

Billionaire's Reborn Baby - Chapter 41

Chapter 41 - Catch Her

Emily immediately agreed.

Except for her, Elsie was the only one home. Emily only told the butler where she was going. Then she brought Harold out. After getting in the car, she threw a strawberry-flavored candy to Harold.

Harold looked at the candy. Last time, she also gave him the same candy. He looked at Emily through the rearview mirror. Coincidentally, he met her clear and beautiful eyes.

‘Thank you,’ he said.

Emily just put a peeled candy into her mouth. She looked at the rearview mirror and said, ‘If you follow me, keep it like this. No matter what Eliot asks you, cover it up for me.’

‘Okay.’

There were risks in choosing Harold as an insider. But in her previous life, Harold had an accident with Maury together. Emily could only bet on Harold. Besides, there was no better candidate than Harold.

Sydnee offered to meet her in a park near the Britt's. When Emily and Harold got there, they saw Sydnee wearing a green dress in the pavilion.

Sydnee's family was doing herb business. She was like Ganoderma, growing alone on a cliff. She looked gentle on the outside, but in fact, her heart was incomparably tenacious.

‘Hi.’ When Sydnee saw Emily, she smiled and greeted her. She opened a large bag behind her and handed some documents to Emily. ‘I guess you don’t want others to know about this, so I chose to meet you here. And these are what I got these days.’

What Sydnee handed to Emily were a housing property transfer letter, a house ownership transfer assignment, and other documents.

The house was not directly assigned to Emily. It was assigned to Emily herself from her family first. And then she brought all the necessary certificates to meet Emily here.

Sydnee stood at the side and said, ‘I will go to the notary office to assign this land to you. But I want to become a shareholder. No matter what business you are in, I want to 10% of your stakes.’

Emily was reading the documents when she heard Sydnee’s offer. She nodded in agreement instantly. It just so happened that she needed a helper. After a while, she realized something. She raised her head in surprise and asked Sydnee, ‘You will give me the land for nothing?’

Sydnee nodded, ‘Yes.’

‘Actually, I have prepared 50,000 to pay for it.’ Emily took out a stack of money from her bag.

Sydnee remained silent.

Emily saw the subtle in her expression and whispered, ‘What’s wrong?’

‘Nothing.’ Sydnee smiled and looked at her watch. ‘Let’s go. I had someone to wait for us over there. Hurry up.’

On the way there, Emily whispered to Harold, ‘What’s with her?’

Harold looked at Sydnee's back and whispered, 'Miss Emily, the land is public property. Its value is much more than 50,000!'

'Really? How much does it worth?' Emily didn't know much about the price of commodities. '60,000?'

Harold was lost for words.

After finishing all the formalities in the notary office, it was an hour later. It was dark. Emily wanted to treat Sydnee to dinner. So they took a walk while choosing a suitable restaurant for dinner.

Harold called Maury and said Emily went to KFC. Maury had no objections. He only instructed Harold to take good care of Emily. Then Maury hanged up.

Emily walked to a restaurant and was just about to enter. But Sydnee pulled her slightly and whispered, 'Let's go to another restaurant.'

'Why? I like the light here.' Emily asked.

Moreover, this restaurant was far away from the Britt's. No one would recognize her.

And the door attendant had already opened the door for them and bowed, 'Welcome, please come in!'

Emily walked in. In an instant, she found out why Sydnee asked her to go to another restaurant just now. Marquise was sitting opposite the door with a few men sitting opposite him. A woman was beside him, lying on his shoulder like she had no bones. She would occasionally feed him some wine and caressed his leg with her soft fingers.

Marquise drank so much that his eyes turned red. He hugged the woman's waist and smiled drunkenly.

After what happened last time, Sydnee was completely disappointed in men. She lowered her eyes slightly and stared out of the window. Emily was a little regretful about coming in. But she was afraid that she would be recognized if she went out now. So she walked to the innermost window seat and sat down.

Harold ordered two dishes according to Emily's preferences, and then he gave the menu to Sydnee.

Maybe because Marquise was drunk, he exclaimed, 'That stupid bitch! I had my chance with that woman...'

The men around him were probably all his henchmen. They laughed and asked, 'Which woman are you talking about?'

'If it weren't for that scheming bitch Elsie, I would have had sex with Hubery Dickerson's daughter that night!'

'What? Really?'

'I heard that his daughter is upright and aloof. Well, now everyone knows what she's like!'

'Mr. Marquise, I heard that she is a freak. She almost spends all her time in the pharmacy every day. She probably smells of medicine. Why do you like her type?'

Marquise bit the neck of the woman beside him and said, 'Because I want to taste something different!'

The woman in her arms said coquettishly, 'You are so bad!'

The men around Marquise laughed.

They burst into laughter. However, Sydnee's face was deathly pale. She had never thought that what she did on the spur of the moment would bring her such humiliation!

Emily realized that Hubery was probably Sydnee's father when she saw her expression.

She gave Harold a look. But Harold didn't understand her gaze.

'...?'

Under Harold's puzzled gaze, Emily stood up.

Harold saw her stand and walked out. Soon she was about to walk past Marquise. She picked up a beer bottle. Wait! He had seen her like this before!

Harold quickly rushed over, but he was still late. He witnessed how Emily picked up an empty wine bottle and smashed it at Marquise's forehead! Emily had used brick and smashed it at a man. Now, the same thing happened again!

After a few seconds of silence, there was a scream. The woman beside Marquise shouted and stood up, wanting to rush out.

The group of men on the side realized what happened and immediately grabbed Emily. 'Hey, who are you? Is Mr. Marquise fine? We caught this little girl!'

Emily looked at Harold, her big eyes filled with fear and grievance.

Harold was impressed.

'I knew you were pretending.'

Sydnee wanted to rush over. Only now did Harold understand the meaning of Emily's gaze. He immediately stopped Sydnee, made her sit down, and handed her the menu. Then he ordered, 'Cover your face.'

Sydnee was frightened by his words.. She sat there as he said, covered her face with the menu, and quietly look above the menu to see what was happening over there.

'Wait a moment. This girl looks quite familiar!'

A few men sized Emily up. On the other side, Marquise covered his bloody forehead and stood up. He glared at Emily, gritted his teeth, and shouted, 'What the hell are you doing, you retard?'

Finally, everyone came to themselves. Wasn't she Elsie's retarded sister?

Harold rushed forward, pulled Emily behind him, and posed a defensive posture. Marquise stared at him, and the woman beside him was still screaming, 'Mr. Marquise, you're bleeding!'

'Shut up!' Marquise roared.

The woman immediately shut her mouth and sat there quietly while staring at Emily and Harold with wide eyes.

The waiter and owner of the restaurant rushed over. A man beside them waved his hand and said, 'It's fine. They know each other. It's just a misunderstanding.'

After all, the Britts and the Buckleys were going to be joined. No matter what, they would be related. And ... the one who committed the crime was a retard.

Someone handed a towel over from behind. Marquise covered his forehead and glared at Emily. Suddenly, he thought of something and his face turned ferocious. 'You were the one who threw that flower pot me that night, weren't you?'

Emily shook her head in fear and stumbled, 'It's me, not, not my sister.'

Harold was speechless.

He looked down silently at the ground.

Marquise slapped the table and said, 'Your sister did this? That bitch planned it! How have I offended her?'

Emily seemed to be frightened and she trembled.

The man beside her echoed, 'I guess so. Elsie and her mother are so scheming. Every time, they will use this retarded girl as a scapegoat...'

'This retard probably took you as her brother-in-law already, so when she saw you with another woman... I never expected that a retard would defend her sister.'

Seeing that the retard was trembling in fear, Marquise threw away the towel, 'Forget it. Since it was your sister, I won't blame this on you. Just leave!'

Harold was surprised.

He finally realized what Emily was capable of and cast a gaze towards her with admiration.

'He's a bad guy. I don't want to see him ... I don't want to eat. I want to go home...' Emily sniffed and shouted at him in grief.

‘Alright, alright. I’ll leave!’ Marquise covered his injured head and walked out. He turned around and looked at Emily. She was a retard. What else could he have except a loss?

Harold was amazed.

As soon as they left, Emily also walked out. Harold turned his head to look at Sydnee and found that her face was filled with shock and admiration. Sydnee sensed his gaze and carried her bag to catch up.

As soon as she got out, she couldn’t help but give Emily a thumbs-up. ‘Oh my God, you are the actress of the year!’

Emily did not smile but just patted her on the shoulder. She was a few years younger than Sydnee and was not as tall as her. It looked somewhat funny when she did this.

‘You will meet a better man.’

Sydnee was shocked and then smiled. ‘You are a little girl, yet you talk like an adult.’

Emily was rather serious. ‘Don’t rush into marriage. There are good men ahead, and you just have to wait.’

Sydnee froze and then said seriously, ‘Okay.’

Harold didn’t know what to do.

He felt that he was not supposed to be here.

‘These are all high-consumption places. Let’s just eat at a cheaper restaurant. We don’t have to spend so much money.’ Sydnee looked at Emily and asked.

Emily nodded. They were at a crossroads. In front of them was the most luxurious restaurant in City Y, Worldwide Restaurant. Vehicles had passed and they walked forward. Emily tilted her head and looked around. She unintentionally saw Kamron, who was answering the phone.

He was wearing a baseball cap, presumably to cover up the bandages on his head. He looked somewhat impatient when talking on the phone. He glanced at his watch from time to time and then walked into Worldwide Restaurant.

Emily didn't know much about Kamron's background, but upon thinking of Sydnee's words, she guessed that Kamron was either a rich man or a powerful official. She followed him and wanted to see who he was going to meet and whether she knew the other party.

Behind her, Sydnee sighed. Seeing that Emily did not turn back, she could only follow her and whispered, 'Really? You really want to go in? It's expensive! Your 500,000 is not enough!'

She couldn't help saying it.

Emily turned around and asked in a serious tone, 'Is it okay if I don't order anything?'

Sydnee was bereft of words.

So was Harold.

Kamron went into the Worldwide Restaurant and walked through the corridor. Emily lowered her head and stepped inside. A waiter followed behind and asked, 'How many of you? Have you made a reservation? May I know your last name?'

Emily thought for a moment, then turned around and said, 'Scavo.'

Harold was shocked.

So was Sydnee.

The waiter was astounded. He took a good look at her and said respectfully, 'Follow me.'

Emily followed him and walked inside. Sydnee could not help but say, 'Only Mr. Vincent's family has the last name Scavo in City Y. If someone discovers that you are an impostor, you'll be screwed.'

Harold trusted Emily somehow. 'No, don't worry. She knows what she's doing.'

Sydnee was still worried. 'She will probably meet Mr. Vincent here.'

The waiter stopped at the door of a private room and knocked on the door. 'Mr. Vincent, a relative of yours is here.'

'....'

Sydnee covered her mouth. Damn, she jinxed it.

Emily did not expect to meet Mr. Vincent here. The scene of the man lowering his head and kissing her as well as his dark eyes in her dream suddenly surfaced in her mind. She had a butterfly in her stomach again.

The door was opened.

Emily waved her hand. 'I'll....'

Before she could finish, the door to the private room next to her was opened. Kamron walked out. He was answering the phone impatiently with lowered head. 'Are you done?'

They were not far away from each other. As long as he raised his head, he could see her. Emily nervously grabbed Harold and pushed him into the private room.

Sydnee went into the private room as well.

They closed the door. Emily took a deep breath and saw that the room was crowded.

People were sitting around a large table.

The man in the main seat was dressed in a black shirt with the uppermost black and gold button. His tall body leaned leisurely back in the seat, his long left arm placed on the arm of his chair. He held a goblet with his left hand, with his index and middle fingers looking slender and beautiful.

Hearing the movement at the door, he did not look over. Instead, he took a sip of wine. Only then did he slowly raise his chin and see the people at the door. His gaze became focused and his lips curled up subtly.

Emily fixed her eyes on him. Among those people, she only knew him, so she looked at him infatuatedly. When she met the man's gaze, her heart beat faster.

'He is not Eliot. I can't take him as Eliot.'

She thought to herself.

Almost everyone present witnessed how Vincent kissed the girl by force. Looking at Arabella sitting beside Vincent, everyone couldn't help but cough.

'What's wrong with you guys? Did you catch a cold?' Arabella, who was in the dark, asked.

They coughed even harder.

Rex led Emily over and said, 'Come here, Miss Emily, have a seat.'

Jaquan, who was sitting on Vincent's right, stood up and emptied the seat. 'Sit here.'

Emily looked at the girl sitting on Vincent's left. She was very beautiful and wore exquisite makeup. Even though she was eating, the lipstick on her lips did not fade.

They should be a couple?

Emily thought of this and felt that she shouldn't sit there. She hesitated and didn't go over.

Sydnee was dumbfounded. Vincent had always been moody. He didn't like to be disturbed and he didn't like girls getting too close to him except Arabella Peck, who he grew up with. However, she would only be seen with him when he was with his other friends. They had never been seen being alone.

If Emily were another girl, she would have been kicked out of the room. However, not only did the people inside not chase her out, but Jaquan stepped aside and Rex came over to invite Emily to sit down respectfully.

Sydnee felt that the information was so abundant that she could not digest it.

Jaquan saw that Emily didn't come over, so he walked towards her and pulled her. 'It's okay. Sit here.'

Emily frowned, and Jaquan had already pressed her onto the chair that was on Vincent's right.

Arabella found it amusing. Most of the people who offered women to Vincent had been taught a lesson and they didn't dare to do it again. She waited for Vincent to get angry and Jaquan to suffer. But after a while, not only did she not see such a scene, but she saw Vincent grab a clean goblet and put it in front of the girl.

....

It was a wonder!

Nobody had seen Vincent fetch things for others!

Even if Arabella had been followed him for so many years, she didn't even see him serve his grandfather a cup of tea!

She sensed potential danger and couldn't help smiling and asking, 'Vincent, who is she?'

Emily was afraid to create a misunderstanding, so she pretended to be nervous and scared, saying, 'Hello, young lady.'

Arabella raised her eyebrows. Recalling that Rex just called her Miss Emily, she realized something and said, 'Oh, you are that re...'

The word retard was not finished.

She saw Vincent change his posture and place his long arm on the chair where Emily was sitting. His voice was low and sexy. 'Yeah, she's my girlfriend.'

'What?'

Ferne spat out the wine in his mouth to Armando's face. 'Holy shit! Vincent, you are...' He turned his head and met Vincent's dark eyes. He swallowed. 'Awesome!'

Armando wiped his face.

Randy fanned himself and smiled meaningfully at Jaquan.

Jaquan just stared at Arabella. He was holding a goblet in his hand and his joints paled because of exertion of strength.

Arabella widened her eyes. She couldn't believe it, so she laughed out loud, 'Vincent, are you joking?'

However, she knew that Vincent would never joke.

The chopsticks in Emily's hand fell to the ground.

Sydnee stood there like she was struck by lightning.

And Harold looked the same. The dumb, big man was in a daze.

The private room was silent and only Vincent's low voice and the sound of his index finger tapping on the back of the chair could be heard. His words were like a hammer hitting everyone's hearts. 'You are here for me?'

They had never seen Vincent talking to someone in such a doting tone!

The Guards wished they were blind! Wasn't their master immune to women? 'Hey, Mr. Vincent, wake up!'

Emily thought to herself. 'He is not Eliot.'

Then she looked up at the center of the table and pursed her lips. ‘I’m hungry.’

‘What do you want to eat?’

Vincent stretched out his chopsticks. Only then did Emily notice that he was left-handed.

The man has long arms, and his fingers holding the chopsticks were so slender and beautiful. His black cuff link shone with a dazzling light like that from a diamond and the light was refracted into Emily’s eyes. She tilted her head to avoid it and saw that other people on the table were all dumbfounded with O-shaped mouths.

Including Rex, who was standing at the door?

Everyone looked like they had seen a miracle.

And Arabella’s eyes were bloodshot with jealousy and grievances because of her being neglected.

Emily shifted her gaze away and decided to play retard. She pouted and said, ‘Ice cream.’

Vincent withdrew his chopsticks and winked at Rex. When Rex received the message, he immediately opened the door and brought a plate of ice cream in all kinds of flavors to Emily.

‘Miss Emily, pick one.’

Emily was speechless.

She felt that the atmosphere in the private room was weird. She casually took the strawberry-flavored ice cream and called to Sydnee, ‘Have one.’

Sydnee didn't know what she was up to. She just said, 'Eating icy food is bad for your stomach. You haven't eaten dinner yet, you should get something for your stomach first.'

'Oh.' Emily bulged her cheeks and handed the ice cream back to Rex. Then, she stood up and grabbed a drumstick from the table, and stuffed it into her mouth. She took a big bite and showed it to Arabella so that she could see it more clearly.

'She's just a retard. Don't misunderstand or get angry. She just came in to hide away and will leave soon.'

Seeing her way to eat, Arabella was shocked and disgusted.

People from large families were particular about eating and would learn eating etiquette, including training for each utensil used during meals.

Emily deliberately ate like that until her mouth was oily. Just as she was about to raise her arm and wipe it with her sleeve, she was stopped by a big hand. The man's fingertips were warm. He held her chin, lifted it, and then patiently wiped her mouth with a wet towel.

The Guards were busy taking pictures.

Rex looked down at his feet in silence.

Sydnee's mouth widened so much that it could almost accommodate a fist.

Ferne spat out another mouthful of wine, and Armando snatched Randy's fan to shield himself.

Randy took the wine bottle as if he was going to smash someone. The crowd was in a mess, and the private room was filled with all sorts of noise.

Arabella finally couldn't take it and stand up. 'Vincent!'

Emily also stood up. She slapped Vincent's hand and said with a frown, 'Don't touch me.'

Arabella was so enraged that she glared at Emily. 'Who do you think you are? How dare you talk to Vincent like this? You retard, you...'

Vincent threw away the towel and stood up. He glanced indifferently at Arabella and said, 'You're so noisy.'

Arabella seemed to have been slapped and her entire face flushed. Her eyes instantly welled up with tears. 'Vincent, you think I'm noisy?'

Emily had watched a lot of TV dramas. At that time, she couldn't understand it. Now, when she thought about it, the plot of the love triangle coincided with the current situation, and she was the home wrecker.

Back then, her mother was the victim of such a triangle, and she wouldn't allow it to happen to herself.

'Goodbye, sir.' She bowed to Vincent. 'Thank you for the ice cream.'

Then, she turned around and left.

Sir...?

Did she misunderstand?

Arabella stood there, dumbfounded, and she forgot about crying.

Ferne spat out wine again, and Armando blocked it with Randy.

Rex was petrified. He turned around and saw Sydnee, who had the same expression. The two stared at each other and then tacitly shifted their gaze away.

Vincent stood there, putting on a faint smile. There seemed to be light flashing through his eyes.

Emily opened the door and went out. She then saw Kamron standing in the corridor and making a phone call. She didn't know how long he had been on the phone. Now he was walking back. And she immediately turned around.

But she bumped into someone. The man was very sturdy. She thought that she had bumped into Harold, so she grabbed the man's arm and whispered, 'Let's go.'

A pleasant voice sounded, 'Where do you want to take me?'

Emily froze.

When she raised her head and met the man's dark eyes, she couldn't react. She looked down and saw the man's thin and beautiful lips that were like the work of a sculptor.

Vincent noticed her gaze and suddenly extended his thumb to wipe his lower lip. His voice carried joy. 'Do I look good?'

Emily reacted when she heard this, and she covered her mouth and retreated.

Behind him, Kamron's voice was getting closer and closer. 'I gotta go. Don't call me again. I'm busy.'

Emily lowered her head to avoid his line of sight. Unfortunately, Vincent was standing in front of her. He was as lofty as a mountain and there was no room for her to escape. The footsteps were getting closer and closer. Emily had no choice but to hug Vincent's arms and shouted, 'Daddy, hug me!'

Even the aloof Vincent had twitching lips, let alone the crowd in the private room.

Rex, who was at the door, was petrified.

Arabella, who just came out, was the same.

So was Jaquan.

And the four Guards.

Ferne could no longer spit out anything. He was pressed down against the table by Armando. Randy was wiping his folded fan with a towel. The private room door was wide open. Hearing this, the three people inside froze on the spot. Their pupils gradually dilated and the shape of their mouth gradually unified. Then, they said two words in unison, 'Holy shit...'

Sydnee looked at Harold and found that he seemed to have been paralyzed. His face was stiff and expressionless.

She was very curious about Vincent's expression. She couldn't help but lean forward and saw Vincent stretch out his hand and hug her. Then, he strode forward... Wait a minute! Forward?

Kamron had entered the private room. The crisis was resolved. Just as Emily was about to come down, she felt the man moving. She grabbed Vincent's collar in surprise and asked, 'Hey! What are you doing?'

Vincent didn't even look at her and said indifferently, 'Daddy will take you home.'

Emily was speechless.

She felt that she had shot herself in the foot.

This was the first time that the guests and waiters of the Worldwide Restaurant had seen Vincent carrying a girl out. They thought of Arabella, who had just returned from studying abroad, and believed Vincent must have fallen in love with her.

They watched happily until they saw Arabella following behind. Only then did they realize that something was wrong. Damn! Arabella was here, then ... who was the girl in Vincent's arms?

The crowd was in chaos!

Emily covered her face. Seeing that more and more people were staring at her, she covered herself with Vincent's coat!

The surroundings suddenly became quiet.

The man also stopped. Just as Emily was wondering why he stopped again, she felt hot breathing on her ears.

...

She covered both of them with the coat!

Their heads were so close that she could smell her, which was the combination of a faint smell of nicotine and his exclusive cold aura.

Inexplicably, her heart began to beat wildly again. Her chest was opposite to his, and she was nervous that he would hear her heartbeat. She grabbed the coat and covered her head while struggling down from his arms. She realized that she was at the entrance of the restaurant. She covered her face so that she could not be seen. Then, she rushed forward like an arrow.

Vincent was in the limelight, so she couldn't be too close to him, let alone be discovered!

Everyone just saw a petite figure with Vincent's coat on her head running very fast!

Harold followed.

Although the crowd did not know who the girl was, Harold caught their attention and many of them yelled in shock.

'Isn't that Maury's driver?'

'Yes, I heard that he has been assigned to be Emily's bodyguard.'

'Holy shit, you mean that girl is the retard from the Britts?'

'I didn't say that...'

'Then what the hell did you mean?'

Vincent stood at the door and tilted his head. Rex, who was behind him, handed over a cigarette and lit it.

The man narrowed his eyes and smoked, but in his mind, he was thinking about the girl's rosy lips when she held the cigarette with her mouth.

His eyes gradually darkened. He bit the cigarette and looked down at his palm. The feeling of touching her lingered on his fingertips. She looked rather skinny but felt so soft.

'Mr. Vincent?' Rex risked his life to speak. He winked at Vincent, signaling him to look back.

Vincent turned around and saw Arabella standing there with red eyes. Jaquan and Ferne were chatting around her.

He put out the cigarette and exhaled the smoke. Then, he got on the car resolutely and said, 'Let's go.'

The car door was opened and closed, and just as Arabella arrived at the entrance, she saw the cold and handsome profile of the man.

She stamped her foot and her eyes turned red, "Why would Vincent do this to me? What did I do wrong? I just went abroad to study. I've waited for him for so long! Why would he refuse me just because of a retard? Why?"

Randy interrupted, 'Vincent didn't like you. The past means nothing. It's just your wishful thinking.'

Arabella was so hurt by this sentence that she covered her face and ran away.

Jaquan glared at him. 'Will you stop talking?'

Randy sneered, 'Idiot, you can't even tell that I'm helping you. No wonder you are destined to be a simp!'

Jaquan was furious and grabbed his collar. 'Say that again?'

Randy sneered and pointed his face with the fan, 'Hit me, right here!'

They all knew that for Randy, nothing was more important than his face. He would rather die than be slapped in the face.

Jaquan said fiercely, 'Do you think I don't dare?'

Ferne and Armando came over to mediate, 'Don't, don't fight! Don't be impulsive! Actually ... I don't think Randy is wrong...'

Jaquan suddenly turned his head and said, 'You took his side?'

'No, it's ...' Armando wanted to explain. Jaquan had released Randy and pointed at them, saying 'good' three times.

'Alright, you don't take me as your friend, do you? Alright then, don't fucking ask me for help!'

He left this sentence and chased after Arabella.

Randy tidied his collar and cursed, 'Moron.'

Before getting into the car, Randy turned to look at Ferne and Armando and shook the fan in his hand. 'I think Vincent probably has fallen for this girl, but ... that girl probably doesn't love him.'

'Holy shit! What are you talking about? How can there be someone not attracted by Vincent?' Ferne said in disbelief. 'She's just a retard. She'll definitely fall in love with Vincent!'

Armando nodded.

Randy shrugged. 'Believe it or not.'

After he finished speaking, he snapped his fingers, and cartoon music sounded again. Ferne and Armando quickly stepped aside.

The music in the car changed again. A cute girl was dancing in the darkness for a while and then stopped. She opened the car door and made a gesture of invitation. 'Get in the car, my master. I'm willing to serve you and be your slave for the rest of my life. I'll only listen to your words.'

Ferne rolled his eyes.

Armando covered his face.. Fortunately, he had run away from Randy.

When Jaquan caught up to Arabella, she was squatting under a tree and making a phone call. She curled up and drew circles on the ground with her fingers in uneasiness. 'Vincent, I'll just ask you one question. Did you mean what you said in the private room just now?'

Jaquan didn't know what Vincent said on the phone, but Arabella hung up. It looked like she was under hypnosis.

And she silently stared at the ground.

Jaquan walked over and draped his coat over her.

Arabella looked up and saw him. Tears suddenly flowed out of her eyes as she asked in a low voice, 'Are you here to laugh at me?'

Jaquan wiped away her tears with his thumb and sighed, 'Arabella, you know I love you. I will never laugh at you.'

‘But I don’t want your love!’ Arabella cried out loud. ‘I want Vincent! I’ve liked him for so many years! Why did he find a retard all of a sudden? Why? How am I worse than that retard?’

Jaquan also wanted to roar. ‘I’ve liked you for so many years, but why won’t you give me a chance!’

But he didn’t say it. He just lowered his head and suddenly said, ‘She’s not a retard.’

‘You speak for her!’ Arabella stood up indignantly. She was still crying. She looked so beautiful when shedding tears under the street lamp, but in a flash, her tears were replaced by hatred. ‘I don’t want to see her!’

There were two kids in the Pecks. One was bold and the other was weak and timid. Unfortunately, the bold one was a girl, while the weak one, the family’s inheritor, was incorrigible. Because of autism and fear of darkness, he had never left the house. The Pecks made it clear to the public that they would make Arabella the successor. That was why Arabella went to study abroad four years ago.

At that time, before she left, she asked those friends to keep an eye on Vincent so that no vixens could get close. They joked, ‘Everyone knows that Vincent won’t get close to women except you...’

Arabella thought that Vincent knew she was in love with him all this time. And the mental support when she was abroad was the wish that she could marry Vincent after she’s back. However, she didn’t expect that a retard would take her place!

How could she bear it?

Jaquan was so familiar with Arabella that he understood her emotions. He immediately stopped her and said, 'Arabella, don't act rashly. Vincent is serious this time.'

Arabella avoided him and walked forward. 'Don't get in the way.'

'He marked her.' Behind her, Jaquan said calmly, 'He gave her his first kiss.'

Arabella suddenly turned her head and her eyes instantly reddened. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she covered her head and screamed, 'No way! You are lying!'

'We saw it.' Jaquan walked over and supported her shoulder. 'I, Ferne, Armando, and Randy. We all saw it.'

'I don't believe it! I don't believe it!' Arabella tried hard to break free, but she couldn't. Because she was too angry, she accidentally slapped him.

It was finally quiet.

Arabella stared at him and suddenly hugged him in grief and cried, 'How could I have a breakup the moment I was back? Why... Why doesn't Vincent like me....? Why? Am I a bad girl ...?'

'Arabella.' Jaquan hugged her and caressed her back. 'Be with me, okay?' He asked softly.

Arabella was still crying.

Jaquan whispered in her ear, 'I like you. I've always liked you since I was a child.'

After a long time, Arabella finally stopped crying.

Jaquan held her in his arms and was about to return by car.

Halfway through, Arabella suddenly asked him, 'Jaquan, can you do something for me?'

This was the first time Arabella addressed him by name. Jaquan was so happy that he immediately nodded. 'Okay!'

...

When Emily returned to the Britt's, it was late. After she came out of the restaurant, she waited for Sydnee. Then, the three went to buy a locker and Emily locked the property ownership certificate inside. Afterward, she gave the key to Harold.

Without saying a word, Harold put the key into the pocket of his shirt.

On the way back, Sydnee wanted to ask something, but she didn't know how to say it. She just looked at Emily from time to time. In her memory, Emily was still the little girl who wouldn't grow up. She was in a white lace dress, had a soft and cute face, and sweetly called Eliot and Elsie. She was smiling, sensible, and obedient.

Unlike the current her, who was looking out of the window expressionlessly with cold eyes.

What exactly happened to her?

'You don't need to be curious about my relationship with him.' Emily looked out of the window and said without raising her head, 'I'm just a retard.'

Sydnee was speechless.

'Your ability to read people indicated otherwise, okay?'

Harold looked at the two people in the backseat through the rearview mirror. Although he was usually dumb, it didn't mean that he could be calm when he heard Emily being called girlfriend by Vincent and saw her hugged in public by him.

A dumb man might look dumber because of shock, and others might mistake it as being mature.

But it wasn't like that. He hadn't come to himself yet. After all, it was Mr. Vincent. It would be hard to find him a match in City Y. And even if there was one, it wouldn't be Emily!

Harold recalled Emily's strange behaviors these days, and suddenly realized something. Emily could change her style, so it was reasonable for Vincent to change his taste... No. No matter how much he changed, he wouldn't love Emily. She was not even an adult!

They were about to arrive at the Dickerson's. Emily turned her head to look at Sydnee and said, 'I'll go to the Tea Manor in two days. Will you be there?'

'Yeah.' Sydnee packed her bag and thanked her again before getting out of the car. Then, she waved her hand and said, 'Text me.'

'Alright.'

This was the second time Emily had come home late.

She thought only Eliot would be waiting in the living room and she didn't expect the whole family to be there. All of their faces were gloomy.

Beverly sat there and didn't say anything when she saw Emily coming back. Elsie sat on the sofa with an ashen face. Only Maury and Eliot were standing in the living room.

'Have you had dinner?' It was Eliot who noticed her and walked over to feel her hand. 'It's cold. Go wash your hands with warm water.'

'Alright.' Emily washed her hands and came back. Sensing that the atmosphere was still gloomy, she couldn't help but ask, 'Eliot, what's wrong?'

Since something like that had happened this afternoon, even if the marriage between the Buckleys and the Britts wouldn't be canceled, the Buckleys would do something to make it difficult for Elsie. Emily knew it, but she just pretended to be in the dark and asked.

Eliot explained in a low voice, 'The Buckleys had planned to come over tomorrow and talk about the engagement. But they called and said that Marquise's head was injured. The engagement was postponed until the end of the year.'

'You talked too much. How can she understand?' Maury frowned and turned his head to look at Emily. He softened his expression and said, 'Are you tired? Just go to bed.'

Emily blinked her big eyes and carefully said to Maury, 'Good night, dad.'

Eliot caressed her head and said, 'Don't be afraid. It's fine. Go to sleep.'

How could he know that his little retarded sister was the one behind this thing that he was worried about all night?

After Emily went upstairs, Eliot walked to the door and asked casually, 'Where did Miss Emily go today?'

She had gone to the Worldwide Restaurant.

But Harold lied to him deliberately, 'KFC.'

'Something happened?'

Vincent had hugged her.

Harold lowered his head. He, who always had a dull face, looked even more poker-faced, 'No.'

'Did she eat ice cream?' Eliot asked.

A plate of assorted ice cream appeared in Harold's mind once again.

He nodded and said, 'Yes, she did.'

Eliot waved to him, which meant that there were no more questions.

When finishing his work at night, Eliot went to Emily's room and sat on her bedside, chattering about his recent troubles. Emily pretended to be dopey and nodded from time to time. But in fact, she kept attentive to filter out useful information.

'Recently the whole country is boycotting Japanese goods. The streets are in chaos. Don't go out alone. Remember to take Harold with you. There have been many swindlers lately, but they may not take you as the target. Anyway, remember to not talk to strangers. Also, if the strangers deceive you to invest and to gain more profits, you can't believe them.... '

Emily's eyes opened all of a sudden. It came to her that in her previous life, her stepmother had been cheated of a lot of money, which led to the deficit of the Britt Group. At that time, Eliot was busy filling the deficit, so he rarely had time to come back and see her. Then Eliot was injured and hospitalized, the company lost its backbone. Many employees were incited to change jobs and they took their resources away. Finally, the entire Britt Group went bankrupt...

It seemed that an invisible chain was pulling the Britt Group into bankruptcy.

'Are you scared?' Eliot touched her forehead and said, 'It's fine. I'm with you. Don't be afraid. It's time to sleep.'

Emily nodded and closed her eyes again. But she said to herself, 'It's okay, Eliot. With me, you will be fine, and nothing will happen to the Britt Group.'

The next morning, Emily found Harold and handed him a fruit candy. To outsiders, they were discussing whether this fruit candy was delicious or not because Miss Emily had a silly smile on her face.

However, no one would know that Miss Emily with such a silly smile was actually saying, 'Harold, keep an eye on Beverly for me.'

Harold accepted the candy quietly, which meant he knew what to do.

Emily kept smiling sweetly, 'Pay attention to whether she has such a person by her side.'

'What kind of person?' Harold asked.

Emily tilted her head and looked innocent and cute, but in fact, she was saying, 'A swindler. A very smart swindler.'

‘...’

Harold said to himself, ‘I’m facing one.’

....

Three days later, Elsie finally went back to school. Beverly also followed Maury to the company. There was no one home. After Emily called Sydnee, she took a taxi to the Lotus Tea Manor.

After the incident with Kamron last time, she was worried that she would run into him again. So she chose to take the taxi and even dressed in sportswear with a sports hat. She looked even younger.

There were not many tea trees planted in the tea plantation. On the contrary, there were many fruits and vegetables planted here. Tea trees were only planted in a small patch.

Seeing Sydnee come over, the servants in the Tea Manor happily followed her behind. After all, they had witnessed that Sydnee grew up here from childhood. In a blink of an eye, she became a young girl, so the servants all sighed with mixed feelings.

‘Who planted the tea tree?’ Emily asked.

Sydnee turned around and saw an old man trembling as he walked out. He bowed and said, ‘Miss Emily, it was me.’

Emily picked a piece of tea leaf and looked at it carefully. She was not familiar with the tea industry. She only remembered that the price of tea had risen quickly in her previous life. She vaguely remembered that the name of the tea was some ... Red or what.

She turned around and asked, 'Is there any tea called 'hong' or something?'

The old man raised his aged face and frowned as he pondered, 'Haidihong? Xinyanghong?'

Emily kept shaking her head as the old man said few tea names. Then Sydnee whispered, 'Dahongpao?'

Emily suddenly raised her head and said, 'Yes, that's it. We'll plant this.'

She was afraid her tone would give her away. If someone noticed something was wrong, it would be a hassle. So she added, 'Turn the soil before planting. And also grow some Pu'er, Tieguanyin, and Longjing tea over there.'

The old man looked at Sydnee, who was looking over and saying, 'Howard, just do as she says.'

Howard nodded. Just as he was about to leave, he heard the girl who looked young and pretty say, 'Hire a few more tea farmers. The Tea Manor will experience a busy time sooner. Howard is old and should be paid what he deserves. All he has to do is keeping an eye on the tea plantation.'

It turned out that these words were not addressed to him, but to Sydnee.

Howard was puzzled. This girl looked a few younger than Miss Sydnee, but why did she appear to be more experienced?

Sydnee nodded, 'Alright. What do you think of the other places?'

Emily squinted and looked around. 'Build a shed over there. The warehouse also needs to be rebuilt. And keep it dry. Find someone to

send the nutrient soil over. After turning the soil, replace it with the nutrient soil. The season is suitable for sowing seeds. We could grow four lines of Dahongpao here, and over there, they may plant anything else as they like.’

The Manor itself had produced many varieties of tea, all of which could survive here. Emily can ignore this concern, and only put forward her request. Every time she said something, Sydnee behind her take her cell phone to write it down.

The servants behind them were dumbfounded.

Jaquan, who had quietly followed her over, was somewhat surprised, wondering what this ‘retarded Miss Emily’ was up to.

The other day, Arabella had asked him to follow Emily and report all her actions to Arabella every day.

As long as it wasn’t life-threatening, Jaquan was willing to help. He had been curious before, but now, his curiosity had been washed away. He knew that no matter what Arabella asked him to do, her ultimate goal was for Vincent.

He already knew it, but he was still jealous.

It seemed as if it was going to rain. Drops of rain fell on his head. Jaquan looked up and saw the four guards on the tree.

‘...’

‘...’

After a moment of silence, Jaquan slowly stood up and asked, ‘Is Vincent here?’

The guards licked their popsicles and nodded.

Jaquan thought for a moment, then he took out his phone and sent a message to Arabella, 'Vincent is also here.'

There was no reply.

Jaquan did it on purpose. After putting away his phone, he slowly walked back along the path. After he walked out of the Tea Manor, a little boy rashly bumped into him on the path.

He helped the child up and patted his pants, 'Be careful.'

The little boy stood up and thanked him. Jaquan was impressed by his smile. He kind of felt that the child looked familiar. But very quickly, the child rushed to the Tea Manor after thanking him. It seemed that he lived here.

'Mom! It's going to rain!' The little boy shouted, 'Let me help you with the clothes!'

This child seemed to be about three or four years old, yet he actually knew to help his mother collect clothes. He seemed to be educated well and was very thoughtful.

Jaquan didn't hear the mother's voice because he looked away. He saw Arabella's car parked at the entrance of the Tea Manor.. She was looking down at her phone with an expression that could not have been more sullen.

'It's going to rain. Miss Emily, come in. I'll give Mr. Maury a call.'
Harold took out his phone and made a phone call while walking.

Emily nodded and walked away.

Sydnee asked, 'Are you staying in the East Side tonight?'

Emily raised her head to look at the sky, 'Well, if it rains, I will stay tonight. If not, we will hurry back overnight.'

'Alright, then I'll go tidy up. We'll start tomorrow.' Sydnee had a tremendous spirit. She was still wearing a long green dress, but her temperament was obviously different. Without the aloofness and coldness that used to come along with her, she seemed to be more energetic now.

'What's the matter?' Noticing that Emily had been staring at her, Sydnee couldn't help but raise her eyebrows and ask, 'Is there something on my face?'

'One word.' Emily wrote in her palm with fingers, 'Beautiful.'

Sydnee was speechless.

She was puzzled.

Harold, who had just hung up, was also dumbfounded.

Emily smiled and walked into the East Side. Harold went to the kitchen to order dishes. Because the dark clouds pressed down, the room was pitch black. This was an old-fashioned building without wall lights, so she needed to light red candles.

When she walked to the table and touched the match, she felt everything seemed to be familiar.

She paused, took a few steps into the darkness and kicked something under her feet. She staggered into a man's embrace and even dropped her hat.

There was a faint nicotine smell on his body. He might have just drunk some wine, and she could smell the bouquet from him. It was somewhat intoxicating.

‘Why are you here?’ She propped up her arms and got up. She seemed to have pressed down on something. She heard him let out a low ‘hiss’. The sound seemed to be in her ears. She could even feel his boiling hot breathing. Unexpectedly, her ears became hot all of a sudden.

She took two steps back, rubbed her ears, and rubbed the goose bumps on her arms.

After that day, this was the first time she and he were ‘alone’.

Emily wanted to light the candle, but she was worried that Harold would see two figures show cast on the door. She could only endure the indistinct darkness and whispered, ‘Because of last time?’

Perhaps he said that because he wanted to get rid of that girl.

Emily was very considerate, ‘Don’t worry. I didn’t take it wrong. You’ve helped me many times, so I am supposed to help you too.’

As soon as she finished speaking, she was held up by her waist. Shocked, she was grabbed the shirt on his chest tightly, ‘Mr. Vincent?’

Vincent pressed her against the wall, rubbed her lips with his thumb, and said in a low voice, ‘Is it gone?’

‘What?’ In the darkness, Emily was somewhat confused and even a little nervous. She was worried that Vincent would kiss her again, and her heart started to beat wildly again.

She had never experienced such a feeling in her previous life. Her entire back was covered in sweat, and she felt so hot that the heat made her breathing hot.

She couldn't see his face clearly, but she could feel his burning gaze on her face. He was tall. Obviously, he was bending over and looking down at her.

Emily tilted her head. She felt that no matter how hard she tried, she could not dodge his breathing with the bouquet.

She finally couldn't help but raise her head and ask, 'What's gone?'

Ever since the last kiss in the private room, her attitude towards him had changed drastically. Now her heartbeat was too abnormal, and she had this hot and strange feeling.

A cool finger gently stroked her chin.

Emily was shocked by the cold. Then, she felt his breathing pressed on her with the fragrance of wine. She suddenly widened her eyes. This time, it was obviously different from last time.

She felt that a nimble little fish went into her mouth, wantonly invading in and leaving behind its own imprint tyrannically.

Emily's mind exploded.

She pushed Vincent away abruptly and wiped the saliva on her lips carelessly. Her heart beat violently, and she heard the man's low and deep voice above her head, 'I don't think my demonstration last time is good enough.'

Emily, '...'

Guard A in the shadows: Someone light the candle! Damn it! I can't see anything!

Guard B in the shadows, God! Will Mr. Vincent have a forgettable night? I am so excited and nervous!

Guard C in the shadows: I don't think so.

Guard B in the shadows: Why?

Guard D in the shadows: Because it will be a restricted scene.

Guard A:...

Guard B:...

Harold's voice came from outside the door, 'Miss Emily, someone wants to see you.'

Emily coughed, 'Okay, I'm coming.' Suddenly, she remembered that she didn't know anyone here except Sydnee. So she asked, 'Who?'

'She said her last name was Peck. She's the one we met last time at the Worldwide Restaurant,' Harold said.

Was she Vincent's sweetheart?

Emily looked at Vincent opposite her in the darkness and whispered, 'Vincent, I'm just a retard.'

The implication was 'please don't entertain me anymore. Look, your sweetheart has come to find you. Please go to meet her.'

A warm palm rest on her head. Emily was like a cat whose fur had been smoothed, motionless, and she felt as if her heart had been caressed. She suddenly calmed down.

Vincent rubbed her head and said in a hoarse, magnetic voice, 'With me here, no one dares to mess with you, my little retard.'

'....'

Emily pondered for a moment. Vincent had power and wealth. If the Britt Group inevitably went bankrupt sooner or later, could it be avoided if she counted on him?

She thought for a moment and carefully asked, 'Then what do you want from me?'

Vincent looked at her quietly in the darkness. This girl had been taught by Eliot about the equivalent exchange in the business world. If he said that he didn't want anything, she wouldn't dare to accept it.

'Here,' he said, touching her lips with his thumb, his voice low. 'Only I can touch here from now on.'

'....'

Emily gritted her teeth and agreed helplessly, 'Okay.'

Arabella, having waiting outside for a long time, was probably anxious. She directly pushed the door open and went in. Harold had no guts to stop her. However, she did not expect that she would see this scene.

There was a flash of lightning in the sky, and the room was instant as bright as day.

Vincent was tall and strong, holding Miss Emily in his embrace, so Harold could only see her white sneakers. Hearing the movement behind him, Vincent turned around coldly, revealing half of his handsome face. His arrogant look revealed an infiltrating chill.

Arabella had known that Vincent was here, but she didn't know that he was in this retard's room. She stared at them with her eyes wide open. The lightning disappeared and thunder rolled over.

Harold stood there, hesitating whether to light the candle or not.

It was Emily who broke the silence. She came out from under Vincent's long arm and found a match to light it. She picked up the red candle and walked to the door. Then she looked at Arabella and asked, 'Arabella, are you looking for me?'

Arabella stared at her red lips and smelt the aura that clearly came from Vincent. Her eyes immediately turn red as she pointed at Emily, asking, 'What were you guys doing just now?'

Emily didn't answer, because Vincent walked to the door quickly and said in a cold tone, 'Jaquan, send her back.'

Arabella stared at him, tears flowing down unknowingly. There was another bolt of lightning outside, and the heavy rain instantly fell. It hit the trees in the courtyard, and they could feel the coldness coming through the rain.

Jaquan somehow showed up, put his coat on Arabella, and walked out with her in his arms.

Arabella cried as she turned around in the rain and shouted, 'Vincent, have you ever liked me? Have you? All these years, have you ever fallen in love with me even once?'

She stood there as if she would never leave before she heard the answer.

Jaquan felt upset and he looked elsewhere.

Vincent was decisive and his voice sounded extremely indifferent. 'No.'

Emily didn't feel much from their conversation. She knew little about love and she had only watched Korean soap operas. So she couldn't be in others' shoes to feel their pain. Because she hadn't experienced it before, she looked blank and was at a loss.

However, Arabella staggered and fell into the rain. Jaquan held her in his arms, and then they walked out in the rain.

Vincent turned around and the guards in the shadows caught up with him one by one.

At the very moment, Harold stood there, feeling uneasy and awkward. 'I'll go to the kitchen and see if the dishes are ready.'

'You care about her, but why don't you like her?' After they left, Emily turned around and asked Vincent.

Under the candlelight, she could see Vincent's silhouette with sharp features. His eyelashes were dense and long, and he was frowning. He had a distinctly outlined face. 'That's not the same.'

Emily asked, 'What's not the same?'

Vincent glanced at her and said indifferently, 'I just take her as my sister.'

Emily clearly remembered his brother-sister theory, so she covered her mouth and stopped asking.

Harold came back with dinner. Sydnee came to visit Emily from next door after her meal. Upon entering, she caught a glimpse of Vincent sitting in the room. She sprained her foot and almost fell. Fortunately, Harold supported her.

She stared at Vincent in astonishment, then she looked at Emily, who was eating, whispering, 'I, I will come tomorrow.'

Emily was eating vegetables and said vaguely, 'Wait. I'm almost done.'

Sydnee looked at Vincent beside her and realized that he didn't say anything, so she found a chair to have a seat.

The atmosphere in the room was a little strange.

Emily and Vincent belonged to different worlds, but they got along exceptionally well and shared the same dining table, which made people wonder what had happened...

'What's the matter?' Emily had already finished her meal, and Vincent also put down his chopsticks. The guards came up and removed all the things from the table. Harold lit another red candle.

The whole room lit up a little.

Vincent glanced at Emily, reached out to wipe the rice grains off her lips, and he walked out.

Emily wiped her mouth with a napkin again. She turned around, only to see Sydnee staring blankly. She couldn't help but stretch out her hand and waved to Sydnee.

Sydnee suddenly grabbed her wrist and said, 'You....'

Emily looked up at her, puzzled.

Sydnee took a deep breath and whispered, 'Are you and Mr. Vincent seeing each other?'

Emily found this question hard to answer, because she had only agreed to Vincent's one condition, and he did not say that they were in a relationship.

Emily shook her head.

Sydnee hesitated and said, 'Actually, I'm quite curious. Because Vincent hasn't treated a girl so well in all these years, hugging and wiping her mouth... I have a feeling. It seems that...'

She didn't know what to say, because she was facing Emily, who was a few years younger than her. She could see the innocence in Emily's big eyes.

Emily pondered for a moment and asked, 'Do you think he has an ulterior motive for coming close to me?'

Sydnee was speechless.

She said to herself, 'I am saying he probably likes you.'

'Don't worry. He's a good guy. He won't hurt me.' Emily whispered, 'He saved me several times.'

Sydnee was surprised and also somewhat absent-minded. In this way, it could explain Vincent's strange actions. However ... did Vincent really like Emily or was he interested in a little retard who just pretended to be so?

Seeing Sydnee sink in reflection as she frowned, Emily took a few steps forward and approached her. She blurted out, 'Do you like him too?'

Sydnee was shocked by her words. She placed her hand upon her heart and took a step back, explaining gently, 'No! I.... I'm just curious and a little surprised. I can't believe it somehow.'

Vincent Scavo, the legendary figure in City Y and overlord of City Y's business world, had always been ruthless and cold for 26 years. Who would expect him to be this gentle to a woman now!

She was shocked by Vincent's reaching out and wiping Emily's lips.

Although she had experienced a similar shock before, at that time, she didn't get close that time, so it didn't look real to her. It was so unreal that she even thought it was not Vincent himself. But just now, she had just witnessed it from a close distance! It was truly Vincent!

It was hard to meet Vincent for most people. But since Sydnee knew Emily, she had actually met Vincent twice a week!

Moreover! On both occasions, Vincent was showing his affection towards Emily!

What did this mean?

'He just did all this for fun,' Emily said softly.

Sydnee hadn't regained her sense, 'What?'

Emily looked at the rain at the door. Her voice sounded from far away, 'A retard suddenly becomes normal.' She turned around to look at Sydnee and suddenly smiled. 'Don't you find it funny?'

Sydnee felt as if something was hammering her heart, and she felt depressed.

What exactly had happened to that innocent and cute little girl in the past?

At that very moment, Sydnee saw her loneliness and helplessness. However, in an instant, Emily regained her innocence and loveliness. It turned out that Eliot was calling her. She was holding her phone and smiling happily.

At night, Emily was once again overwhelmed by nightmares.

In the dream, Maury was lying on the ground drenched in blood. She came to him and shouted hoarsely, 'Dad! Dad!'

Maury didn't move at all.

On the other side was the same bloody Harold.

Immediately, the scene switched. Kamron hit Eliot so hard that Eliot couldn't fight back. Then, Kamron took him step by step to the rooftop on the 16th floor and grinned at Emily. 'Say goodbye to your dear brother!'

'No....' Emily screamed miserably.

As she watched Eliot being thrown downstairs, the scene changed again. Elsie took a knife and stabbed her in the chest, 'It's all because of you! Go die!'

Her lips hurt.

Emily opened her eyes in panic. It was a dream.

The room was pitch black. She could hear the sound of breathing above her head. But it was not Harold.

She sat up and noticed that she was holding a dagger tightly in her hand. Warm liquid flowed down the dagger to the back of her hand. Confused, she put it before her nose and sniffed.

It was blood.

As soon as Emily jumped out of bed, she was stopped. A man stretched out his long arm and carried her into his arms. He gently caressed the back of her head with his big palm. From his voice, Emily didn't know how he felt, 'You okay now?'

The dagger fell to the ground with a clatter of metal.

Emily's nose was filled with the smell of blood. She had just come back to life from her nightmare. But she kept trembling, with her back and forehead covered in a cold sweat. The man's embrace was broad and warm. A faint nicotine smell went into Emily's nose, sweeping away all her fears and anxiety.

'Mr. Vincent.' She said softly, her voice a little hoarse, 'Did I stab you?'

Ever since she was reborn into this world, she had always put a knife under her pillow every night before she went to bed in case anything unexpected happened. Even if she slept over, she would definitely carry a dagger in her bag for defense.

In the past few nightmares, she had never resisted. In the dream, Elsie had once again stabbed her in the chest with the dagger, and then she fell into a deep abyss, unable to get up again.

But tonight, she fought back in her dreams. She thought that she just smelled the blood in her dreams, but she didn't realize that it was real.

'It's fine.' The man's voice was calm. After saying that, he reached out and touched her face. Sure enough, there were tears.

When she first appeared by his pool, she cried hard and suppressed herself. When she was sent back to the Britt's, she cried her eyes out. At Elsie's birthday party, she pretended to cry grievously. At Mr. Ian's birthday party, she went into the wrong room, and her eyes turned red.

She was such a cry baby, but it was this cry baby that gave him a wet dream. Just as Jaquan had said, it was the first time he had experienced this in 26 years.

The little girl in the dream cried for mercy. Her beautiful eyes reddened, her cherry lips slightly opened, and exposed her pink tongue. He was turned on... The bed surround was broken.

The guards in the shadows all pretended that they didn't hear the heavy breathing. But they did not escape the punishment.

Vincent came out for a cigarette with a cold face and just so happened to hear her heart-wrenching 'No...'

What exactly had happened to this little girl that she would pick up the dagger under the pillow and thrust it straight at whoever approached her?

Emily took a step back and shouted, 'Harold.'

She knew that Harold had always been outside the door, but she did not know why Vincent was here at this time, but this was not important.

Harold at the door had heard the nightmarish cry of Miss Emily. Before he could rush in, a man entered the room like a gust of wind. Harold's extended foot stopped there, and he kept guarding the door uneasily. Although Vincent enjoyed a high status, he was still worried that anything bad might happen. Now that he heard Miss Emily's voice, he quickly lit up the candle and rushed in.

'Miss Emily, you're up?'

He lifted the candle in his hand and saw two people standing face to face by the bed, one tall and the other low.

Under the curtain of night, Harold could see the tall man looked exceptionally handsome in the shadows. At the very moment, even the dull Harold had to admit that there was no other man who was even more perfect than Vincent in City Y.

Emily had already taken a few steps forward to receive the candle in his hand and instructed him, 'Go find a medical kit.'

Harold smelled the blood the moment he went in. But when he saw Miss Emily functioning, as usual, he guessed that it was Vincent who was injured. However, Harold had no idea how he got hurt.

Thinking of Miss Emily's nightmare just now, he had his own answer.

Emily found a basin and washed her hands. Then, she walked towards Vincent, who stood in the shadows and merged with the darkness. He looked gloomy and no one could read his emotions.

She reached out to pull him out of the darkness. Under the candlelight, the man's face was clear. His chin was strong, slightly raised, revealing the rolling Adam's apple below. The black shirt suited his tall and

straight figure. He was looking down at their hands that were holding together.

His palms were wide and large, and hers were tender and small.

With just a little bit of force, this small hand would be crushed by him.

The girl in front of him was clearly too thin and fragile to withstand a single blow, but her big eyes flashed with an unusual calm. She unbuttoned his shirts, checked the blood stains on his chest, and turned around to wash the towel to wipe it.

Harold handed over the medical kit. Just as he was about to take over the work in her hand, he noticed the coldness in his eyes. Seeing that Emily was okay with this, he immediately put down the things and turned around to leave.

When Harold arrived at the door, he turned around and saw Vincent standing with his head lowered. His figure was like a giant, carrying a large shadow. Emily leaned close to his chest and carefully used cotton balls to disinfect him. From Harold's perspective, it was as if he had seen the beauty and the beast coming to life.

Emily was too young. She was only seventeen this year, but Vincent would be twenty-seven in a few months! He was ten years older than her!

Harold walked out and closed the door. The candlelight reflected their shadows on the door as if they were 'hugging'.

Damn it.

He actually felt that this picture looked nice.

Thunder rolled in the distance, and the rain gradually relented. In a few hours, it would be dawn.

Harold raised his head and looked into the distance. Suddenly, he sensed some movements on the tree at the door. He took out a small flashlight and shone it over there.

The four guards on the tree waved at him awkwardly yet politely.

Harold and the guards had met each other at dinner time. The guards were very polite to him. It seemed that they wanted to be more familiar with the future Mrs. Scavo's bodyguard. They didn't expect that after few hours, they would meet again in such an embarrassing situation.

‘...‘

‘...‘

They were all remained silent for a moment.

Harold asked, ‘Aren't you afraid of being struck by lightning?’

The guards on the tree didn't speak until guard A said, ‘We are here to be struck.’

Harold, ‘...‘

Seeing that Harold was a little confused, guard B coughed softly and said, ‘We heard what we shouldn't have heard, and then we were punished.’

Guard C continued, ‘Why did you come out? There are still a few hours until dawn. Hurry up. Go in and take a look.’

Harold, ‘...‘

The guards coughed in unison.

After realizing what was going on, Guard C coughed softly, 'Well, our Mr. Vincent is so pretty. At the quiet night, I'm worried that your Miss Emily won't be able to control herself...'

Harold didn't say anything.

'Hey, are you Jerold?' One of the guards asked from the tree.

Harold was embarrassed, 'My name is Harold.'

That guard let out an 'alright' and didn't say more.

The other guards on the tree were indignant, 'That's all? You just fucking asked that? We're all about to be struck by lightning, but what you care about is his name?'

'Don't you forget the popsicle you ate in the afternoon? Shame on you!'

'I think he must have laughed again and Mr. Vincent heard it. Otherwise, why would we be punished?'

'Yes! That's it!'

The voice retorted weakly, 'I didn't laugh. I just burped.'

The guards were silent for a moment before cursing in unison, 'What's the difference?'

When Emily was in hospital in her previous life, she had seen the doctor change the dressing and bind up her wounds. It looked easy. But now it was difficult for her to do it by herself.

Because Vincent was injured on the left side of his chest, the bandage should be wrapped from his right shoulder to his chest. At first, when she disinfected Vincent, Emily did not feel anything strange. As she was about to bandage the wounds, she found that Vincent was even taller than her brother. So she could only let him sit on a chair. Then she lowered her head and started with his shoulder.

Bandages were used up soon. There was no adhesive tape in the medicine case, so she used bandages to tie a knot. After she finished this, she suddenly realized that she didn't apply medicine to Vincent yet.

‘...‘

To Vincent, he only saw that the little girl in front of him suddenly bit her lips and then approached. Emily's fragrance once again swept over him, and he felt even hotter.

‘There's no scissors here. Wait a moment.‘ After that, Emily got closer to Vincent. She opened her mouth and bit the tip of the bandage.

Vincent's gaze suddenly darkened.

The little girl's palm-sized face was tender and smooth. Under the candlelight, it was like fine white jade, which was glowing with pink light. Her big eyes were so bright, and her long eyelids flashed like butterflies. A few teeth could be seen through her cherry red lips. She had bit the knot for a while and her lips tingled. So she licked her lips, and her pink tongue slipped out for a second.

Emily had been fighting with the knot by biting it for a whole minute, but she didn't notice that the man in front of her was breathing faster. His eyes were scarlet red, and the blue veins stood out on his neck.

Emily finally untied the knot. And she finally discovered that Vincent's chest was up and down, and his body was covered in sweat. Moreover, his entire body was tautened and stiff. Just as Emily was about to look up, her eyes were suddenly covered by a large hand.

The man's voice was quite hoarse, 'Close your eyes.'

Emily didn't dare to move and whispered, 'What's wrong?'

As she spoke, her pink lips looked so cute.

Vince couldn't almost control the surge of love for Emily. He forcefully suppressed it and then turned around to blow out the candle on the table. Emily's eyelashes in his palm were like feathers tickling his heart.

'Mr. Vincent?' Emily was confused.

In the darkness, the sweet and delicate voice of the girl sounded more clear, which was exactly the same as the cry for mercy in Vincent's dream. Vincent originally intended to let her go, but now he was about to be burned up. He needed water.

Even if there was just a drop of water.

He held the back of Emily's head and kissed her.

Unlike the previous two kisses, this time it was fierce and domineering, and also quite predatory.

Emily's breathing was taken away and she struggled a few times. The moment she just touched Vincent's wound, she stopped.

Such a scene was still a little unfamiliar and unsettling to Emily. Although she had seen it in the movies and knew what would happen

between a man and a woman. However, she had never experienced it before, so she didn't know frantic heartbeat was out of fear of unease.

After a long time, Vincent finally stopped. The man leaned his head against hers and gently bit her lips. His voice was hoarse and low, 'I'm going out now.'

He lit the candle again. Then he got up and left.

One of the guards on the tree was surprised, 'Holy shit. That's it?'

Hearing this, Harold rushed into the room, only to see Emily sitting on the chair in a daze. She was touching her slightly red and swollen lips.

'Miss Emily, he....' Harold couldn't resist asking, 'Did he do anything to you?'

Emily thought with a tilt of her head and then said, 'No.'

Harold didn't know what to say.

He then couldn't help but ask, 'Miss Emily, if you don't like staying with that person, or if you don't like him touching you....'

Before he could finish his sentence, he saw Emily look up and think about this question for a while. Then she replied, 'To tell the truth, I don't hate it.'

Words failed Harold.

Worried that Emily didn't understand him, Harold said it more bluntly, 'I mean, if he kisses you....'

This was the condition that Emily had just agreed to today.

Emily replied without the slightest hesitation, 'He can kiss me whenever he wants.' She pointed at her lips and said, 'Here. It's his.'

Harold, '...'

Suddenly, Harold felt as if he was a father whose daughter had grown mature.

The guards on the trees outside were still talking about it.

Guard B: Do you know what's with the short time? It means that Mr. Vincent is really a virgin!'

Guard C: God! I'm too excited!

Guard D: If you don't need your eyes, donate them. Didn't you see that big thing?

Guard A: I thought there was something pinned on Mr. Vincent's pants.'

Guard B: I thought it was a candle. I didn't see it clearly in the darkness.'

Guard C: Fine... False alert.

...

'He only takes her as his sister, doesn't he?' When the car stopped at the entrance of the Peck's, Arabella asked Jaquan, misty-eyed, 'Am I right?'

Jaquan was taking off his safety belt and he was shocked when hearing this. He turned to roar at Arabella, 'Don't lie to yourself anymore!'

Arabella was shocked. Then she tried to open the door with her hands shaking. Jaquan took an umbrella and got out to help her.

‘Don’t touch me!’ Arabella patted his hand and ran into the living room in the rain. The butler and servants hurried out with an umbrella.

‘Miss Arabella, you are back!’

Jaquan stood there alone, looking up at the sky, and the umbrella in his hand fell to the ground. Lightning flashed across the darkened sky and paled his face.

Arabella covered her face, ran straight to her room, and locked the door. This was the first time the servants had seen Arabella crying like this. They looked at each other and didn’t know what to do.

Arabella was all wet and sat in front of the dressing table, holding a photo. In the photo, a group of teenagers sat in a dazzling banquet hall. They seemed to know that someone was taking pictures of them. So they looked up and showed peace signs. Only the boy sitting in the middle lowered his head and looked cold. The child beside touched his arm. He looked up and saw something, and then laughed.

This was the first time Arabella had seen him laugh. She immediately pressed the shutter and took this photo.

Later, she found out that Vincent’s sister was hiding behind her and making faces at that time.

No matter who Vincent was looking at, this smile set foot in Arabella’s heart, which she couldn’t forget in the following years.

At that time, she was only seven years old.

Everyone called Vincent ‘Mr. Vincent’, but she never called him that. She thought that if she addressed him differently, it meant she was different from him.

Fifteen years had passed, and it turned out that she had always been deceiving herself.

Arabella covered her face and cried. A sound came from the cat hole at the door. She stopped crying and saw a small robot walking over with a red rose in its hand.

A few minutes later.

The robot returned to the brightly lit garret with a trampled red rose in both hands.

The owner of the garret reached out and touched the red rose. Then, he touched the robot's head.

The robot opened its mouth and sounded exactly like Arabella, 'Trevor, he doesn't love me.'

Then there came the sound of crying.

'Mr. Vincent, your leg was already in bad shape on a rainy day, and now you're hurt this badly.'

Rex didn't understand how the retarded Emily could stab Mr. Vincent and even in his chest.

He would never know that his dignified and indifferent Mr. Vincent didn't even dodge. He just stood there and let the little girl trapped in a nightmare vent her anger.

The wound was finally bandaged. Rex couldn't help but risk his life to persuade Vincent. 'Miss Emily will be fine even if she is here alone. Have you forgotten how strong she was when she held the brick?'

He was trying to remind Vincent that Emily was not as weak and pitiful as he thought. She was actually the little Hulk! But after Vincent heard this, his gaze softened a little, and he even showed a slight smile.

Rex only had one thing in his mind.

Fine.

Mr. Vincent had fallen into the trap of love.

Vincent put on a new black shirt with a straight collar, which made his eyes even colder. 'What have you found?'

Rex wore a serious look at once. 'Although Kamron is a playboy, he hasn't done anything outrageous in recent years. He's just very casual about relationships and has hurt many women.'

After a pause, he concluded, 'I can't make out what's going on between Miss Emily and him.'

Vincent was tidying up the cuff links when he heard this. He looked up at Rex. 'Continue.'

'As for Marquise, he....' Rex was about to continue when he thought of something and said, 'Mr. Vincent, I found a rule. Every man Miss Emily has attacked seemed to have one same feature. They are always fickle in love.'

Upon thinking of this, Rex's expression lit up and he said in surprise, 'Could it be that both of them have hurt Miss Emily before?'

Vincent looked at him with a dark gaze.

Rex, '...'

Being stared by such an ice-cold gaze, Rex seemed to be enlightened. Suddenly, he said, 'That's not right. Kamron and Marquise don't seem to know Miss Emily very well. Kamron hasn't even seen Miss Emily before.'

Vincent stared at him quietly. It looked as if he would kill Rex at once as long as he talked more nonsense.

Rex shut up.

Guard's voice came from outside, 'Mr. Vincent, Mr. Trevor sent something over.'

Rex quickly opened the door.

Standing at the door was a small flying robot wearing a raincoat. It bowed before going in. Then it stretched its legs and crossed the threshold. After going in, it retracted to its original size.

After a while, it took out something that was put in its chest and held it with its two mechanical hands.

It was a pair of rings.

There was a tiny black decoration at the bottom of the man's ring. At the top of the woman's ring was a decoration that was as beautiful as colored glaze. However, as long as it was something sent by Trevor, it would definitely be more than a decoration.

Trevor had made a ring two years ago. It was said that this ring could sense all kinds of human emotions, like happiness, sadness, or anger. With the change of emotions, the color of the ring would change as well, and even its color could change under different temperature.

When Ferne got married, he complained about Trevor, ‘I’ve been begging him since last year and he didn’t even send me a message for a whole year! I will blame him for not giving me a ring as a wedding gift if I get divorced one day.’

Vincent took the ring and touched the robot’s head. ‘I didn’t handled the thing of Arabella properly. Help me comfort her.’ As he spoke, he looked down at the ring in his palm, ‘Thank you.’

The robot rolled its eyes and stored all the words it heard. Then, it bowed, stretched its legs, wore its raincoat well, and flew back.

Guards on the tree were surprised.

‘Mr. Trevor is amazing.’

‘Yeah, he stays in that garret every day, but he still knows what’s going on outside.’

‘He really has a high IQ. Upon seeing his sister cry, he knows that Mr. Vincent has found his true love. Instead of comforting his sister, he even sends a gift to Mr. Vincent.’

‘If only he could come out and hang out with us.’

‘The world of geniuses is not perfect.’ guard D said indifferently, ‘To them, imperfection is actually perfection.’

The other guards were silent for a moment before suddenly kicking guard D.

‘Damn! Stop playing wise!’

...

Emily did not sleep tonight. She took a bath in a wooden bucket, washed off the smell of blood and changed her clothes. Then, she wrote down the next plans for the Tea Manor. Suddenly, she said, 'I haven't apologized yet.'

Harold was shocked for a moment, 'What?'

Emily put down the pen in her hand and thought for a moment before saying, 'I stabbed him. I haven't apologized yet.'

Harold had always thought that the Miss Emily was very calm just now. But he didn't expect that she still felt confused and uneasy. He consoled Emily, 'He knows that you didn't do it on purpose.'

Probably Emily agreed to this. She stood up and said, 'Let's go home.'

Harold, '....'

He couldn't figure out what Emily was thinking about. Did she think of Vincent so that she was distracted just now?

At six o'clock in the morning, the rain finally stopped.

Emily pushed the door open and walked to the next room. There were three rooms in the East Side, and Vincent lived next to her.

Looking at her back, Harold didn't say anything and followed her.

The guards on the tree were so excited that they almost sang a song. 'Oh my God! She's coming! She's really coming! Ladies and gentlemen....'

Emily was about to knock when the door was opened.

Rex stood inside and made a gesture to threaten the guards on the tree, and they all became silent.

Rex bowed towards Emily and said, 'Miss Emily, please.'

Emily planned to see how Vincent was by asking Rex a few questions at the door and then leave. Hearing what Rex said, she thought for a moment and stepped in. It was morning, but the candles in the room were still burning.

As soon as she walked in, she found a large wooden board beside the bed. She looked at the bed, and her eyes were filled with confusion as if she was asking 'why could the bed be broken'.

Rex was a little embarrassed, 'Well, it's not very strong. And it just fell off without being touched.'

Emily nodded and accepted this excuse.

The door was not closed yet. And the guards on the tree were speechless when they heard this.

The bed was clearly be crushed by Vincent when he had a wet dream!

As for Vincent, he frowned and looked at the wooden board on the ground. His voice was as calm as if the broken bed had nothing to do with him. 'Indeed, the quality is too bad.'

The guards on the tree didn't know what to say.

Emily walked towards Vincent and looked down at his chest. The black shirt wrapped the wound, making her unable to see it clearly. However, when she wiped her dagger, she clearly saw that the tip of the dagger had pierced into Vincent's chest.

Mr. Vincent's expression looked normal. He was probably enduring the pain.

Thinking of this, Emily suddenly lowered her head and kissed Vincent. She whispered, 'I'm sorry.'

Rex was shocked. He clenched his fist and wished he could take a photo and record this scene. In the entire world, the girl in front of him was the only one who dared to kiss Mr. Vincent!

The guards on the tree hurriedly took out their phones, opened their cameras, and aimed at Emily and Vincent. Damn it! The kiss was over!

When they turned around with a tilt of their heads, guard D raised his eyebrows and looked very satisfied as if he had long since predicted this. He took a picture!

The other guards rushed over and kicked him, 'Don't get too cocky! Take it out and show us!'

Harold, who was standing beside, seemed to be numbed, and he looked dull.

Vincent wiped his lips with his thumb. Seeing that the little girl was about to leave after kissing him, he pulled her over and let her sit on his leg. Then he took out something from his pocket and put it around her neck.

'Don't take it off unless I ask you to.'

'Did you see that? Ever since Miss Emily went in and kissed Mr. Vincent, his eyes have been glowing with light.'

‘What does it mean?’ A guard asked himself, ‘It means he can hardly suppress his desire!’

‘Then what should he do?’

‘Just bear it. Or what can he do? If Mr. Vincent really satisfied his desire, then what’s the difference between him and a real monster?’

‘...’

After a moment of silence, there came a voice, ‘He was one now.’

‘...’

Rex looked at Vincent, who was sitting upright, and then silently looked at his trousers that was propped up high. He turned away.

‘Why are you still so excited after Emily has left for almost ten minutes?’

Vincent drank his tea. The desire that had been suppressed with great difficulty was once again aroused by a kiss from that girl. After calming down for a long time, he couldn’t help but gently wiped his lips with his thumb.

Rex, ‘...’

‘Sir, what are you thinking about? Hey! Wake up!’

...

On the way back.

‘Miss Emily, didn’t you say you wanted to apologize? Why...?’ Harold found it difficult to speak, ‘Why did you kiss him?’

Emily was looking at the wet field outside the window and replied without turning around, 'I feel that he will be happy if I kiss him.'

'....'

Well, that man was indeed happy. Everyone present could see it.

Harold was completely lost for words and concentrated on driving. The car belonged to Vincent. On rainy days, it was hard to get a taxi, so Vincent generously give the car keys to them.

Harold originally did not intend to take the key. He always felt that taking the key would confirm the relationship between Miss Emily and Mr. Vincent. In the future, they would be family and Emily would take whatever she wanted.

Although this kind of life that everything was served gratis was truly awesome, as a qualified veteran, he still need to ask for Miss Emily opinion.

Unexpectedly, while he was thinking about this, Miss Emily said as she walked out, 'Let's go. Just give back the car later.'

She made the final decision.

Behind them, Vincent wore a laid-back smile.

After driving for half an hour, the car finally came to the main road. Emily looked at the necklace on her neck. It was a ring with a glass pearl embedded at the top. She gently rubbed the ring and felt the warmth. This feeling was really wonderful, because she could feel that it came from someone else's emotions. It belonged to Vincent.

'There was an accident ahead.' Harold stopped the car. 'It looks like we won't be able to pass in a short time.'

Emily looked ahead. Seeing that there were apples on the ground, she got out of the car and picked them up. After picking up four apples, she lifted up her clothes as a pocket. Just as she was squatting down to pick up the fifth one, another hand appeared and grabbed the apple first.

She was exceptionally sensitive to the aura of humans. When that man approached, she could smell the perfume on his body, as well as the fragrance of hair gel and styling water. The perfume was mixed together and had a strong smell.

The man picked up the apple with his right hand and stood there with a pair of shiny leather shoes. He seemed to have a decent background. After glimpsing his left wristwatch and shirt, Emily was able to realize that the man in front of her was Kamron she met at the Worldwide Restaurant a few days ago.

‘I want these apples. Is the money enough?’ Kamron held the apple in his arms and asked the woman who was kneeling on the roadside, crying. It was her car that had been hit.

The woman’s eyes popped and she stared at the money in front of her. The money was about 20,000 ‘What? You, you want to buy these apples with this much money?’

Kamron smiled as he picked up an apple and wiped it with his sleeve. Then, he took a bite. He chew on it and nodded. ‘Not bad. It’s delicious.’

After saying that, he gave the woman money and blinked at her, ‘Move your car please. I can’t pass.’

The woman was so excited that she hurriedly told her husband, who was arguing with others. ‘Move the car away! Look! He’s given us so much money!’

There was not much damage to the car. The car just overturned and many apples were destroyed. The couple was doing fruit business. Seeing that so many apples were shattered on the ground, they wanted compensation from the owner of the other car. Because both parties were responsible, the owner of the other car called the police and waited for the policemen.

Kamron was really rich. He paid that much for just two apples, but also got car moved. Many car owners who were stuck on the road all gave him a thumb up. 'Bro, great!'

Emily watched aside and looked at the coarse clothes she was wearing. She was glad that Kamron did not recognize her. She put down the apples, lowered her head and walked back. After walking for a few steps, she heard Kamron's voice from behind her, 'Hey! Wait a moment!'

Emily didn't stop and continued to walk.

Kamron wasn't as careless as Marquise, so Emily might not cheat him with her poor acting skills. Besides, she smashed him with a brick the moment she came across him. Unless Kamron was masochistic, he would never believe what Emily said.

'Hey! Didn't you hear me? I'm calling you!' Kamron strode over and held Emily's shoulder with one hand.

Emily stopped and looked at Harold who was about to get out of the car not far away. They looked at each other from afar. Emily signaled to him to wait. Harold nodded but looked at Kamron with vigilant eyes.

Without waiting for Emily to turn around, an apple appeared in front of her. The pleasant voice came from behind her, 'Did you just want apples? This one is for you.'

When Emily first met Kamron, he was like this. No matter what delicious food or interesting things he had, he was always the first to think of Emily and brought them to her. He tried all kinds of way to let her guess what he had brought her every time.

He was both generous and kind. Emily considered him the same important as Eliot. However, in the end, this man gave her a fatal blow. Kamron injured her brother and indirectly killed her.

Emily lowered her head. Kamron did not think too much about it. He only saw that she was dressed poorly and picked up the apples just now. He guessed that she might be hungry and wanted to eat something. Perhaps because she felt embarrassed, she did not turn around for so long. Kamron was quite imaginative and he thought about many possibilities in his mind. Finally he decided to put the apples in Emily's hand and then turned around to leave.

'Wait a moment!'

The girl's voice came from behind. He didn't expect that her voice would be quite sweet even though she was dressed in ordinary clothes.

Kamron smiled and turned around. He saw an apple tossed high up. His gaze was fixed on the apple and he stretched out to receive it.

Suddenly, he felt a fatal pain.

Kamron's face twitched and his expression changed drastically. Finally his face completely turned dark red. He let out a painful cry.

Emily kicked him in the crotch. Seeing that Kamron could not stand up, she slowly picked up the apple on the ground and smashed it onto his face.

Not far away, Harold was dumbfounded.

Kamron tumbled on the ground in pain. Only then could he see it clearly who attacked him just now. Damn! He had searched for her for such a long time and now she was standing right behind him! What a joke!

What kind of crimes did he commit? He just told her to go to a wrong bathroom!

He gritted his teeth and glared at Emily. He clenched his fist and said, 'You just wait and see!'

Emily raised her foot with a tilt of her head.

The guards hidden in the darkness gasped for air and covered their private parts

Guard D shook his hand and sent the video he had just shot. Then, he hurriedly protected himself as other guards did.

Kamron rolled over and covered his penis with two hands. Then, Emily kicked his butt fiercely, making him feel extremely humiliated. He gritted his teeth and shouted, 'What the hell did I do? And you even do this to me!'

Emily looked at him coldly and said, 'You know what you have done.'

Kamron collapsed and shouted, 'Damn! I don't even know you. Why should I know what I have done?'

Emily ignored this. 'I'm warning you. Next time I see you, I'll kick your....' She kicked his butt again with her foot and said, 'Here.'

Vincent, who was far away in the Tea Manor, noticed a yellow light flashing on the ring. His index finger knocked on the table.

Was Emily angry ?

‘Mr. Vincent, this is the video of the little Hulk, no, Miss Emily.’

Vincent shot a cold glance at him.

Rex swallowed due to anxiety. He was regretful and told himself, ‘Stop! Don’t mention that name again!’

Emily told Harold to drive after she got into the car.

Harold stepped on the accelerator and passed by Kamron, which almost hit him. Kamron was scared so much that he rolled to the roadside in pain.

When Emily’s car left, Kamron was extremely regretful. If he had known that he would have met this damn girl, why would he have asked that woman to move the car? Damn it!

The driver finally realized that Kamron had disappeared for too long and he came to search Kamron. Only then did he see Kamron lying on the roadside. He was shocked, ‘Mr. Kamron, what happened?’

Kamron pointed at the car that had just left and shouted, ‘Follow that car! Go check it! That damn girl is on that car!’

‘Yes!’

Just as the driver was about to leave, he immediately turned around and asked Kamron, ‘Mr. Kamron, are you alright? Do you need me to take you to the hospital?’

Kamron's face turned purple. He said, 'Scram!'

The driver was startled by him and ran away.

'Come back!' Kamron scolded him, 'You idiot! Hurry up and help me get into the car!'

The driver answered in respect. He helped Kamron into the car and then returned to the driver's seat. Before starting the car, he looked at the rearview mirror and asked Kamron, 'Then, are we going to the Tea Manor?'

'Forget it! Go home!'

'Yes, sir!'

Originally, Kamron was wondering if he was lucky enough to meet that girl. However, he met her halfway. Not only did he fail to take revenge on her, but also he almost lost his private part. Sitting in the car, he covered his crotch and his face twisted with pain. He gritted his teeth and swore that when he found that girl, he would definitely teach her a lesson!

...

Emily got out of the car when there was still fifteen minutes' drive away from the Britt's. Harold parked the car in a random parking lot, and then they took a taxi home.

Maury and Eliot had already gone to work. Beverly and Elsie were sitting in the living room, having breakfast.

Susan was bringing the milk out of the kitchen when she saw Emily. She was surprised and asked, 'Miss Emily, you are back! Have you had breakfast yet?'

Emily shook her head carefully.

'Sit down and wait for a while. The breakfast will be ready soon.' Susan returned to the kitchen again.

Beverly was reading news on her phone and said, 'There are some girls in the news don't behave properly and don't return home at night. Look at this little girl. She's pregnant when she's only a teenager. What's wrong with this world?'

Elsie raised her head when she almost finished her breakfast. Her words were filled with disdain. 'Where did you go last night, you retard? Whose clothes are you wearing? You look like a beggar.'

A few days ago, because of Marquise, Beverly and Elsie were depressed. However, after Emily left, their fighting will was aroused. Moreover, they were dressed in extremely expensive clothes today, and even wore jewelries that they didn't wear often.

Emily didn't know much about jewelry. She only knew that what Beverly wore was very expensive, which she would only wear for banquets.

Elsie was dressed in a yellow dress with exquisite makeup. And she was so careful not to ruin the lipstick on her mouth when she ate.

Emily was planning in her heart, but she still looked very timid. After a long time, she said, 'I'm going to catch the fireflies.'

Harold called Maury last night. Eliot was worried and called Harold. Only after hearing Emily's voice did he feel relieved. Emily had said a

few days ago that she wanted to catch the fireflies. Although Maury knew that she could not catch them, he did not want to disappoint her daughter. He strongly supported her for not returning home at night and instructed Harold to catch more fireflies for him as well.

Elsie sat in the living room and heard Maury say something on the phone in a very kind voice. After a while, Eliot also called Emily. Hearing Eliot speak in such a gentle voice, Elsie became more and more angry. Why did Eliot only treat that Emily so well? She was also Eliot's sister! Emily was still a daughter given birth by a bitch outside.

However, Elsie had been unlucky these past few days. She didn't dare to act recklessly since she had already got herself into trouble for a few times.

Hearing Emily's stupid words, Elsie sneered, 'Retard, how can you find the fireflies in this season? Summer has already passed.'

Susan came over with the breakfast, 'Come here, Miss Emily. The breakfast is ready.'

Emily sat down at the dining table. She finished her sandwich and quickly drank a whole glass of milk. Then she felt a little embarrassed and turned to Susan, 'I'm still a little hungry....'

Susan smiled, 'It's fine. I'll make two more sandwiches.' She smiled as she walked into the kitchen. 'Miss Emily, you are growing. You should eat more.'

After Beverly wiped her mouth with a napkin, she took out her lipstick and was about to fix her makeup when she noticed Emily looking at her. She couldn't help but put down her lipstick and asked coldly, 'Why are you staring at me?'

Emily looked up at her cowardly. 'Red. Pretty!'

Beverly sneered, 'Then go ahead.'

Elsie took out a lipstick from her bag and walked straight to Emily.
'Emily, do you like this? Let me put the lipstick on you, OK?'

Ever since Mr. Ian's banquet last time, Beverly and Elsie had become even more suspicious of Emily. They thought Emily was either pretending to be stupid, or there must be someone teaching her to do so.

Otherwise, why would Mr. Vincent send a retarded girl home?

Besides, Emily appeared at the birthday banquet with Elsie's piggy bank in her hands and even appeared at the door of the lounge with Marquise, which made Elsie so shameful. Elsie had planned to set a trap for Emily, but she had let herself fall into the trap. All of this was so weird.

They didn't know whether Emily was really a retard, or she was just pretending in front of them.

Elsie felt that it was necessary to make it clear that if Emily was really an idiot. She ruthlessly pressed the lipstick on Emily's lips and randomly wiped it. Then she smiled and asked Emily, 'Hey, look at the mirror. Do you like it?'

As she spoke, she handed her mirror to Emily.

Emily stared at the mirror. She frowned and said, 'Ugly.'

It seemed she was angry.

'Why do you say so? Isn't it good?' Elsie reached out and touched Emily's face, 'You look like a little kitten, don't you?'

Emily tried hard to control her desire of rolling her eyes.

But she didn't say anything, only pouting and frowning. She looked quite upset.

Elsie did not come to any useful conclusions. She could only give up. She returned to her seat, drank some milk, and chewed gum. Then she decided to fix her makeup.

Beverly had already prepared herself and was about to leave. Before leaving, she turned around and shouted at Elsie, 'Hurry up.'

Elsie couldn't find the lipstick. She felt impatient and questioned Emily, 'Hey retard, where's my lipstick?'

Emily cowardly shook her head and said, 'I don't know.'

Elsie almost went furious when Emily looked like this. This retard was actually her sister! How unlucky she was! Then, she glared at Emily and picked up the small bag behind her before leaving.

Behind Elsie, Emily slowly raised her head. Her beautiful eyes were calm and tranquil. She picked up the spoon on the table and shone it on her face. Then, she slowly wiped her lips with a napkin.

Susan brought over two sandwiches. Seeing that Miss Emily's face was covered in lipstick, she immediately cried out in shock, 'Oh my God, Miss Emily, what have you done with Miss Elsie's lipstick? Why are you wearing it all over your face?'

When Susan lowered her head, she saw that the chair where Miss Elsie was sitting was covered with crushed lipstick. She was startled, 'Who ... who sat here? Miss Elsie? Then she ... she didn't notice?'

Emily could think of nothing but sandwiches now. She reached out and grabbed a sandwich, then got up and ran upstairs.

‘Hey! Miss Emily, slow down!’ Susan tried to chase her, but immediately turned back after a few steps. She said to herself, ‘No. I have to call Miss Elsie.’

After arriving upstairs, Emily tossed the sandwich down and then opened the cupboard. She got changed into autumn clothes. Meanwhile, she swept her eyes across the bedroom, only to find that some of the things in the room had been moved. Elsie or Beverly must have been here. They had begun to suspect her.

No wonder Elsie would use the lipstick to test her.

Emily wrapped her face with a scarf. She flipped over the small board, which read ‘Do Not Disturb’ on the door, then locked the door and walked to the balcony. Looking at Harold, who had already finished eating the sandwich, Emily threw him a candy.

The moment Harold caught the candy, Emily leapt up.

‘Miss Emily, this is too dangerous.’ Harold was still worried after catching Emily in his arms. It was quite a surprise that Emily would jump down without telling him in advance.

Emily did not quite understand. She asked, ‘I should weigh less than Elsie, right? You can catch her, but not me?’

‘...’

Harold chose to shut up. While the butler was looking for something in the warehouse, Harold rushed out with Emily in his arms. The two of them took a taxi on the way.

‘Are you sure?’ Emily asked.

Harold nodded, ‘Pretty sure.’

Emily had asked him to follow Beverly. She wanted him to find out if someone super smart was helping Beverly. Harold hired a detective to track Beverly down, but didn’t get any useful information in the first three days. The detective, on the other hand, was quite observant and experienced in the business. He believed that he would find clues if keeping following her.

Now, the clue finally showed itself.

Following the clue, no, following Beverly and her daughter, the detective sent the route to Harold. It took some time for Emily to get changed, so she was about five minutes behind Beverly. After that, they were stuck in a traffic jam. The gap was enlarged to ten minutes.

Emily couldn’t help but say, ‘Sir, please drive faster. We’ll pay you more.’

‘Something urgent? It’s rush hour. It will take a while.’ The driver looked at the traffic in front of him and couldn’t help but open the window. He stretched his arm out of it.

‘Two hundred!’ Emily stretched out two fingers.

‘This is not about money.’ The driver looked into the rearview mirror with a smile on his face.

‘Five hundred!’

The driver stepped on the accelerator and said, ‘Alright, let’s go!’

Harold was speechless.

After Emily raised the price, she turned around and realized that she didn't have her wallet, so she could only quietly turn to Harold.

‘...‘

Harold took out his wallet and handed it to her. Emily took out five hundred. After that, she realized that there was only some change left in the wallet. 'I'm probably the poorest person Harold has ever served,' she said to herself.

With the temptation of money, the driver was very motivated. He tried his best to take shortcuts. When Beverly and Elsie got out the car, Emily also happened to arrive.

After she gave the money to the driver, she pulled Harold to find a place to hide.

The place where they arrived was a high-class hotel called the Dalton Hotel. It was a strange name, but it was pretty popular. Any car parked at the entrance was nice.

When Elsie and Beverly got out of their car, attendants, waiters, and waitresses led them in one-on-one. Seeing this, Emily was a little worried. She didn't have her wallet. Even if she did, she might not have enough money.

She looked at herself. She did not seem to have anything of value with her, except for the ring in the chain around her neck. She was ordered not to take it off this morning. Without the ring, she really had nothing.

Ferne was coming out of the hotel when he saw a person squatting beside a tree at the door. After all, he had been a policeman for some time

before being forced to return to inherit his family's property. He stayed at the hotel and with his wife all day, leading a plain life.

Now, he finally happened to see a thief-like figure at the door. What a beautiful surprise! He was about to walk over immediately. He really wanted to alarm that person on the spot, so that he could catch the guy with good reason.

When he jumped over, he saw a little girl standing behind a tree. Her palm-sized face was fair, and her big eyes were black and bright. She blinked her eyelashes, like an angel which had accidentally fell into the world. Her beauty was beyond description.

'Holy crap! Is she Vincent's...' Ferne said to himself.

He immediately knelt on one knee, cupped his hands and said to Emily, 'Hi, Mrs. Scavo!'

Emily, '....'

Harold, '....'

'Why are you here, Mrs. Scavo?' Ferne asked in surprise, 'Is Vincent here?' He looked at Harold in astonishment, 'You guys are here to catch him in bed?'

Emily, '....'

Harold, '....'

'No! I swear, Vincent has never been alone with another woman except you. He has never kissed anyone before, let alone holding hands!' Ferne was a big mouth. Originally, Emily didn't feel anything after being

kissed by Vincent, but now that Ferne had mentioned it, she started to blush.

She still felt the shame on her lips, because Elsie had ruthlessly smeared the lipstick on them. Besides, the burning pain still lingered because she tried to wipe off the lipstick with too much force.

Thinking of Elsie, Emily regained her senses. She looked in the direction of the hotel.

Ferne asked, 'What's wrong? Do you want to go in?'

Emily trusted Vincent unconditionally, because there was no conflict of interest between them. What was more, Vincent had saved her, leaving her with a good impression. However, this did not mean that Emily could trust Vincent's friends as well.

Also, it didn't matter whether they came or not today. The only thing that mattered was that the detective could sneak in smoothly to get first-hand information. However, this was truly a rare opportunity. Otherwise, Emily wouldn't have taken the risk of coming here to see what was happening.

Emily didn't say anything, so Ferne took it as an implied consent.

'No problem. Just go in.' Ferne said as he took out a card from his wallet. 'Take this and go to whichever private room you want.. Drinks and meals are free.'

'Why?' Emily had always believed that there was no such thing as a free lunch. Eliot had taught her not to be fooled by temporary benefits and lose out on small things. People did not trade at a loss. If someone treated you for no reason, he must be plotting something.

After a while, she thought of something and said to Ferne, ‘You want Vincent to pay you, right?’

Hearing her words, Ferne couldn’t help laughing.

Harold hurriedly said, ‘Miss Emily, this hotel belongs to him.’

Emily suddenly realized what was going on. She said to Ferne, ‘I’ll give it back to you.’ Then, she pulled Harold and ran into the hotel like a gust of wind.

Behind, Ferne took a picture of Emily’s back with his phone, then sent it to the WeChat group. Emily was dressed in sportswear, looking cute and exquisite. Although she wasn’t tall, her legs wrapped in sweatpants were long and straight. Her loose sportswear was bulged by the wind, highlighting her slender waist. When she ran, it seemed that her silk hair was dancing in the wind. She could be said to be a back killer.

Immediately, the WeChat group exploded with messages.

Randy: Ferne, new girlfriend? What about the dragon in your house? What if she goes mad?

Ferne: Get lost.

Armando: New girlfriend?

Ferne: Right. But not mine. [Trick. jpg]

Randy: Nice shape. [NosePick. gif]

Ferne: Mind your words.

Even Vincent, who had been as dumb as an oyster in the group, could no longer remain silent. He sent a message: She's at yours ?

Ferne: Yes, dear Vincent. [Shy. gif]

Randy: Gross. Ferne, can't you talk like a normal person ?

Armando: Agree.

Randy: Wait! Why did Vincent say that ? At yours ? The girl in the picture that Ferne just sent over. Is she... ?

Armando: ... Really ? What are the odds ?

Ferne: You know what ? I just gave her a card and told her to spend as much as she wanted, but she actually asked me if I was going ask Vincent to pay me back! So hilarious! She has begun to worry about Vincent's money before marrying him!

Randy: Wait for me. I'll be right there.

Ferne: I'll go check first.

Armando: Me too.

Vincent looked at the message sent by Ferne on the screen. Imperceptibly, he turned up the corners of his lips. His eyes became gentler too. He instructed Rex, 'Go to Ferne's hotel and send him the set of calligraphy and painting on the wall of my office.'

Rex asked in surprise, 'Didn't you like that painting, Mr. Vincent ? Last time Mr. Ferne came over to ask for it, didn't you say that you wouldn't give it to him even if you took it to burn ?'

When he said that last sentence, his gaze met Vincent's. Rex immediately shut his mouth, 'Alright. I'll go immediately.'

What happened?

It must have something to do with that little Hulk!

What happened to his not getting close to women? He got too close now!

**

With the card, no one stopped Emily along the way. She thought that Elsie would choose to stay in the private room, but she didn't expect that Elsie and Beverly were only sitting by the window. Moreover, it seemed that the little swindler helping Beverly hadn't showed up yet.

Emily knew so because Elsie and Beverly kept looking at their watches.

She found a seat across the aisle from Elsie and Beverly. Behind her was a tree, whose leaves could hide her from the others, while allowing her to see them through the cracks.

Just as the waiter approached, she showed her card and said in a low voice, 'Two hot drinks. Leave me alone.'

'Yes, madam!' The waiter knew from the card that Emily was a friend of his boss. After leaving, he told the other waiters not to disturb Emily.

As soon as the hot drinks were served, people at the door became restless. It turned out that a Lincoln lengthened car was parked at the door. Eight handsome British bodyguards stood on both sides. Passersby thought that some big shots were coming out. They all picked up their phones to take pictures. The bodyguards stepped forward and made a 'No Photo' gesture.

They spoke in an authentic London accent, so stunning that women passing by were all amazed.

Along with the women's suppressed screams, the doorman opened the car door. A pair of men's leather shoes first came into people's sights. Then, the man in the car stepped onto the ground with his long and straight legs. The women around gasped again. The man was wearing a Giorgio Armani navy velvet suit and a cotton shirt. There was a blue scarf around his neck, adding maturity and elegance to him. The man had thick eyebrows, under which his eyes were extremely sharp. He was like an eagle hunting for prey with those eyes. His facial features were resolute and deeply carved. However, when he smiled, he looked gentle and rational with a dimple. Originally, there was nothing special about one's sharpness or one's softness. However, when these features combined, this man became exceptionally attractive. His temperament was unique. He was a little contradictory, half noble and half hooligan. All of his charm was enhanced by his slightly raised eyebrows, not to mention that the eyebrow on the right was broken. When he slightly raised that eyebrow, he was extremely masculine.

The women screamed again. In the sound wave, the man bowed slightly and led another person out of the car.

It was a woman.

A very beautiful woman.

This should be the first time that Emily had even seen such a beautiful person. Sexy was the first word that came to her mind.

The woman wore a Chanel custom-made red dress. The corners of the dress flashed with the light of diamonds. The bright red dress outlined the curves of her body to the extreme. Her arms looked thin and white in it,

and her straight legs too. The dress exposed her chest perfectly. She was stepping on mermaid-colored high heels, and was holding a diamond-inlaid handbag. As she walked, all things on her were glittering. It was too dazzling to the eyes of the onlookers.

Looking at her face, the onlookers immediately became jealous. She had an oriental face, with thick black slender eyebrows. She was smiling slightly, her lips red and her teeth white. With two spindly golden earrings on her ears, every move of her was charming and attractive.

‘She’s here!’ Elsie quickly stood up and showed Beverly that person she was talking about, ‘Mom, it’s her.’

Only then did Elsie know that these two stunning people were who they were waiting.

Beverly appeared to be calm, but she was constantly looking at their car, their bodyguards, their clothes and jewelry.

The woman took the man’s arm, and finally walked in with bodyguards around her. Before, Elsie did not know that there would be such a heroic and mighty man. She stood up and looked at the man shyly. Afterwards, she hurriedly turned her gaze away and said, ‘Hello, Miss Christy. This is my mother.’

Miss Christy smiled gently and reached out to shake hands with Beverly.

‘Hello, Mrs. Britt. My name is Christy Sachs. You can call me Christy.’

Beverly shook her hand, but landed her gaze on the Cartier bracelet on Christy’s wrist and a diamond ring on her index finger. When Beverly saw such a big diamond right before her eyes, she couldn’t help but praise, ‘What a big diamond.’ Looking at the man beside Christy, she added, ‘You have a good eye for men too.’

Christy covered her mouth and smiled. She was indeed a beauty. When she smiled, even her eyes were filled with charm. She pulled the man beside her closer and introduced him, 'This is Noah.. My elder brother.'

Elsie's eyes gleamed. She said with a bashful face, 'I thought you....'

Being a gentleman, Noah shook hands with them, 'Hello, Mrs. Britt, Miss Elsie.'

The bodyguards pulled the sofa out, and they sat down.

Emily was helpless with admiration while watching them. If she hadn't known that Noah and Christy were swindlers, she would have been fooled by them.

'Sorry, I'm here because I don't know how to say no to Miss Elsie....' feeling a little embarrassed, Christy ran a hand through her hair beside her ear.

Elsie's eyes widened in surprise. Beverly was also shocked. They looked at each other in mild astonishment.

On her way back from school one day, Elsie met a rich girl who had left home without anyone knowing. She took off her watch in the hope of exchanging alcohol with the cashier in the supermarket, but the cashier insisted that he only accepted cash. The rich girl put on a sad face and showed one finger, saying, 'Just give me one bottle.' As she spoke, she placed her watch on the table.

Knowing that the watch was worth at least seven digits, Elsie paid for her, who then gave Elsie a grateful smile.

The rich girl was Christy.

Noah sat down and crossed his legs. He seemed relaxed, showing that he had been a high-status man for a long time. The bodyguard behind him picked up a cigar for him and drew back his hand right away when seeing Noah wave his hand.

He leaned against the sofa and said, 'My sister must have gotten drunk that day. I come over today to apologize for her. I hope you can pretend you didn't hear what she said.'

'What do you mean?' Elsie's expression changed.

Noah leaned over slightly and looked at Elsie across the table, 'Sorry, we never do business with strangers. It's too risky.'

Elsie blushed at Noah's sudden approach. However, hearing what he said, she looked at Christy with an anxious face, 'Miss Christy, you promised me, so I bring my mother here. You said that you would let me earn some money since I helped you. You promised I would become a shareholder!'

Christy smiled with a helpless face, 'Sorry, my brother is the one who's in charge of the company. I'm really sorry.'

'But...!' Elsie wanted to say something but was stopped by Beverly.

'In that case, let's just have a meal.' Beverly raised her hand, 'Waiter.'

Noah looked at his watch and said, 'Sorry, I'm having a video conference with some Southeast Asians. I'm afraid I need to go.' he stood up and took a black gold card from his wallet, and then put it into Christy's pocket, 'Go shopping with Mrs. Britt and Miss Emily after dinner. Buy some presents for them to compensate for my leaving.'

‘Okay!’ Christy shrugged and smiled at Elsie, ‘It’s on me. Help yourselves.’

Elsie waved her hand, ‘No, that’s okay.’

She was staring at Noah’s back and lowered her head the second she saw him look round. Before then, Elsie saw Noah’s dimpled smile.

Beverly said in a polite way, ‘There’s no reason for younger people to treat me. Miss Christy, my treat. Please help yourself.’

Christy covered her mouth and smiled, ‘Mrs. Britt, you look as young as us. People will believe that we are sisters. Your skin is so great. I’ve brought a set of skincare products for you. However, when I first set eyes on you, I thought that you didn’t need them at all.’

Beverly, a difficult person prone to suspicion, smiled, ‘Is that so? How can I be compared to young people...?’

Then, they began talking about skincare.

Emily gestured to Harold, who left to follow Noah’s car.

She was still crouching behind the leaves and continued to eavesdrop on the conversation among them. They talked about skincare, keeping fit, aerobic exercises, gyms, and diets. Then, Elsie asked again, ‘Miss Christy, could you please say something nice to your brother for me?’

Christy took a sip of her drink and wiped her lips with a wet towel on the table. She looked elegant and calm, ‘Sorry, I’m afraid I can’t change my brother’s decision.’

Hearing this, Elsie didn’t know what to say, so she turned her eyes upon Beverly.

Beverly pondered, without saying anything, 'After all, it was millions. It was one thing if we made a profit, and quite another if we made a loss. Who would give us the money? Maury wouldn't agree, and Eliot would tend to wait. So, it would take time.'

Before finishing her meal, Christy received an urgent phone call. She frowned and whispered, 'Why has it been detained by the Customs? Do you know the client is waiting for the shipment? Go grease some wheels.... 500,000 is too much? Do you know how much we'd lose if we were half a day late? The client ordered another batch that's worth ten million. Do the math....'

It seemed that Elsie and Beverly were eating, but in fact, they were listening to Christy. Hearing the numbers, Elsie looked at Beverly. It was like Elsie was saying, 'See, I'm right. Their business is doing great.'

After hanging up, Christy said to Beverly and Elsie, and called the waiter, 'I'll pay the bill!'

Elsie handed her card before Christy did, 'Just go. I'm paying.'

The waiter next to them said, 'The gentleman who came with you has paid.'

Christy was not surprised. She waved her hand at Elsie and was about to leave.

Elsie was a little embarrassed and asked, 'Well, can we hang out another time?'

'Sure. When I'm free. Call me!' Christy made a phone with her hand.

Elsie nodded, 'Okay!'

Then, they waved goodbye.

Elsie sat back down and poked the salad on the plate with her chopsticks, 'Mom, why haven't you said anything? As you can see, she's not a liar. Look at the scene just now. Anyway, her family is super-rich. Compared with her, I feel like a Cinderella.'

Beverly took a sip of her drink, 'They just came here, not someone that we know well. It's better to wait and see.'

'Alright.' Elsie nodded, 'I'll visit her house next time.'

'Okay, and their company, too.'

'Okay.'

After chatting and eating, they stood up. Emily drank up the strawberry-flavored hot drink that she ordered and was about to foot the bill and to leave.

Then, they heard a commotion at the door.

It was not even noisier than when the swindlers appeared. Now everyone at the door was shouting. Emily couldn't catch what they said. She only saw limousines pulling over, and the navy one was covered with cartoon girl posters. Then, the door was opened. A man, who wore sunglasses and was holding a folding fan, got off. He opened his fan, on which there were two words: super popular.

“...”

A self-centered man. Emily had met this guy. He was Vincent's friend.

In no time at all, a deluge of people was gathering at the door, blocking Emily's view. However, she didn't care, with her eyes still on Elsie and Beverly.

They were sitting there but dying to see who the important person was. Elsie shouted in surprise and delight, 'Mr. Vincent is here?'

Hearing this, Beverly showed a serious face. She felt upset when recalling that Vincent had 'tricked' her into giving him 500,000. So, she didn't want to be involved with him anymore.

She told Elsie, 'Don't cause trouble. Just finish eating and go.'

Elsie knew that she was going to marry into the Buckley family. Although she hadn't been one of them, the people in City Y all knew what happened. She kept pretending that she didn't care, but she did care. Every time she came out and someone stared at her, she believed that they were making fun of her behind her back.

The waiters lined up to welcome the important person. As the door was pulled open, a guard went first and moved everything in the way. Then, the men behind him went inside under his protection.

The man in the lead was wearing a pure black coat. He walked with confidence, his long legs in the suit pants straight and strong. With the black gold buttons of his black shirt to his neck, he looked dignified, aloof, and dashing. The shirt was tight on his chest for the tough and strong muscles. With his sharp eyebrows twisting a little, he pursed his thin lips in a tight manner. When he tilted his head, his jawlines were obvious.

Noah's appearance brought noise and excitement to the people. However, this man's face stopped everyone that was speaking.

There was quietness. No, it was silence.

When Noah arrived, there were eight bodyguards and his gorgeous sister with him, and people were raising the roof. However, the moment Vincent entered the hotel, everyone forgot about Noah.

Vincent projected a high-wattage aura. His eyes were so cold that he didn't look like a real human. As he walked, everyone around him was feeling tense. Behind him, Ferne and Randy waved their hands as if they were walking on a red carpet. They even made a heart shape with their fingers. When the guards saw this, the corner of their mouth twitched.

Only after they entered the hotel did the crowd dare to say, 'Is it Mr. Vincent?'

'Yes! Didn't you see Mr. Ferne behind him?'

'Right! There's also Randy. He's a huge ACG fan....'

'My God! The phone game I'm playing seems to be produced by his company!'

'Why didn't you pay attention to that one from a long line of collectors...?'

'Who is it? Who are you talking about? The last one?'

Randy poked Armando in the arm, 'Someone recognizes you. Let's hear what he says.'

They were paying attention.

The man continued, 'It's him. His father collects all kinds of relics of various dynasties. His family is rich. But he just collects cups. How

much do you think a cup is worth? And he's running a shop and exhibits his cups for free. The shop and the employees must cost him a lot of money. I don't know what these rich people are thinking....'

Hearing this, Randy patted Armando's shoulder, 'I know the feeling. Too much money, right? Leave it to me. I can spend the money for you.'

Armando was speechless.

Elsie noticed what happened. Her eyes gleamed with excitement when she saw Vincent. If Noah was the one whom she would get butterflies for, then Vincent was the one who she could never get even if she was crazy about him.

With her eyes telling Elsie not to speak to Vincent, Beverly got up and flashed Elsie a look. They took their handbags and was going home.

They sat by the window. As they walked out, the people including Vincent were coming in and saw them. So, they moved to the side, waiting for the people to go first.

Out of the blue, the people all stopped.

Emily was going to leave and meet up with Harold. Seeing Elsie stop, she sat at a dining table and picked up the menu to cover half of her face, showing only her eyes to watch. However, she saw a pair of deep eyes on her. She paused, moved the menu to show the lower half of her face, and then smiled at him. For fear of being seen by Elsie and Beverly, she covered her face right away.

The man raised his eyebrows, feeling warmer, 'When I first met this girl, she claimed that she had been drugged by her sister. She couldn't be having dinner here with them today.'

Vincent looked up and flashed Elsie a look. Seeing that the back of Elsie's dress was red, he understood.

'What a mischievous girl!'

Elsie blushed at Vincent's interested gaze. She said in a high-pitched voice, 'Mr. Vincent.'

Seeing that Vincent didn't show any disgust, Beverly also said, 'Vincent, are you here for dinner? Then we'll see ourselves out.' She pulled Elsie away.

Ferne and Randy walked over and noticed that Vincent was staring at Elsie with a weird face. They also looked at her and saw the redness.

Randy burst into laughter, 'Hey! Miss!'

Ferne reminded Randy, 'It's Miss Elsie.'

Hearing someone calling her, Elsie felt delighted and bashful. She turned around and asked, 'Did you call me?'

Ferne stepped forward and tossed her a tablecloth.

Elsie asked in confusion, 'What...?'

Ferne was married, so he said in a blunt way, 'Are you on your period? Your dress is red. Take this to cover it.'

Period?

Cover....

There was only the word 'cover' in Elsie's mind. Before she figured out what Ferne meant, she heard Beverly shout, 'What did you just sit on?'

Elsie looked back at her dress, 'I was sitting on the chair..' she screamed, covering her butt. 'What's going on? Mom! What's happened?'

The customers that were dining in the hotel's restaurant put down their meals and looked at Vincent when they saw him come in. Now that they saw this, everyone could not help but laughed. Some people even picked up their phones to record the scene.

Elsie was extremely embarrassed. She felt so ashamed that she tightly grabbed Beverly's arm, 'Mom, please take me out of here now, I am begging you.'

However, Beverly thought that it was because something was wrong with the chair in the hotel. She pulled Elsie and questioned Ferne, 'What did you put on the chair?'

'Are you saying that we put something on the chair and embarrassed your daughter on purpose?' When someone was questioning the hotel, Ferne immediately became serious. He waved his hand and asked a waiter to bring over the chair that Elsie sat on. Because it had been a while since Elsie sat on it, there were also some red stains on the leather sofa. He twisted up a little of the stains using his fingers and smelt it.

'I am sorry, but we do not offer the service of putting lipstick on chairs for guests to sit on. It is just too luxurious.'

Everyone started laughing when they heard Ferne's words.

Elsie's expression looked even worse. She pulled Beverly's arm before Beverly wanted to say something else, 'Mom, it was my lipstick. I did not find it when we came out. I...'

Beverly scolded in a low voice, 'You are truly embarrassing me!'

Elsie was annoyed but also aggrieved, ‘Mom, how could you see nothing after we headed out for such a long time?’

‘Are you blaming me now?’ Beverly glared at Elsie, ‘Everything was in the same color when I wore sunglasses. How is that possible for me to see it?’

Elsie was angry and annoyed. She wanted to hide her face and cover the lipstick stain on her dress at the same time but failed. If there were a hole in front of her, she would drill in without hesitation. All she was thinking was that how did the lipstick get on her dress. Suddenly, a thought showed up in her mind. She grabbed Beverly’s arm and shouted, ‘It was that retard! It must be her!’

‘That is enough! Stop talking and save yourself some dignity!’ Beverly held Elsie and stopped her, ‘Let’s leave here now!’

Just as they were about to walk towards the door, Ferne stopped them. ‘Mrs. Britt, you just said that it was the problem of the chair in our hotel that embarrassed your daughter. But this is my hotel, and people might stop coming if they hear what you had said. Do you think my hotel can continue making a profit if that happens?’

Elsie bit her lips, put her hands on her dress, and said in embarrassment, ‘I am sorry.’

Beverly also said to Ferne in a low voice, ‘It was my mistake. I am sorry. This is not your hotel’s problem.’

Ferne nodded. ‘Ok, I accept your apology, but this chair...’ He stopped for a moment and said bitterly, ‘With my wealth and the reputation of this hotel, I will never let my guests sit on a bad chair. This chair, of

course, is made with leather. Even we can wipe off the lipstick, I will let other guests sit on it again.'

Ferne was reasonable, but he never argued with any other guests before even if they were drunk and vomited on the table. The reason why he was doing this was only that he heard that Beverly and Elsie often abused the little Mrs. Scavo. Thinking about the innocent and angel-like Mrs. Scavo being abused...

Ferne clenched his fists tightly. This was the perfect moment for revenge.

'Besides, Mrs. Britt, I know you a well-educated and understanding lady. I am sure you do not want to see my loss caused by this chair. If I do not let you take some responsibilities, it would tarnish your respectful reputation.' Ferne made everything sound so reasonable that Randy, who was standing next to him, could not control himself but laughed so hard.

Beverly wanted to save herself some dignity with so many people watching them. She had no choice but asked Ferne, 'What is the value of this chair? We will pay for it.'

'You do not have to...' Ferne said it but asked the manager to bring the bill for the sofa, 'I see. The retail price of this chair is 99,000.'

Hearing the price, Beverly could not stand still and almost fell onto the ground.

How could a sofa be so expensive!

Elsie covered her face because more and more people were gathering around. She felt like they were all laughing at her, which made her almost collapsed, 'Mom, just pay the bill and go home.'

Beverly was so angry. For whom exactly did she have to pay so much for a chair?

Seeing Beverly's hesitation, Ferne said in a considerate tone, 'Mrs. Britt, are you short of money now? I can erase the change for you, and you can just pay us 90,000. Oh, I am sorry, I must have insulted your noble reputation again. Just forget it. The bill is still 99,000. But please do not pay us 100,000. You do not have to.'

Beverly gritted her teeth and said, 'Thank you so much. You are too kind.'

As if he could not tell the scorn in Beverly's words, Ferne smiled at her politely and innocently, 'No problem. It is what we should do.'

The next moment, his expression directly became serious, 'Do you want to pay in cash or with a card?'

Beverly almost fainted from anger.

She should have expected bad things would happen today. Recently she was so unlucky that it started from the beginning of the month. She should not go out in the first place!

Her hand trembled as she swiped her credit card.

Ferne instructed the waiter thoughtfully, 'Help me take this chair to Mrs. Britt's car and welcome her to our hotel next time.' He looked at Beverly, 'You are too thoughtful, Mrs. Britt. You did not have to buy this chair.'

Beverly was speechless. She grabbed Elsie's arm and walked out with her face turned embarrassed. The waiter at the door was tying the chair to the top of the car.

Beverly was finally out of control and roared, 'Why are you tying the chair on my car? What if you break my car?'

This was Maury's most favorite car. It would be big trouble if he found out any scratch on it.

Elsie cannot wait any longer standing outside. She climbed into the car and saw that Beverly was still arguing with the waiter. Many guests and passersby were gathering at the entrance, and some of them were even asking what had happened.

A lot of people began to explain to others what happened directly in front of Elsie. Elsie could not lose her temper because she was in the public, so she could only hand over one hundred to the waiter, 'Please send this chair to the Britt's.'

The waiter lowered his head and said, 'Sorry, we cannot go out. Besides, we are paid 500 an hour. You don't have enough money.'

500 for an hour's work?

It was not going to happen elsewhere, but it was possible in the Dalton Family because they were so rich that all they were worried about was how to spend their money.

If Elsie had not been born in the Britt family, she would be willing to work here too.

She was so regretful about the amount she offered to the waiter earlier, but she could not take back what she said. She would shame the whole Britt Family if she stepped back.

With everyone watching, Elsie took out 1,000 and handed it to the waiter, 'Now, please send it to the Britt's.'

The waiter took the money, 'Of course.'

Beverly sat back in the car. Her entire body was trembling with anger. This was a fraud! She had spent 99,000 on that chair, and then Elsie spent another 1,000 to bring it home. Now it was exactly 100,000!

Adding on the 500,000 she used to rebuild the swimming pool for Vincent, she was really running out of money!

'Mom, are you OK? What happened?'

As the car left, everyone heard Elsie's shout from the car as it was leaving. Everyone was looking at each other and did not know what was going on. Was it that they were so happy because they purchased a chair?

On the other side.

As soon as Beverly and Elsie left, Emily moved towards the door with her fastest speed. When she reached the door, the expression in Vincent's eyes when he walked into the private room appeared in her head. She thought for a moment and started heading back.

Ferne, Randy, and Armando were standing at the door of the private room. As they saw Emily coming, they immediately straightened up and shouted together, 'Hello, Mrs. Scavo!'

This scene was scary and weird as one could imagine.

Imagine three men were standing at the door and called a teenager their sister-in-law. Emily's first reaction was to pull up her hat and cover her face. Then, she reached out her hand to Ferne.

Ferne was so excited that he was about to shake Emily's hands.

Before their hands reached, Emily, who Ferne adored, spoke in a soft voice, 'Could I share half of the money you got from selling that chair? It was me who put the lipstick.'

Ferne was shocked and speechless.

Randy laughed, 'It seems like our little Mrs. Scavo is short of money.' He rubbed his chin, 'I remember something. We have not given Emily our greeting gifts yet.'

Armando seemed to have finally found a chance to show himself. He quickly took out a card and handed it to Emily, 'The money inside has six zeros after the first number.'

Emily wanted some cash because she wanted to take a taxi later, and she did not have enough cash for it. She looked at the card in her hand and looked worried. Does a taxi driver accept payment with a card?

On the other hand, Randy and Ferne said with surprise, 'Oh my god. Armando, you are too generous! Isn't this money for your wedding in the future?'

Because Armando's parents gave him so much pocket money that he could not spend all of it. Besides, his money was saved in one card, so his brothers made fun of him by saying that he was preparing money for his wife for the future. They did not expect Armando to give the card to Emily at the third time they met her.

Armando said, 'My mother thinks I am useless.'

Ferne was confused, 'Why does she say that?'

‘I cannot even spend 500,000 a month,’ Armando said melancholy. He lowered his head embarrassedly, ‘And that is why my mom always thinks that I am useless.’

Emily was speechless this time.

Where did this feeling of envy come from?

Ferne and Randy were disdainful when they heard what Armando said. When the three of them were frolicking and teasing each other, the doors of the private room was opened. Rex was standing behind the door and made a gesture to Emily, ‘Miss Emily, please come in.’

Randy unfurled his fan and half of his face was behind the words ‘Full of Eager’ on the fans. He smiled at Emily with unspoken words in his throat. And then, he said to Emily, ‘It seems that we have wasted so much time that Vincent is unable to wait any longer.’

Randy emphasized the last few words and said them slowly.

Ferne rushed into the room and cupped his fists, ‘Mr. Vincent, I have brought Emily here.’

Emily was shocked.

Rex did not know what to say.

Armando was also speechless.

Randy went in and used the handle of the fan to knock on Ferne’s head, ‘Come on, Randy. Didn’t you notice that Mr. Vincent was staving? Hurry up and order some food.’

Ferne echoed, ‘Randy was right.’

Last time, they did not have the chance to tease Vincent because Arabella was here. Now that they had this precious opportunity, they would try everything they could to make fun of Vincent.

Unexpectedly, neither Vincent nor Emily reacted to their jokes at all.

Vincent sat steadily on the main seat. He was holding a teacup with his left hand as he was enjoying his tea. His eyes swept over his brothers as if he never knew them. No expression was on his face.

Ferne was immediately hurt by the coldness of Vincent. He buried his face in Armando's arms, 'How could he do that to us!'

Randy was a little injured, too. Just as he was about to bury his face in Armando's arms, Ferne fiercely pushed him away, 'Go away, Armando's warm embrace belongs to me!'

Randy had nothing to say.

He turned around to look at Emily who came in, and Rex who stood behind the door with no expressions. He immediately lost the mood to ask for comfort, and the only thing he could do was swing his folding fan with all his strength.

Emily directly walked to Vincent's side. She did not sit down. Instead, she just stood there, 'The car is parked on HS Road.'

Vincent put down the teacup. He tilted his head to look at her. A low and sexy voice slid out of his mouth, 'I see.'

Emily looked at him for a while. After that, she silently pushed the teacup in front of him aside, then reached out her hand to his chest.

Everyone in the room was extremely astonished. After all, many women were trying to approach Vincent but were chased out by Vincent's guards immediately. Vincent would never need to take any action by himself because he did not even like to touch women!

Therefore, when they saw Elsie and Vincent kissing each other in the lounge at Mr. Ian's birthday dinner, they were shocked. There was a moment that Ferne and Randy wanted to express their most sincere gratitude to Emily, thanking her for appearing so that they could relax. Among all these years, they were worried that Vincent would take a fancy to any of them. They were even preparing to introduce some men to Vincent. Fortunately, they did not!

Of course, they had also thought about what type of women Vincent would choose to spend the rest of his life with. Most of the women in their minds were similar as Arabella, but they never thought that their future sister-in-law would be so young.

She was full of bravery even though she looked small. She even dared to reach over to Vincent's chest, and put her hands on it!

Emily just wanted to see if they re-banded his wounds properly. She lowered her head and saw that Vincent was wearing a rope that was hidden behind the collar of his shirt. It was the same color as the one she was wearing.

Her heart trembled slightly. She could not help herself but stretched her hand towards his neck. Before she reached it, Vincent held her hand.

Vincent's palm was very warm. He was surrounded by the fragrance of tea. The smell of tea was suffused with nicotine, which formed his unique cold smell.

Emily looked at Vincent calmly. From such a close distance, she could see his eyes. She saw herself in his dark and bottomless eyes.

She could feel that Vincent liked her.

It was different from how Eliot felt about her. It was extremely possessive.

At the very moment, there was no need to ask him why he was here. It was because of her.

‘Do you want to marry me?’ Emily stared at Vincent.

Her mother told her that a couple should love each other till the end of their lives.

Her mother also said that she should never share her man with others.

Emily could not remember all her mother had said. The only thing that impressed her was that night. Her mother cried, ‘Men can never be trusted. Emily, you should never trust a man easily. They are all liars and will only deceive your love.’

No one would be able to cheat her again.

Emily told herself that she no longer had any unnecessary feelings, so whoever wants the rest could take it all.

All of them in the room were shocked, their eyes wild open. Vincent was sitting on a chair, while Emily was standing there. There were no balloons, and no flowers, let alone romance. She just asked him in an unexpected and casual way, ‘Will you marry me?’

Ferne felt so unfair. What the hell? A woman asking for a man to marry her? Remember, he was forced to propose back then! Things were really different now, huh?

Armando and Randy were so moved that they turned on the video.

Rex and guards still didn't come to themselves. Their mouths opened so wide that they could almost fit for a fist.

Everyone waited for Vincent's answer eagerly. Finally, he raised his chin slightly and said, 'Not now.'

His ambiguous answer made Ferne confused. He asked anxiously, 'Then when? On Christmas, Lantern Festival or Children's Day?'

Vincent pinched Emily's face and said, 'When you grow up.'

Everyone, '....'

They were showing affection in public!

Hearing this, Emily suddenly remembered that Vincent would die next year. She didn't know if he could wait for her to grow up. She reached out and touched his face as if she was responding to his answer.

The others in the room were already used to this now...

Ferne and Randy began to imitate them. Randy was sitting on a chair, while Ferne were standing, who asked shyly while lowering his chin, 'Will you marry me?'

Emily, '....'

Randy didn't say anything. Ferne pouted him on the chest, 'Come on. Answer my question. Yes or no?'

Vincent, '....'

He pouted so hard. Randy felt the pain. With hands on his chest, he said, 'Not now, babe.'

Ferne then asked in a pretentious and dramatic way, 'Then when?' His handsome face seemed to be put on a show.

Randy then pinched his face hard, 'When you grow up.'

Armando, '....'

Ew...

Guards: Ew...

Rex tilted his head and pretended to vomit.

Emily glanced at the digital watch on her hand. It had been ten minutes since Elsie and others had returned home. She had to return to her room as soon as possible and stick to her plan.

'I gotta go.' After finishing her sentence, she pulled down her hat lower and put the card she had just got in Vincent's hand, 'Keep it for me.'

Vincent did not move, but looked deep at her.

Emily thought for a moment and gave him a gentle kiss.

The four guards seemed to be electrocuted. They trembled compulsively.

They couldn't believe their eyes. If they didn't take this wrong, did Mr. Vincent ask for a kiss just now?

Unbelievable! Like a bolt from the blue it came.

When Emily walked to the door, she saw Randy and Ferne still playing the imitation game.

Ferne said lovingly, 'I gotta go.' Then, he threw a pack of cigarettes in his pocket into Randy's palm and said, 'Keep it for me.'

Randy stared at him.

The two of them looked at each other for a moment and slowly drew nearer. The moment they were about to kiss, they turned their heads away and pretended to vomit.

Emily, '...'

They were quite interesting.

The door closed.

After she left, those in the room immediately became serious and found chairs to sit up straight.

Vincent sat there silently, but his powerful aura made it hard for the others present to ignore him. After sitting there for a moment, they found that Vincent was still staring at the card in his hand, as if something special had been inscribed onto it.

After a while, he still remained silent. The others were even more nervous, and sat up more straight. In case that he would be angry to kick them, they would take it in a more decent way.

After a minute, Ferne couldn't bear the silence and groaned, 'Vincent, I was wrong!'

Raising his head and glancing at him, Vincent said coldly, 'What?'

'It ... It's totally my fault.' Ferne laughed awkwardly. All kidding aside, they were not allowed to test Vincent's limits. If they did, they were done, even if they were his buddies.

They had worked so hard just now to test the girl's place in his heart.

However, that girl did not fall for any tricks. She wasn't a fan of flattery, nor compliments. She just wanted her money. And when hearing of that 50,000, she didn't act greedily. She even left Armando's money here!

Armando also murmured in the corner, 'I was wrong too.'

Randy did not say anything. He usually had a better grip of what was going on than others. He just didn't bother to tell them the truth, but played along with others and waited until they found the truth themselves. Oh man, this felt so great!

'You guys used the money to test her, didn't you?' Vincent slowly played with the teacup. He said in an indifferent tone, 'But she still likes you.'

Ferne was shocked, 'What?'

Armando also felt shocked, his mouth wide open. But he didn't make any sound.

Randy shook his fan quickly, wondering whether he was angry out of jealousy.

Excellent! He liked how this whole thing went. Bad Devil versus Innocent Angel? So wonderful! It would be even better if they made an animation out of this!

However, this little angel did not seem to be innocent, and the devil seemed to want to marry into it. It couldn't be true. It couldn't...

'She was in a good mood just now.' Vincent caressed the ring on his finger, 'So, I'm happy too.'

'...'

Wait, when was the last time he was in a good mood?

Randy patted Ferne's shoulder sympathetically, 'When you were beaten the filling out of you.'

Ferne's face instantly darkened. When he was still a policeman, he did exercises every day. But now he just made fun in hotels, he didn't even give it a thought to exercise any more. He was gaining solidary pounds on his stomach, but lucky for him, he didn't show a big belly when standing up. Otherwise, his reputation as one of the F4 in City Y would have been ruined.

But he didn't expect that God was sending Vincent to torture him!

When Vincent was unhappy, okay, go a few rounds.

When he was happy, okay, go a few rounds.

When he was bored, okay, go a few rounds... What the hell? He always wanted him to go a few rounds!

'Rex, go a few rounds with Ferne!'

Look! It was him again!

Ferne covered his face. He just didn't give 50,000 to Emily. Couldn't he give it to her next time? He looked at Vincent pitifully.

He saw Rex clenching his fists and walking towards him, 'Mr. Ferne, please.'

Ferne left with a bitter but resolute expression, as if he was heading to the execution ground.

Armando silently followed him to see them.

The third floor of the hotel was a gym, which was built by Ferne for the benefits of his buddies. There were a boxing ring, billiard tables, and 3-D animated movies in the gym. He had managed to include all his buddies' hobbies, but he didn't expect that he was actually making a 'trap' for himself!

As soon as they left, the room was almost empty.. Randy closed his fan and sat down beside Vincent. Taking a sip of tea, he asked, 'Got injured?'

Just now, Vincent's left arm was a little stiff when raising the cup. Nobody noticed that except Randy.

'No big deal.' The man looked calm.

Randy said, 'I smelled it the moment you entered.'

How could that be no big deal when he smelled strongly of blood?

Vincent glanced at him and said, 'Your smell like a dog.'

‘Did that little girl hurt you?’ Randy knowingly asked the question.

Everyone in the room looked frightened when they saw Emily touched Vincent’s chest. Only Randy knew that Vincent got injured in his chest. Over the years, those who could let Vincent’s guard down all died. It was unknown whether the new one was good or bad.

After all, they all wished him the best, but ... that little girl seemed to have other motives, which made Randy a little worried.

When he was making a fuss of Vincent, he looked up to find Vincent’s calm face. He sighed. ‘I feel that Jaquan is a little aggrieved to be jealous of you. If he saw that you treated another girl whole-heartedly, he probably didn’t know who to comfort, Arabella or himself.’

Vincent took out a cigarette but didn’t smoke. He played with it between his fingers and said unemotionally, ‘He’s too aggressive and should be given a blow.’

Randy glanced at him and asked, ‘No, what I meant was, are you serious? Do you really like her? You don’t usually behave that way, such as kiss whenever you want. God, that picture keeps wandering in my mind. I even dreamed that you took that girl into your room at night ... so I doubt that if you’ve been suppressing your sensual passion for too long and suffered hormonal disorders.’

‘One more word.’ Vincent threw the cigarette into his mouth, gritted his teeth, and said in a low and terrifying voice, ‘I’ll let you suffer a joint disorder.’

‘...’

Randy got out of Vincent’s hair.

....

When Emily came out, she saw a taxi parked in front of her. The man in the driver's seat looked like Vincent's guard. She couldn't see what that man looked like as he was dressed in black and wore sunglasses. However, she felt that the man was not a driver but more like a killer.

'Miss, where are you going?' He asked.

Emily stared at him vigilantly, 'You are...?'

'I'm handsome, and I know it.' The man's face wrinkled in a grin.

'...'

After seeing the tuxedo that he wore, Emily relaxed and sat down.

Since it was Vincent's people, she dropped her guard. However, she was just curious how he got the taxi. Did he hide the driver into the trunk?

She glanced at the 'driver' who looked righteous through the rearview mirror and soon dispelled this doubt.

Harold called back. He found out where the two swindlers were and was heading back. If time permitted, they might meet at the gate of the Britt's.

Thinking of this, Emily quickly sent out another text message.

The car stopped when it was still some distance away from the gate. Emily thanked the guard before she got off the car.

Then she quickly hid herself under a tree in front of gate. After a while, Harold rushed over from afar and walked in to send away the butler, after which Emily trotted in.

From the perspective of the guards, they could only see that Miss Emily was jumped into the air like a cannonball and then stopped steadily on the balcony with a curtain-call pose.

‘...‘

Awesome!

What a pity that he just forgot to shoot that.

The guard drove the car to the underground parking lot of Ferne Hotel. Then, he opened the trunk with no regard for others and took the driver out. He pulled the cloth out of his mouth and smiled at him, ‘Thank you.’

Then he took out a fifty and handed it to him, ‘Here’s the fare.’

The driver, whose legs were still trembling with fear and couldn’t say a word.

The man didn’t plan to kill him and throw him in the wild. Instead, he just wanted to borrow his car to take a ride ?

And he chose his taxi ?

....

Emily went to the balcony and looked at the room next door. Elsie was not in the room but her balcony door was open.

It was so strange that she hadn’t come back yet.

She went in the room and put on her pajamas. Just as she finished shaping the blanket as if she had slept in it, she heard a car stopped and then came the butler's voice. 'Mrs. Britt and Miss Elsie, you are back. Miss Elsie... what's wrong?'

The voice behind him was somewhat tiny and Emily could not hear it clearly. It seemed that something had happened to Elsie. She walked barefoot to the balcony and saw Beverly telling the butler with a cold face, 'When Mr. Maury came back, don't say anything. Just say that we went out for shopping.'

The butler immediately replied, 'Yes.'

Elsie entered the living room with rage and clattered up the stairs. Then, she rushed to Emily's room and found that the door was locked. She angrily knocked on the door.

'Retard! Open the door! Did you put the lipstick on my chair? Did you? You made me like a fool in front of so many people. Damn it! I'm going to kill you!'

Regardless of Elsie's hoarse scream outside the door, Emily messed her hair in front of the mirror, then unbuttoned her pajamas. The phone on the dressing table buzzed. It was a call from Maury. The message that Emily sent in the taxi was: Dad, I'm so scared.

Maury should soon be back.

Fortunately, Elsie had returned now. Otherwise, Emily could only pretend to have had a nightmare, and it would be a pity to miss such good opportunity.

‘Miss Elsie! Tell me what’s wrong! Calm down! You would scare Miss Emily!’ Susan’s voice came from outside. She anxiously called out to Beverly, ‘Mrs. Britt, help persuade Miss Elsie!’

Beverly sent a message to Eliot asking him where Maury was.

In the car, Eliot turned to look at Maury in the back seat and replied: Company.

Beverly winked at Elsie, telling her to do whatever she wants. Then, she languorously entered the room and applied a facial mask before sleep.

‘Get away! She’s an idiot! Why do you help her? Why?’ After knowing that Maury would not be coming back for a short time, Elsie shed all her disguise and slapped Susan angrily, ‘Open your eyes! I am the daughter of the Britts!’

Susan was beaten and disheveled, but she still tried to persuade Elsie, ‘Miss Elsie, I gave you a call. It should be yourself who accidentally dropped the lipstick on the chair...’

‘Are you saying that I had only myself to blame?’ Elsie pointed at her resentfully, ‘I can get you out of this house easily!’

Then she lifted Susan’s apron and said, ‘Give me the key!’

Susan begged her, ‘No, I can’t. Miss Emily must have locked the door out of fear. If I open the door, it will leave a shadow on her. Miss Elsie, don’t be angry.. Calm down first.’

Inside the room, Emily moved her clear eyes slightly.

‘Psychological shadow? A retard like her has a psychological shadow?’
Elsie laughed loudly as if she had heard something interesting. But her smile was awful, ‘A retard could have a psychological shadow?’

Susan was worried that she would say something wrong, so she added,
‘Miss Elsie, don’t be angry. I apologize to you if Miss Emily did something wrong.’

‘Who are you? Who are you to apologize to me? Get lost!’ Elsie felt impatient and pushed her away.

The sound of a heavy object landing on the ground came out.

After putting on an innocent face, Emily opened the door and rushed out,
‘Elsie ... Don’t...!’ She cried out in horror but didn’t retreat.

Elsie laughed sinisterly and rushed over, ‘Retard, you’re finally here! I’m going to kill you!’

At the same time, the sound of a car came from the door, but it was covered by Elsie’s roar. Only a few people could hear it.

Getting up from the ground, Susan pulled Elsie and shouted at Emily who was on the ground, ‘Miss Emily, run! Go inside and lock the door!’

Hearing her words, Elsie was furious, ‘Well, you teach her how to avoid me in front of me? You still help her?’

As she spoke, she turned around and slapped Susan’s face.

This voice was different from the one who heard through the door. It was so loud that it seemed that Elsie was slapping Emily’s eardrums.

Susan's mouth was bleeding and her hair was in a mess. Her face was swollen. Therefore, it was difficult for her to speak. However, she even pulled Emily up and tried to make a sound to comfort her, 'Miss Emily, don't be afraid. Go hide in the room. It will be fine when Mr. Maury comes back. Good girl.'

Emily put the eye drops in her eyes to pretend to cry before she came out. When she heard this, she cried with her mouth open. And she watched Elsie kick Susan to the ground.

'Emily, if someone bullies you, you have to pretend to be weak. Although you are weak, acting weaker will lower the guard of the other party. When a person leaves his guard, it will be the perfect time for you to retaliate.'

Elsie grabbed Emily's hair and dragged her into the room. Then, she took out a few different colored lipsticks that she had just taken from her room and began to apply them on Emily's face. She deliberately had scribbles on Emily's face.

Emily pretended to struggle.

Holding Emily's face, Elsie looked in the mirror and mockingly asked her, 'Does it look good?'

When a person left his guard, it would be the perfect time for you to retaliate.

Emily, who had lipsticks on her face, struggled to grab a tool knife on the table and stabbed it to Elsie's palm.

Elsie screamed, holding her palm in pain. Tears flew over her face. And she was contorted with pain, 'Retard, you're dead!'

Emily hid under the table with her hands covering her head. Her body trembled and she cried out, 'Don't hit me. Don't hit me. Don't hit me ... I will be a good girl. I will be a good girl, okay? Please don't hit me ... Elsie, I was wrong ... I won't upset you again ... I was wrong....'

Elsie was both painful and angry. She glanced at a lamp on the table. Then she picked it up and threw it under the table. The lamp broke, but it didn't hurt Emily at all. Elsie picked up the tool knife on the ground and was about to stab it to Emily's arm. Then she was stopped by an arm. She pushed the person away angrily, 'Get lost! I'm going to kill her!'

When Elsie turned around, she was shocked.

Maury who was dressed in a suit, stood beside her like a ghost that suddenly appeared in a horror movie. Elsie was so scared that her face turned deathly pale, and she even forgot to shout for the pain in her palm.

'Dad ... I ... you.... when did you come back?' When Elsie asked, she saw the Britts standing at the door, including Eliot, who had rushed over, and Beverly, who had just ran from the next door and forgot to take off her mask.

It was a deathly silence.

Maury slapped Elsie on the face. His strength was so strong that he slapped her on the ground.

Elsie's ears were in buzz and her mouth was bleeding. She looked at Beverly with her eyes open and shouted, 'Dad, look at me. She stabbed me with a knife. Look at my hand! Look at my hand! Mom! Explain to Dad!'

Eliot strode over and grabbed Elsie by the neck with one hand. He looked at Maury with scarlet eyes and said, 'Dad, leave it to me.'

Maury resisted the urge to kill Elsie. Both of them were Maury's heart, but the one he loved the most had suffered such a misfortune. What could he do to save this innocent child from it?

Elsie's ears were in a buzz and her throat was gripped by a large palm. Her voice was hoarse and terrible, 'Mom! Help me! Eliot wants to kill me! He said that he wants to kill me....'

Beverly, who was relieved before, felt nervous again.

Eliot carried Elsie out and Beverly followed. There was a bloody mark on the ground. It was blood flowing from Elsie's palm, but no one cared about it now.

Emily's soft sobbing voice came from under the table, 'Don't hit me.... I'll be a good girl.... Really.... Elsie ... I was wrong ... I was wrong....'

Her voice trembled with fear and dread and her weak body shook as well. Seeing that, servants in the house couldn't help but become tearful.

Harold stayed downstairs as planned, but Beverly sent him away as soon as she entered and told him to go to the warehouse to clean up. It was not until Maury returned that he rushed upstairs. Even though Harold knew that this had been planned long ago, when he came in and saw this scene, his hands hanging on both sides were tightly clenched into fists.

Previously, he didn't know why Miss Emily had returned to normal but didn't tell her family. However, seeing that, he suddenly understood that when Miss Emily was a retard, she must have suffered from it every day.

She must be painful every day, right?

With so much pain in her heart, she still always gave him sugar....

Harold turned around and walked out.

Maury touched Emily, 'Emily, I am dad.'

'I'll be good.... Mom.... I'll be a good girl. Don't leave me alone....'

Emily recoiled. She looked down and covered her head with both hands,

'Mom ... Don't leave me ... I'm a good girl ... I won't cry....'

Maury tilted his head to wipe away the tears on his face and said in a hoarse voice, 'It's my fault. I apologize to you.... Emily, come here. I am back. Don't be afraid, I am back.'

Emily didn't come out. But Maury couldn't forcefully pull her out, so he could only squeeze his heavy body under the small study desk and touch Emily's hand, 'Emily, I am dad. Dad is back.'

Emily's ice cold hands trembled violently.

Maury felt guilty and regretful. What had he done to Emily? He had planned to give her a good life by keeping her by his side. But eventually, what did he bring to his kid?

'Emily, it's my fault. It's Dad's fault.' Maury reached out and held Emily into his arms. He said something which he used to feel hard to tell. 'I shouldn't have brought you back. If you stayed with Mom, you wouldn't have suffered these. Do you miss Mom? If you do, I will take you to see her, okay?'

'Really?' Emily sobbed and looked up at Maury with a pair of moist eyes. She had never seen her mother since she moved to the Britt's in her previous life.

When Maury saw the Emily's face smudged with lipstick, he felt extremely sad. He touched her face and said softly, 'I always keep my word.'

Emily still didn't believe it. Tears streamed down her clear eyes as she asked again, 'Dad, are you lying to me?'

Maury felt sorry for Emily. 'I'm serious. I give you my word.'

As he spoke, he made a pinky swear with Emily.

Emily's hands were very cold. When two pinkies touched each other, Maury could feel the coldness clearly. He almost cried and said, 'I will definitely take you to your Mom.'

On the other side, Eliot dragged Elsie to his room and pressed her against the wall. Then, he choked Elsie and said sternly, 'You are so forgetful, aren't you? What did I tell you last time?'

Elsie kicked wildly and shouted, 'Mom! Mom! Save me! Eliot wants to kill me!'

'Eliot, let go! Your sister is going to be strangled! Let go!' Beverly followed him to the room and tried to get his hand off Elsie's neck. 'Come on, dear. Let go!'

Eliot fiercely glared at Beverly. 'Mom, everyone is saying that you're the stepmother in Cinderella. Do you know that?'

Beverly felt embarrassed and looked at him, 'What? Don't you think I treat her well?'

Eliot distained to reveal the facts. He looked so dispirited. 'It has been ten years. You've watched her grow up and she has lived with us for ten years. Don't you have any feelings for her?'

'How could it be? Every time we dine out, we always remember to bring her food.' Beverly could not remove Eliot's hand so she patted his hand forcefully and said, 'Hurry up and let go of your sister!'

'Eliot, look at my hands! They were stabbed so hard by that idiot!' Elsie felt aggrieved. Because her neck was pinched, her voice was rough and hoarse. 'Do you really care about me? Why do you only scold me whenever something happens? Why can't I explain for myself, just because she's an idiot? She stabbed me with a knife, and should I just stand there and let her stab me?'

'Oh my God! So much blood! Hurry up and let go!' Beverly had already seen Elsie's wound. She thought that Elsie was injured by herself. She didn't expect that it was that idiot who stabbed Elsie. Upon hearing what Elsie said, Beverly was filled with indignation. 'Eliot, did you hear what your sister said? That retard stabbed your sister!'

Eliot sneered, 'She doesn't even kill ants. Do you think I'll believe you?'

Elsie almost vomited blood.

She hardly told truths to her brother during the past years, but Eliot would always choose to believe her and continued to spoil her. However, what she said today was totally true. And Eliot did not believe a single word of what she said! Furthermore, he also wanted to strangle her.

Elsie shouted in despair, 'Eliot, I'm your sister. Why are you so cruel to me?'

‘I should ask that.’ Eliot clenched his fist and said in a voice, which was fierce and scary as if he was the messenger from hell. ‘Why are you all so heartless?’

‘Mr. Eliot!’ The butler shouted at the door. He rushed upstairs and saw what was happening. He was shocked and didn’t know what to do.

Eliot did not stop. Instead, he choked Elsie with another hand. Then he turned to look at the butler and asked, ‘What is it?’

Elsie still tried to kick Eliot, crying and shouting. ‘Eliot, I hate you!’

Beverly hurriedly closed the door and said, ‘If there’s anything urgent, we’ll talk about it later!’ She then looked at Eliot, ‘Hurry up and put her down!’

Eliot ignored it. He stared at the butler and asked, ‘What is it? Tell me.’

The butler forced himself and said, ‘A car has brought a chair over and it needs you to sign after you receive it. I look at the price, and it seems to be....’ He looked at Beverly and was a little hesitant, ‘99,000.’

Beverly’s expression changed. It seemed that from the moment they left, many things had been determined. She recalled what had happened all the way from the hotel, to the hotel exit, to the road, and to the residence.

Before she could figure out the cause and effect, she heard Elsie scream. She looked up and saw that Elsie was thrown onto the bed by Eliot. The blood in her palm splashed on the pink sheets, and soon half of the sheets were dyed red.

Beverly ignored her and ran after Eliot. ‘Eliot, listen to me. Don’t tell your dad about this....’

‘What do you want to hide from me?’ Maury, who had just come out of the next room, glared at Beverly with a gloomy expression, ‘What else did you do?’

Beverly quickly stood behind Eliot. ‘Eliot, when you were a kid, you were often sick and had a fever. It was I who hugged you and took care of you all night. I always love you so much. But today, I’ve done all this for your sister.’

Eliot’s expression slightly changed. He seemed to be touched. He stopped Maury and said, ‘Dad, let’s go downstairs and take a look first.’

Maury waved his hand and walked downstairs.

Beverly whispered as she followed behind Eliot, ‘Eliot, your sister was tricked by that fool, oh no, Emily today. She played with your sister’s lipstick and even put it on a chair which Elsie would sit on. We went to have dinner and there were some leather sofa chairs. Thus, the chair was stained with lipstick. I had to buy it to protect the reputation of the Britt family.’

As she spoke, they arrived at the first floor.

At the entrance of the living room was the sofa chair. The lipstick on it was not wiped off, which confirmed that what Beverly said was true. She did not lie to Eliot.

However, the next second, Eliot’s phone rang. It was from his assistant in the company. He asked Eliot anxiously, ‘That piece of news has some impact on our products. Within just a few minutes, four clients have called to ask for returning products. And they won’t cooperate with us in the future....’

Eliot’s eyebrows twitched and he caught the point, ‘What news?’

Maury was observing the chair. Beverly saw that he looked good, so she walked over and explained to him in a low voice.

Eliot didn't want to be heard by them. Holding the phone, he walked to the door and listened to the assistant, who was surprised. 'Didn't you read the news? The latest one. You'd better take a look at it first.'

After hanging up, Eliot clicked open the latest news and saw the headline saying, 'The Arrogant Elsie Britt Refused to Get off the Car, Enraging Ian.'

On the way back, Elsie ran into Ian's car, in which sat Ian who just caught his disgraceful son Marquise in a club.

Nothing would happen if they didn't come across. But Ian, a sociable businessman, got off the car immediately to greet Mrs. Britt and her daughter, or maybe invite them for a dinner since the two families were going to be related by a marriage.

Marquise got out of the car obediently and shouted at the half-open window, 'Good morning, Mrs. Britt.'

Ian and Marquise paid enough respect to Beverly and Elsie.

But Elsie stayed in because of her embarrassing lipstick-stained butt. Beverly got out of the car and explained that Elsie wasn't feeling well in her stomach.

Ian nodded considerably, 'Alright then, go back home.'

Marquise, although caught, didn't waste time in the car. He was bewildered when some friends sent him congratulations, and texted one of them asking what happened. A video message came.

Standing by the car, Marquise saw in the video that people gathered to make fun of Elsie's 'red' butt. The red stain on the light yellow dress, looked like a red pepper on a pile of shit. Marquise was pretty drunk, and wanted to throw up at the scene.

'You had appetite for a feast with your stomachache?' He walked to the car door and stared at Elsie in the back seat, 'It seems you enjoyed yourselves very much.'

Elsie's face changed, but she tried to remain calm.

Marquise started to count, 'Pasta, salmon, and red wine. You really know how to enjoy life. Isn't it a little extravagant for breakfast? Ah, four people.'

The last sentence shocked Elsie, 'How did you know?'

Hearing this, Marquise looked back at Ian amusedly, 'I see. It's not the stomach ache. She just didn't want to waste time to see you.'

Although not highly educated, Ian valued etiquette and manners. Marquise knew why Elsie wouldn't come out, but still said deliberately, 'Forget it, I thought she would be a good wife. I guess I was wrong.'

Realizing that she had been tricked by him, Elsie couldn't remain calm anymore, but she would like it if this would cancel the marriage. So, she sat still, less awkward.

Beverly hurriedly explained, 'No, it's not true. She just had some cold drink that hurt her stomach.'

Marquise said leisurely, 'Stomach ache doesn't paralyze people. Is her leg broken that she couldn't even get out of the car?'

As expected, Ian's face darkened, 'Then let her get out!'

Beverly quickly opened the car door and dragged Elsie, 'Get out. It's fine, just get out.'

Ian had been a little suspicious of Marquise's words, but right now Beverly's behavior told him that Elsie was fine. She just didn't want to get out.

Elsie clutched the door and resisted, 'No! I won't get out!'

Hearing this, Ian was totally sure. He left quickly with rage.

Normally, people wouldn't know this. But Elsie had made such a big fool of herself in the hotel. Quite a few people followed her to make more fun, and happened to witness this little incident. Owing to the enthusiastic onlookers, Elsie hit the headlines.

After reading the news, Eliot saw in the end another the link of Elsie making a fool of herself in the hotel. He clicked it open and looked it through, then went into the living room. He handed the phone to Maury, 'Dad, it's the picture just released online.'

Noticing Beverly staring at him with wide eyes, Eliot added after a pause, 'It's about what happened this morning.'

Maury stared at the phone for a moment, then suddenly grabbed Beverly who was about to leave and asked hatefully, 'You spent 100,000 for this damn chair?'

'I just explained this to you.' Beverly said diffidently in a low voice. Her family was involved in a crime a few years ago, her brother and sister-in-law went into prison, leaving only her old-aged mother who got

sick and died not long after. The wealthy Brooks family became a past, along with Beverly's pride.

With her fallen family, Beverly could only rely on Maury for her future. And Maury, clear about this, grew more and bossier in front of her in the past two years.

When he slapped her because Elsie pushed Emily, she knew clearly that this man had changed and was no in love with her long time ago.

Holding the phone, Maury asked with gritted teeth, 'What happened with the Buckleys?'

'The Buckley Family?' Beverly was shocked for a moment before realizing that Maury had knew about what happened on the road. But how? Was it on the news!?

If it was on the news, things were going to be ugly. The company could be affected. Maury might only feel guilty to Emily, but the company mattered most for him. If there was anything wrong with the company, the consequences ... she didn't dare to imagine it at all.

Beverly explained in panic, 'Elsie didn't get out of the car to avoid embarrassment. Did the Buckley Family call? What did they say? There might be some misunderstanding. I'll call back later to explain.'

Maury looked at her with a dark face. The phone rang again, and Maury answered it, 'Hello.'

The assistant on the other end of the line said something, and Maury's expression changed drastically. He asked with heaving chest, 'We have taken the order, the first shipment is already in production. They want to cancel the contract? Why?'

Only then did the assistant recognize Maury's voice and repeated gingerly what he had explained to Eliot.

Hanging up, Maury smashed the phone directly to the wall. Then, he grabbed Beverly's neck fiercely and slapped her three times in a row, 'You damn bitch! The company just escaped bankruptcy and hasn't got back on the track. You made these things happen! I could kill you a thousand times!'

'Dad!' Eliot stopped him, 'It has already happened. We must find a way to fix it.'

'Get out of the way!' Maury's bloodshot eyes became scarlet, 'Do you know how much effort I put into this order?! I couldn't sleep at night, and texted the manager every hour to check the factory. Nothing could go wrong! Do you know how much money did we lost because our supermarket chain was shut down? We're in debt! We have nothing left except a near broken factory! Right now, our only chance is that order! Only that order can save us from bankruptcy!'

With her ears bleeding from Maury's heavy slaps, Beverly apologized in a weak voice, 'I'm sorry, I....'

'Does sorry help?' Maury smashed her head towards the wall, 'You screwed everything up after only a feast! How could a simple sorry help?'

Billionaire's Reborn Baby - Chapter 65

Chapter 65 - Expenses

Being hit against the wall, Beverly felt dizzy, and blood had come out of her ears and streamed down her face. There was blood all over her face, which was horrifying.

The noise downstairs was so loud that even Emily, who was lying in bed upstairs, could hear it, let alone Elsie, whose door was wide open. Elsie knew vaguely that it was all because of her. She went down the stairs in fear and hid herself at the corner to take a peep quietly. As she saw the horrifying scene, she was so scared that she immediately covered her mouth with her hand. All she dared to do was to cry quietly.

Eliot couldn't bear it any more. He drew Maury aside, 'Dad! Calm down! You won't be able to get the project back even if you beat mom to death!'

Maury stopped and looked at Beverly who was lying on the floor. Panting heavily, he said, 'Let's go to the company to talk.' And then he walked towards the door.

Before leaving, Eliot looked at the butler who was still standing there in shock beside him and said, 'Call a doctor.'

'Yes, sir!'

Maury turned around and said coldly as he was walking out, 'If you dare to do anything to Emily again, I'll be the first to skin you alive!'

On the floor, Beverly was so scared that she curled up her body, her eyes filled with hatred and tears.

Elsie didn't come down the stairs before Maury and Eliot got into the car and left home. She ran to Beverly, held Beverly's hand in her uninjured hand and cried, 'Mom! Mom, are you okay?'

Beverly wiped away her tears, 'I'm fine. Your father didn't do much harm to me ...'

Elsie cried loudly, 'Mom, I saw it! I was too scared. I was afraid that he would kill me if I came out ... I'm sorry ... Mom, I got you into trouble ...'

Looking at the Elsie's neck which was black and blue and thinking of the same bruises on her own neck, Beverly couldn't help but also burst into tears. The mother and daughter could only cling together and cry together loudly in the living room.

Emily was listening to their haunting crying on the balcony quietly, but the look on her face was cold and calm.

Not enough. This was still not enough.

Compared to the dagger that always appeared and Elsie's vicious expression in her dreams, what she had done was just like an appetizer. It was not even worth mentioning.

What she was waiting for was the main dish.

When the butler was calling a doctor, Harold jumped up quickly from the ground and landed on Emily's balcony after kicking the wall with his feet for a few times.

The two of them entered the bathroom. Emily turned on the tap to use the sound of water to cover their voice and asked, 'Where are they staying?'

She was asking about the two swindlers she saw at the hotel.

'They're staying in a luxury villa. There are security guards at the entrance and surveillance cameras around it. I only followed them there and then came back.'

'A luxury villa?' Emily bit her lip and pondered, and then she asked, 'What did the detective say?'

'This is what he has figured out.' Harold handed over a piece of paper the size of a pocket which was folded neatly into a square.

Emily only took a glance and concluded, 'It's fake information.'

Harold nodded, 'The information is too complete, so it should be something they made for us to see on purpose.'

Emily shook her head. 'I just think that those two people wouldn't care about someone like Elsie at all, if they were really so rich.'

Harold was speechless.

'Keep shadowing them.' Emily opened the bathroom door and walked out after she said that.

'Understood!'

Just as Harold was about to jump down from the balcony, he heard Emily's voice from behind, 'Right, how much does it cost to hire the detective?'

‘30,000.’

Emily heaved a sigh of relief, ‘That’s okay. I still have 30,000 left.’

Harold quietly added, ‘For a week.’

Emily counted on her fingers, and then she suddenly realized that she had asked the detective to follow them for three days. Today was the fourth day. In other words, it had cost her 28 thousand in four days to hire the detective. She was in a shock, ‘Is it really that expensive?’

‘Do you still want to continue the shadowing?’ Harold asked.

Emily glanced at her piggy bank and frowned, ‘Let me think about it.’

Harold handed a bank card over to her.

Emily looked at him in bewilderment, ‘What is this?’

‘My wage card. There should be more than 180 thousand in it.’ Harold’s face was still expressionless, but there was also some sincerity on his face now, ‘It’s not a lot, but I hope I can help you.’

Emily held the card in her hand and asked hesitantly, ‘Don’t you need to support your family?’

Harold shook his head, ‘No, I’m the only one left in my family.’

Emily was shocked for a moment before she took the card and said solemnly, ‘Alright. This is a loan you lend me. I will repay you double for it.’

‘No need.’

When Harold climbed out of the balcony and was about to jump off, he turned around and said, ‘Miss Emily.’

‘Yes?’ Emily was about to ask him for his password, with the card in her hand.

Harold looked at her and said, ‘You’re a strong person.’

When Emily was still in surprise, he jumped down the balcony.

After standing there for a while, Harold saw a strawberry-flavored fruit candy be thrown down from above. He caught it with his hand. He thought for a while, and then gently removed the wrapper and put the candy into his mouth. The sweet taste was all over in his mouth.

He sincerely hoped that Emily’s future would be as sweet as the candy.

When Emily lay back down on the bed, she received a call from Sydnee who was at the Tea Market.

‘I’ve purchased five kinds of tea tree seeds. There’re quite a lot of Dahongpao seeds that you want. I didn’t buy so many seeds for other tea trees, like Pu’er and Tieguanyin ... But I bought all of them in the same shop, so the shopkeeper said he could give me a discount ...’

As Emily was listening, she suddenly realized that she needed to spend money on so many things. Although she had just put away the card Harold gave her, she had to take it out again now.

‘I might not be able to get out of here these few days. Help me keep an eye on the Tea Manor. I’ll let Harold give you the money for making the purchase and paying the famers ...’

Sydnee helped her finish her words, 'Sure. I have some money with me, but I just spent all of it on the tea tree seeds. Well, you can pay the tea farmers their wages next month.'

'Okay.'

The two of them hang up the phone after discussing about some minor details.

Emily stretched out her hand to caress her piggy bank and Harold's bank card. She thought to herself that she must make good use of the money and double the amount of money she had. At that time, she would have enough power to protect the people she wanted to protect.

....

At the Heyton's.

'Mr. Kamron, I found it!' The assistant directly pushed the door open without knocking on the door.

Although Kamron was lying on his sickbed, the sickly look on his face immediately went away, 'Tell me about it!'

'The car belongs to the Scavos.'

Kamron blinked and picked his ears with his finger, 'Which Scavo?'

Feeling extremely anxious, the assistant almost wanted to scrunch up his face, but he still tried his best to smile, 'Mr. Kamron, there's only one Scavo family in City Y. The Scavo I'm talking about is just ... that Scavo.'

‘Are you sure?’ Kamron sat up in disbelief. He moved his body so fast that his crotch hurt again. He gritted his teeth and lay back down by holding the edge of the bed. He tried his best to keep the calm look on his face and asked, ‘Are you sure?’

The assistant took out a folder, opened it and handed him two photos, ‘I’m sure. This is the car that Mr. Vincent only uses when he is travelling to somewhere far away. It’s relatively low-key. I have checked the surveillance video to make sure it’s the same car.’

Kamron frowned. If that girl was a Scavo, he must have seen her before.

He put down the photos and looked at his assistant, ‘Have you ever seen that girl at the Scavo’s?’

‘No, I haven’t.’ The assistant was sobbing in his heart, ‘I’ve never seen that girl the whole time!’

Kamron lay back down and heaved a heavy sigh, ‘I told you so. She is not a Scavo.’

‘... I didn’t say she is a Scavo though.’ The assistant argued in a whisper.

Kamron said angrily, ‘Then what the heck do you mean?’

His nerve was hit when he got furious, and it hurt so much that his face was distorted with pain. He winced for a long time and finally heaved a sigh of relief and lay back down.

The assistant was frightened by his hideous look. He tried his best not to provoke Kamron, ‘I only mean she is acquainted with Mr. Vincent, and ...’

Kamron interrupted him directly, 'That's impossible. Everyone knows Vincent is not a womanizing man.'

The assistant said hesitantly, 'I heard that last month at the banquet at the Scavo's residence, Mr. Vincent has sent the retard of the Britt family home.'

'How come you believe in that fake news?' Kamron sneered disdainfully, 'That is Vincent you're talking about! Is he out of his mind or are you out of your mind? If you're making up a story, at least make a good one!'

'That's not fake news. It's real. Several bodyguards from different families in the group were there then, and they all saw it.'

Kamron pointed at his own head and said, 'If that is real, I'll chop off my head and let you kick it like kicking a soccer ball!'

The assistant was speechless. He thought, 'but I don't want to kick your head at all.'

'Get out of here! Dig out more information!' Kamron waved his hand impatiently, 'You must find this stinky girl for me, even if you have to turn the world upside down!'

'.... Yes, sir.' The assistant thought, 'But I could never find her with a picture of a Barbie doll!'