

Billionaire' s Reborn Baby – Chapter 6 – Play Dumb –

Of all the ladies coming to the banquet arranged for him today, he was interested in that retard of the Britt family ?

If Mr. Rolando, Vincent's father, hadn't left early, he would have fainted from anger!

Emily was puzzled for a while and then she continued to pout and whine, having no idea what Vincent was up to.

Beverly pushed her towards Vincent and said, 'Quick, follow Mr. Vincent.'

An unhappy look showed up on Emily's palm-sized face, and this time she wasn't faking.

Vincent swept a glance at her. He reached out, taking her by the wrist and took her to the door.

The guests gasped again.

The rumored celibate Mr. Vincent was now holding the hand of a woman, no, a retard!

Vincent's guards, including his assistant, were all dumbfounded. Then, they rushed out to get his car ready and pulled open the car door for them.

Emily looked back and found Beverly and Elsie looking at her with mixed feelings. Seeing Emily turning around, they put on smiles and waved at her. 'Go on. We will be back soon.'

Emily still pouted with tears hanging on her face. She stood in front of the car door and refused to get in.

Even as a retard, she knew who her family was. How could she get into a stranger's car for no reason, even when this stranger had saved her? However, she knew nothing about life-saving. All she knew was...

Just as she was standing, the assistant carried a plate full of cakes and pastries into the car.

Emily's eyes lit up and she immediately followed him in.

Not far away, seeing what happened just now, the others couldn't help but sigh. 'A retard indeed.'

Among all the guests enjoying the show, Elsie gritted her teeth. How could that retard get into Mr. Vincent's car?

'Call your father and ask him to invite Mr. Vincent in!' Beverly hastily dragged Elsie out and said, 'We must go now!'

The hatred in Elsie's heart ran so deep.

Why was their brother Eliot so kind to that retard and now, Mr. Vincent, too? What was it about her?

In the car, when Emily finished the last mango cake, they were already far away from the Scavo's. With no one seeing her, she didn't need to play dumb.

Turning her head, she discovered that the man beside her was sitting upright, solemnly staring at her. She didn't know how long he had been watching.

Emily was lost for words.

Should she continue playing dumb?

Emily thought for a while before giving Vincent an embarrassed smile, 'Thank you.'

Vincent's assistant in the passenger seat peeked at them through the rearview mirror despite himself. Miss Emily was such an excellent actress that even he was almost tricked.

He had no idea why she had been playing dumb for these years.

Vincent chose to play along with her. He asked in a deep and low voice, 'Need more?'

He wiped off the cream on her lips with his thumb.

Although shocked, Emily didn't feel awkward. Back at home, her brother was kind to her, too. Vincent probably regarded her as his sister.

'No, thanks. I'm all set.' Emily nodded.

'Good.' Vincent was terse. Then he said no more.

Inside the dimly lit car, only street lights flashed sporadically through the window, reflecting the intimidating outline of the person beside her.

After a while, Emily cast Vincent a glance and asked, 'Anything you want to ask?'

'What?' He turned his head. His face looked fantastic with his cold expression. She could see his trim eyebrows and thin lips through

streamed streetlights. Half of his face was shadowed, and the indifference and coldness overflowed from his eyes.

He looked extremely handsome even with a blank, expressionless face.

Emily was close to her brother, who was also handsome.. So, she wasn't charmed by Vincent but found him dangerous. She leaned against the window and hesitantly said, 'Like why would I know that you would die next year?'