

Billionaire' s Reborn Baby – Chapter 26 – Taste –

Lost in thought, she did not notice that the butler was quietly observing her.

Somehow, the butler felt that Emily's aura had changed. He couldn't tell exactly, but it was completely different from before. She used to cry out of fear when she saw gangsters fighting, and now she's okay with it?

Seeing her concentrated, the butler couldn't help but ask, 'Miss Emily, who do you think is the best?'

Emily regained her senses and pointed at Harold, 'Him.'

The butler smiled, 'No. Mr. Maury asked me to choose a female bodyguard for you. Which one do you like?'

Emily pointed at Harold again, 'Him.'

The butler wiped his sweat. 'Sorry, Miss Emily. He's a man, not a woman.'

'Oh.'

'...'

The butler hesitated, 'Shall I ask Mr. Maury to let him...?'

Emily nodded with pleasure, 'Yes!'

The butler could say nothing.

Sometimes, he really couldn't figure out whether Miss Emily understood him or not.

On the golf course.

Jaquan Cox hit the ball, overlooking. When he made sure that the ball was too far to pick, he turned to the man, who was lying on the sofa reading the planning, 'Vincent, you really have a special taste.'

When Ferne Dalton and Armando Mosby heard this, they got closer to them in secret while pretending to be wiping their clubs.

Vincent threw the planning aside, shot a faint glance at Jaquan, 'Go on.'

Ferne, Armando, and Randy trembled and took a step away, leaving Jaquan standing there alone. 'This bunch of traitors!' Jaquan cursed.

Cheekily, Jaquan leaned to Vincent, 'Vincent, don't get mad. We're just curious. I heard that you've taken a fancy to that retard of the Britts... No, the beautiful Miss Emily? You sent her home, didn't you? You even went into her room and wanted to do something last night....'

Vincent snorted a 'yes'.

'No wonder you didn't go to the horse race with..... Holy shit!' Jaquan almost bit his tongue, 'What? Vincent, what did you say? What did you just say?'

Rex trotted over from afar and whispered in Vincent's ear, 'Mr. Vincent, none of our men passed the test.'

Vincent raised his eyebrow.

Jaquan leaned over, 'What are you talking about? Rex, speak louder.'

Rex took a glance at him and continued to whisper, 'She chose a retired soldier working for her family. His name is Harold and he's Maury's bodyguard. Maury had agreed to give that bodyguard to her. Also, they went out half an hour ago.'

'What body...?' Jaquan couldn't hear him clearly and only got a few words. He covered his mouth in surprise, 'Vincent, why does that sound...?'

Vincent stood up, 'Enough.'

Rex took the coat for him, 'They went to the department store.'

Vincent patted his coat, 'Back to the company.'

Rex was lost for words.

Vincent was really a hard man to guess.

Vincent wore a calm look, but a hint of interest flashed across his eyes. They actually went out when Marquise and his father were at the Britt's. Did they have something important to do?

'Vincent, you're leaving now?' Jaquan followed him. Suddenly, he felt he seemed to have forgotten something important. And he was still in a daze when the tall and straight figure went out of his sight.

He drank some water, turned around, and pointed at somewhere.

He couldn't remember what that important thing was!

Ferne patted him on the shoulder, 'You heard right. Vincent said yes.'

Jaquan finally got it. He opened his mouth in horror and was quickly covered by Armando before he could make a sound.

Armando let out a soft cry, 'Jaquan, I've screamed for you. Don't thank me.'

Jaquan was speechless.

What was all this?

