between them was a bit weird. Emily looked like a cheated wife who was about to explain to her husband.

Vincent raised his head and looked at her with magnanimity, "Okay."

Emily felt that Vincent didn't just look cold, and he was literally cold. She muttered, "Vincent, everyone will place more of their eyes on beautiful things. And you also told me last time that the desire to look the attractive was universal. And I'm just an ordinary person."

Her explanation didn't work at all. And it even annoyed Vincent.

Emily should say something more to fix this.

"But..." Emily added as she was looking at Vincent's poke face that was way too attractive. She reached out to touch the corner of Vincent's mouth. "After sizing up his appearance, I think good-looking face doesn't matter that much. Instead, inner beauty matters. Besides, none of them is more handsome than you especially when you're smiling."

What a perfect explanation!

Emily would like to thumb up for herself.

Vincent held her hand that was about to touch his face and said in a helpless tone, "Stop, please."

It was just a short sentence, and his tone wasn't that gentle and seductive but helpless. However, it sounded so attractive to Emily. How she was feeling was like a stone thrown to a lake, and her ears turned red quickly for no reason. She pulled her hand away and touched her earlobe.

Lowering her head, she continued to eat her porridge while casting a peek at Vincent every once in a while. She wasn't flattering him. Instead, she was quite serious. Vincent really was the best-looking one in her eyes. Especially when he stared at someone with his eyes narrowed, he was so affectionate. He was indifferent and he always buttoned up his shirt tightly, sort of like a celibate. The contours of his face were as clear as those of a model in a magazine.

He was about the same age as Randy, Jaquan and the others, but he wasn't as lively as the people of his age. What others could sense was only his calmness and reserved temperament cultivated in years.

Vincent was really nice. Not to mention anything else, he contacted a boss of a decoration company last night, and offered a ninety percent discount which was almost free of charge.

What could Emily do? Of course, she could only accept his kindness.

Sizing up the situation, Emily believed she would get more if she was with Vincent. Biting the spoon, she thought she would have to send something valuable to him.

After everyone finished their breakfast, the landlady of the guest house handed each of them a bottle of water and cheered them up, "Come on."

The game otaku spent most of their time in playing games and they barely exercise, so Randy would organize this team-building trip as a celebration for their victory. Who would have thought it to be a mountain climb? Quite a lot of them thought that they would take a cable car to the top of the mountain.

It turned out that they had been too naïve.

Mount Phoenix was also called Mount Phoenix Forest Park. The top of the mountain still maintained its original state, since it had not been developed. The mountain was covered with branches and leaves, even in autumn.

Randy took the lead and shouted, "Let's go."

They met Arabella at the door the moment they set out. She wore a khaki wool skirt, a fur coat, and knee boots. She also put on some makeup, looking so delicate in the sunlight.

"You intended to climb a mountain in this pair of boots?" Looking at her with a frown, Randy was critiquing Jaquan in his heart. What was more, he didn't like the way Arabella acted, especially in front of him.

He threw his bag which was full of snacks onto his back. "Don't think about asking Jaquan to carry you on his back just after a short-time climb. It'll take us at least four hours to reach the top of the mountain. Okay? Go change your boots, otherwise it would either exhaust or starve you."

Arabella was a little embarrassed, "I, I only brought this pair of shoes here."

There were only three girls in their team, Janessa, Emma and Emily. Emily's feet were far smaller than Arabella's, so she wouldn't be able to wear Emily's shoes. While the size of shoes of Janessa and Emma seemed to be similar to that of Arabella.

When Jaquan was about to ask Janessa for a favor after a glance at her, she took the camera and said, "Wow, the scenery here is good. I'll take a picture. Armando, come here."

"..."

Janessa didn't refuse him directly, but everyone could know it clearly that Janessa didn't like Arabella at all, and she wouldn't lend her shoes to Arabella.

At this time, Jaquan got to believe Randy's comment on Janessa. He said she felt very strongly.

He turned to Emma. Fortunately, Emma didn't refuse him. Leaning against the wall, she said without hesitation, "I'll go get it."

Arabella waved her hand, "Forget it. I can wear my own boots."

Jaquan said to Randy, "You guys go first. We'll follow you later."

He followed Emma into the guest house.

Rolling his eyes, Randy acted like he had known what Jaquan would do long before. Then he waved at Stony, "Come on, boy, follow me."

He refused after hearing that, "Nope. I'll go with my mom. She needs me."

"Even a kid is more sensible than the adults.. What the hell is going on here?" Randy led his team up the mountain after a sigh.

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Arabella wore an ugly look on her face. She directly took a step forward and walked ahead of Randy. Clearly, she wanted to prove that she can climb the mountain in boots.

Seeing that, Randy and others shrugged their shoulders. On the way to the mountain top, Randy would occasionally have casual chats with other team members. Emily and Vincent followed behind. Rex wasn't with them. This time, Vincent only brought a guard with him. And that guard was also the driver today. Right now, the guard was following closely behind with a bag full of bread, chocolate, and other snacks.

Janessa, who had just pretended to be taking pictures, put away her camera and waved to Armando, "Let's go."

"Show me the photos you just took." Armando reached towards the camera. He thought just now he was modelling for Janessa. He wanted to know what he looked like in Janessa's photos.

"What photos?" Janessa asked Armando. Soon she figured it out. "Oh, I know what you mean! But I didn't even take off the lens cover. How could there be any photos? Just now, I said that on purpose to avoid lending my shoes to that 'princess'."

“ ... ”

Emma’s suitcase was very neat. The clothes on the left were hers, and the right was Stony’s. There was a shoebox in the middle compartment. Emma took out a pair of shoes from the box. The moment Jaquan saw it, he was somewhat stunned. “Aren’t these my shoes?”

Although Emma had worn it once, based on the fragrant smell of that shoes, Jaquan knew that she must have washed it. The shoes smelled of washing powder.

“Yes, these are the shoes that I borrowed from you last time. Now I return them to you.” Emma closed the suitcase again. Then she took the key, preparing to lock the door.

“There are the shoes you just talked about?” Jaquan frowned. It was hard for him to accept that.

Emma raised her head to look at him. Her expression silently answered his question.

“ ... ”

Jaquan asked again, “Do you have any other shoes? These must be big for her.”

“Yes, the shoes I am wearing.” Emma pointed at her feet and said, “Will she wear my shoes?”

“ ... ”

Jaquan knew Arabella was like a princess who was hard to please. He knew she would never wear shoes once worn by others. He could only walk out with his shoes.

Apart from the Stony, there was no one else at the door. Looking at the road ahead, Jaquan estimated that Randy and others have climbed about fifty meters. Jaquan was about to catch them up with the shoes. Then he thought of Emma, who was behind him.

She was limping. She walked rather slowly. Stony supported her and they moved up step by step.

The road to the mountaintop was paved with tree trunks. Further up was a stone staircase. A child like Stony would definitely not be able to hold up the weight of an adult.

Jaquan walked over and said, “I’ll do it.”

Without waiting for Emma’s reply, he walked over and grabbed one of her arms to support her. However, he overestimated his impression in Emma’s heart.

Emma frowned slightly, pulled back her arm to avoid his touch, and said politely and distantly, "Thank you. But there is no need to do that."

Jaquan found himself unable to understand Emma. He put the shoes in the corner of his arm and directly grabbed Emma's arm. After being rejected, there was some awkwardness on his face. "Why are you so hostile to me?"

Stony walked forward, pushed Jaquan away and said, "Let go of my mother!"

Jaquan could only loosen his grip. "I just want to be nice. Has your mother been hurt by a man before? Why she treated me..."

Emma smiled, "Yes, I was hurt by a man. So I don't like you."

"..."

Before Emma admitted, that was just his guessing. But now Jaquan knew that was the truth, which made him somewhat feel complex. Emma was indeed been abandoned by a man and raise her child on her own. No wonder she was holding a wary attitude towards men.

Jaquan was trying to change his attitude and help her in a more comforting way. Then he saw Armando running down from above. Armando directly supported Emma and said, "There's a stone staircase ahead. It was hard for you to pass that. Let me help you."

Emma nodded, "Thanks."

"..."

Jaquan watched Armando support Emma to pass the staircase. And it was she who said that she was once hurt by a man! Jaquan was a little angry. He thought in his heart, "Her hostility is only aimed at me! Shit!"

Up the stone staircase, there was a lush bamboo forest. Halfway up the mountain, there was an observation deck. A waterfall was spraying out from a stone lion's mouth in front of the observation deck, forming a rainbow in the air.

Janessa couldn't wait to take the camera to record the beautiful scenery. Then she saw a woman holding water to ... wash her feet.

Shit!

Janessa cursed in her heart and put down her camera. Then she saw Arabella standing by the stone lion. Holding her shoes in one hand, Arabella was finding a napkin from her bag to wipe her feet. She was indeed a princess. Perhaps she figured out climbing the mountain in her boots was a bad decision. So after finding the mountain path was quite clean, she directly took off her boots.

Randy and the rest of the team were all indoorsy. They didn't exercise much. Besides, they would occasionally stop to discuss even argue over some issues. On top of that, they often stopped to drink or eat. As a result, Arabella was ahead of them. When they arrived at the observation deck, they saw Arabella sitting by the stone lion, with her face indicating she had been waiting for them for a long time.

Janessa ignored Arabella. She took the camera and found a place to sit. Following the stone steps, she could see Armando supporting Emma to walk up. Stony was walking in front of them with his little schoolbag on the back. And he would occasionally turn around to make sure his mother was okay.

Further ahead were Emily and Vincent. They were here to travel. Watching the scenery all the way, they would occasionally discuss with each other and take pictures with their mobile phones. But romance eluded them. They only took pictures of the scenery. They didn't take selfies, nor did they take pictures of them being together.

Janessa adjusted the focus of her camera and couldn't help but take a profile of them. In the camera, Emily found a rare insect. She called Vincent to look at it. Emily looked surprised. And Vincent was looking at her dotingly.

Janessa had always felt that Vincent was too distant. He had the power to let people not daring to come close to him. He looked too cold and indifferent. But now, this arrogant man was standing on the stone staircase, looking at the girl in front of him dotingly.

They didn't do anything intimate. But they gave people such an illusion that the air suddenly became sweet because of them.

Jaquan, who was in front of them, quickly rushed to the observation deck. He held the box and said to Randy, "You should slow down and walk behind Vincent."

"Why? What's the matter?" Seventh was about to stuff a piece of chocolate into his mouth. He glanced at the stone staircase as he asked.

Jaquan snatched his chocolate and said, "This way, you will feel that you shouldn't be on the mountain."

"..."

Emily took a lot of photos. She has not climbed a mountain before. The most impressive view of her previous life was that of the Britt's and the Tea Manor. These two places gave her a lot of inspiration. Now that this place was so full of scenic spots. She had many interests. Not only did she take a lot of photos, but also introduced the plants she didn't know to Vincent with Wikipedia. They didn't feel much tired. After finding a place to sit down, the guard took out two bottles of water and handed the water to them.

Emily took the water and thanked the guard.

On the other hand, Vincent did not receive the water from the guard. He unscrewed the bottle cap of Emily's water and then handed it to Emily.

Emily took a sip of water and asked, "Aren't you thirsty?"

Vincent did not answer Emily directly. Instead, he took the water in Emily's hand and poured it into his throat before saying, "What do you say?"

His voice was a little hoarse. Because of the thirst, his voice was a little low. His voice landed by Emily's ears. Emily felt it was so hot. She thought perhaps this was because the surrounding air was a little stuffy.

Emily rubbed her ears and pushed Vincent, "Don't speak to my ear."

"What's the matter?" Vincent let out a laugh.

Emily glared at him. She knew that he was doing it on purpose, so she purposely blew into his ear and said coquettishly, "Vincent.... Vincent.... Vincent..."

She was purposely blowing her breath to Vincent's ear. She didn't have any intention to do something romantic. But her breath stimulated Vincent's nerves. Opposed to them, there were many people. So they couldn't act without scruple.

Vincent tilted his head slightly and his thin lips brushed past Emily's mouth and cheeks. His fiery breath landed by her ear again. He did not say anything. He only gently touched her ear bones with his teeth.

Emily didn't know what to do. She felt her limbs unable to support herself.

Looking from afar, they seemed to be whispering to each other.

This was what Arabella saw when she came over. She twisted her fingers and turned around unhappily. As she walked away, she often turned around.. Vincent had never noticed, even when she was less than three meters away from him.

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Jaquan brought his shoes over and handed them to her. "Put them on. My shoes are spotless."

"Your shoes?" Arabella asked confusedly, "You even took a pair of shoes?"

Jaquan nodded and put the shoebox on the ground. He took the pair of shoes inside and was about to change them for Arabella.

Arabella retracted her feet, sniffed her nose and asked, "Don't your shoes all have perfume on them? Why does this one have the smell of washing powder?"

Jaquan was a little dumbfounded. He grabbed his hair and didn't know how to explain it. If he said that these shoes were worn by Emma, Arabella probably wouldn't wear them anymore. However, just as he was hesitating, Arabella had misunderstood it. These shoes weren't his. It must belong to one of Randy's team members.

But she didn't say it clearly. She just lowered her head and looked at the shoes. "These shoes are too big. It doesn't fit the feet perfectly. Put it in your backpack."

"Then tell me if you're tired, these shoes can be worn as slippers for you."

"Alright."

Jaquan didn't force her. He just put away the shoes and found a place to sit.

Armando and Emma finally came. Everyone rested on the spot for more than ten minutes. It was already autumn. But, everyone had taken off their jackets. After all, they had climbed the mountain for so long and had eaten something. The heat squeezed their stomachs and was transmitted to the surface of their skin. It was endlessly hot.

Everyone finished resting and was about to go up the mountain when an old lady came down with a bamboo basket on her back. Seeing their group, she shouted loudly, "Do you have empty bottles?"

Randy and the rest of the team members hurriedly took out the empty bottles from their bags and handed them to her.

The viewing platform didn't have a garbage can. Alright, it was really unsightly to put a garbage can in such a purely natural place.

The old lady took all the bottles and thanked them. Then, she threw bottles into the bamboo basket on her back. Then, she picked up the trash with pliers. Randy and the other members dropped some snacks and wastepaper from where they had just eaten. The old lady did not say anything and came up to clean it.

Randy found a napkin and was about to wrap up the garbage when the old lady swept the garbage and put it into the bamboo basket on his back. The viewing platform was restored to its original cleanliness.

Before leaving, the old lady said, "Don't throw rubbish around."

Randy agreed and gave her two bottles of water that he didn't open. The old lady waved her hand and said, "There are springs on the mountain. It's clean and safe to drink. You guys can go up and drink some to strengthen your body."

Although this old lady looked very old, her movements were vigorous. She was in good health.

"Lady, do you get paid for this?" Janessa suddenly asked.

The old lady did not understand, "What play?"

Everyone understood. Jaquan asked, "Do you have a duty to do this? We mean, you came to pick up trash and no one gave you money?"

The old lady nodded. "Why do I need to be paid? I just come over to climb mountains to exercise and pick up garbage every day. The scenery is good here and it can't get dirty."

Janessa took the camera and asked, "May I take a picture of you?"

"No. You young people are good-looking. Why do you want to take a picture of me?" The old lady smiled. Although she was old, her clothes were neat and tidy, also her shoes. She was obviously old but enjoyed her life.

Janessa looked at the lush mountain in front of her and said, "We can let your descendants remember you. You are the guardian of this mountain. In the future, if there are photographs kept, everyone will remember you. They will also remember to learn from you and protect this mountain together."

The old lady was swayed. She fixed her hair and asked, "Should I put my things down?"

Janessa suddenly smiled, "Sorry. I actually had taken a picture. I was worried that you would disagree, so I asked. Also, I was afraid that I won't capture the right moment if I notify you first. So I took the picture first."

The old lady heaved a sigh of relief, "Great. Then I can leave."

"Okay."

Arabella, who had been silent all this while, suddenly took a few steps forward and gave a stack of money to the old lady. She said, "Lady, thank you for your work."

The old lady seemed to be frightened, "Hey! Don't! Please don't give me money. I don't want money."

"Your work is not easy. I just want to..."

Before Arabella could finish her sentences, Janessa interrupted her. She took the money and said, "She thought you were paid for the work. Sorry."

The old lady finally smiled again. "Oh, I'm not. It is free. I work voluntarily. I can also exercise at the same time. It doesn't matter. You young people should be careful when climbing the mountain. There are snakes on it. Just don't disturb them."

"Alright, take care!"

Janessa threw the money to Arabella and took another photo of the old lady's back view going down the mountain.

Many notes fell to the ground. Arabella stood there alone, her eyes filled with grievances, anger, confusion, and unwillingness. She gritted her teeth and looked at Janessa, "Although you are older than me, you can't represent me. Why do you take my money back on your own initiative? That's what I'm willing to give to old granny."

After Janessa finished taking the photo, she was in a good mood. She looked at Arabella's eyes almost calmly, "Arabella, she loves this mountain. This love can't be measured by money. Of course, you might not understand that."

Jaquan came over to pick up the money on the ground and said to Arabella, "The old lady will not accept your money."

Randy took out his aggressive fan from somewhere and said, "If the old lady wants money, the people sitting here all have. She treats the mountain as her own. Of course, she doesn't want the guests, like us, to dirty her territory. If you come and give her money, it will give her the feeling that the mountain is at your disposal. Of course, she would not agree."

Among the brothers, it was hard for Vincent to open his mouth to Arabella. Armando did not want to say something to Arabella. Jaquan was obedient to Arabella, while Ferne behaved in a noisy. Only the way Randy treated Arabella could be called flogging education.

Arabella finally sunk in and realized that he had just done something stupid. He whispered to Janessa, "I'm sorry..."

Janessa smiled at her. She was a beautiful girl with a cold and intelligent temperament. When she smiled, she was even more free and easy. "I don't need your apology. Did you harm my interests? No, so you don't need to apologize to me."

Arabella's eyes were slightly red. Losing face in front of everyone made her feel ashamed but more aggrieved. "If you don't like me, just say it. Don't beat around the bush."

"Sorry that you could only get that." Janessa looked at her. Arabella had very little aura in front of Janessa, which seemed to be crushed to pieces. "I'm not beating around the bush. Arabella, I didn't like you before. Now, I don't like you even more. It was just like when I saw you using the water from the waterfall to wash your feet. I don't like it!"

Arabella couldn't imagine that the scene of her taking a foot bath was seen by others. And Janessa even brought it up in front of so many people. Her face looked even worse. She felt as if someone had roasted her on a stove and poured cold water over her body.. She pushed Janessa away, turned around and then run down the mountain.