

Billionaire' s Reborn Baby – Chapter 15 – Intimacy –

Marquise was shocked for a moment and said, 'No. Everything is fine.'

Though Maury felt uneasy, he managed to maintain a smile on his face and grabbed Eliot's sleeve, 'Go have a look.'

'Why would Mr. Vincent stand on the balcony in Emily's room?'

'Did he go to the wrong room while looking for Elsie? But why didn't I see him in the hall just now?'

Eliot finally recovered from the shock and strode towards the hall. He threw the wine glass in his hand to the butler, who then was drenched in red wine.

The butler was upset.

'Oh no! My new tuxedo!'

Beverly had been discussing the noble gentlemen at the party with Elsie in the hall. However, Elsie took a fancy to none of them. She was waiting for Vincent because she had heard that her grandfather sent the invitation to Vincent in person. Vincent would definitely come to the party to show respect for her grandfather.

She waited for a long time, but there came no sign of Vincent. When it was about time that she cut the cake, a loud shout came from outside. Then she walked out with her mother and found that Marquise was clutching his forehead and claiming that someone had hit him.

Given that Elsie had been yelled at by her father the other day, and today was her birthday banquet, she didn't dare to make trouble now. She wanted Marquise to go upstairs and investigate the accident. It would be best if Emily was the one that did this.

After all, Emily was staying in her room all night!

In that case, it would be difficult for her to clear her name, since she was the only one upstairs. As long as she got the blame, this little retard would also be considered violent.

This way, no one dared to approach her again!

What had happened at the banquet a few days ago suddenly popped into Elsie's head. She still didn't understand why an aloof person like Vincent would send a retard back home. Had he lost his mind?

As Elsie was wondering, she was thunderstruck when she heard Vincent's voice coming from upstairs.

Why would he be on the balcony of Emily's room?

Maury tried to smooth things over with a smile, 'Alright. It's time to cut the cake. Let's get in.'

'OK!'

Just as the crowd was about to disperse, someone tilted his head and looked at the balcony with startled eyes, asking, 'Wait, is that Miss Elsie's balcony?'

‘Miss Elsie is there.’ Someone pointed at Elsie standing not far away. She was in a white dress with a shining crown on her head, which paled her face even more.

‘It looks like Miss Emily’s room.’ A low voice came from the crowd.

Everyone was shocked.

They couldn’t believe it.

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After a moment’s silence, everyone stammered with one accord, ‘The retard?’

‘Last time Mr. Vincent even sent that retard home after the banquet was over.’

‘I’ve heard about it, but I didn’t believe it at that time!’

‘Mr. Vincent absolutely has no idea that it’s the retard’s balcony!’

‘That’s right!’

On the balcony of the second floor, Vincent turned around and stepped towards Emily.

Against the night sky, she dressed in pink rabbit pajamas and squatted down, looking just like a little bunny. She had a small face with fair skin as crystal as a high-grade white jade. From a distance, it looked like her face was gleaming. She gazed at Vincent with her bright dark eyes full of disbelief and joy, as if he was a savior from heaven who came to save her again and again.

She was demonstrative with her pure eyes, so Vincent could see her delight with a glance. A strange feeling arose in his heart.

He lowered his back and stared at Emily. Suddenly, he reached out and pinched her cheek.

Emily retreated in pain and rubbed her face, asking in confusion, 'How did you get in here?'

She didn't realize how intimate Vincent had been with her just now.

Vincent stood up straight and took out a cigarette. As he was about to put it in his mouth, he suddenly paused because he smelled a scent on his fingertips.

He frowned slightly and squatted to sniff at Emily's neck.

They were so close to each other.

Emily's nose was filled with Vincent's fresh smell of cigarettes mingled with a faint fragrance of mint. Though she didn't like the smell of cigarettes, she thought the smell on his body was pleasant.

With a hot breath spraying on her neck, she had a tickle and stepped back.. When she looked up, she met a pair of black eyes.

