

Billionaire' s Reborn Baby – Chapter 66 – Short Of Money –

Only by the evening did Emily know that the Britt Group was affected by the news of Elsie. All the orders that the company had managed to obtain were cancelled. Even the biggest project was likely to be terminated.

Beverly and Elsie were both injured and were locked up in the room, not allowed to go out. Only doctors and maids went in and out. Even Maury did not go in anymore. Men were sent guarding outside the door

Dinner was prepared by a new maid. Emily did not see Susan, so she took a look at the kitchen. The butler noticed her gaze and explained in a soft voice, ‘Susan asked for leave. Her face is pretty swollen. She will be back the day after tomorrow.’

Emily paused for a moment, and nodded lightly. Then she nibbled at her meal.

Eliot was busy with the company and didn't come back at night.

The Britt Group was going through a great change. It aimed at different markets and adopted new marketing strategies. Even its targeted customers were not the same. This was undoubtedly a gamble. All the small and medium-sized enterprises in City Y sat by and watch the Britt Group, waiting to see whether it would rise or fall.

Eliot sold all of his real assets at a discount and bought U.S. stocks. He exchanged the stocks on a regular basis every morning and evening, staying at the company day and night.

Emily regretted it after hearing this. It wouldn't be worth it if her intention of punishing Elsie led to the Britt Group's bankruptcy. However, she didn't found a solution yet.

What the family needed right now was money. But the money in her hand would be put into other use, so she couldn't help Eliot in the slightest.

She tried to recall what Eliot had said to her in her previous life, so that she could pick up some useful information. After two days and nights, she finally remembered.

Real estate, food industry, and tourism were the most profitable.

Running a food business consumed energy, manpower, and involved taste. Emily knew nothing about food, so it wouldn't be an option. As for real estate, one could do it alone. All she had to do was buy a property and sell it at a higher price. The problem was, where could she get the money?

Tourism also required human resources and energy. She had never ran a company and didn't know how everything worked. She took notes while searching for information online with her phone.

The tip of her pen paused, and it suddenly occurred to her that everything Eliot said was indeed the truth. Money was not omnipotent, but nothing could be done without it.

Thinking for a while, she took out her phone and sent a message to Sydnee and Harold, 'What's the quickest way to make money?'

After a while, Sydnee replied: Mr. Vincent.

Not long after, Harold also replied: Mr. Vincent.

Emily didn't know what to say.

That night, Emily did not dream of Elsie and the knife for the first time. Instead, she dreamed of Kamron. In her dream, she saw the painting from the exhibition on Eliot's phone. She pointed at the screen excitedly and said, 'Eliot, it's my painting!'

Eliot didn't seem to be happy about this. Instead, he was shocked and got angry. Then, he left and said, 'I'm going out.' He never came back after that.

It wasn't until she was hit in the head by a car that she realized that she had been tricked by Kamron. He made money from an exhibition with her paintings.

Finally, through Elsie, she found out that Eliot was seriously injured in hospital. That's why he never came to see her.

Yes! The painting!

Emily suddenly woke up from sleep and sat up. Kamron could even hold an exhibition with her casual paintings. It showed that her paintings were valuable!

She immediately felt motivated at the thought.

Early next morning, Harold sent over a bunch of brushes, paints, and an easel. After that, Harold laid out the drawing paper, poured some water and mixed the paint before leaving. Judging from his skillful movement, Emily vaguely felt that he was also a painter himself.

At first, she only drew still life, such as pen holders, mirrors, cups, apples, sandwiches, pajamas, skirts and slippers. At last, she drew a painting of Harold.

Although she wasn't good at drawing portraits, she still made it.

She handed it to Harold and asked, 'Does it look like you?'

Harold stared at it and said, 'A little bit, but not quite.' The person in the drawing looked like a dork. Was he usually like this?

'...'

This was an ambiguous answer.

Just as Emily was about to take a closer look again, Harold folded the painting and stuffed it into his pocket.

'...'

Seeing her strange expression, Harold asked, 'It's not for me?'

'I was going to sell it.' Emily told the truth. 'But if you want it, then keep it.'

Harold was silent for a moment. 'If you want to sell the portrait, why don't you draw Vincent? You can definitely sell it for a good price.'

Emily also realized that, 'That's right.'

She picked up the brush and drew a few strokes, but then stopped. 'No. I'm not good enough now. I don't want to ruin his image.'

Harold felt speechless and thought 'So my image is okay to ruin?'

Emily spent half a month painting and finally got eleven done. Then, she appeared at the back gate of the Ferne Hotel, wearing a cap and a mask, very secretive.

Ferne always stayed in the hotel throughout the year, so it was very convenient for Emily to find him. After she went into the hotel, she showed the card, and the waiter directly brought her to the boss.

Ferne looked her over for a while and asked, 'Who is it?'

Emily had no choice but to take off her mask and cap.

'Mrs. Scavo, are you looking for me?' Ferne was a little surprised. When he saw Emily nod, a trace of guilt, nervousness, and intense unease appeared on his face.

He just played a joke on her the other day and Vincent's assistant beat the shit out of him for an entire hour. Not having worked out, he was pretty flabby. Badly beaten from the start, he didn't even have time to wave the white flag.

He still remembered the pain. Now this Emily that he didn't dare to mess up with showed up again, and even came with an ambiguous remark. Looking for him? Was she kidding?

He's doomed!

After all this time, Vincent finally took a fancy to a girl, but this girl took a fancy to him?

He knew that his handsome face would get him into trouble sooner or later. He just didn't expect it to be this quick!

Ferne pulled Emily into the private room and scratched his head. 'Emily, I know what your feelings, but you have to know that ... I....' He shyly showed the ring on his ring finger. 'I'm already married.'

Emily looked at him and then at the ring, saying, 'Congratulations.'

Ferne was embarrassed.

Harold coughed softly, opened the bag in his hand, and took out the framed paintings.

Ferne noticed these paintings and was about to ask when he heard Emily say, 'I want you to help me sell some paintings.'

'What? Sell what? Didn't she come to confess her love?'

Emily walked around the room and pointed at the wall. 'Your hotel have a very lucrative hotel. Those who come here are all rich people. If you hang the paintings here, someone will definitely notice. At that time, I'll give you 10% of what I make.'

Ferne was lost for word. It seemed that this Mrs.. Scavo was really in short of money.

Ferne looked at the unfurled paintings on the table. He had to say that these were pretty good ones. The artistic conception was fairly clean, pure and peaceful. At the corner of it lied a mini signature: Britt.

'Who's the painter?' Ferne asked casually.

Emily pointed at Harold and said, 'Him.'

Harold, '...'

Ferne nodded. Now he knew what had happened. He glanced at Harold in pity, like he was saying 'It's really tough to work for someone else. So pathetic'.

Harold glared back. His expression says for him, 'I don't need your sympathy.'

Ferne, however, was mistaken. What he read from Harold's gaze was 'Yes, yes, after all she pays'. Immediately, he turned his sympathetic gaze to Emily. 'Why don't you keep the card Armando gave you last time? The money is enough for you to live the rest of your life comfortably.'

'I feel at ease spending my own money.' Emily looked at the painting on the table quietly.

'....'

Emily must not be mocking them, who still relied on their family, right?

'But I still want the fifty grand.' Emily said righteously, 'Since you offer the place to hang up my painting, then we'll take the fifty grand off from your 10 percent.'

'...'. This was settled? Did he agree? Emily, you were such a 'negotiator'!

Before Emily left, she handed a note to Ferne, 'My card number.'

Ferne, '....'

Why was she so confident?

After that, a waiter came to clean up the table and asked Ferne, 'Mr. Ferne, where should we put these paintings?'

Ferne took out a cigarette as he walked out and waved his hand, 'Hang them up.'

'Where?' The waiter asked.

‘The most luxurious rooms. One in each room.’

‘Alright.’

Having walked around, Ferne went back to the hall, and the waiter came to fawn on him. ‘Mr. Ferne, you are so thoughtful. There are exactly eleven rooms.’

‘...’ It was not your boss who was thoughtful, but Emily.

If anyone dared to say again that Emily was a retard, he would definitely cut off the guy’s head! With her intelligence, damn, he would for sure chase after her if he wasn’t married.

And more importantly, she was so pretty. No, no, stop it.

Emily turned to look back when she walked out of the hotel. Harold followed her gaze and only saw an empty corridor. ‘Could it be that seeing Mr. Vincent’s buddy reminds Miss Emily of him?’ Harold thought.

Having pondered for a moment, he started, ‘Mr. Vincent is abroad for a meeting.’

Emily glanced at him, befuddled, ‘I’m just estimating how many paintings you can hang up in such a corridor.’

Harold, ‘...’

They took a taxi and left. Having worn the mask for a bit too long, Emily felt a little hot, so she just took it off and played with the cap in her hand. She studied the driver casually until he looked at the rearview mirror and asked friendly, ‘What’s wrong?’

‘Nothing.’ It was a little strange. This driver was apparently not one of Vincent’s bodyguards, but somehow, she still had the feeling that Vincent sent him.

Kamron just walked out from the back door and was about to light a cigarette when he inadvertently glanced at the taxi in front of him. He happened to see Emily leaning against the window.

He didn’t come back to his senses until the taxi had driven away. Then he rushed out and chased after it, ‘You damn girl, stop!’

Harold heard the noise and saw Kamron through the rearview mirror. He whispered to Emily, ‘Miss Emily, you don’t have to look back. It’s the guy you ... smashed and kicked.’

‘Oh.’ Emily glanced at the rearview mirror and said in a calm voice, ‘It looks like he’s recovered.’

Harold, ‘...’

He quietly clamped his legs.

Suddenly, the detective called and said, ‘The rat is out.’

‘Where to?’ Harold asked.

The detective lowered his voice. ‘I don’t know. It’s only that woman and she just came out. The driver drove a Bentley to pick her up. Alright, I gotta go. I’ll send you the location when I get there.’

‘Is there anyone following?’ Emily leaned over and asked softly.

Harold put the phone by her ear, and the detective said, ‘I’ve been following her for half a month, and I haven’t seen anyone.’

As soon as Harold hung up the call, Emily said to the driver, ‘Stop here. Thank you.’

It was only a less-than-four-minute drive. So Emily paid the starting price and hurriedly took another taxi. Before she could sit tight, she blurted out, ‘Go to the art gallery.’

Not long after they were gone, Kamron brought a group of people and blocked the former taxi. As soon as he got out of his car, he saw that the back seat was empty. Kamron kicked the tire angrily, ‘Damn it!’

The taxi driver had seen much of life and just sat there, fearless. Kamron walked over and knocked on the window. ‘Tell me, where’s the girl who just sat in your car? Where did she go?’

The driver simply pointed at the opposite direction, ‘Over there.’

Kamron gritted his teeth and led his people to rush towards that direction, ‘Get her!’

‘Yes!’

He had made up his mind! And he was determined to catch this damn girl!

In the art gallery, Emily studied every single painting. There were landscape paintings, portraits, and various abstract paintings. The proportion of cold and warm colors was as exact as had been measured. Every painting looked just like a perfect mold, or a soulless replica. So when she finished the last one, she turned away her gaze, somewhat disappointed.

‘Miss Emily, I’ve secretly photographed them all. I’ll develop the negatives when we get home, so you can enjoy them in leisure,’ Harold said quietly.

Emily, ‘...’

‘What’s wrong?’ Harold had learned to read Emily’s eyes. For example, at this moment, her eyes were telling that she disliked the paintings. He did not know how to paint, so when he saw that Emily had stared at the paintings for a long time, he thought that she liked them.

‘Just killing time.’ Emily walked out of the art gallery and the sun shone on her face, making her ivory-white visage to glow like a piece of porcelain. ‘In the future, only my paintings will be worth taking pictures.’

Harold looked at her in a daze. The teenage girl’s words did not make him feel that she was arrogant or conceit. On the contrary, her aura was so clean and pure that people would uncontrollably believe that her words would come true in time.

The detective sent the location to them. It was Reverie Teahouse.

They immediately took a taxi and rushed over. Although the name was a casual one, the teahouse was not small. It had three and a half floors. On top of the building was a small balcony with a parasol to block ultraviolet rays. There also were a round wooden table and a set of chairs. Not knowing how, 19 bamboos were planted around. Under the bamboos were a circle of hydrangea flowers, colorful and bright. And the bluestone floor tiles were placed fair and square. All these, combined with the melodious stream, were so beautiful.

A waiter made the tea and left, leaving only the guest there.

When Emily and Harold arrived, they immediately noticed Christy sitting on the balcony. She wore an antique champagne cheongsam, with her long hair curled up and a string of prayer beads on her wrist. She looked so extraordinary but untainted, like a young lady from a wealthy family, who was tired of the secular world and lived in seclusion here.

‘Do you have reservations?’ An attendant in a cyan robe asked with a smile.

‘Yes.’ Emily pointed upstairs calmly. ‘We have an appointment with Miss Christy. She’s already here, right?’

Harold, ‘....’

If Emily was an actress, she could definitely win an Oscar. What a pity!

‘Yes, she’s here. But....’ The waiter looked a bit confused because her guest seemed to have arrived.

However, Emily had already walked up on the wooden stairs. When passing through the second and third floors, she could vaguely hear the chatter and laughter of other guests. As she stepped up a little from the third floor, she could clearly hear a soft voice saying, ‘You know, I never liked to get involved in this field. My brother said that girls tend to lose in business.’

‘I’m not afraid of losing.’ Another woman’s voice sounded, ‘Investing is always risky.’

‘Though you are young, your mentality is quite mature.’ Christy seemed to have giggled, but turned around and coughed.

‘Well, it’s not a big sum of money anyway. Let’s talk about you. You’ve been sick for so many days. How do you feel now?’

‘I’m fine, just keep coughing.’

‘I shouldn’t call you out. You’re still not fully recovered.’

‘It’s okay. It’s been a long time since I last came out to bask in the sun. And the weather is very pleasant today. Besides, to accompany such a beautiful girl like you, I have to come out even if I’m terminally ill.’

There came a laughter.

A waiter happened to pass by on the third floor. Seeing Emily standing on the stairs, motionless, with a burly man beside her, he walked over.

Emily said before he spoke, ‘Alright, you don’t need to come along. I can find the place.’

The waiter, ‘...’

Harold, ‘...’

Of course, the two on the balcony heard her as well. They stopped talking and looked over. When Emily walked up, one of them raised her eyebrows in surprise. ‘I should have told the waiter that I’ve booked this whole balcony.’

‘Please, you guys go ahead. I’m just here to take a photo.’ Emily smiled at Christy.

As she spoke, she handed her phone to Harold, then walked over to the bamboos and posed.

Harold, ‘...’

That woman stood up and wanted to say something, but Christy gently held her hand. 'It's okay. The little girl is quite cute. She probably likes bamboos very much. Speaking of which, the most famous thing in this teahouse is exactly these bamboos.'

Harold took more than a dozen photos in a row. The two sitting over there stared at Harold or looked at Emily with great interest. However, Harold's poker face didn't reveal anything, while Emily's moves were all so pure and cute. When she smiled at the camera, she was like an angel from heaven.

Emily took over the phone and checked the photos. She flipped through every single photo and was somewhat dissatisfied. She pursed her lips and said, 'You got me so ugly!'

Harold, '....'

Just as he was about to take the phone and shoot again, Emily directly walked towards Christy. She smiled sweetly at the latter and said, 'Hello, could you please take a photo for me?'

The moment Christy took the phone, her expression changed drastically. From Harold's angle, he could only see her eyes suddenly twitched, and then returned to normal. She smiled and said, 'Alright.'

She stood up and took a few pictures of Emily with her phone.

Looking at the innocent smile of the girl on the screen, Christy's heart couldn't help but tremble. She didn't expect that she would make such a mistake!

Who was this girl?

Why was she here?

Why would she suddenly say that word?

In an instant, a million thoughts flashed through Christy's mind. After taking the photo, she handed the phone back and heard Emily ask with a smile, 'You got me so pretty! Can I have your number, please?'

The woman sitting opposite Christy chuckled softly, 'You ask too much. Christy doesn't usually give her number to strangers...'

Before she could finish the last word, Christy took the girl's phone and typed a string of numbers.

'...'

The woman stared blankly at the scene and couldn't say a word for a long time.

While Emily thanked Christy politely and waved goodbye, 'See you.'

When they left, the woman opposite Christy asked in surprise, 'Christy, why did you ... why did you give her your number? What if it was that the man beside her had malicious intentions and used taking photos as an excuse to actually hit on you? Then you're in trouble! I just saw that the man was so dumb that he didn't even have any expressions.'

Christy takes a sip of tea, 'Then I'll just block her later. I have to at least show some respect in public.'

'That's right.'

Christy smiled, but her focus was all on downstairs. She'd been keeping an eye on the two who just left and watched them walk to the street. She saw that the little girl waved her hand at the balcony before getting into a taxi, as if she had noticed something.

Christy couldn't help but recall the moment the girl handed the phone to her. There was a word on the screen:

Liar.

Who was she on earth?

Suddenly, the girl sent her a text message and it read: Set up a time?

Christy only held her phone and didn't reply.

....

Emily was still some distance away from home when she received a call from Sydnee. Her voice was a little muffled on the phone, 'The tea seeds didn't sprout. Howard said ... I bought fake seeds.'

Harold gestured for the driver to stop. Emily got off the taxi, 'How many seeds did you buy?'

'I was worried that there might be empty shells, so I bought more than 50 kilos of each breed, especially the Dahongpao. I bought more than 250 kilos of it, as well as two bags of fertilizer for about 50,000.'

'How much did you spend?' Emily asked.

Sydnee sighed, 'More than 70,000.'

'It should be all of her savings, right?' Emily thought. Standing in front of the Britt's, she lowered her voice and said, 'OK, I'll go over tomorrow.'

In the past half month, Elsie and Beverly had been exceptionally quiet. One got her palm pierced and neck bruised, and had to apply medicine

every day on time; the other one got her face swollen for days, and couldn't come out to see anyone. She had to use plasters every day. When her face finally got better, she was found to have had a minor concussion...

In addition, the news that the Buckleys had canceled the engagement went viral in City Y. Although outsiders all knew what kind of a man Marquise was, Elsie's deeds were somehow exposed and appeared on TV and newspapers, which made the shares of the Britt Group to plummet. Therefore, everyone immediately pointed their fingers at Elsie, and some even called her a jinx.

In short, the mother and daughter had been in a terrible state for half a month.

When Emily was back, Elsie was returning to her room with her binoculars. In the room, Beverly asked, 'What did you see?'

'She just walks back with Harold.'

'Walks back?' Beverly raised her eyebrows in surprise.

Elsie hid her binoculars under the bed. 'Well, there's a tree blocking my sight. But I think they took a taxi and got off earlier.'

'I wonder what she's been up to these days.' Beverly looked into the mirror and applied cream on her neck again and again.

Elsie picked up a painting on the ground. 'The butler said that she's been playing with watercolors and paints every day. Here, I went to her room today and found this. It's like kindergarten work.'

It was a little ugly frog. Its two legs were in different size, its eyes crooked, its tongue purple, and its skin grey. Elsie couldn't think of anything that was more offensive to the eye.

Beverly glanced at it and looked away instantly, 'It's so ugly.. Don't show it to me.'

Elsie threw the painting into the trash can, 'Mom, I think it's better to ask Harold.'

'Alright.' Beverly looked into the mirror carefully and felt that there were still traces of bruise on her neck. Although Eliot had seized Elsie by the throat longer than he did to her, she never thought that Maury would choke her harder than Eliot did to Elsie. She could tell that he even wanted to strangle her. And there was still a little bit of bruise left on her neck.

Elsie's hand was still wrapped in gauze, making it difficult to move. As it was her right hand that was injured, she had a hard time entering the password on her phone with her left hand. Then she raised her head and asked, 'Mom, Dad has frozen all our cards. What should we do if we don't have money in the future?'

Beverly paused and said, 'There will be a way.'

Something suddenly occurred to Elsie and she whispered, 'Mom, has that guy contacted you recently?'

Beverly's expression darkened, 'No.'

'Then how about ...'

Before Elsie could finish her sentence, Beverly interrupted her, 'We need to wait.'

Now, thinking about the task that guy assigned, Beverly always felt that he had other purposes. However, the price offered was so high that looking at the string of numbers, she couldn't refuse at all.

However, the last task that guy assigned seemed to be targeting the Britt family. And Maury had already been suspicious the last time they renewed their contract. Next time ... Beverly was not sure whether she would be able to accept the task.

That night.

Emily counted the paintings in the room that she drew for fun with her left hand and left foot. When she noticed that one painting was missing, she slightly curled up her lips and picked up a piece of white paper. She casually sprinkled some watercolor paint on it. Originally, she planned to just scribble several pieces, but when she saw that the paper now looked like the dark blue starry sky in the night after the paint spread, her fingers paused. Then she picked up the brush and began to draw seriously.

Downstairs, Harold was called into the kitchen to fix the faucet. Beverly asked, 'Can you fix it?'

Harold nodded and tightened the bolt, 'It's done.'

Beverly went forward to check it. Then she nodded in satisfaction and asked casually, 'Oh right, where did you take Miss Emily today?'

Harold answered immediately, 'KFC.'

'What did you do?' Beverly continued, still casually.

Harold, 'We had ice cream.'

Beverly didn't believe him, 'That's all?'

‘No.’

Beverly was a little anxious, ‘What else?’

Harold raised two fingers and said, ‘We also ate two chicken wings.’

‘...’

‘Anything else?’ Beverly asked patiently.

Harold said slowly, ‘And one serve of French Fries and a spicy chicken leg.’

‘...’

Beverly nearly lost control of her expression, and the corner of her mouth twitched fiercely. She tried her best to contain herself and asked, ‘Food aside, did she ask you to do anything? Or did she take you to any place other than KFC?’

Harold thought for a moment and said, ‘Yes.’

Beverly’s face beamed again as she said excitedly, ‘Quickly, tell me!’

‘Fried Chicken Shop.’

‘...’

Beverly went back to her room irritated. Elsie quickly came over and asked, ‘Mom, did you get it? Where did she go today?’

‘KFC, ice cream, fried chicken shop, two chicken wings.’ Beverly rubbed her temples, ‘One dumb, one retard. I must have been crazy to go ask him. Oh, I’m so angry!’

Elsie, ‘ ...’

She looked down at her scabbed palm, thinking to herself, ‘Is this retard really stupid or she’s just pretending ...’

These days, Maury and Eliot had rushed back home in the middle of the night and rushed to the company before dawn. As they were worried that Emily might be bullied if they stayed at the company overnight, they would come back to check on Emily when she was asleep and then left for the company again.

Eliot had been terribly busy lately and could only relax a little bit when he was home. Every night, he would sit at the head of Emily’s bed and look at her sleeping face quietly, talking about business in the company. Now that Emily was asleep and couldn’t ask questions, he would explain the situation as he spoke. After he finished it all, he finally loosened up a little. He stood up and caressed Emily’s forehead, whispering, ‘Good night, Emily.’

As soon as he left, Emily opened her eyes. Her eyes were crystal clear. She sorted out Eliot’s words just now and drew a message: Eliot was competing for an order. The previous project was broken, but the products had already been finished and could not be returned to the manufacturers, so they were just stockpiled there. Fortunately, another project appeared, and it’s required materials were not too different from the previous project’s. If they could get this order, not only would they be able to make up for the losses of the previous project, they would also be able to let everyone in the business circle know that the Britt Group hadn’t collapsed.

Emily couldn’t help them compete for the order, but she had to help with the money. As for the source ... she had already found it.

....

In the afternoon, Ferne sent a message in the group, 'Emily just came here to give me a present! I'm so happy!'

Randy: What gift?

Armando:

Ferne simply took a photo of the painting hanging on the wall in the room and sent it to the group.

The painting showed a little deer with horns lowered his head and drank water by the lake. A moon hung in mid-air. The surface of the lake reflected a huge deer with no horns on her head and she was clearly the little deer's mother. She just looked at her son drinking water, so loving and so quiet. All was silent, only the little deer was drinking and rippled the water.

Randy: Gee, Emily painted this?

Armando: Master piece!

Ferne: [CoolGuy]

Randy: She gave this to you? You wanna get your teeth kicked in?

Armando: You've recovered?

Ferne: I know you're jealous! Come on, I'll sell it to you cheap. One million. First come, first served.

Armando: I'll take it.

Randy: ...

Ferne: I'm serious.

Armando: I know.

Randy: ...

Ferne: Come and pick it up tomorrow.

Armando: Deal.

Randy: ...

Then they were just chatting. It was only at night that Vincent, who had just finished lunch with customers abroad, took out his phone and saw this.

He did a simple calculation and found that the little girl hadn't sent a single message for nearly half a month.

He tilted his head and glanced.

Rex immediately answered, 'There's another meeting at Sandra Hotel tomorrow morning at eight o'clock. It's about...'

Vincent raised his hand and stopped him: We'll go back before eleven.

Rex looked at the itinerary and asked, 'Isn't it a bit too rushed?'

Vincent only glanced at him quietly. Rex swallowed, 'Alright, I'll book the tickets now.'

Needless to say, it was definitely because of that little Hulk!

She hadn't been in touch with Vincent for half a month. Rex thought that Vincent was still the same old Vincent and didn't change at all! Who would know that this was all just appearance!

When Ferne got back home, he suddenly remembered to check his phone and see if Vincent had sent any message in the group. However, what he saw was that he had been removed from the group.

‘...‘

Down below were congratulations from Randy and Armando.

Randy: Congratulations!

Armando: My condolences... No, congratulations.

Ferne tilted his head and looked up at the sky, thinking to himself, 'What the hell does this fucking life want to do to him?'

The next morning, Emily pretended to have a stomachache and rolled on the bed in pain, covering her stomach. She sobbed softly, 'My stomach hurts...'

The butler and Beverly were dumbfounded. Elsie quickly reached out Beverly and pulled her back, 'Mom, don't go in. What if they say that you poisoned her?'

Beverly thought it made sense and immediately said to the butler, 'Hey, you've seen this. We're not even close to her room!'

Elsie nodded, 'Right! Don't tell on us!'

The butler just wiped his sweat. 'Mrs. Britt, now that Miss Emily is like this, how can I be in the mood to talk about these?' As he spoke, he took out his phone and called the family doctor.

However, a streak suddenly flashed to the bedside. Harold picked up Emily and said, 'I'll take Miss Emily to the hospital!'

The butler nodded, 'OK! Great!'

Harold was so swift that in the blink of an eye, they were already downstairs. The driver had stopped the car at the door. Just as the butler was about to call Maury, Harold started, 'Miss Emily said that no one did anything her. She just ate something wrong. And she said that Mr. Maury has been rather exhausted these days, so please don't tell him.'

The butler was silent for a moment. Suddenly, he felt somehow sorry for her. Although Miss Emily was a retard, she was more considerate than the two normal people upstairs.

By contrast, seeing Miss Emily lying on the back seat with her face pale, the butler was even sorer. Suddenly, something occurred to him. He quickly took out his wallet and stuffed it into the back seat, saying to Harold, 'Please, take care of Miss Emily. I'll tell Mr. Maury when he's back tonight.'

Harold nodded slightly and the car drove away.

When they arrived at the hospital, Harold picked up Emily and said to the driver, 'You go back first. I will call the butler if there's anything.'

The driver nodded and left.

Harold didn't put her down until they were at the outpatient department. They split up and met at the back door. Harold was holding an appointment record, outpatient record and expense certificate in his hands.

Emily, '....'

She quietly gave him a thumbs up.

A smile appeared on Harold's poker face. He stuffed everything into his pocket and said with a serious face, 'We have to do the whole set of acting. Otherwise, Mrs. Britt and Miss Elsie may suspect you.'

When Beverly asked him last night, he knew that they had started to suspect Emily. He also knew that Emily must go to the Tea Manor the next day to deal with the fake tea seeds. Then she would definitely do something in the morning. Right now, they could understand each other through a simple eye contact.

Harold stopped a taxi and they immediately rushed to the teahouse. On the way, Emily checked the butler's wallet and counted. Then she took out all the money and stuffed it into Harold's wallet.

Harold, '...'

After arriving at the teahouse, Emily called Sydnee and knew that she was at the tea plantation. She simply walked over with Harold, but didn't expect that she would see a familiar face under the tree just as they turned to the back door of the tea plantation.

Jaquan was sitting under the tree, dressed in a casual business suit. He was smoking there. When he saw Emily, he bit the cigarette and stood up without saying anything. Then he just followed behind her silently.

Emily took a few steps. Seeing that he was following her, she couldn't help but turn around and ask, 'What are you doing?'

She was not curious as to why he was here. It was just that he was so eye-catching that with him following behind, she couldn't remain low key anymore.

Jaquan lowered his head and frowned. The expression on his face was a little complicated. 'To apologize.'

‘Apologize?’ Emily looked at him in confusion, ‘What did you do that you need to apologize?’

Jaquan couldn’t answer her question and scratched his head awkwardly. ‘Anyway, that’s it. Just let me follow you. I can help you if you need me. And if you don’t need me, I’ll just walk behind you.’

A free labor? Emily would be a real retard to not use him.

She thought about it carefully and asked, ‘What can you do?’

Jaquan said shamelessly, ‘Basically everything.’

Emily stared at him doubtfully, ‘Do you know about the laws?’

Jaquan suddenly smiled and took out a business card from his pocket. ‘Well, that’s what I do.’

On the business card was Cox Law Firm and Jaquan Cox, followed by a string of phone numbers.

Emily took it in surprise and hesitated for a moment before asking, ‘Vincent sent you?’

Who else would know that she needed a lawyer?

Jaquan nodded, ‘Yep, he said you would need me.’

Emily couldn’t express that feeling. A strand of warmth slid through her chest and heated her blood, making her feel so warm. She even smiled unconsciously.

Then they went to the tea plantation together.

Sydnee was squatting on the ground and talking to a woman. When she saw Emily coming over, she hurriedly waved her hand. Then, she said to the woman who suddenly turned around, 'I need to go first. You guys try to pick out as many seeds as you can from the soil.'

'Okay.' The woman replied, still turning her back to them.

Sydnee looked at her strangely, then waved to Emily, 'Coming.'

Emily nodded at her and looked at the field. Many people were picking up something there. Seeing Emily and Jaquan, who was clearly dressed like a rich guy, they looked over curiously and whispered,

'That's our boss? The young man looks good. He's quite handsome.'

'Not that man. That little girl. She came here last time, don't you remember?'

'Then, who is that young man?'

'It should be her boyfriend, I guess. Look, they are perfect for each other...'

'Hey, Emma, turn around and have a look. There's a very handsome young man over there!'

The woman called Emma said with her back stiff, 'Handsome? He looks quite ordinary.'

'Ah, I see. The first time I saw your son, I knew that his father is very handsome. When will you bring him to see us?'

'He's too busy abroad. He can only come back once a year.'

‘Well, what’s the use of earning so much money? Nothing’s more important than family. Emma, I have to lecture on your man next time he’s here...’

The topic began to turn to another direction.

On the other side, Emily roughly understood the situation. She asked people to wrap up the fake seeds that they picked up and then walked out.

Jaquan was smoking there, and his gaze just casually swept over the land. Naturally, he could also see the farmers were looking at him. He was used to this kind of gaze, but ... there was a woman who kept turning her back to him from beginning to end.

It would be fine if she was an old lady, but she was a very young woman. Judging from her back, Jaquan could tell that she had a slim figure and a slender waist. Her black hair was tied behind, revealing her sparkling snowy ears.

Normally, young women would keep staring at him when they spotted him. He had never met anyone like this, not looking at him at all!

He took a few steps forward curiously, then Sydnee’s voice came from behind, ‘We’re leaving. Where are you going?’

Jaquan immediately turned around and walked back, ‘Coming!’

They took Jaquan’s car to the Tea Market. On the way, Sydnee told Emily the name of the store and its owner as well as the details of her buying tea seeds.

Before Emily got out of the car, she said to Sydnee, ‘Stay. I’ll call you out later.’

‘Alright.’

Sydnee did not know what Emily’s plan was, but the moment Emily was about to leave, she grabbed her at the wrist and said, ‘Money is not important. Take care of yourself.’

Emily smiled at her and patted the back of her hand. ‘Don’t worry.’

Then, she turned around and walked in with Harold and Jaquan.

After Emily left, Sydnee sat alone in the car and muttered to herself, ‘She’s even a few years younger than me. Why does she always comfort me?’

The Tea Market was indeed very big. According to Sydnee’s instructions, she went through the main gate, and noticed the fourth store of the third row on her left. With the sign saying ‘Selective Tea’, it was the store where Sydnee bought the fake tea seeds.

Emily and the others first went to a few stores next door and then turned into this one. The owner, whose surname was Bennet, had already seen them walking through the store next door. Judging from their clothes, he knew they were wealthy customers. Seeing them as big fat targets, he immediately greeted them and said, ‘May I help you?’

After taking a look at the tea leaves on the shelves and the tea plant seeds under them, Emily asked casually, ‘How much is the Dahongpao tea seed?’

‘I guess you have seen quite a few stores, right? I’m not bragging,’ Mr. Bennet said in a low voice, ‘Only my goods are authentic.’

He could tell that among the three of them, only the girl at the front had the say. As for the other two men, one was sturdy but a little wooden,

while the other was handsome. The handsome guy kept looking around without saying anything, subject to the girl.

But the girl seemed to be too young to tell the real from the fake. Coincidentally, the customer who had bought the tea seeds was also a girl. He knew at first glance that she hadn't planted a tea tree. She had been tricked into buying it, and she was probably self-questioning why the seeds hadn't sprouted yet.

Emily looked at him, pretending to hesitate. 'I want a lot, so the price...'

Mr. Bennet laughed loudly, 'No problem! Look, I like making friends. If you're short of money, I'll give you a lower price. You must have known the store next door sells the Dahongpao at 240 per kilogram, and I can sell it at...'

Emily asked in surprise, 'Two hundred? With such price, can you gain any profit?'

'I told you I wanted to make a friend. Look, you came to my store, and that's a kind of connection between you and me. You want Dahongpao, don't you? I have a lot in my store!'

'Okay. I'll pay 180,000.' Emily turned around and looked at him.

Mr. Bennet was so shocked that his eyes widened, 'What?'

Emily looked back, saying, 'You don't have enough seeds? I'd like to pay 180,000 for your Dahongpao seeds.'

'Sure!' Mr. Bennet's fingers trembled with excitement. He got a stool for her and said, 'Have a seat! I'll call my workers to deliver here.'

'Aren't the seeds here?' Emily asked.

‘We have an innermost warehouse. The seeds of 1 80,000 can occupy at least half of the room. I’m calling the warehouse to load the seeds.’ Mr. Bennet said to the other side of the phone, ‘I need 900 kilograms of Dahongpao seeds.’

Emily asked, ‘Can we visit there to take a look?’

‘Of course.’ Mr. Bennet shouted, ‘I’m bringing the customers to the warehouse!’

A woman inside the room responded.

Then they went to the warehouse. Along the way many people greeted Mr. Bennet, ‘Mr. Bennet, got a huge order, right?’

Mr. Bennet smiled delightfully, ‘Well, God bless me.’

The warehouse was a large tea store filled with tea leaves and tea plant seeds. Two workers were busy gathering the Dahongpao seeds and moving them out.

Emily came in and opened a bag of tea seeds. Harold also took a closer look. Every time Emily opened a bag, Harold and Jaquan would silently follow her and carefully inspect the seeds.

Mr. Bennet knew they were bluffing. He winked at the two workers who then moved the tea seeds from the other side easily.

After weighing the seeds, Emily took out the Harold’s bank card. Mr. Bennet gave her the POS machine that he took with him. But it was the wooden big man who entered the password.

Mr. Bennet looked at Emily in confusion. Jaquan was even more surprised, but when he thought about the rumors, he understood something.

Emily explained, 'I borrowed his card.'

Mr. Bennet smiled and said, 'I understand. You're too young to take a lot of money. But don't your family know you'll buy so many tea plant seeds?'

'They don't.' Emily shook her head.

Hearing this, Mr. Bennet was even more relieved. Girls at her age were rebellious. She must want to do something secretly to surprise her family. She might succeed. But if she failed, she would definitely not dare to tell her family.

He could not be more relieved.

After the deal was settled, the two workers loaded the seeds into the truck and delivered to the door, then unloaded.

Harold handed the phone to Emily and said, 'Miss Emily, I've recorded everything.'

Emily nodded and called the police.

Jaquan's mouth twitched, and he snatched her phone. 'How can you be sure that this batch of seeds is fake?'

Emily didn't want to explain. But Jaquan was very serious, so she answered, 'The seeds they moved first are real. But after they realized we couldn't distinguish between real and fake, he winked at the worker, and the seeds they moved afterwards are all fake.'

The phone was answered. Instead of giving the phone to Emily, Jaquan himself spoke on the phone, 'Hello, this is Ferne Dalton. We are at the entrance of the Tea Market in the suburbs. Here are people suspected of cheating millions out of fake tea seeds. We need support.'

Emily silently took out the business card in her pocket and looked at it. It was Jaquan Cox.

Jaquan explained, 'I used Ferne's name. He used to be a policeman, so the police usually responded quickly when hearing his name.'

Emily, '...'

Got it!

Expectedly, the police acted with dispatch. Emily asked an experienced expert to tell the proportion of fake to real, and then she saw a group of uniformed policemen rushing over.

The entire Tea Market trembled.

Mr. Bennet was not that bad as he had given Emily half the real and half the fake. If she went back, planted them and found half succeed and half die, she would not blame the seeds for anything strange.

After all, half of them were alive.

She knew it.. No fraud, no business.

After the police rushed here, they recognized Jaquan and immediately asked, 'Where's Ferne?'

Ferne used to be the captain when he was a policeman. After he quit, many of his colleagues still admired and missed him.

Jaquan pointed at Emily to the chief police officer and whispered something. The dignified police officer immediately became shocked and respectful. He walked over and gave Emily a standard salute.

As he took the lead, his inferiors all saluted. The scene was impressive.

Emily was shocked and somewhat confused. After the police saluted, they immediately became indignant, 'Let's go!'

They went to the Selective Tea.

Mr. Bennet was lying in a recliner chair, listening to the tune and waving his hands. He squinted, feeling delighted. Hearing footsteps coming from the door, he chuckled, 'Customers coming? Today's wonderful...'

When he opened his eyes, he saw several police standing in front of him, as well as a pack of policemen behind them on the street. He immediately trembled, 'Oh my God...'

The whole Tea Market soon knew that the Selective Tea was besieged by the police. Many store owners gathered around and secretly peeked through the door.

The leading police officer looked at the business license hanging on the wall and read out his name, 'Are you Max Bennet? Show me your ID card.'

Max, who slowly got up from the ground, gave a frightened look at Emily and squeezed a smile. 'What's going on?'

'Show your ID card! Now!' The police officer said with dignity, which made Max's legs twitch. He shouted at the door in a trembling way, 'Darling! Bring me my ID card!'

His wife, who finally came out, was also shocked by the scene. They exchanged a glance to convey some message. His wife cursed at him and went inside to fetch the ID card. She never came out again.

Max kept looking down. Because he has never experienced such a situation, his legs were too weak to support him. He could only sit on the chair with his calves trembling.

Perhaps his guilty conscience, coupled with the deterrence of the police, caused his entire mind to go blank instantly. Max who had been extremely happy for the order came to grief.

Jaquan no longer acted as Emily's sidekick. Instead, he turned into a brilliant lawyer. Having worn a pair of golden spectacles that he found from somewhere, he became a well-educated and flirtatious man. 'We just asked an expert to examine your tea seeds and found half of them were fake seeds.'

As he spoke, a policeman cooperatively brought in the fake seeds and showed to everyone at the door.

'I also received a video that was shot when customers were buying your seeds. In this video, you were mixing the fake seeds with the real.'

Jaquan took out a mobile phone and played a half-hour video. 'Because of the significant amount, we will seize your store. And as the owner, you need to be responsible for what you have done. You must compensate the buyer for the losses.'

'What losses?' Max finally regained his sense. He looked at Emily, and said in a hoarse voice, 'I can return the money to her.'

Emily turned around and shouted, 'Come in.'

Sydnee squeezed in from the crowd, looked at Max and asked, 'What about my loss?'

Max looked at Sydnee and then at Emily. He finally understood. He stood up in shock and pointed at them with trembling fingers. 'Do you know each other?'

In an instant, he turned to the police and said, 'Police officer, the two girls frame me!'

'Did they mix the fake tea seeds with the real and frame you?' Jaquan straightened his glasses.

Max pretended to be innocent, saying, 'Fake tea seeds? I know nothing.'

'Take him back. Grill him, and he'll know.' Jaquan signaled to the police. 'The evidence is all there. You will be in prison for a long time. Also, you have to compensate for it.'

'Wait a minute! You can't arrest me!' Max panicked and stepped back, 'I have to raise my wife and kid!'

The woman in the door came out again. Her eyes turned red and she shouted, 'Max! You go! I will take care of the kid myself!'

'You ... you bitch! Why didn't you say that when I made money? Now that I'm going to prison, you're parting from me!' Max roared angrily. He was in his forties, and his hair was half white. His face was weathered, making him look like a man in his fifties or sixties. He roared so hard that his voice became hoarse.

His wife escaped his look to wipe away her tears. She then glared at him and said, 'I've told you not to do it!'

‘I did it for our family!’ With his husky voice, Max sounded like a dying patient. He cried out in despair, ‘I’m doing this for you and the kid!’

His wife no longer looked at him and turned around. ‘Save it. I’ll go see you. Go now. Kids are still sleeping.’

Max still wanted to say something, but he was handcuffed by the police. He was escorted out by two policemen. Along the way, he met many business man of tea industry, including the one who just greeted him and envied his big order.

He was too ashamed to raise his head.

However, the gaze of others seemed to pierce through his flesh and torture him. He felt a high fever all over his body, and his legs were so weak that he almost dragged them along.

Finally, he was dragged to the police car. This was not the first time he saw a police car, but it was the first time he sat in it. He panicked and quivered. He grabbed the police officer beside him and asked, ‘Police officer, will I go to prison?’

‘No questions. Get in the car!’ The police officer gave him a push.

Max was desperate, and he fainted in front of the police car.

The rest of the police took an expert to check if there were any fakes in the store. Many people were so scared that they didn’t dare to look at Emily and her fellows.

After they came out satisfactorily, Sydnee covered her chest and said, ‘I was scared to death. While I was in the car, it scared me to see so many police! I thought you were in danger...’

Emily smiled silently as she calculated how much interest the 180,000 she had just paid would gain.

Although Jaquan hadn't spoken in the group recently, he did check the group talk. So, he also knew about the 'difficulties' of the future Mrs. Scavo. He immediately told her, 'I will get you the highest compensation.'

Emily smiled sincerely at him, 'I'm really grateful.'

Jaquan, '....'

Were her smiles before all fake? He felt a little sad.

After settling this matter, Emily said goodbye to Sydnee at the Tea Market. Because they only drove one car, Jaquan drove Sydnee to the Tea Manor while Emily and Harold took the police car back.

The police were so warm-hearted. One uniformed policeman opened the car door and made a welcome gesture, 'Please get in the car, Miss.'

Miss? Please?

Did police were always polite like that? She thought it must be something wrong with Jaquan's introduction.

After the first car carrying the swindler drove away, the second carrying Emily and Harold also set off.

The car was spacious, and there were two rows of seats facing each other in the back seat. So, the two police officers stared at Emily and Harold, and then moved away silently. Then they moved back. This happened again and again.

Emily looked at them. She asked softly, 'Do you have something to ask?'

'I, I, I have seen you.' The policeman stuttered, 'You, you, you look pretty.'

Emily nodded slightly, 'Thank you.'

'Do you really have the intelligence of a seven-year-old?' The policeman asked.

After all, they had witnessed everything. Although this girl was very quiet at all times, she had some qualities that made people find it hard to ignore her.

In addition, she was very beautiful. Her clear eyes which seemed to be filled with the light of stars were too bright for people to look at her again.

A few people recognized her as that retard of the Britts, but considering her calmness just now, she did not look like a retard at all.

The rumors said that she was a real-life Cinderella, who was abused by her stepmother all day long and only able to come out to the Prince's party at night. This story spread online with photos of the Scavo's banquet. Whether it was true or false remained unknown.

'What do you think?' Emily looked up at the policeman who just asked.

'I don't think so.' The policeman dared to look at her when he was not stuttering, but his ears secretly turned red.

Emily didn't even blink as she asked again. 'Shouldn't a policeman obey the rule of seeing is believing?'

The policeman immediately became serious. 'Right. I'm sorry for my silly question.'

'It's alright.' After Emily replied, she cast her gaze out of the window. Her face and clothes were girlish, but her aura was distant. This contradiction made the two policemen sitting opposite her look at her at all times.

Harold silently took out a new mask and handed it to her. Emily glanced at him. Because she felt uncomfortable after wearing a mask for a long time, she had taken it off after arriving at the Tea Manor. Now, it became cold, and she could not open the window for ventilation, but she still needed to wear a mask. She frowned slightly and took it.

The opposite two policemen withdrew their gazes.

After the car stopped, Emily thanked them and took a taxi with Harold to the hospital.

They got off at the entrance of the hospital. Harold noticed that many male passers-by would secretly look at Emily. Although she dressed casually with a mask covering half of her face, the straight legs covered by sweatpants were eye-catching. Her silk-like long black hair fell on her back. With fair skin and clear eyes, she was as beautiful as a doll. However, her unique temperament distanced her from others, and it was invisible but able to be sensed.

When she turned around to look at Harold, he finally felt it. That's because her gaze was cold and distant.

From the day she asked him to be her bodyguard, he witnessed her great changes day by day: at first she smiled to please people; she pretended to cry to lie; she even hid bottles of eye drops in her sleeves; she exposed

her misery to punish Miss Elsie. She locked herself in her room for half a month to paint for money ... and so on.

However, Emily would also cry in her nightmare. He had only heard that once. When he flew from downstairs to the balcony, all he saw was Emily lying down again in the moonlight with a dagger in her hand.

He racked his brains uncontrollably. What exactly had happened to Emily?

‘Go have dinner and buy me a hamburger.’ Emily waved at him, ‘Harold, are you listening?’

‘Alright.’ Harold regained his sense.

Emily walked into the waiting room hall and sat down. Then, she edited a text message and sent it to the number marked as ‘swindler’.

‘Come to the City Hospital for me.’

Christy, who received the text message, threw it to Noah immediately without the slightest bit of dignity and elegance that Emily had seen before.

‘It’s her. It’s her!’

Facing the computer, Noah smiled and said, ‘The little girl?’

Christy walked over and pinched his face, ‘Yes.’ She looked down and knocked on her phone. The moment she lowered her head, she became serious. ‘She was the first one to discover we are liars.’

‘Have you finished reading the documents about her?’ Noah flipped through the stack of documents on the table.

Christy leaned against her chair and frowned. 'Yes. It's too fake. I feel like ... she didn't look like a teenage girl.'

'What do you mean?' Noah had never seen Emily before. He only listed out the useful information he had obtained from the documents so he could make a plan to solve the 'problem.'

Christy stood up and picked up a picture of Emily. The girl in the picture was obediently squatting in the garden, holding a branch, as if she was playing with an ant. She smiled innocently.

Until now, Christy was unable to describe that feeling. Christy slowly recalled the situation yesterday, thinking of her expression, as well as her waving gesture. She didn't turn back when she left.

'It feels like she has something in common with us. We seem to be the same type of person.'

Noah finally turned around and raised his eyebrows. 'You mean she, as a rich, has experienced what we experienced? Do you think it's possible?'

Right. People who lived in the light couldn't have a chance to see darkness at all.

Christy was silent for a moment, 'Maybe I was thinking too much.'

She walked back to the dining table and continued her lunch. Then she stood up and asked, 'Do you want to go?'

Noah was still busy with the computer. Hearing this, he paused and took a sip of coffee. 'Yes.'

'What if it's a trap?'

‘Then I’ll use my beauty to trap her.’ Noah stood up and loosened his collar, exposing his sexy collarbone and apple.

Christy, ‘...’

Although they had done so in the past, a strong sixth sense told her that his beauty wouldn’t be enough to seduce the little girl.

When Jaquan accompanied Sydnee back to the Tea Manor, the hosts were having dinner. Therefore, Sydnee insisted to have Jaquan for having dinner together. Jaquan glanced at the dishes. Although they did not look as good as the dishes in restaurants, the smell was extremely appetizing even from a long distance.

‘Alright.’

A boy ran in and hit his leg when he went to wash his hands. Jaquan lifted him into the air and saw his face, ‘It’s you?’

The boy looked surprisingly elegant and was like a master from big cities although he dressed plainly. He was not afraid, although he was lifted. He looked at Jaquan and the ground with surprise in his flashing eyes.

Jaquan wanted to laugh when he saw the boy’s reaction, ‘What the matter is? Nobody hugged you before?’

Sydnee smiled when she came out and saw this scene, ‘Stony, tell your mother to come and have dinner!’

‘OK. Sydnee!’ The child struggled in Jaquan’s hands, and his face turned red. ‘Sir, put me down.’

Jaquan put him in his arms and walked in, ‘Little boy, what’s your name?’

The boy's legs were swinging, 'I'm not a little boy. My name is Stony Stone.'

'Your name is Stony Stone?' Jaquan teased him, 'Is that your real name?'

The boy blushed, 'It is. My last name is Stone. My first name is Stony.'

Jaquan laughed, 'What a weird name! Were your parents too lazy to think of a normal name for you?'

'You're not allowed to say anything bad about them!' Stony suddenly became angry and bit Jaquan's arm fiercely. Jaquan endured the pain and put Stony down gently.

Stony ran away as soon as he reached the ground.

Jaquan rolled up his sleeves and saw a neat mark of Stony's bite.

He rubbed his arm and immediately felt the pain.

Sydnee had prepared chopsticks and bowls for Jaquan. But there was a chair beside him.

Jaquan asked, 'Who is coming?'

'Stony and his mother.' Sydnee pointed at the dishes on the table, 'She made these dishes. She should be cleaning up the kitchen right now.'

A moment later, Stony ran back and said in a tender but clear tone, 'Sydnee, my mother said that you could have dinner with the guest first.'

Sydnee thought for a moment and handed a bowl of rice to Stony. 'Can you hold it?'

Stony nodded, 'Yes.'

Then, he held the bowls and walked back to the kitchen carefully step by step.

Sydnee asked Jaquan and Howard to eat first. She picked a few from each dish into a bowl, held a bowl of rice, and walked after Stony.

Jaquan did not resist and started eating. He gave a compliment while eating, 'They taste good.'

Howard was not intended to speak with the young generation, but he started speaking since Jaquan started the conversation, 'Marissa went back to her hometown because of her health condition, thus Emma took over the kitchen. Oh, Emma is a resident here. She is Stony's mother. It is not easy for her to raise a child by herself, so she found a part-time job planting tea tree. We did not expect her to be so enduring at such a young age...'

Jaquan was surprised and raised his head, 'A single-parent family? Where the father is?'

He recalled the surprise and joy in Stony's eyes when he lifted him.

'People said that he went abroad.' Howard sighed. 'Stony told us that he has never met his father.'

No wonder the boy suddenly bit his arm angrily when he mentioned his parents.

Howard shook his head. 'What a tragedy. It was most likely that the man did not want to take responsibility, yet Emma did not want to abandon the baby. Therefore, she chose to bring Stony to the world.'

‘What a hateful man!’ Jaquan said with disdain, ‘Stony is such a good boy!’

Howard nodded, ‘It is true. If I ever have a chance to meet that man, I will beat him fiercely with all my strength.’

‘I will take care of this if we see him. You can just stand aside and watch him being beat.’ Jaquan answered.

Sydnee smiled at them when she came back and saw them chatting, ‘What were you talking about?’

Ever since she saw Vincent and Emily together, she was no longer excited about anything she saw. To her, Jaquan was just one of Vincent’s brothers, and he was not worth her nervousness or excitement. Moreover, this man was not as indifferent as Vincent and was easy to get along with.

Jaquan was about to speak when his phone rang. It was a call from the police station. He had left a business card for the captain to contact him directly if anything happened.

He left the table and answered the phone. The captain on the other side said, ‘This guy wants to settle the case privately. He just offered 500 thousand to withdraw the lawsuit. I refused. I want to ask you how much compensation you want.’

‘Directly go for the maximum compensation. Besides, send the real tea seeds to the tea plantation.’ Jaquan continued, ‘But the shop needs to be closed. Do you understand what I mean?’

When Jaquan hung up, he found himself at the door of where Stony lived. There were some sunflowers in rea in front of the door, and they were blooming in cool autumn. He did not move his eyes. Then, he heard

Stony laughing, following by a woman's voice. It was so soft that made people think of a cloud in a glass of water, which added sweetness to the drink, 'I will get angry if you continue messing around!'

It should be in an angry tone, but it was so peaceful when coming out from that woman's mouth. Jaquan tilted his head and saw the half-opened door. Stony took a chair and sat down obediently. Then he saw a pearl-white hand of that single mother.

His phone rang again. Jaquan answered the phone while glancing at the door. He wanted to see who gave Stony, such a beautiful boy, a birth. But what the person on the other side of the phone said drew his attention.

'Can you come and drink with me?' It was Arabella's depressed voice, 'I want to drink.'

'Where are you?' Jaquan immediately turned around and made a gesture to Sydnee. Then, he picked up the coat on the chair and walked out.

Arabella laughed. It sounded like she was already drunk, 'I knew you would come.'

After hanging up the phone, Jaquan sat in the car and stared at himself in the rear-view mirror. He laughed at himself sarcastically. He knew that he was hers. He would do whatever Arabella asked him to do, even it was death.

**

Harold went straight to KFC and bought a hamburger. He thought for a while and ordered another hot drink. Some young girls laughed and looked at him. Some of them even came forward and chat him up, 'Hey, handsome, can we touch your muscles?'

Harold looked at them. They were about the same age as Miss Emily, some might be a bit older. However, their behaviors were too casual, as if their youth would never die. Their nails, their accessories, their clothes, and their makeups. Everything looked energetic.

Harold remained silent. He grabbed the food and turned around to leave.. But the girls stopped him, ‘Handsome, can we have your phone numbers? We can hang out next time.’

Harold said indifferently, ‘Sorry, I am not allowed to go out unless my master approves it.’

The young girls were all stunned and did not know what to say.

Harold walked out of the door with the food. He was worried that Miss Emily would be hungry, especially he had spent a lot of time in line. Therefore, so he raised the speed of walking back. A text message was sent to him. Usually, he would directly ignore them because both Mr. Maury and Mr. Eliot would call him. But now that Miss Emily liked to communicate through messages, things were different.

He stopped to look at his phone. He could not believe what he saw and thought it was his illusion.

Soon, he ran at an extremely fast speed to an ATM.

He inserted his bank card, entered the password, checked the balance, and was frozen.

There were six zeros in the balance?

That was right, six zeros. The unit was in million.

Emily was sitting on the park bench in the hospital. Most people were having a lunch break during this time. Thus, it was very quiet. The sunlight shined on her and brought warmth to her.

She closed her eyes and enjoyed the sun. No one came and interfered with her except some insects. She did not know what the time was when she heard footsteps approaching. The person already sat down beside her before she opened her eyes. The sense of perfume was unfamiliar but pleasant.

‘Are you by yourself?’ The man raised his eyebrows. The shape of his face was shining slightly but Emily could not see clearly who he was. She had to squint her eyes and look at him. When she saw who he was, she frowned and moved aside.

‘...’

The man’s expression changed slightly for Emily’s tiny moves, but he immediately switched to his normal one. He leaned back on the chair and sat casually.

Nobody would believe that this man was a liar with his good look.

‘You are Noah Sachs.’ Emily called his name faintly, ‘Nice to meet you. I am Emily Britt.’

She did not look at him. Although they went sitting on the same chair, there was some distance between them. Emily looked straight ahead and said calmly, ‘That is right. The Britt’s that you had tried everything you could to destroy. The people you met half a month ago were my stepmother and my sister.’

Noah did not move. He looked at this girl quietly. She still looked like a teenager, yet everything she said was straight to the point. However, her

expression was calm and charming. If he did not know who she was, he would think that this girl was admiring the beauty of nature.

‘I am not here to interrupt your plan.’ Emily continuing speaking in a calm voice, ‘I want to cooperate. I can help you to destroy my stepmother and sister.’

Noah had planned everything before he came. Originally, he was going to make clear their background and purpose. Then, he was planning to take the initiative and seduce Emily with his appearance...

But he had never expected that a young girl would take the lead at the beginning. She did not care about what they wanted at all. Instead, she just told him what she wanted. It was concise and straightforward.

‘Why should I trust you?’ Noah propped up his temples and tilted to the other side. He found a comfortable position and looked at Emily.

She stood up and narrowed her eyes slightly in the direction of the sun. She still sounded indifferent, ‘How about you? Why did you choose them?’

City Y was consisted of many powerful families, and there were too many stupid rich people. It was unlikely that they tried so hard to get into contact with Beverly and Elsie without knowing Beverly’s suspiciousness. But they still insisted on them for more than half a month. This was a bit too long for professional swindlers.

Emily could only make one conclusion. There was someone behind the swindlers, and this person was the one who wanted to destroy the Britt’s. It might have been the same person who planned the event in which Elsie switched the contract.

‘Simple. I am doing this for money.’ Noah was straightforward as well. Then, he raised his eyebrows and looked at Emily, waiting for her reply.

Emily smiled indifferently at him. The smile only lasted for a second. She did not say a word but put on her mask and left.

Noah felt that this girl was very unusual. At the same time, Christy’s voice came from his headphones, ‘She knows.’ She took a deep breath, ‘She knows the reason why we picked Beverly and Elsie.’

Noah narrowed his eyes slightly. ‘Do not worry. Keep going as we planned.’

‘OK.’

**

When Emily went back to the hospital corridor, Harold had already gotten a lot of medicine in his hand. Seeing Emily, he handed over the hamburger, which was still warm. Emily starting eating as they walked back. They did not say anything. After grabbing a taxi, Harold handed the phone to Emily.

The message was about the bank account information. Emily counted the numbers and was a little surprised. It was not a small number. She did not know that whether it was the compensation Jaquan received or from Ferne who sold the painting.

Harold scrolled down and Emily saw another two messages. Now she could confirm that the money was from Ferne.

Emily did not expect the painting to be sold at such a high price. She was a bit excited since this was the first time that she earned a huge amount of money. She put her phone back to the picket, took a sip of cola, and

smiled slightly, 'Do some research on what he likes. We will send him a gift next time.'

'I suppose he likes wine.' Harold thought for a while, 'I will go out and buy a bottle of wine for him later.'

Emily nodded, 'Buy the 150 thousand one.'

The taxi driver looked at Emily from the mirror, but he could not see Emily's face since she was wearing a mask. He was wondering which rich family this girl was from, who directly talked about luxurious wine at this price.

Emily noticed the driver's glance and said, 'Just buy the 15 one. It tastes good.'

Harold was speechless, '... Yes.'

The driver was stunned.

Did he just have a hearing problem?

No wonder. He was curious about why a rich person would take a taxi.

After getting out of the taxi, Harold held Emily and went back to the Britt's. The butler followed behind and asked worriedly, 'How was it? What did the doctor say?'

Emily closed her eyes. It looked like she was extremely tired. She did not speak.

Harold did not say anything either. He held her into the room and arranged her for a good sleep.

The butler was so anxious seeing them remain silent, but he did not dare to shout in front of Miss Emily. When Harold came out, he could not bear the stress and hit Harold on the shoulder, 'Tell me what happened!'

Harold repeated everything the doctor said, 'Miss Emily had eaten something that was not clean. The doctor said that she should not eat any irritating food for a while. And she needs to drink enough warm water. There was nothing too serious.. You need to adjust her diet as well.'

The butler sighed. 'That's good. Mr. Maury called today, but I hid it from him. I don't know when the company will get through the difficult time.'

Harold was listening to him in silence. He knew that Emily would do something, and what he needed to do is assist her privately. He handed butler's wallet to him. When he checked the balance of the card, he withdrew two thousand and put one thousand in butler's wallet. And he would leave the rest to call a cab.

The butler took the wallet without opening it. Heading for the kitchen, he intended to ask Susan to cook some porridge for Emily.

At this time, Harold left quietly. It was hard for Emily to go out, since Beverly and her daughter was watching her. Besides, she should also watch out for Maury. It was a hard time for her. So he had to deal with some minor things for her to buy her some time for something important.

Emily had been lying on the bed for quite long. Elsie, who lived in the room next to her, came in after a knock. She talked to her and tried calling her name as if she really cared about her. Later, she checked both her bag and phone, but she seemed not to have got anything useful. Then she rolled her eyes and left.

Emily got up from the bed after Elsie left. She began to draw with her brush. When she was sitting on the chair in the hospital with her eyes closed, she seemed to have sensed the smell of the sun as well as the warmth of the sunshine.

Gently closing her eyes, she thought back the warmth. Then, she opened her eyes and began to mix the pigments. She chose a piece of paper which was two meters wide this time. The paper she used earlier was fifty centimeters wide, and it was the first time that she had used such a large piece of paper. She placed it on the ground and pressed it with a paperweight. All the colors, like gold, blue, pink and yellow, came to her mind, so she was drawing really fast. Then she quickly finished the painting that could express the warmth she felt this afternoon.

Then she hid it under the bed. When Susan saw Emily looking at something under the bed after opening the door quietly, she couldn't help saying with a smile, 'Miss Emily, you woke up?'

Susan was so heavily hit by Elsie that she even bled from the corner of her mouth. And her cheeks were swollen. She didn't get better after taking some medicine, as well as several days of rest at home. Her condition wasn't improved until she went to the hospital and got some other medicine.

Emily thought that Susan wouldn't come back anymore. However, she came back, and she still greeted Elsie politely when meeting her. What was more, she treated her even more carefully.

'Does your stomach still hurt?' Emily came in holding a bowl of porridge. 'I'm afraid you haven't woken up yet. I've just cooked the porridge. Come on. Have some of it. It's good to your stomach.'

Emily couldn't reach out and take the bowl, since her hands were still stained with paints. She just sniffed, 'It smells so good.'

'It's still very hot. You can have it later.' Susan put the bowl of porridge on the table, asking, 'Miss Emily, what else do you wanna eat?'

Tilting her head, Emily answered after a moment of thinking, 'Egg soup.'

Susan nodded, 'Okay, wait here. I'll go and cook it for you now.'

When she left, Emily went into the bathroom and washed her hands. Then she found her face and clothes were somewhat stained, which Susan should also see.

Emily took out the paints and drew something on the paper randomly. The painting looked quite casual, even the colors she used. She was still drawing when Susan came in.

Susan said with a smile, 'Miss Emily, the painting is so good. What did you draw?'

Emily didn't want to probe into her thought, so she simply put down the paints, saying, 'It's a gift for you.'

Susan was so pleased to hear that, 'Really?' The paints hadn't dried yet. She looked at it for a moment and then said, 'I have to frame it. I'm so happy to get it, since you drew it for me.'

Emily was observing her while eating the porridge. In her previous life, Lola would do nothing but see her be bullied by Elsie and Beverly every time. She had neither helped her out nor taught her how to avoid them, which led her inexplicable dislike of women of Lola's age.

Susan was so heavily hit by Elsie, but she still tried that hard to protect her. Emily couldn't figure out whether she did that in good faith or just pretended. Was she the one sent by someone behind Elsie to test her?

Can she trust her?

Emily did not dare to take the risk, since she had so much to care about, including her father, big brother and the Britt Group.

**

It was ten at the late night.

Ferne finally went back to the group. Once he was in the group, he posted a picture in which there was a bottle of red wine and a pink card. The thank-you card was written by the shopkeeper, which was asked by Harold.

But the shopkeeper misunderstood his intention. He thought that the bottle of red wine was a gift for proposing to a lady. After all, it was worth more than a hundred thousand. So the shopkeeper followed his own thought and turned a thank-you card into a love letter.

Ferne was so excited the moment he returned to the group. He even shouted in the group after sending the picture of the card, 'Attention. Someone sent a bottle of red wine and wrote a romantic love letter that was even mushy to me.'

Randy: 'Thank you for meeting the best of you at the right time. Come on.'

Randy skipped the disgusting lines and directly saw the bottom. And he immediately noticed the last two words and burst into laughter.

Randy: 'Attention. Focus on the highlight. 'From Harold'. It's from a man. Ferne, you're awesome. A gay is chasing after you.'

Ferne: '...'

Armando: 'Laughing.'

Randy: 'Ferne, I remember, once you seemed to have disguised yourself as a woman when doing your job. And then you got stuck in the restroom and confessed when you returned to the police station. Right?'

Armando: 'Laughing.'

Looking at the card for him, Ferne felt kind of helpless. He also saw the last two words, 'From Harold'. Just as he was about to throw it away, he thought who on earth was Harold.

When he thought of Emily of the Britts after a moment, he couldn't help being delighted.

Ferne: 'Come on. Is this Harold the bodyguard of Emily? Does it mean she sent me this?'

Armando: '...'

Randy: '...'

Jaquan: '...'

Ferne had been moved out of the group.

Randy: 'Laughing.'

Armando: 'Laughing.'

It was drizzling during the night. Emily had been out for the entire day, and she was exhausted. When she was having a sound sleep, she felt someone seemed to sit beside her bed.

She thought it was Eliot. As she was about to call his name, she found the one wasn't Eliot at all.

'Mr. Vincent?'

She had just woken up, so her voice was somewhat dry. But Vincent felt it sounded as if a feather was scratching the back of his ears.

Only a phone-sized wall lights were on in her room, vaguely showing the tall figure of the man beside the bed. The curtains shut out the sound of rain. Besides the sound of Emily's breathing, nothing else could be sensed except the aura of Vincent. It was as fresh and chill as the air after rain.

The man bent down slightly, and his face appeared from the dark. Under his pitch-black sharp eyebrows, there was a pair of deep eyes. The color of his eyes was light, and they looked cold. At this time, he looked cool and indifferent in the dim light from the lamp.

He was like characters in the movies but popping out of the screen of a sudden. When Emily finally saw his face clearly, she found it had been long since she met him last time. However, as for the specific time, she couldn't tell.

'Where is the gift?' The man's low-textured voice sounded to her ears.

Emily looked at him blankly, 'What?'

He was so close to her that she couldn't even sense his breath. Under the dim light, the shadows of the two of them on the wall looked as if they

were kissing. Emily had no time for that at all. She was wondering what the gift he mentioned with a frown was.

The man in front of him was kind of airing his grievances, ‘You sent a gift to Ferne, but you didn’t send me one.’

‘...’

Emily finally remembered that Harold had bought a bottle of wine for Ferne, but that was not a gift from her.

Another thing came to her. It was Ferne and Jaquan who helped her sell her paintings and deal with the fake seeds of tea, respectively, but they both were good friends of Vincent. So it meant it actually was Vincent who helped her out.

So she did owe him a gift.

When Emily figured it out, she sat up at once and turned on the light, asking, ‘What kind of gift do you want?’

It was getting cold. She looked even fairer in her pink rabbit pajamas, as the two rabbit ears were hanging down beside her neck. Her cheeks were glowing while her pink lips were slightly curled up, which was so attractive.

Vincent was staring at her, and his pitch-black eyes were dim and unclear. After a while, he said in a low voice, ‘Massage my shoulders.’

Emily got up from her bed after a hesitation. The man was so tall to her even when he was sitting at the edge of the bed. She could reach his shoulders, but she couldn’t use her strength to do the massage.

However, this was the first time for her to do such a thing. She laid her hands on his shoulders with a bit of her strength. The muscles under her fingers were quite hard and strong. It wasn't easy for her to do the massage. When she moved her fingers to the back of his neck, she could clearly find the man tensing up. Leaning over slightly, she asked, 'What's up?'

The soft arms of a girl were leaning on Vincent's shoulders while her breath was just near his ears. He could see her fair skin clearly as long as he tilted his head.

Grabbing her arm, he stood up and pulled her into his arms.

Emily was surprised to find out that she was about the same height as him when she stood on the bed. The coat the man was wearing was sort of wet, and the coldness even soaked her pajamas. So she felt a bit chill when being hugged by him and her mind was clearer.

Harold told her that Vincent had a meeting abroad, so he must have rushed here as soon as he returned from abroad.

She asked in a soft voice, 'Have you eaten yet?'

The man muttered a yes as his response to her. However, it unexpectedly sounded a little alluring to Emily's ears.

'Are you sleepy?' She asked again.

The man let go of her. He took off his coat and cast a glance at Emily, 'Are you scared?'

Emily shook her head.

He took off his shoes and lay on the bed. Emily moved a bit inside to leave him more space.

After a while, he reached out and held her in his arms. Resting his chin rested on her head, he said in his rough voice, 'Have a sleep.'

Emily closed her eyes.

Vincent heard the even breath from the girl in his arms in a short while. Lowering his head, he couldn't help giving her a soft kiss, 'My cruel girl.'

**

When Emily woke up the next morning, Vincent had left.

Touching the ring on her finger, she was in a good mood with her lips curled up unconsciously.

Susan was getting her dressed. When she saw the look on Emily's face, she asked with a smile, 'Miss Emily, what pleased you that much?'

Emily was stunned for a moment, 'Do I look pleased?'

'You do.' Susan pulled her to the mirror, saying, 'You've been smiling.'

The girl in the mirror looked fairer in the bright yellow trench coat. Her lips were curled up while her eyes were tender. Touching the mirror, Emily suddenly thought she should have said thank you to Vincent.

Again, Maury and Eliot did not come back last night. Beverly and Elsie were watching TV in the sofa downstairs. Casting a glance at the TV, she found it was broadcasting the presidential election of the United States, and Obama won his second term of office.

Susan brought Emily the breakfast, 'Miss Emily, hurry and have it while it's hot.'

Emily sat there obediently and began to gulp. Elsie watched TV for a while, and then turned her gaze to Emily, saying, 'Retard, where did you get that trench coat?'

Susan replied from the side, 'Miss Elsie, Mr. Eliot bought it for Miss Emily.'

Susan's words did remind Emily that most of her clothes were bought by Eliot, including her pink rabbit pajamas and her underwear.

Elsie gave a cold snort, 'Did I ask you anything?'

The look on Susan's face changed. She went to the kitchen again and brought a cup of hot milk to Emily. Then, she was standing beside Emily in case Elsie would come and hurt Emily.

Emily went upstairs as usual after breakfast. She placed a piece of paper on the table and started to draw. Her phone on the table vibrated. It was a text message from Harold, saying Miss Elsie went out.

Sure enough, it had only been half a month, but Elsie just couldn't wait.

Maury had clearly forbidden Beverly and her daughter from going out. The two of them did follow the words of him during this half month. But they started to hang around the house instead of just staying in their own rooms. They watched TV downstairs. And later, Elsie even did yoga in the garden sometimes.

Emily naturally knew that they would definitely go out, but she didn't know how they avoid the watch of the butler. Or did the butler stop watching them?

Emily texted back to Harold, 'Follow her'.

If she didn't guess wrong, Elsie must go out for meeting Christy. Besides, Noah would definitely seize the chance to accept the funding from Elsie as if he grudged doing that.

But where would Beverly get the sum of money for the funding?

As Emily was pondering with the pen in her hand, her phone rang again.

'Emily. Good news.' Sydnee couldn't help but shout with excitement, 'Jaquan brought back a carload of seeds for free. That was what Mr. Bennet made up to us. Besides, he also gave us half a million.'

Emily wrote down several numbers one after another, half a million, one million, one million and a half, and 1.2 million. She said on the phone after drawing a circle, 'Could you do one more thing for me?'

'Just say it.'

'Buy two apartments.' Emily flipped through her previous notes and she didn't expect to get the funds so soon. 'They should be in the downtown with good Fengshui. You can rent them out, but don't sell them.'

'...'

Sydnee was speechless for a moment and then she asked secretly, 'Where did you get the money?' Biting her finger, she added, 'Wait a sec. You wouldn't think I could buy two apartments with that half million, would you?'

Drawing another circle, Emily said, 'Will 4.2 million be enough?'

'...'

Sydnee swallowed, 'You got the money from Vincent?'

'I earned it myself.' Emily was being a little guilty when saying so. After all, she guessed that there was an 80 percent chance that her paintings were bought by the friends of Vincent.

Sydnee seemed to be so surprised that she couldn't say a single word on the other side of the phone.

Emily put down her pen, saying, 'Thank you for doing that for me. I'll let Harold transfer the money to you.'

Looking at the numbers that had been circled, Emily felt a little annoyed after hanging up the phone. She did not know how to help Eliot.. Should she find someone to do business with him or directly give him the money? Emily couldn't make up her mind, since she couldn't expose herself, in case she would tip off the one behind Elsie.

What was Sydnee doing then?

After hanging up the phone, Sydnee still couldn't react for a long time. Howard tried to talk to her, but she didn't answer. Howard sighed and walked out. Jaquan patted Sydnee's shoulder and asked, 'Overjoyed?'

Sydnee said blankly, 'Yeah...'

Jaquan rubbed his temples and said, 'Alright. I'll go for a sleep. I drank too much last night and was busy all morning. My head hurts a little.'

'You go and rest.' Sydnee said dully. She had just finished talking to Emma, but now she was still standing in the courtyard. She then casually pointed at a room and said to Jaquan, 'You can sleep there.'

Jaquan vaguely remembered that the little boy seemed to be running towards this room at that time, but he could not remember clearly after drinking. He didn't think much of it, just took off his coat and shoes and pounced on the bed. He caught a whiff of sweet smell. He sniffed, and the fragrance made him smile.

After Sydnee finished explaining the matters of the Tea Manor, she immediately drove back to the city. Sydnee's grandfather, Conrad had just returned from the drugstore. Looking at her dusty appearance, he frowned and asked, 'What have you been busy with these days?'

Sydnee had been seeing Emily, but the family did not know about it. So, she couldn't mention the Tea Manor. People working at the Tea Manor was also reliable to keep secrets. As long as the family didn't come here, the thing won't come to light.

The Dickerson family had been dependent on medicinal herbs for generations. They didn't have power or status, only a century-old brand. The Dickerson family was a large family with hundreds of people. They all relied on the chain pharmacies to support themselves. They were not rich.

The Dickerson family didn't care about money, and even treated money as dirt. Sydnee did not dare to tell Conrad that she was dealing with dirt recently. She could only fudge the answer, 'I'm busy with the exam.'

Conrad stroked his beard and asked, 'What is the exam this time?'

Sydnee waffled, 'Modern History.'

'Alright, I know.' Conrad didn't say anything more. He only warned, 'It's turning cold. Put on more clothes. Don't get cold. Also, drink a bowl of decoction.'

‘Alright.’ Sydnee hugged Conrad and said, ‘Grandpa, you must keep healthy.’

‘What are you talking about...’ Conrad laughed, ‘Hurry up and go.’

Sydnee smiled and went up. She found her ID card and hurried downstairs. Conrad was still there and they said goodbye to each other. After Sydnee left for more than half an hour, Conrad suddenly remembered, ‘Didn’t this girl finish her Modern History exam in her freshman year?’

**

Sydnee was very efficient. On the same day, she found the largest intermediary company to choose house. She wanted a large apartment with the best scenery. And it should be in the center of the city. Sydnee asked for the price and told Emily. She also sent Emily a picture. Emily only replied, ‘You decide.’

Sydnee raised her head and said, ‘I’ve decided. That’s it.’

The agent said happily, ‘Really? We support payment by installments. We also have cooperation with the bank to get a better price for you...’

Sydnee interrupted him, ‘I want to pay in full.’

The agent’s heart missed a beat, ‘As you want, Miss Sydnee.’

‘Wait a moment.’ Sydnee stopped him.

The agent was worried that she would suddenly go back on her word, and he asked pitifully, ‘What’s wrong?’

Sydnee pointed through the window and said, 'I also want that apartment on the top floor of the building next door.'

The agent looked in that direction and he felt he was sunk in the deep water that he couldn't breathe. He said hoarsely, 'Miss Sydnee, please wait a moment. I'll be right back.'

Sydnee said, 'I'll be waiting.'

She then texted a message to Emily, 'It's good to be rich.'

Harold followed behind Elsie and saw that she took a taxi to a building. It turned out that she had secretly inquired about Christy's company. Today, she actually came here to inspect.

Harold saw that Elsie had entered the company. There were too many security cameras at the entrance, so he didn't dare to follow her. He only photographed the building and the main entrance. Half an hour later, Elsie came in, followed by Christy, who was wearing famous brands all over.

Elsie said embarrassedly, 'Sorry, I was afraid to disturb you, so I just come alone.'

Christy smiled, 'Not a big deal. I'm at the company today. What a coincidence! You don't usually see me.'

Elsie asked carefully, 'I remembered that your brother is in charge of the company. Why are you here?'

Christy hesitated and said, 'Actually, I am also in charge of some company affairs. But I'm not as capable as my brother. I can only make three to five million for him. So, he asks me not to come over.'

Elsie's eyes widened when she heard that number. After Christy finished speaking, Elsie covered her mouth and said, 'You are so capable already!'

Christy seemed accustomed to such compliments, 'I'm not half as capable as my brother.'

Elsie grabbed Christy and asked, 'Christy, how about this? I can invest in the things you make! This doesn't count as investing in your brother, so he's not in charge of this, right?'

Christy was stunned for a moment, 'That's true. But you could lose money on my stuff, too...'

'Don't worry, I believe you!' Elsie held her hand and said, 'It definitely won't lose money!'

Christy smiled significantly, 'That's for sure.'

After Elsie took a taxi back, Harold went to the bank and transferred three million to Sydnee. On the way back, he went to the bookstore to buy stock and finance books according to what Emily had asked. Before leaving, Harold saw a row of Van Gogh's picture books. He then bought all of them.

It was night.

After taking a bath, Emily was sitting at the table and viewing the development history of the Britt Group. The Britt family was doing the chain-supermarket business. This boycott of Japanese goods had hurt the business of many supermarkets, including theirs. Fortunately, the Britt family had contracted for site construction. However, Emily did not know much about construction, so she could only learn from the start.

Until this morning, she had been thinking about how to give the money to Eliot to help him bring the company back. She suddenly remembered that in her previous life, Eliot had been hospitalized, her father had died, and she was the only one left in the family. That sense of helplessness had destroyed her.

When the Britt Group collapsed, Elsie killed Emily with a dagger. Even if Emily closed her eyes these few days, she would see that blood scene in her head.

In this life, she couldn't let that happen again. Even if nothing happened to her father and Eliot now, she had to learn how to run the company and control everything in the future. In this life, she would never experience that pain again!

'Are you crying?' The sudden voice startled Emily. She raised her eyes and saw a man standing at the balcony entrance.. She quickly turned off the lights and waited for her eyes to adapt to the darkness. She asked, 'Why are you here?'

It seemed that she often asked him this question, at their second meet, at the tea house, and at the Ferne Hotel.

She heard the footsteps approaching, and then the man stopped in front of her. He held her chin with his slender fingers and wiped away her tears.

In the darkness, the man asked her in a low voice, 'Why are you crying?'

Emily could not see his face clearly. She could only feel his breath spraying on her face with a uniquely good smell. Feeling relaxed unconsciously, she pointed at the desk in the darkness and muttered, 'The book is too difficult.'

There was a silence for a moment, but Emily felt that he must know her intention. She suddenly remembered that she rarely revealed her true feelings, but each time Vincent could see through her. Immediately, she felt ashamed. In the darkness, her jade-white earlobe turned red.

She lowered her head and got out from under his arm, 'It's a little hot...'

As soon as she finished speaking, she bumped into a chair and gasped. She endured the pain without letting out a cry and limped forward. Suddenly she was pulled into his arms after a few steps.

His hug was warm with a smell of nicotine. She could smell the fragrance of his aftershave. It was his unique fragrance. In the darkness, he could still see clearly. He put her on a chair and pulled up her pajamas to look at her legs.

There was just a bruise. In the darkness, she could not see anything clearly but only felt a warm palm gently touching her skin. This hand seemed to touch her heart. She couldn't even breathe.

Her heart was beating fast. She felt that something was wrong with her body. It was like the residual effect since she was drugged last time. She licked her lips and whispered, 'It doesn't hurt.'

Vincent finally stopped and looked at the books on her desk. They are all financial books, among which he also saw an introduction to the Britt Group.

Then he recalled what he saw at the balcony door. The girl stared at the table with her head lowered. Her fingernails were tightly clasped in her palms. Her eyes were full of tears and she bit her lips tightly. It was as if she was in despair. When she suddenly looked up, her eyes were filled with panic, despair, and sorrow.

He flipped through the introduction to the Britt Group and lowered his head to ask, 'What didn't you understand?'

Emily was stunned and asked, 'What?'

'You want to learn this?' Vincent put her on his leg. As they faced each other, she heard him say in a low voice, 'I can teach you.'

Emily was touched. This feeling was hard to describe. All she knew was that she was sitting in this person's arms and smelling his fragrance. The gloomy feeling in her heart disappeared completely.

She turned on the desk lamp and pointed at the introduction book of the Britt Group. 'What is an EPC?' She asked.

'Engineering Procurement Construction is an integrated model. After the decision-making stage of the project, through bidding, an engineering company is entrusted with the general contracting of design, procurement and construction...'

Emily only knew twenty-six English letters, and some short expressions like hello and good-bye. Hearing such a long English sentence, she was a little confused, 'E ... How to pronounce it?'

The man was silent for a moment. Suddenly, he rubbed her hair with his big palm. His voice was low and deep, as if it hit on her heart. 'Do you want to go to school?'

Emily didn't say anything for a while. She hadn't gone to school in her previous life. She only learned some popular phrases from the hospital TV. Her brother also taught her something and she learned some words by chatting with Sydnee.

She knew how difficult it was to learn by herself. She sat here for half an hour tonight but did not finish a single page. There were many things that she didn't understand so she had to search them online. It took too much time.

Actually, she wanted to go to school, but Maury and Beverly would know that she was not a fool. Such a result would be harmful to her, and it was not time for them to know that.

While she was considering, the man said with a gentle voice, 'I'll ask someone to pick you up tomorrow night.'

Emily looked up at him. The light of the lamp was faint and dim, and it was partially blocked by her. His lips and chin were covered by shadows. She could only see that he was looking at her with his black eyes.

'Am I going to your house?' She goggled at him in confusion, 'What are we going to do?'

Vincent supported her slender waist and rubbed her protruding spine with his finger. 'Go to school.'

Emily felt that the place he touched became strange and itchy. She resisted the impulse to scratch and shifted her position. Then she asked, 'Go to school at night?'

Vincent placed his head on her shoulder and said in a hoarse and alluring voice, 'I'll teach you myself.'

Emily turned her head in surprise, but unexpectedly, she collided with the man who raised head from her shoulder. They happened to kiss on each other's lips. She retreated slightly, and when she saw the man frown, she quickly approached him and kissed him. The man grabbed her waist and continued this kiss.

Suddenly, they heard footsteps coming from outside the door. It wasn't Susan, nor Elsie. It sounded more like Eliot. He never knocked on the door before entering her room.

Emily leaned back with anxiety, but the man held the back of her head with one hand and bit her lips as a punishment.

Her heart was beating fast.

When Eliot opened the door and entered, he saw Emily sitting at the table and drawing pictures. Seeing him enter, she smiled with her cheeks red. 'Eliot, long time no see.'

Eliot walked in and touched her head, 'Are you sick? Why is your face so red?'

'I just took a bath. It's a little hot.' Emily looked guiltily at the balcony. Her lips were still burning. She seemed to smell his fragrance on her body. She quickly picked up the spray on the table and sprayed it at her feet. 'There are mosquitoes!'

'Why are there mosquitoes in autumn?' Eliot pulled a chair and sat down beside her. Seeing she curled up on the chair, revealing her white calves and toes, he was somewhat embarrassed and moved his eyes away. Then he fetched a blanket from the bed to cover her. Then, he sat down and looked at the graffiti on her desk. 'What is this?'

'Mickey Mouse.'

Eliot laughed, 'This Mickey Mouse is really ugly.'

Emily also smiled. They laughed for a while and then Eliot said, 'Dad has something to tell you. I'm afraid you don't understand him, so I'll

explain it to you first. I know you want to see mom, but dad and I haven't found her for a long time.'

Emily's smile froze. She lowered her head and did not speak again.

Eliot rubbed her hair and said, 'Emily, don't be angry with dad. He was very tired these days. He was busy working and looking for mom. He didn't even have meals in time. Today, he got a stomachache and was almost sent to the hospital.'

Emily nodded, but remained silent.

Eliot sighed and went out. Not long after, Maury walked in. His face was still a little pale. He sat in his chair for a while without saying a word. It was such a shame that he had failed to fulfill his promise with Emily.

Emily had guessed what it was all about. After all, something bad had happened to the Britt family in her previous life. If her mother wanted to see her, she would definitely find her. However, she had never looked for her.

She reached out and gently held Maury's hand, said softly, 'Dad, I'm fine.'

Maury's eyes turned red. He petted Emily's head and said, 'I'm sorry, Daddy failed to keep the promise. Your mom is probably still mad at me. She didn't answer the phone. I can't get in touch with her.'

He sighed. 'She moved a lot. I've looked for her a few times before. But she's been avoiding me, so I kind of give up.'

Emily listened quietly.

Maury gently hugged her and said, 'Emily, I will definitely find her and let you two reunite.'

Emily nodded.

Whether the two of them could reunite or not, she really hoped her mother could lead a happy life.

**

When Jaquan woke up, it was late at night.

His shoes and jacket were taken off. The light in the room was off. He had to put on shoes in the dark. And he could not find his jacket, so he walked out barefoot. Last night he drank too much, and now he really needed to use the bathroom.

He probably thought that there was no one outside, so he untied his belt as soon as he walked out of the room. All of a sudden, he saw a woman sitting on the stairs. Stunned for a moment, he quickly zipped his pants, turned around and ask hoarsely, 'Excuse me, where is the bathroom?'

The woman was surprised when she heard the sound behind her. Without turning her head, she pointed in a direction.

Jaquan thanked her and hurriedly rushed over.

When he came back, she was gone. Under the moonlight, he could see that the room he had just left was closed. He walked to the door, rubbing his shoulders. It was a little cold outside. Just as he was about to knock on the door to get his coat, he saw the coat, his wallet and phone on a cute piggy-shaped chair down the corridor.

He finally realized that he had probably slept in the wrong room. Thinking of the woman sitting on the stairs, he assumed that he had slept in the room of the single mother.

He silently put on his coat and turned his phone on. It was eleven o'clock at night. Waking up at this time, he was both tired and hungry. And he had no idea where to go.

He sat outside for a while. Since it was too cold, he decided to drive back right away. As he came to the door, he found that it was one of those retro wooden doors with the bolt inside. If he went out, someone had to bolt the door from inside. Otherwise, it would be dangerous for the woman and the child in the room.

He thought for a while, and finally found a deck chair to sit down. He played with his phone for some time, then closed his eyes. In fact, he had never slept in the moonlight like this. He fell asleep again. In his sleep, he vaguely saw a white figure coming over. He smiled at the figure and felt his body got warm again.

When he woke up the second time, it was almost dawn. He watched the sun rising from the horizon. Then he smelled something. With a deep breath, he was sure it was something delicious.

As he stood up, he found that he was covered with a blanket. He folded it, put it on the chair and followed the smell to the kitchen. There, he saw a woman with her back to him stir-frying rice with eggs. And there were two fried eggs on the table. The smell of porridge permeated in the air.

Jaquan stood at the door and felt that peeping like this was a bit inappropriate. So he walked in and said, 'Excuse me, I'm sorry. I was drunk yesterday. And I accidentally slept in the wrong room.'

The woman didn't stop the work. She turned off the fire, put the food into a bowl without even raising her head.

Jaquan thought that she didn't hear him and uttered again, 'Sorry, I accidentally slept...'

The woman interrupted him, still having her back to him. She was washing the pan. Her voice was slightly different from the sweet one he had heard the other day. She said, quite coldly. 'I heard you.'

He'd meant to ask for something to eat, but her words shut him up. He actually felt embarrassed. But he had never felt embarrassed for all these years.

He felt weird, and even thought it was an illusion. He opened his mouth again, 'I'm hungry too. Could I get some breakfast?'

The woman washed her hands with soap and said faintly, 'Help yourself.'

Jaquan, '...'

He got a bowl and ladled porridge into it clumsily. The hot bowl burned his hands. He gasped and held the bowl to the table with pain. Then he washed his hands in the sink.

After cleaning up the kitchen, the woman took the breakfast and left. Jaquan thought to himself, 'Is this woman so indifferent to all men because she has been cheated?'

There was a fried egg left on the table. Jaquan glanced at it, then at the door. Finally, he took the fried egg with his hand and put it into his mouth. It was a little hot but delicious. He was probably starving, because after eating the egg, he was far from full. But the porridge was still very hot. He could only hovered in the kitchen.

After the porridge cooled down, he gulped it and went filling the bowl with porridge again.

After Emma and Stony finished their meal, Emma came to kitchen to wash the dishes. She caught Jaquan eating with the pot in his arms. The moment the two of them saw each other, Jaquan was surprised. He paused for a while, then swallowed and said, 'Sorry, I was too hungry.'

This was the first time he saw her face. He had thought that she was a gorgeous woman, but she turned out to be rather plain. She was the kind of women who could never stand out in a crowd. He thought to himself, 'How handsome her husband must be to have such a beautiful child like Stony?'

Emma nodded and didn't say anything. She just put the dishes in the sink, washed her hands and went out.

Jaquan followed her and said, 'I'll pay for the breakfast. How much is it?'

Emma stopped and turned to look at him. She stretched out her fair hand and said, 'Five thousand.'

'It's daylight robbery!' Jaquan looked at her in surprise. 'I'm your boss's friend.'

Emma said blankly, 'Then don't go to the wrong room next time. See you.'

Jaquan was annoyed. If it weren't for the fact that she was a single mother, he would have already lost his temper.

With an angry look, he reached out his hand and stuck it on Emma's shoulder, 'Wait a minute...'

Stony had just came out of the room. ‘Mom, I’m leaving.’ As soon as he crossed the threshold, he caught sight of Jaquan. Then he greeted, ‘Good morning, Mr.. Jaquan.’

Jaquan put down his hand awkwardly. He walked a few steps and squatted down in front of Stony, asking, ‘Are you going to school?’

‘No, I go to school at 8:30. I’m going running now.’ Stony smiled at him, ‘I need to do exercise, because I will protect Mom after growing up.’

‘Your mother doesn’t need any protection at all.’ Jaquan said to himself inside. Then he looked up and glanced at Emma, who was looking at Stony gently with a caring aura.

‘Bye.’ Emma helped Stony with his coat, and then got up and closed the door, shutting Jaquan outside.

‘...’

Jaquan was so angry that he smashed the steering wheel after getting back to his car. Damn! It had been years since he had encountered such a difficult woman. How could such an ordinary woman talk to him like this?

Then he got a call from Arabella. He exhaled before answering the call, ‘Hello?’

‘Vincent is hosting a banquet tonight. Shall I go?’ Arabella asked, sounding struggling.

Jaquan checked the calendar and asked in confusion, ‘A banquet for what?’

‘To celebrate the butler’s birthday.’

‘...’

When did a butler’s birthday party deserve so much attention ?

Jaquan didn’t say anything. He began to think about Vincent’s motives behind this party. Randy and Vincent were the smartest among the fellow guys. Trevor was an exception, of course.

Arabella repeated the question, ‘Shall I go ?’

‘Go if you want.’ Jaquan looked at his wristwatch and started the car. He saw a small blister on the back of his hand and gritted his teeth.

Arabella asked, ‘Is she going ?’

Jaquan paused for a moment before finally figuring out her purpose. He said in a low voice, ‘I don’t know.’

‘I want her to go.’ Arabella said softly.

‘Why ?’

‘I want to know her, and what Vincent likes about her.’

After Jaquan hanged up the phone, he smashed the steering wheel again.

If there was right and wrong about love, he could talk about it with someone else. But now he could do nothing but hurt himself.

**

Emily woke up in the morning and was told by Susan that the Britts had been invited by the Scavos to the banquet. Elsie and Beverly were

prohibited from going out. So either Eliot or Maury would go, together with their female companion.

Emily suddenly remembered that Vincent had told her last night, 'I'll send someone to pick you up tomorrow night.'

Susan prepared several long dresses and gowns, asking, 'Miss Emily, which one do you like?'

'The white one.'

Susan took out the white dress and said, 'Miss Emily, your skin is white, you look good in any one of them.'

Emily stared at herself in the mirror and saw the bruise on her leg. She then said, 'The black one is better.'

Susan nodded and smiled. 'Not bad. In the black dress, you will look mature and graceful.'

Emily grinned slightly. Unfortunately, she found that ever since that nightmare, she was not innocent and happy anymore. She became indifferent, cold and no longer familiar with herself.

She couldn't even laugh from the bottom of heart.

Emily went downstairs for breakfast, not seeing Elsie and Beverly. She was told that they didn't come out from their rooms in the morning. Susan got Emily breakfast, after which, Emily went to the garden to count ants with Harold.

The butler and Susan looked at Emily in the hall and sighed, 'Miss Emily becomes even more beautiful.'

‘She is just a kid.’ The butler shook his head. ‘What if Miss Emily could recover from the illness!’

But no major hospital could cure her. So Susan couldn’t say anything in response. She just looked at Emily and Harold from afar and asked, ‘What do you think they were talking about?’

‘Ants. Miss Emily can look at ants for an hour.’

Susan sighed again. Then she went into the kitchen to clean the dishes. The butler sighed as he went into the warehouse.

After Emily saw the butler and Susan disappeared, she looked up at the balcony. After confirming that there was no one around, she whispered, ‘I’ll go to the Scavo’s tonight. He would ask me to stay there. I don’t know the reason, but I won’t be back for about a month or two.’

Harold held an ant in his palm and handed it to Emily, ‘OK.’

Emily used a twig to take the ant over, putting it on the ground. ‘Please take care of Sydnee. She may need your help from time to time.’

‘OK.’

After they finished speaking, Emily and Harold stood up. He gently said, ‘Miss Emily.’

Emily turned around and said, ‘Yes?’

Harold said seriously, ‘Take care of yourself.’

Emily nodded at him, ‘I will.’

In Elsie’s room on the second floor.

‘Mom, I haven’t gone shopping for almost a month! I’m going crazy!’

Beverly was smearing her neck. After hearing Elsie, she stopped and didn’t say anything.

She looked at Elsie and hesitated for a while, and then suggested, ‘How about we...’

Before Beverly could finish speaking, she was interrupted by Elsie, ‘Mom! I got a message from that person! He asked us to do something for him, and will pay us five million! Dad would be proud of us if we make it!’

Beverly put away the cream and walked to Elsie’s bed. ‘Don’t let them know about the money.’

Elsie asked in confusion, ‘Why?’

‘He is mean with you, and doesn’t deserve your help.’ Beverly asked.

‘But...’

‘Let’s figure out what that person wants us to do first.’ Beverly said.

Elsie nodded and stared at the phone. She checked the message, with her brows further furrowing.

Beverly asked, ‘What’s wrong?’

‘She asked me to take out the subsidiary agreement from my brother’s contract and throw it away.’ Elsie exhaled, ‘Mom, I can’t do this; otherwise, I’ll be beaten to death by my brother!’

Beverly took her phone away and read the message word by word. She could see nothing but the five million.

‘I agree with you.’

How could she not ask for something as a return after being treated that way by Maury?

Besides, Noah was in need of investment. This money came just in time.

After lunch, Emily painted in her room. The painting under her bed was too big. She hadn't have it framed until last night.

She was going to send it to Vincent as a present.

Recalling what Vincent said the night before yesterday, she smiled. Vincent was nothing like what the rumors said about him. The ring on her neck was even warmer, and she touched it.

She thought silently, ‘Vincent doesn't know that she's complaining about him, right?’

She paused for a second. Then, she took out a piece of paper. She drew the image of Vincent based on her memory about him last night. His thin lips and chin were hidden in the darkness. Half of his face was under the light and the other in the darkness. He looked both indifferent and cold. His black eyes were deep and emotionless.

She often drew with paint. But this time, she drew with a pencil. After drawing for nearly two hours, she stood up to stretch her body and got another glass of water.

Another hour passed. She was still drawing his eyes. She felt that she was not good enough to draw the essence of Vincent's eyes. She darkened the shadows, and then used her fingers to wipe it evenly.

Her phone was vibrating. It was Eliot's call. Emily turned on the speaker.

'I'm going to a banquet tonight. Put on a fancy dress and I'll pick you up later.'

Emily stopped and checked the time. It was already four o'clock in the afternoon. She tidied up all the pens and the painting. 'Eliot, I want to go to the supermarket.'

'What do you need? I can buy it for you.'

Emily remembered that her closet was full of clothes. So she instantly said, 'Eliot, I have already grown up, so I want to shop for myself.'

Eliot probably understood her meaning. He coughed softly and said, 'Alright. Then, I'll send a driver to pick you up.'

'Harold can send me there,' she muttered.

'OK.'

After hanging up the phone, Emily put on a windbreaker and went downstairs. Harold drove out of the garage. Not far from the door, she saw a car under a roadside tree.

It was a car of the Scavos which Harold had even driven before.

Emily whispered before getting out of the car, 'I'll take the opportunity to retrieve that painting. Then you send it directly to Vincent's room.'

Harold answered, 'Yes, Ma'am.'

She turned around and looked at the house of the Britts. After she was sure that she could not see the balcony here, she got into the car.

The driver greeted, 'Good evening, Miss Emily.'

'Good evening.'

Emily responded politely and then lay back in the back seat to think. She could not interfere with the matter of the Britts because of the current situation. She had to wait for Beverly to take the bait, and got the money needed; otherwise, the Britts would go bankrupt.

However, Beverly did not have any financial resources. How could she take the bait? Why did she have the courage to embezzle the public funds?

Only after the car stopped did Emily regain her senses. She looked out of the window and found that she was already at the gate of the Britts. She got off the car. Compared to other female companions in high heels, she was the only one who wore long skirts and sneakers.

The street lights were on. White mist shrouded the gate of the Scavos, making it look like a paradise.

Eliot called and told her to wait because he would arrive in five minutes. So Emily waited at the gate as he said. Many male guests sized her up but no one recognized her.

'Why are you standing here?' A female voice came from behind.

Emily turned around and saw that Arabella was dressed in a custom-made Chanel white dress, which completely outlined her

beautiful curves. She put on an exquisite makeup. She also wore a pair of earrings of flying swallows and a necklace of white jade pearls. She held an LV handbag in her hand. All of these made her look very exquisite.

Among all the famous brands, Emily could only recognize LV and its logo. She was not very familiar with Arabella. Although they had met twice, neither one went well. She was not sure if Arabella was talking to her.

She looked back and confirmed that she was the only one standing within a radius of three meters. Then, she smiled at Arabella and said politely, 'Hello.'

Arabella put her slender finger on her chin and looked at Emily, 'Waiting for Vincent? Let me take you in.'

Emily shook her head and said, 'I am waiting for Eliot.'

'You can wait inside. Otherwise, we will be stared by many people. When your brother comes, he can find you inside.' She paused for a moment. Then, she raised her slender eyebrows and asked, 'Are you afraid of me?'

Emily looked at her quietly for a while, then silently followed Arabella in.

Arabella took the lead and walked in. Many servants bowed to her respectfully and greeted, 'Miss Arabella, good evening.'

Many guests even addressed her as Miss Arabella and raised their glasses to greet her. Arabella was too brilliant. She was leading ahead, so she completely blotted out Emily. Meanwhile, Emily deliberately looked down, so less people noticed her.

Along the way, Arabella saw that everyone's gaze was on her. She looked back arrogantly at Emily who had a very low sense of presence. It made Arabella put on a faint smile.

They walked through the corridor to the side hall of the garden. There was only a chair at the round table. Arabella sat on it first. She crossed her legs and looked at Emily. She was extremely elegant, and her aura was much stronger than Emily's. This time, she just wanted to see Emily's reaction. But she didn't expect Emily to be expressionless. Emily just looked around. Probably she couldn't find a chair, so she leaned leisurely against the wall, putting one foot slightly against the corner. Her posture was indescribably cool.

'I heard that you screwed your sister badly.' Arabella stirred the coffee in her hand. She had sat here for a long time and couldn't wait to see Emily. She wanted to know what Vincent liked about her.

But now, she found that Emily wasn't outstanding. Except for not being stupid, she really couldn't find any other advantages. Her skin was a little fair. Her body was a little slim. And she was a little prettier than an ordinary woman.

However, Vincent was not a person who cared appearance. If he really cared, many beauties in City Y would have already pounced on him.

There must be something special about Emily that attracted Vincent.

'Just cut to the chase.' Emily did not pretend to be nice because it was useless to do in front of a woman who treated her as a rival in love. After all, Emily had met Jaquan before. If she was right, Jaquan was fond of Arabella.

Arabella took a sip of coffee. It was a little cold. She raised her slender eyebrows and looked at Emily. Suddenly, she smiled, 'When I was your age, I talked respectfully to people who were older than me. Do you just disrespect me or is this just the way you treat people?'

'You don't like me.' Emily stood up straight and walked a few steps along the round table. She looked into Arabella's eyes and asked bluntly, 'Is it useful for me to do so?'

This was the first time Arabella was stuck halfway of her words by a girl who was younger than her.

Arabella suppressed her anger and said gracefully, 'I'm just curious why Vincent chooses you.'

Emily listened quietly. After Arabella finished speaking, she looked at Arabella again. Her expression was still indifferent, as if she was not talking about herself, 'You should ask him about it, shouldn't you?'

'She did it on purpose!' Arabella thought.

Arabella had already asked Vincent in the hotel!

She had asked Vincent again on that stormy night at the Tea Manor!

'This little retard has been present twice, yet she deliberately said so!'

Arabella stood up angrily, but her good cultivation made her hold back her erupting anger. She stared at Emily and said word by word, 'Are you showing off?'

Emily turned around. Her clear eyes were filled with confusion and puzzlement, as if she didn't understand what Arabella was talking about.

Arabella clenched her fists, 'Vincent said he liked you. Are you so proud of it? Is this the reason why you don't respect me?'

Emily remembered a lot of things Sydnee had said in her previous life. She thought for a moment and said seriously, 'I won't lose myself for anyone's affection. Besides, Vincent is only a person.. He is not a god, so he has no right to command me whether to respect others or not.'

'You're too arrogant!' Arabella couldn't help but slap the table angrily. She pointed at Emily as her chest heaved in anger. 'How dare you say that about Vincent? You...!'

Emily squeezed out a smile at her, 'Arabella, I'm just a retard. I hope you'll forgive me if I say something wrong.'

She looked at the electronic watch. Eliot was probably about to arrive. Just as she tended to walk out, she heard a loud shout from behind, 'Stop!'

Arabella took a deep breath and tried her best to suppress the anger. She said, 'I ask you to come here because I have something to tell you. I want to see if you can still remain so calm after hearing it.'

Emily frowned slightly. She looked back and asked uncertainly, 'About Vincent?'

Arabella raised her eyebrows at Emily which seemed that she knew Emily would be interested in it. Arabella answered, 'Right.'

However, she was wrong.

Emily said calmly, 'Sorry, I don't want to know.'

Arabella provocatively asked, 'Are you afraid?'

Emily said solemnly, 'I hope he can tell me on his own initiative, not by others.'

'You!' Arabella was so angry that her face completely clouded over.

Emily had already walked to the door. Then she suddenly thought of something, so she turned around and waved to Arabella, 'Elsie, it's nice to chat with you. Goodbye.'

Arabella sat on the round table alone. She was so angry that she drank down all the coffee. It was too cold which made her expression a little ferocious. Her good cultivation prevented her from spitting it out. She could just kick the table leg angrily.

Meanwhile, there were four Guards sitting in the trees outside the garden.

After Arabella and Emily left the side hall, they shouted, 'Wow!'

Guard A said, 'I think the little Hulk's rank is really high. I underestimated her before.'

Guard B said, 'I finally know why Mr. Vincent asks us to follow her.'

Guard C asked, 'Why?'

Guard B said, 'He is not worried that the little Hulk will be pushed around at all. He just wants to let us see future Mrs. Britt's demeanor! Holy shit, she's really charming!'

Guard A said, 'The reason why Miss Arabella hasn't become our madam for so many years is clear now.'

Guard C asked, 'What is it?'

Guard B said, 'Are you stupid? Why do you keep asking? It's obviously that the little Hulk is much brilliant than her.'

Guard D said, 'I also don't think she looks like a teenage girl.'

Guard A had nothing to say.

Guard B said, 'I vaguely feel that what you said makes sense.'

Guard C asked again, 'What? Why is that reasonable?'

Guard B said, 'Please help me kick him down. I will pay fifty dollars for it.'

Bang!

Guard A and Guard D reached over their hands at the same time and said, 'Thank you.'

Guard B replied, 'I was just joking...'

Another Bang!

Guard C lay on the ground and asked Guard B who had just been kicked off, 'So why is that?'

Guard B was speechless.

When Emily came out, she met Eliot in the lobby. He was chatting with some guests, so Emily didn't walk over. She suddenly thought that this opportunity was very precious for Eliot.

In the past half a month or so, no one in City Y had invited the Britts to attend any banquets. However, Vincent did. Moreover, the butler and

servants who came and went were also very respectful to Eliot. This made the guests unconsciously show some respect to him.

Not far away, there were some sounds of discussion.

‘Hey, isn’t this the little retard of the Britts?’

‘Lower your voice! Don’t you see her brother standing there?’

‘Even her father, Maury Britt, can do nothing to me if he is here, let alone her brother.’

‘Tsk, it’s true though. The Britts is almost done. A few days ago, I saw Eliot working on a construction site.’

‘The dignified general manager personally worked on the construction site. And, his two younger sisters even hinder him...!’

‘Oh right, are you her sister’s classmates?’

Emily looked back at the group of people beside the pillar. She saw a few familiar faces among the group. They were Elsie’s college classmates. When they heard this, they looked in Emily’s direction with disdain. However, their gazes just happened to meet hers.

Men were afraid of losing face, so they showed Emily their middle fingers and angrily said, ‘Retard, what are you glaring at?’

A man came out from the side and grabbed their middle fingers on the spot. With a cracking sound, there was only howl echoed in the corridor, ‘Ah! My finger!’

Ferne wiped his hands and throw the handkerchief. He said to the bodyguard behind him, ‘They are too noisy. Get them out of here.’

Then he walked towards Emily. He smoothed his hair which seemed that he felt so good about himself. 'Emily, are you shocked?'

Eliot hurriedly ran over when he heard the commotion. He carefully sized up Emily to make sure she was fine. Then, he asked, 'What's going on?'

Emily did not say anything.

Ferne avoided the situation and said lightly, 'There are some goofballs who accidentally sprain their legs and shout like they are having a child.'

Eliot nodded and said, 'I see.'

Although he hadn't noticed what had happened here just now, he had clearly seen that the people who had been carried out by the bodyguards had all covered their fingers. He knew that Ferne liked taking violent actions when he was discontent. Eliot decisively didn't continue asking. He just touched Emily's head and said, 'Be good! If you are hungry, you can eat the buffet. I have something to talk to my friends. So I'll catch you later.'

Emily nodded to him.

As soon as Eliot left, Ferne raised his eyebrows conqueringly at her, 'Emily, don't thank me.'

Emily said calmly, 'I also have the same idea.'

Ferne was quite speechless.

'Darling, what are you doing here?' A woman wearing a cheongsam and sable fur tippet walked over. Emily couldn't describe her face. There wasn't any trace of wrinkles on her face which was like an ironed clothes. Her lips curved upwards which became a smile. Her forehead was full

and shiny. She was exquisite all over. But when all of these combined together, it looked quite stiff and weird.

It was just like her tone clearly sounded that she was a little angry, but there was a sweet smile on her face.

Emily shivered coldly and quietly moved a little away from them.

Ferne speechlessly moved to a place where there were fewer people.

‘What are you doing here? Didn’t I ask you to stay at home?’

‘You are in the hotel for 364 days a year. There is only one day left to go home but you spend to the banquet. I am your wife. Why don’t you go home to keep me company?’ the stiff-faced woman said angrily.

However, she still smiled beautiful when she said that. Her smile was very standard. One point more was too much, and one point less was too weak.

Ferne frowned. His handsome face was filled with irritation and embarrassment. ‘You’re the one who wants to get married and you made it happen. Why do you still keep complaining?’

When Emily was about to sneak away, she heard that the stiff-faced woman spoke again. She said, ‘Then let’s get a divorce.’

Emily looked up at Ferne and saw that he frowned as he checked his phone.

The stiff-faced woman asked, ‘Why don’t you say anything?’

Ferne didn’t even look up and said, ‘I’m checking the day when I am available.’

‘Ferne!’ The plastic-faced woman shouted angrily but still wore a smiling expression.

Ferne impatiently waved his hand, ‘Hurry back; otherwise, the wind would ruin your nose job.’

The plastic-faced woman’s expression stiffened again and again, ‘If you don’t like me this way, I am willing to change for you.’

‘Howe? Restore your appearance before the plastic surgery?’ Ferne sneered.

‘Or what else do you want me to do?’

Ferne raised his wrist and looked at his watch, ‘Let’s talk about it later. I’m busy now.’

The plastic-faced woman turned to Emily and said, ‘What are you busy with? I saw you with that bitch just now...’ She had noticed Emily a long time ago but couldn’t see what Emily looked like from afar. Now she realized that this girl looked very young. Emily was wearing a black dress which made her skin seem fair. She didn’t wear makeup. Her eyes were shining like grapes. Her lips were pink although she didn’t wear any lip gloss. It was her natural lip color! She even had a lip bead! She was too pretty to be a real person, delicate like an SD Barbie doll.

She glared at Emily in disbelief, then stepped forward to touch Emily’s face, ‘Which hospital did you have your cosmetic surgery?’

Emily froze.

Ferne directly pushed that woman into the arms of the bodyguard and ordered angrily, ‘Hurry up and take her away!’

Before the plastic-faced woman was taken away, she still waved her hand at Emily, 'Which hospital?! Is it in China? Or Korea?'

Emily, '...'

After that woman was taken away, the corridor immediately quieted down. Ferne turned around and looked at Emily. He covered his face and said with a headache, 'Fine, you can laugh at me as much as you want.'

He touched his hair irritably, 'I was forced to marry anyway. I didn't have any fun.'

Emily nodded.

Without hearing any response, he couldn't help but raise his head to look at her, 'What are you thinking about, Emily?'

Emily paused for a moment and then said, 'I thought that money would make people happy. When I saw you, I realized that it wasn't the case.'

'...'

Ferne covered his face and said, 'This is the most hurtful thing I've ever heard.'

'Just divorce her.' Emily used the words that plastic-faced woman said.

'...'

Ferne said helplessly, 'Emily, don't you know how to comfort others?'

'You need to be comforted?' Emily looked at him in puzzlement, 'I thought you would be happy if you divorced.'

Ferne, '...'

He was really grieved.

Randy waved his fan and walked over. The word 'powerful' on the fan covered half of his face, 'What are you two talking about?'

'Randy, hurry and save me.' Ferne hurriedly held Ferne's elbow and said, 'I'm going crazy!'

Randy put away his fan and smashed him with the handle, 'What's wrong? Your tigress came?'

'Okay, don't mention her.' Ferne felt a headache when he heard this. He turned around and saw a long and thin bloody scar on Randy's face. He asked in surprise, 'What's wrong with your face?'

'Forget it.' Randy touched his face in distress. 'I got a new player in the team. He played well in the game but he is too independent. He always refuses to follow the team. Damn it, I just touched his mouse today and he smashed me with his keyboard.'

'Holy shit, you didn't get mad?' Ferne was shocked.

Randy cared about his appearance a lot. Not to mention a bloody scar, anyone who tried to touch his face would be at risk of having their hands cut off.

Randy exhaled, 'He put the keyboard beside my face and said he would fight desperately with me.'

'...'

Ferne laughed gloatingly, 'Damn, diamond cut diamond.'

Randy took out a small mirror to look at his face and gritted his teeth in pain, 'If it weren't for his skill, I would have thrown him out long ago.'

'We began to talk about skills so quickly?' Ferne smiled evilly.

'Go away.'

After chatting for a while, the two of them found that Emily quietly went to the buffet area and she was eating a strawberry pie. Ferne patted his head and said, 'I almost forgot something serious.'

Randy looked around and asked casually, 'Where's Vincent?'

Ferne walked over to Emily and gallantly brought her a glass of fruit wine. Then, he said to Randy, 'Still fishing with Mr. Maury.'

Randy clicked his tongue but didn't say anything.

He just held his chin and thought about what Vincent needed Mr. Maury with.

Emily thought that Vincent would have a plan to keep her here but she didn't expect that he was still fishing so late at night. She asked in confusion, 'Where is he fishing?'

Ferne and Randy looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders as they said in unison, 'Pool.'

'...'

Ferne picked up a cherry to eat. He said unclearly, 'They are in a competition. Whoever catches one first can make a request.'

Emily felt it strange and asked, 'Is it difficult?'

Ferne winked at him, 'Emily, you'll know when you go take a look.'

After Arabella came out, she met someone familiar. She had a small chat with them and then walked towards Emily. From afar, she sees Ferne and Randy surrounded Emily. The three of them were staying together in harmony. What made her more irritated was that the girl had no intention of pleasing the other two people from the beginning. Seeing from afar, it was Ferne and Randy who were trying to please her.

But how was this possible!

Ferne was a rich second generation who owned a chain of hotels. Randy was a famous playboy in the e-sports field. Why did they please a retard? Even if this retard was not retarded, Arabella still couldn't accept such a consequence. That retard did nothing but got everything. Then what about everything she did for all these years? What did she do these things for?

Seeing the three of them leave, Arabella also followed close behind. But someone grabbed her to stop her.

She turned around and saw Jaquan. He hid his emotions and said, 'Arabella, don't do this. You should be like this.'

'Then how should I be like?' Arabella laughed but her eyes reddened, 'What do you think about me?'

Jaquan took a few steps forward and hugged her shoulders. He looked into her eyes and said, 'In my eyes, you've always been beautiful, generous, kind, and considerate.'

Arabella waved his hand away. Then she stared at him and asked, 'So, I can't get angry or unreasonable, right?'

Jaquan looked at her and didn't say anything.

'Get out of the way.' Arabella turned her face away with red eyes.

Jaquan held her again and said, 'I'll go with you.'

Arabella got away from his embrace. She didn't want Vincent to misunderstand after seeing this.

Jaquan seemed somewhat lonely but he still followed her step by step to protect her even if what he did wouldn't move her at all.

In the Scavo's, apart from the big pool in Vincent's room, there was also a huge open-air pool on the third floor. It was said that Mr. Maury swam across the Yangtze River by himself when he was young. Later on, as his age grew, he didn't dare to do something like this again so he built a huge pool on the third floor. He would swim there all year around.

When Emily and the others went up, they saw two leather sofa chairs placed right in front of the giant swimming pool. In the middle, there was a transparent round coffee table with tea and fruits on it.

Under each of their feet, there was a fishing rod, which stretched towards the swimming pool. Swimming in the pool was an octopus.

'....'

The moment Emily saw the octopus, her expression changed. Through the clear water, she could see that there was no bait on the hook.

What was wrong? Emily thought to herself.

When Rolando heard the movement behind him, he turned around and saw a few people kicking the sofa chair beside him. ‘Kid, your friends are here, and they even brought a girlfriend.’

Ferne hurriedly explained, raising his hand, ‘I am married.’

Randy covered half of his face with a fan and said, ‘I’m completely besotted with Vincent.’

At the age of 70, Rolando was old but vigorous, and energetic as ever. When he heard this, he immediately waved to Emily and smiled kindly, ‘Gal, come over and be my granddaughter-in-law.’

Emily smiled sweetly, ‘Alright.’

Rolando’s face was full of wrinkles as he smiled. ‘Kid, I’ve got a wife for you. Come over, let’s see if you’re satisfied or not.’

At this time, Vincent finally tilted his head and looked over. He collapsed on the sofa, dressed in ink outfit. He looked dark all over, but his eyes were especially bright.

With a faint smile, he said in a low, mellow voice, ‘Well, she’s not bad.’

Rolando couldn’t help but sit up. He turned around to look at Ferne and Randy, and then he took a look at Emily. With his expressions changed, he couldn’t help but kick Vincent’s sofa chair. ‘What happened to you, brat? Are you possessed?’

He went on a blind date last month, only to find that no one was to his liking among so many women he had seen. Not only that, rumor had it that he was a gay. He couldn’t believe that he was happy with the girl who he randomly pointed to him.

He must be possessed.

Restless, Rolando stood up to his feet, feeling that the kid was scheming something. Every time this brat spoke properly, nothing good would happen.

Without replying, Vincent waved at Emily, 'Come here.'

It was not until Emily approached him that she realized that the light was reflected from the pool instead of from his eyes.

As she had just walked to Rolando's side, he suddenly stood up, slipped and fell straight into the pool. Ferne and Randy, however, stood motionless like scarecrows. Vincent, who also sat on the sofa leisurely, didn't change his expression at all. He was dressed in ink and his outfit was merged with the black leather sofa, making his face look even colder. He looked at Emily like that and then gave her a look.

Emily jumped down. The water in the pond was warm. When the octopus saw someone coming, it also rushed over and hung on her.

Emily drew Rolando up high. Ferne and Randy finally made a move by bringing a towel over to wrap Rolando, instead of doing nothing.

Vincent, however, took a towel and wrapped it around Emily, covering her in front of his chest. As he wiped her wet black hair, he picked up the octopus on her skirt and threw it into the bucket beside her.

Ferne applauded, 'Congratulations, Vincent! You won!'

Randy said, raising his eyebrows at him, 'Well, congratulations.'

Rolando blushed and angrily changed the topic, 'Who just stabbed me?'

Vincent looked over and said in a low voice, 'Old man, she saved you.'

At this point, Rolando said to Emily with great confidence, 'Little girl, if it weren't for you, I would have swum back two laps by now,' he sneezed as he spoke.

Emily was lost for words.

Rolando was a little embarrassed that he lost face in front of a few juniors, but he had no choice but to keep his promise. 'Hey, wait a moment. Since you've picked up the fish, I can promise you one thing. I'll meet you as long as I can do it.'

Although he admitted defeat, he was unwilling to lose face in front of his grandson, so he was saying that to Emily.

Emily asked seriously, 'Grandfather, can I live here?'

'...'

Rolando was stunned for a moment and asked, 'Who are you going to stay with?'

Vincent picked up a strand of wet hair on Emily's cheek and looked at Rolando. He said, 'With me.' His voice was calm but loud.

'...'

In a daze, Rolando looked at Ferne and then he took another look at Randy. Then, he carefully sized up Emily and shifted his gaze to Vincent. He asked with astonishment, 'Hey, is this girl an adult?'

Emily obediently replied, 'Yes.'

Rolando was so shocked that he stuttered, 'Have you tidied up the room?'

'Stay in my room.' After Vincent finished speaking, he held Emily in his arms and walked to the second floor through the straight passage beside the pool.

'...'

Rolando took a deep breath and reached out his hands. 'Ferne, give me a hand,' he said.

Ferne and Lao Qi hurriedly held him up, and the old man trembled as he said, 'Why did he, he suddenly realize that? Am I about to die?'

'...'

Jaquan and Arabella, who were standing at the door saw the scene. Arabella suddenly smiled and said, 'Did you see that? I can't believe he let Mr. Rolando fall into the pool for that retard...'

She could not continue finishing her words with tears in her eyes.

Holding her in his arm, Jaquan said, 'Arabella, forget about that.'

'What?' Arabella pushed him away and complained, tears falling down her face, 'Why did he do that? This isn't Vincent I've known...'

Jaquan coldly stated, 'This is Vincent.'

'No, you're lying! It's not him!' Arabella beat his chest and said, 'Vincent does everything openly!'

Jaquan suddenly grabbed her hand. 'Is there a difference? Mr. Rolando knows that. Everyone knows that except you! Vincent likes her, so he is willing to do anything for her!'

Hearing his words, Arabella slapped him, 'Stop!'

She ran out crying.

Jaquan rubbed his face and looked in the direction where she had left. The tip of his tongue felt his cheek and he said, 'You should hit me harder so that I don't have feelings for you.'

He came out and saw Armando standing at the corner of the third floor, scratching his head awkwardly. 'I didn't see anything. I didn't see anything,' he explained.

Jaquan patted his shoulder and said to himself before he left, 'Randy is right. I'm just an idiot.'

Armando couldn't help but nod his head, and then suddenly shook his head as if he woke with a start. He was trying to comfort him, but he ended up saying, 'Do you want to buy a painting?'

Jaquan turned around and asked, 'Painting?'

Armando turned on his phone. The pictures in the private room of Ferne's Hotel were showed on his phone. The last page was a note about the card number.

'...'

The corridor on the second floor of the Scavos was about several hundred meters long, which was comparable to that of a hotel. When Emily came over last time, she didn't pay much attention to it. This time, she was led

walking down the corridor by Vincent's hand. She finally got the chance to observe it carefully. There were night pearls one after another hanging above her head, dark grey carpet beneath her feet, and black and golden characters engraved on the wall. Emily did not recognize those words. What she saw was a wall full of them, shining faintly under the lights of the night pearls.

Vincent stopped in front of a door. The moment his finger touched the door, it clicked open.

Emily walked in behind him. It was a room in cool colors. The bed, sheets, carpets and curtains are all grey and black. The open balcony door, the seeping floor lights and the glistening ripples in the pool, all reminded Emily of the day she was reborn.

Vincent snapped his fingers and the lights in the room lit up. It was dim at first, then slowly grew brighter. Emily also noticed a picture hanging on the wall in the luminous room.

The dark blue sky was filled with myriads of flickering stars, dancing quietly in the dark like fireflies. They flew across the Milky Way, across the galaxy, and soared in the universe.

It gave her great praise and encouragement as Vincent was willing to hang the painting of an amateur artist like her on the wall. She turned around and smiled sincerely at Vincent, 'I forgot to say thank you.'

Vincent looked at her and said, 'That's it?'

Emily stood on tiptoe, but did not kiss him. Instead, he kissed his chest through his black shirt, where she had stabbed him.

The man's breathing stopped for a moment and his eyes darkened.

Emily gave him a sly smile and raised her eyebrows at him. Then, she stroked her lips slowly with her thumb. Although she was still young, this action was less charming but it was somehow more attractive to him.

Vincent reached out and pinched her chin, 'Where did you learn it from?'

'From TV.' Emily blinked, 'Don't you like it?'

Vincent exhaled and let go of her, 'Go take a bath.'

Emily wanted to say more. She glanced down and caught a glimpse of something, and she immediately turned around and went into the bathroom.

Vincent still got a few drops of water on him. He pressed the button on the wall and activated the built-in dressing room. There was a row of pure black shirts, he randomly picked one and then took off his shirt.

Before he could button up his clean shirt, a voice came from behind him.

Vincent turned around and saw a white figure standing at the door. Arabella stood there, eyes went red. When she saw Vincent's shirt open, revealing his sinewy chest and solid abdominal muscles, she forgot to cry. Then, she stepped forward obsessively and reached out to him.

'Get out.' Vincent frowned and looked away. He began to button up his shirt.

Arabella had already walked in front of him. Her heart sank deeply. She heard the sound in the bathroom and saw Vincent half naked. She immediately realized something and questioned him angrily, 'You slept with her, right?'

Vincent's hands stopped. He swept his grim gaze past her. 'Not that fast yet.'

Hearing this, Arabella finally eased up a bit, but she still couldn't bear the thought that Emily was in his room and even took a bath in his bathtub. She had lost her mind, 'Why on earth do you like her?'

Vincent changed into a pure black coat and ignored her.

'Vincent! Just tell me the reason!' Arabella walked up to him, weeping, 'As long as you tell me the reason, I'll be out of your hair!'

'I want to sleep with her.' Almost at the same moment she finished speaking, the man's low-pitched voice came out.

Arabella was stunned, 'What?'

She thought that she had misheard. How could Vincent say such vulgar words? However, a strange feeling arose inside her. He had refreshed her knowledge of him. This new understanding made her choked up with emotions.

The Vincent she knew was an indifferent and abstinent man, so she never linked him with sex. However, this abstinent man expressed his own desire, which made Arabella astonished but also feel a great sense of grievance.

Why it couldn't be her? Why she was not the one he wanted to sleep with...

Clearly she had a better figure than that retard and was better looking, and her height matched him better. She walked step by step towards the man and reached out to him with her trembling hand. 'Vincent, let me try.'

The bathroom door was suddenly opened. Emily walked out with a bath towel wrapped around her. She forgot to take her clean clothes so she could only cover her body with a towel. She heard someone talking outside when she was taking the bath but she did not expect that she would be seeing this scene in front of her when she came out.

As for Arabella, she leaped to her feet while Vincent was looking at Emily. Vincent tilted his head and dodged, and the kiss landed on his throat.

Vincent frowned, his eyes revealed his disgust. He pushed Arabella away coldly, 'Get out, Arabella, this is the last time.'

Arabella staggered and fell to the ground. Her face turned even paler when she heard him.

She looked at Emily. The girl had just finished her shower. Her fair skin was glowing in pink by the hot bath and with a pair of dewy and clear eyes. She did not see any emotions in her eyes. The girl was not furious, not jealous, nor was even frowning.

She remembered not long ago in the side hall of the garden, what this teenage girl had said - 'I will not lose myself because of anyone. Besides, Mr. Vincent is just a human. He is not god, and he has no right to ask me to respect others.'

Arabella slowly stood up from the ground. She wiped away her tears and sniffed, and asked Emily, 'I just know that you are a retard, but I still don't know your name.'

Although Emily didn't know exactly what they talked about, one thing she could be sure was that Arabella was rejected by Vincent again and she witnessed that awkward moment. She was wondering that Vincent's

gloomy and terrifying expression was because he got disturbed or he didn't like being touched by Arabella.

When she heard Arabella, she turned her head to look at her. Although she was in an awkward position, her noble temperament was not weakened. Her courage to love and hate was very admirable. Emily thought for a while and replied solemnly, 'Emily Britt.'

Arabella later looked at Vincent, she squeezed out a smile, and then looked at Emily again, 'I got it now.'

She seemed to have sprained her ankle, and was limping out against the wall.

Outside the door, one guard carefully reached out his hand and closed the door.

Emily walked to the bedside, she picked up a clean new skirt, turned around and was heading to the bathroom. All of a sudden, her hands were gripped by the man.. She turned around and met the man's deep black eyes.

Vincent stared at her for a moment. After a long while, he let go of her disappointedly, 'Go.'

Emily, on the other hand, reached out and wiped his neck.

As his body stiffened, she stood on tiptoe and kissed his throat, biting him slightly.

There seemed to be a string in Vincent's head that just broke. He came to himself and immediately locked her in his arms. He held the back of her head and kissed her. His reaction was totally different from when

Arabella kissed his throat just now. The moment Emily nibbled at his throat, he wanted to crush the girl in front of him right away.

Emily unconsciously let out a muffled moan. The man's kiss was too fierce and violent, reminding her of the time at Tea Manor, when she was blindfolded, she could only sense her intense heartbeat and rough breathing.

Their breath entwined.

The towel fell to the ground. The man held the girl's slender waist and with a little effort, he left a red mark on her fair skin. He tilted his head and kissed the girl on the shoulder. He said in a husky voice, 'Go get dressed.'

Emily replied, 'Alright.'

After a few seconds, Vincent lowered his head and looked at her, 'Why are you still not leaving?'

Emily moved her body, 'You have to put me down first.'

'...'

The guards who were eavesdropping by the door said, 'Ah!!! I can keep up! Don't stop!'

On the other side, Arabella limped out and met Jaquan in the hallway, along with Ferne, Armando, and Randy, as well as a group of guards.

Seeing Arabella walked out with difficulty, Jaquan was about to step forward when Randy stopped him by tightly grabbing his shoulder.

Ferne asked worriedly, 'What happened to our Miss Arabella? Are you hurt?'

Arabella nodded and looked at Jaquan through Ferne, 'I accidentally twisted my ankle.'

When Jaquan's gaze met hers, he knew at once that she needed him, so he shook off Randy's grip and immediately walked up to Arabella, supporting her arm. 'Does it hurt? I'll take you to the hospital.'

Arabella didn't refuse and nodded goodbye to Ferne and Randy.

As soon as the two of them left, Randy swore angrily, 'Damn it! This idiot! I've already told him that he has to be indifferent to her at first, then after a few days passionately show his care to her and ignore her again. I'm sure he can take her down in such a cycle. But look at him, he can't even bear for a while!'

Ferne rubbed his chin. 'I think that you're right, but I still don't believe you. Look, apart from Armando, who is a celibatarian, and Jaquan, who is a simp, you're the only old man left here with unknown sexual orientation. You are a single old man, what qualifies you to be a relationship counselor?'

'Unknown sexual orientation?' Randy gritted his teeth, 'I like women with big boobs and butts!'

'You just told Mr. Maury that you are crazy about Vincent.' Ferne reminded.

Randy suddenly speechless '...'

In the banquet hall.

When Sydnee came in from outside, she saw the butler cutting a cake nearly as tall as him, with a Korean heart-shaped birthday hat with a pompom on his head and was surrounded by children. Someone was dancing in the middle of the dance floor. A group of young men and women were flirting in the corridor. The whole hall was pervaded by a romantic atmosphere.

She came here today to give something to Emily. It took her two days to get them. Before she came, she called Harold, but he had already returned to the Britt's and couldn't come out again. She had no choice but to come to the Scavo's in person. If she saw Emily, she could just give her the key directly. The property ownership certificate she had already locked in a cabinet.

Unexpectedly, she was soon noticed by her college classmates as well as the seniors who had graduated.

'Sydnee Dickerson, why did you come to this banquet?' A female classmate looked at her suspiciously, 'Mr. Vincent invited you? No way?'

Sydnee also felt weird. As soon as she got out of the car, she was shown into the banquet hall before she could explain that she was uninvited. The person who led her seemed know her.

She didn't respond, just looked around. Emily was not here, but she saw her brother, Eliot Britt.

Being ignored by Sydnee, her classmates felt annoyed and deliberately bumped her shoulder, 'Hey, we are talking to you. What are you looking? What? You don't even bother to talk to us, do you?'

Sydnee had always been solitary at college. Many people didn't like her, but it wasn't that they didn't appreciate that. It was because none of them could be like her, which made them resent her and wanted to destroy her. It was jealousy.

Polite manners and elegant behaviors were the Dickerson family's values and education. Being raised up in a family like this, Sydnee conducted herself with grace. Her nobleness and elegance were from the inside out. No one could do that, so they just envied her secretly and made fun of her.

'Speaking of money, how much longer can your family rely on that store of yours?'

'I heard that it's going to close down soon. It's losing money, right?'

'You haven't been to school lately. Are you doing a part-time job at night?'

They laughed loudly. There was no need to ask them what they mean by a part time job at night. Sydnee ignored them and walked forward. However, someone tugged at her sleeve and said, 'Hey, isn't that Mr. Marquise?'

This person shouted loudly. Marquise heard the noise and looked over. His eyes swept randomly at the crowd and saw Sydnee at once. His eyes lit up. He took a quick sip of wine with others, excused himself and walked over.

Sydnee was a little anxious. She immediately tried to pull back her sleeve said, 'Let go!'

The female student sneered, 'Hey, Sydnee, Mr. Marquise seems to like you. Now that he and Elsie are done. You have a chance.'

While they were talking, Marquise had already stood in front of them. He drank a lot wine and his eyes were slightly red. He walked towards Sydnee and asked her fondly, 'Are you looking for me?'

'Holy shit, Mr. Marquise, you are quite capable! You refused Elsie, and there is Miss Arabella of the Dickerson's waiting for you! How impressive!' The crowd laughed loudly.'

Marquise was drunk. He couldn't tell whether they were truly admiring him or they were just being sarcastic. He just knew that they were flattering him, so he immediately waved his hands and chuckled, 'It was nothing.'

Sydnee was inwardly furious, but was calm outwardly. She said to Marquise, 'Mr. Marquise, I'm sorry, I didn't come here for you. If you don't mind, I have to leave now.'

Marquise reached out his hand to stop her, 'Hey, why leaving so soon?'

Sydnee avoided his contact. Their unfriendly gaze made her sick. Everyone was making a fool of her, and their gazes were like thorns stuck in her.

'Are you still angry?' Marquise reached out to hold her hand, 'Elsie is too malicious. She set me up. Look, I didn't marry her. Such a wicked woman is not qualified to be in my family. Sydnee, the person I want to marry is you.'

Sydnee shook off his hand and said coldly, 'Mr.. Marquise, you're drunk.'

'No.' Marquise looked at her and suddenly became affectionate, 'Listen to me. Really, the first time I see you, I have the feeling that we must

have been married and have lived together in our previous life. Every time I return home, I would think of you when I see the empty house.'

The mocking voices of the surrounding people stopped for a while. But when they heard this, they burst into even louder laughter.

Sydnee glared at Marquise and saw him continue even more obsessively. 'We have a child. Every day, you would play with the child in the living room. You would teach him how to sing and how to read. This dream is too real. I feel like it happened.'

'Are you finished?' Sydnee asked coldly.

'Finished.' Marquise suddenly knelt on one knee and said, 'Sydnee, marry me. I will definitely treat you well. I swear, I will use my life to give you a happy life. I didn't prepare a ring, but don't worry, I will definitely give you a grand proposal ceremony.'

Sydnee interrupted him coldly, 'Mr. Marquise, I have a boyfriend.'

'Who?' Marquise suddenly woke up from his drunkenness and stared at her with a frightening look, 'Tell me, who is it?'

As Sydnee thought about whether she should call Harold, a male voice came from behind her, 'Me.'

Then, an arm fell on her shoulder.

Sydnee tilted her head slightly and saw half of Eliot's face. Eliot and Emily were not at all alike, but there was one thing in common that both of them were very attractive. From an early age, Emily was beautiful, just like an exquisite doll. Eliot was the white-shirted senior in the eyes of many schoolgirls. Sydnee still remembered seeing Eliot's picture on the web page for the first time. He dressed in a white shirt, with the

sleeves half rolled. He was lowering his head to read a book in the library, while the breeze blew up his tousled hair in front of his forehead. He extended his hand to block the wind and the fine sunlight passing through his fingers shone down. He squinted and looked up. The scene was shot, and the picture was kept as the phone wallpaper by lots of schoolgirls.

Marquise pulled a long face, 'Eliot, what do you mean?'

'Nothing.' Eliot held Sydnee's hands and pulled her closer.

Marquise suddenly pulled apart their tied hand angrily, 'She is mine!'

Eliot held Sydnee and took a few steps back. He had lost a lot of weight these past few days. The great changes in his family had deprave him of naïve appearance in a short period of time, but in an instant, turned him into a mature and steady man. His face was tired, but his eyes were especially energetic. He looked at Sydnee and said, 'Please tell him which one you will choose.'

Sydnee looked into Eliot's eyes and didn't know how to respond.

Although she didn't want to get involved with anyone, the person in front of her was Emily's brother. She hesitated for a few seconds before squeezing into Eliot's arms.

Seeing this scene, Marquise was blue in the face and then he sneered at Eliot, 'You don't need to get yourself involved in this matter for your sister. Do you know what kind of rules the Dickerson family has? The Dickersons won't forgive you just for your simple excuse of having a misunderstanding.'

Eliot also smiled. His skin had been tanned recently, and his face presented a healthy wheat color. He said lightly to Marquise, 'Don't mind the business of Sydnee and me.'

‘If you’re unhappy with me, fine, let’s go out and have a fight. You can hit me until you are happy.’ Marquise felt vexed.

Eliot probably wanted to have a fight with him. As soon as Marquise finished speaking, Eliot lifted Marquise’s collar and walked out the door. Sydnee was stunned. She didn’t know whether to help Eliot or stop them from fighting each other. She could only send a message to Emily, ‘Eliot and Marquise had a fight!’

Many people rushed to the door and watched the fight.

Eliot pinned Marquise down to the ground and beaten him up. Every time Eliot beaten up, Marquise shouted, ‘Hit hard! Good! Good!’

Sydnee couldn’t help but wonder if Marquise was crazy.

Eliot angrily punched him again, ‘Marquise, I treat you as a friend. What did you do to my sister? She’s a girl, but you made her so embarrassed...’

The Marquise smiled on the ground, with blood all over his face. ‘I knew it. You must be doing this for your sister. Hit me! Hit hard! As long as you give vent to your anger, you will be satisfied. I won’t cause any trouble for you!’

‘You scum!’ Eliot roared angrily, ‘I really want to kill you!’

The entrance was crowded with people. There were many spectators and also those people who were about to stop the men from fighting, but they were stopped by Marquise. ‘Don’t stop him! Let him vent his anger! I owe him!’

Marquise's face was covered in blood. Eliot lowered his head and whispered, 'You like Sydnee, don't you? Let me tell you, there's no way. She's mine.'

'Eliot, screw you!' Marquise widened his eyes.

Eliot punched him again, knocking Marquise unconscious.

The bodyguards of the Buckley family all rushed over and surrounded Eliot. The Scavo family's security guards and bodyguards also surrounded Eliot. Eliot was like a man who bathed in blood. His white suit was stained with blood. Blood was still dripping from the joints of his right hand, and it was difficult to tell if it was Marquise's blood or his.

He stepped over Marquise and stood up. Suddenly, he was stunned when he saw the hall. The crowd could not help but follow his gaze and look towards the hall.

At the corner of the second floor, a tall man in a pure black suit stood there. He went downstairs slowly. He was desperately handsome, but he wore a cold and arrogant look, which kept a distance from the ordinary people. Then he stopped and gazed at the crowd. His eyes were cold as the icy-cold equipment.

It was Vincent!

The crowd quieted down strangely.

Everyone stared at him until a girl in white dress appeared. A girl was about seventeen or eighteen years old, and she wore a pure white dress with the long hair hanging down. She had palm-sized face, a pair of clear and clean eyes and rosy lips. She had fair white skin, as if she was glowing. Her beauty had grasped everyone's heart.

Everyone was silent for a moment, and then there was a heated discussion.

‘Holy shit! Isn’t this the little retard from the Britt family?’

‘Retard ... She is so beautiful?’

‘I always feel like I’ve seen this scene somewhere before...’

‘Nonsense! Have you forgotten the Scavo family’s banquet last time?’

‘Holy shit, I remember that!’

‘Oh My Gosh! Is this really that little retard from the Britt family?’

The bodyguards of the Buckley family carried Marquise and walked out of the door when the crowd was dazed.

Not far away, Kamron, who had been watching the fight, was also stunned as he saw the scene. He nudged the bodyguard beside him and asked, ‘Is that the little retard of the Britt family?’

The bodyguard nodded, ‘Yes, it’s her.’

Kamron was dumbfounded.

The bodyguard asked, ‘What’s wrong?’

‘It’s her.’ When Kamron saw that face, he involuntarily clenched his legs and felt distressed, ‘That disgusting girl.’

The bodyguard was speechless.

Mr. Kamron had betted that if the news about Vincent and the retard of the Britt family was true, he would kill himself Should he remind Mr. Kamron of the promise ?

Kamron stared at Emily in disbelief. Since she was Vincent's girlfriend, why would she hit him ? Was it Vincent's intention ?

No, that was impossible.

If Vincent was unhappy with him, he would never let a woman take actions.

Moreover, he remained a tie with that person, so why would Vincent take an action against him ?

Kamron thought about that again and again but could not find an answer. Then he stood there and stared fixedly at Emily. Although the girl was a little violent, she was really a beauty. Just as he was looking at her, he met Emily's cold gaze. She took a very quick glance at him and didn't stop, as if she had scanned through a row of ordinary tea sets. There was not the slightest hint of sentiment in her eyes.

Kamron's heart was suddenly stirred, and he felt an undefined vexation and depression.

The butler walked out, with a birthday hat on his head. Behind the butler was a row of bodyguards. They stood in front of Eliot. The butler said, 'Mr. Eliot, we don't care about the fight between you and Mr. Marquise. However, the fight happened at the Scavo's. If the Buckleys come to blame us, we will still give an explanation.'

Eliot nodded, 'I'm sorry.'

Many people knew that Marquise and he used to be classmates in university. Although the two of them weren't particularly close friends, they still had a quite good friendship. Eliot had probably been angry for too long because Marquise hurt his sister, so he couldn't help but let out his anger today.

The butler smiled, 'Mr. Eliot is too serious. What I said just now is not to accuse you, but to tell you that we will handle the matter properly, since it happened in the Scavo's. You need not worry too much.'

Eliot was slightly stunned. He raised his head and saw Vincent's assistant Rex walk out. Rex said, 'Mr. Eliot, thank your sister very much for saving Mr. Rolando in the pool. He likes Miss Emily very much, so he intends to keep her in the Scavo's for a few more days. He just asked Miss Emily for her consent, and she agreed. Do you see...?'

The crowd had a more heated discussion.

'What? That little retard from the Britt family saved Mr. Rolando?'

'Isn't Mr. Rolando a famous swimmer?'

'Perhaps he's too old to swim?'

'How can a man who swims across the Yangtze River drown himself in the pool?'

'Leg cramp?'

'I find that you are too jealous to admit that Mr. Rolando was saved by a little retard. But this is the truth. If you don't believe that, there is nothing you can do.'

The crowd felt that this person's words were reasonable, so they turned around and nodded at him. When they turned around, they saw Ferne, Armando and Randy standing behind them.

‘...‘

Ferne grinned at them, ‘Stop looking, or I'll tear your eyeballs out and eat with liquor.’

‘...‘

The crowd trembled and left.

Eliot personally taught Emily swimming, but he never taught her how to save people. He only taught her how to protect herself, and even told her not to save a drowning person, no matter who was young or old and woman or man.

Eliot looked at Emily from afar and felt that there was something different about his sister. He had known everything she did, including what she was thinking, but he didn't know when there seemed to be a distance between her and him. For example, at this moment, he stood far away and couldn't understand what she was thinking.

Emily, dressed in a white dress, walked down the stairs. When she passed by the table, she took a white towel. Everyone held their breath as she walked straight to Eliot and wiped the blood off his hands with the towel.

‘Eliot, don't fight in the future, okay?’ She lowered her head and spoke in a soft voice.

Eliot took the towel and wiped his hands. Blood dried up on the back of his palm. He raised his hand to touch her head but stopped when he saw the blood in his hands.

He just replied, 'Alright.'

Pausing for a moment, he raised his head to look at Vincent and then looked at Emily, 'Emily, do you like this place?'

Emily nodded.

What Eliot really wanted to ask is whether Emily was afraid of Vincent or not.

He had clearly warned her that Vincent was a jackal that didn't spit out bones. But he was standing in the Scavo's and just had a fight with Marquise. At this moment, he could only force a smile, 'Okay.'

He suddenly recalled that Emily was sent back by Mr. Vincent after the banquet of the Scavo family last time. Later, on Elsie's birthday banquet, Vincent appeared on Emily's balcony. And then ... the two of them came down together.

He had too many questions to ask, but he suppressed his curiosity. He only whispered to Emily, 'Alright, live here for a few days. When do you miss home? I will take you home.'

Emily nodded, 'I know.'

The butler asked some servants to clean up the bloodstains on the ground. Rex asked Eliot to go to the lounge and bandaged the wound. Eliot looked at the back of his hand and said, 'I am okay. It is not serious.'

This was the second time that Emily had stayed outside overnight, apart from staying in the countryside to catch fireflies. But this was not the countryside, and there were no fireflies here either. Eliot didn't understand why Emily had agreed to stay here. Just because of Mr. Rolando's hospitality?

Mr. Matthew's attitude towards Emily had always been tepid. Did Emily also long for Grandpa's love?

Thinking of this, Eliot's attitude finally softened a little. He said to Emily, 'I will go back first. Take good care of yourself. If you are unhappy, you must call Eliot. No matter how late it is, Eliot will answer it.'

Emily nodded, 'I will.'

Eliot looked so wistful as he went away.

Sydnee quickly stuffed the key into Emily's hand when there was no one beside Emily, and she hurriedly said, 'Keep it.'

Then she also left.

When she arrived at the entrance, Sydnee found that Eliot hadn't left yet. He was standing at the door of his car, with his eyes fixedly staring at the door. When he found it was Sydnee, Eliot was obviously a little disappointed. Then, he hid his emotions again.

Sydnee was also a little embarrassed when she saw Eliot. She didn't expect that he hadn't left yet, so she could only nod and smile as a greeting. Then, she got in the car.

Eliot wasn't an imprudent man. However, because of the affairs of the company and Elsie, he hadn't slept well for a long time. He knew that

Marquise would definitely attend Vincent's banquet. Both of them deliberately avoided meeting each other.

Unexpectedly, the bastard Marquise had just broke up with Elsie, and immediately he began to court Miss Sydnee of the Dickerson family. The entire Britt family was in deep trouble because of Elsie. Father and mother hadn't talked with each other for a long time, and the family members hadn't even had a meal at the same table. Eliot couldn't suppress his anger after seeing the disgusting face of Marquise.

The cold wind calmed him down. Eliot suddenly regretted that he had get some innocent people involved.

He watched Sydnee's car drive away before sitting in his own car.. Forget it, he would spare time to apologize in the future.

After Eliot left, Ferne held his chin and thought, 'Have you noticed that Eliot's attitude towards Emily ... is... a little ...?'

Ferne frowned coquettishly, but Armando didn't understand. Armando just asked, 'So? What's wrong?'

Randy stared at the phone and pondered, ignoring the conversation between the two of them.

Ferne could only express himself bluntly, 'It's a little strange.'

'Why?'

'Don't you feel that they are too intimate?' Ferne pinched his throat and imitated Eliot's words, 'You must call Eliot. No matter how late it is, Eliot will answer...'

After saying that, he trembled and felt embarrassed.

Armando asked, 'Isn't it good to be intimate?'

'Emily is his father's illegitimate daughter. No matter what, she should be rejected by Eliot.' Ferne continued, 'Besides, it's heard that Eliot is not so kind to Elsie, but he is very kind to the stupid sister. Hey, Randy, what are you doing? Hurry up and join our chat. The fool Armando can't keep up with my thoughts.'

Armando was speechless.

Randy flirted his fan aggressively, 'Damn it, that new recruited player broke my record. I can't bear that. I have to go back and create a new record.'

Ferne pulled him, 'Aren't you afraid that he will give a punch in your face again?'

'I don't fear that. Don't stop me. Even if I stay up late tonight, I will break his record! My god!' Randy threw away Ferne's hand without turning back.

'A game maniac.' Ferne sneered and looked at Armando, 'Okay, it's better for us to continue our chat.'

Armando took a few steps back silently, 'I have something to do, so I have to leave first.'

'Shit ...' Ferne grabbed him, 'What is it?'

Armando replied, 'Janessa is back.'

Ferne covered his eyes and said, 'Scram.'

This bunch of unreliable brothers, damn it, how should he get through the long night ?

**

After he sent Arabella to the hospital, Jaquan asked an acquaintance to help Arabella remove blood stasis. Arabella could not bear the pain and cried out continually, which embarrassed Jaquan. He could not help but rub his nose, 'I'm going out to smoke a cigarette.'

At the window of the corridor, after smoking a cigarette, he was about to enter the ward when he heard Arabella's sorrowful cry. He walked along the corridor to the nurse's station.

Three nurses were chatting behind the nurse's counter. 'Why does the woman cry so miserably ? People may wonder if the woman is giving birth to a baby if they don't know the situation.'

'I just took a look. It seems that the woman sprains her ankle.'

'It's true that a delicate woman has a good life now.'

'That's right. She just sprained her ankle and her boyfriend sent her over in a hurry. Look at the woman in emergency room. What a big difference!'

'What happened to the woman in emergency room?'

'The woman was bitten by a snake. She came with a child, without other people accompanying her. She didn't make a sound during the entire journey.'

'Wow, this woman is amazing!'

‘Her son is very smart. He kept asking her whether she hurt or not. The key is that he is pretty handsome. I’m so jealous. I also want to have such a handsome son.’

‘I’ll take a look.’

‘It’s heard that the woman’s boyfriend in this ward is quite handsome. Aren’t you going to take a look?’

‘I don’t want to see the man. I want to see what the woman who was bitten by a snake looks like.’

‘I’ll go too!’

Jaquan listened quietly and involuntarily followed the three nurses. When he stopped at the door of the emergency room, he saw a woman sitting on a moving bed with her trousers cut open, revealing her fair calf. Her leg was bandaged, and the area that had been bandaged was already swollen.

A little boy was squatting on the ground and helping her put on the shoes.

The doctor was still trying to persuade her, ‘You have to stay in hospital for observation. You still have to be injected anti-inflammatory potion. If the injected serum doesn’t work, we still need to give you other anti-venom serums. Also, if the wound is infected and inflamed, it will cause other complications. After all, you were bitten by a venomous snake, not an ordinary snake...’

‘I know. Thank you.’ As the woman spoke, she suddenly raised her head to look at the door, and her gaze met Jaquan’s. She frowned slightly and lowered her head quickly and said to her son, ‘I’m okay now. Let’s go.’

Stony said politely to the doctor, ‘Thank you, Doctor Lee.’

He spoke like a small adult, causing a group of nurses to secretly cover their mouths and laugh.

Emma stood up and limped out step by step. When she passed Jaquan, Stony recognized him and asked in surprise, 'Mr. Jaquan, why are you here? Are you here to see us?'

Jaquan was a little embarrassed. He coughed softly and asked, 'What happened?'

'There was a snake in Auntie's room. Mom went in to help her catch the snake, but she was bitten by it.' After Stony finished speaking, he realized that his mother had walked a few steps away without saying anything. He couldn't help but ask Jaquan, 'Mr. Jaquan, can you help my mother take a taxi?'

Only then did Jaquan regain his composure and quickly walked over to Emma, 'Come, let me help you.'

Emma didn't even look at him and said indifferently, 'I can walk myself.'

'Please don't refuse my help. I'll help you.' Jaquan held her elbow.

Emma raised her hand to avoid his touch and looked at him indifferently, 'Sir, I said no, don't you understand?'

Stony did not know what had happened between the two of them, but he knew that his mother did not like this uncle. He immediately leaned against Emma and raised his hand above his head, asking his mother to hold his little hand.

Jaquan looked at her angrily. He didn't understand why this woman refused his help when she was in such a difficult situation. Even if she didn't like him, she shouldn't abuse herself.

He glared at her, holding back his anger, 'Alright, I'll just watch you leave.'

Why did the woman refuse his help?

If he hadn't paid pity for her, he wouldn't be willing to help her.

Behind him came the voice of Arabella, 'Jaquan, what are you doing?'

Jaquan turned around and saw the doctor helping Arabella out with an intimate posture. He suddenly became annoyed. Why couldn't she bear to wait for him to return before coming out? Why did she ask the doctor to help her out?

He glanced at the doctor viciously and then stepped forward to support Arabella.

Arabella asked, 'Who are you talking to?'

'I don't know.' He was still angry.

Arabella looked at him in surprise, 'You don't know? Why are you talking to her?'

'Seeing that her foot is injured, I intend to help her get in the car.' Jaquan looked ahead and found that Emma and Stony had walked quite a distance.

Arabella suddenly stopped, 'Jaquan, can't you think of me when a woman's foot hurt, because my foot hurt?'

'...'

Before Jaquan spoke out that it wasn't because of her, Arabella suddenly hugged him. 'It's good to have you stay with me when I am sad.'

He suddenly became happy again.

Outside the hospital, Emma took a taxi, but Stony stood there motionless. She tugged at him, 'What's wrong?'

Stony silently withdrew his gaze and said somewhat disappointedly, 'That uncle is holding a woman.'

Emma looked back and said, 'Oh.'

'Mom doesn't like him because he has a girlfriend?' Stony raised his face and asked.

'No.'

'Then why?'

Emma thought about it carefully and said, 'Seeing his face makes me displeased.'

Stony was speechless.

At the Scavo's.

At the end of the banquet, the butler thanked the guests and distributed small birthday presents before they left.

Emily sat in the study on the second floor. Rex handed her a timetable, which planned every minute and even second of her day, including the balance portion of her diet. It could be said to be comprehensive.

She stared at it row by row and did not quite understand why it also included Sanda. She could only look up at the man who was sitting at the desk typing on the computer and said, 'I also need to learn Sanda?'

Vincent raised his head from the flickering screen and looked at her with a deep gaze. He snorted, ‘Yes.’

But in his mind, he thought of her thin and soft waist that could not bear a gentle grip. If it was on the bed, it could be crushed with a single effort.

Emily did not know what was on his mind. She only thought for a moment before nodding her head in agreement. Then, she looked at the schedule for the evening. It was almost all about mathematics and physics teaching. Because her foundation was too poor, she had to learn from the beginning. Rex specially brought her the first-grade math exam paper.

‘...’

Emily looked at the paper and raised her head to squeeze out a smile at Rex, ‘Thank you for your hard work.’

Rex smiled, ‘not at all.’

Emily thought for a moment, then lowered her head and calmed herself down to answer the questions. She knew that Rex was testing her foundation.

Mr. Rolando pretended to be sick in bed, and only after hearing the butler say that the guests had dispersed did he come down for a midnight snack. After returning, he was puzzled as to why his grandson could fall for a little girl without a word and keep her in his room.

He sneaked to the study and shushed at the guard by the door.

The guard by the door twitched their eyebrows, but they didn’t inform anyone. They just silently moved their gaze away and pretended not to see him.

Mr. Rolando opened the door and saw this scene: Vincent was sitting at his desk and typing on his computer, and opposite a small table sat a little girl. Her long silk-like hair was draped over her back shoulders. She had her head down and a pen in hand, writing something seriously. The lamp fell on the two of them. This picturesque scene only reminded people of two words—peaceful time.

Rex was taking out the cup when he met Mr. Rolando's eyes. The two of them looked at each other for a moment, but they both looked away and walked in the opposite direction as if they hadn't seen each other.

After Emily finished writing, she handed over the exam paper to Rex and continued to work on the next second-grade paper. She raised her head and looked at Vincent unintentionally. Half of the man's face was blocked by the computer, only revealing a pair of eyes, sharp, serious, and earnest. His dark and stern eyebrows slightly twisted and brow bones were drawn together, making his eyes even sharper. He was like a leopard waiting for prey, full of aggressiveness.

It was the first time she had seen him working. She had not expected it to be like this.

She slightly distracted for a moment, then heard Rex ask, 'Miss Emily?'

'Huh?'

'What are you staring at Mr. Vincent for?' He asked.

Hearing their conversation, Vincent looked up from his computer.

Emily unexpectedly noticed that her ears were a little hot. She reached out to her ears. When she met Vincent's faintly smiling eyes, her voice became a little softer. 'Just a casual look.'

‘Miss Emily, I’ve finished correcting your paper. You don’t pass the first-grade exam. Let’s start from the beginner level. This is your book.’
Rex handed over a book.

Emily turned over it seriously. Vincent stood up, took a tie from the drawer and walked step by step to Emily. She looked at him uncertainly with his reflection in her clear black eyes.

He lowered his head, gathered all her hair in his palm, tied it up with the tie, then touched her ears, which had not yet cooled down, and returned to the desk.

Emily touched the tie behind her head and smiled at Vincent.

Rex, ‘...’

I would rather be under the table than be here seeing how sweet you are...

At 9:30, Rex packed the books and went out. He then came in with the hot milk and midnight snacks from the butler. After putting them on the table, he quietly escaped.

After Vincent finished dealing with his business, he casually opened a stock chart and then looked at Emily, ‘Come here and drink the milk first.’

Emily put down the pen and drank the milk on the table before she went around the front table and went to Vincent’s side. There was only a chair in front of the desk. She intended to stand by him but was pulled onto his lap and sat down.

‘I’ll teach you to read K-charts.’

The guards at the door stretched their necks and peeked. After Rex came back, he gave them each a kick, 'What are you looking at!'

The guards stood upright for a second.

Rex was about to open the door and enter when he saw the little Hulk sitting on Vincent's lap. They stared at the computer and talked, while Vincent was feeding her.

Rex, '...'

Vincent was no longer what he used to be.

The moon outside the window was hazy, and a cool night breeze was blowing, like the gentle whispers of the lovers.

**

After Eliot Britt returned home, he told Maury Britt about Emily being left by the Scavos. Maury was extremely surprised. Not to mention him, even Beverly and Elsie Britt dropped their jaws in shock.

'Why?'

They asked in unison.

Because Emily hadn't returned, the two of them had been waiting upstairs. When Eliot returned alone this time, Elsie thought that she had had something on that idiot. She couldn't wait to come down and tell her off. When she heard what Eliot said, it was like a thunderbolt from the blue!

'It's said that Emily saved Mr. Rolando. Mr. Rolando thought she was well behaved, so he kept her and wanted her to stay for a few days.'

Eliot lay on the sofa exhausted. He had already washed his hands halfway and took off his jacket. No one could tell that he had fought, but the joints of his right hand were bleeding.

‘It’s unreasonable!’ Beverly cried out in shock. Then, she realized that her voice was too loud and she silently shrunk back. ‘Emily is still young. They are both unmarried and now they live in the same house. What if someone gossips...?’

‘Yes, yes!’ Elsie echoed, ‘Brother, why did you agree? What about Mr. Vincent? He also agreed?’

Eliot said exhaustively, ‘Mr. Vincent should have agreed. The one who came out to speak was his assistant.’

Beverly was completely speechless.

There was something wrong when Mr. Vincent sent Emily back last time. This time, he even didn’t object to Emily staying in the Scavo’s. There must be something wrong! Definitely!

‘No wonder.’ When Maury Britt heard this news, he didn’t care that Elsie and Beverly were also in the living room. Normally, when these two people saw him, they would hide from him like mice from a cat.

‘What’s the matter?’ Eliot asked.

‘Two clients just called and asked if we had any intention of cooperating.’ Maury Britt revealed a rare smile. ‘I thought you found the source of the clients, but I didn’t expect it was because of the Scavos.’

Eliot didn’t say anything. He had indeed scattered a lot of business cards tonight, but their attitude was written on their face. There should be few people willing to cooperate. Even if there were some, it should be

accredited to the Scavo's banquet. After all, it was them who had invited him.

'I'm tired.. I'll go wash up and sleep first.'

When Eliot went upstairs, Beverly noticed that he didn't have any paper documents with him, so she asked caringly, 'Son, how's the company recently?'

Eliot unbuttoned his shirt expressionlessly, 'It's none of your business.'

Beverly followed him to the second floor step by step. 'I'm just worried about you.'

Eliot stopped and turned to look at her, 'You can worry, but don't interfere. If you do it again and belch it up, I can't save you.'

'Son, what are you talking about?' Beverly laughed embarrassedly.

'Mom, you know what I'm talking about.' Eliot gave her a deep look and said, 'It's late. Go to bed.'

'Ah--' Beverly wanted to say something else, but the door was already closed.

She stomped her foot in frustration.

After taking a bath, Eliot went straight to the guest room on the first floor. Harold Green was doing push-ups on the floor. Seeing Eliot enter, he stood up in no hurry and asked with a dull face, 'Eliot, are you looking for me?'

‘Yes.’ Eliot nodded and looked around his room. There were very few things, and the quilt on his bed was folded like an orderly block. He was indeed a veteran soldier.

‘I’m going to ask you a few questions and you are going to answer them honestly. If you don’t tell the truth, then you will lose your reputation as a soldier!’

Eliot sat on the bed and looked at Harold with a bitter gaze, ‘Tell me, how Emily and Vincent knew each other?’

...

Emily received the messages from Harold only after finishing her shower.

‘Congratulations, Miss Emily. Another million scored.’

She flipped through her phone and got a few more messages.

‘Mr. Eliot just came to ask me how you and Mr. Vincent got to know each other.’

Emily did not reply to Harold’s messages. Instead, she called Eliot.

‘Eliot.’

‘What’s wrong? Can’t you sleep?’ Eliot’s voice was also very clear. Apparently he hadn’t slept.

Emily replied in a low voice, ‘Yes.’

‘What’s wrong? Something on your mind?’ Eliot asked.

Emily asked hesitantly, ‘Eliot, are you unhappy?’

Eliot didn't say anything.

Emily said softly, 'I heard Elsie say that the Scavo family is very powerful. As long as we can stay in the Scavo family, the company will be saved.'

Eliot was stunned. After a long while, he said, 'You ... stayed because of this?'

'Eliot, I hope you and Dad will be fine, and our family will be fine.'

Hearing this, Eliot's voice became hoarse, 'Emily...'

After hanging up the phone, what Harold had said echoed in his mind.

'At the Scavo's banquet at the end of September, Miss Emily was drugged by Miss Elsie and fell into the pool. It was Mr. Vincent who rescued her.'

'At the birthday banquet of Mr. Ian, Ms. Elsie again drugged Ms. Emily. Mr. Vincent saved her again.'

No wonder she didn't know anything.

What was ridiculous was that he still suspected her.

Eliot covered his face, all he could think about was Emily's palm-sized face with sparkling tears, and she called him softly, 'Brother...'

The pain was so immense as if his heart was seized up.

**

After coming out of the bathroom, Emily climbed onto the bed. There was Vincent's aura in the quilt. She sniffed gently and a hint of peace swept over her heart. Probably a little exhausted today, she drifted off to sleep not long after she closed her eyes.

When Vincent came in wet, the little girl lay on the bed and snored lightly like a small animal.

He walked over and ruffled her long hair onto the pillow, the girl's porcelain-white cheeks glowing seductively in the dim wall light, her pink lips slightly opened, and her breath exhaled with a hint of mint.

He stared at her for a moment, then stretched his hand under the pillow and, as expected, felt the cold dagger underneath.

He had slept with a gun under his pillow for ten years, so he naturally understood her defensive behavior out of fear. However, he was not sure what kind of dark abyss this little girl had experienced to have to sleep with a knife under her pillow.

What did she dream of that night at the Tea Manor that caused her to cry out in a heartbreaking voice, 'No...'

This little girl was filled with secrets.

Vincent tucked her in and got up to leave, but his hand was grabbed.

Cold tones spread out behind the man. The ripples of the pool burst through the gaps in the curtains and twisted themselves around the ceiling, reflecting the dark blue vastness of the stars on the wall. The girl lay on the dark gray bed, against which her skin appeared tender and fair, the exquisite collarbones exposed, and the silk-like hair coiled on the sheets.

With her eyes opened and a dazed expression from sleep, Emily grabbed his hand and asked in a soft voice, 'Where are you going? Didn't you say we should sleep together?'

In the dim light, the man's voice was slightly magnetic and hoarse. 'My self-control isn't that good.'

Emily did not follow his thoughts, her dazed eyes rippling with confusion, gradually lingering from the daze to clarity, only to see the tall and straight back of the man slowly walking out of sight.

She thought they were going to sleep together tonight.

After Vincent left, she felt a bit strange, as if she was disappointed.

Perhaps living alone in a strange place was a bit uncomfortable. As she thought this, she fell asleep again. Half asleep, she suddenly remembered his words about self-control... She vaguely thought of something and laughed in her dream.

It was a rare night that she did not have nightmares, but dreamed of Vincent, the second time since she had dreamed of him on the night he first kissed her.

In her dream, he and Arabella were arguing about something. Emily opened the bathroom door and went out. Seeing that the two of them were kissing, she felt somewhat uncomfortable.

Suddenly, the scene changed and she turned into Arabella, the feeling on her lips real and hot. She then woke up with a dazed gasp. It was already dawn.

After she finished washing up, she walked along the corridor to the training room. The door was half open and she could vaguely hear the

sounds of fighting inside. She pushed the door open and walked in before seeing a group of people fighting on the arena.

There were Rex, a few guards, and Vincent.

They heard the sound and looked back with sweat stained eyes. Vincent rolled down from the arena with a thin layer of sweat on his forehead. He took the towel handed over by a guard and wiped his face and neck. Then, he walked towards Emily and asked, 'Got up?'

Emily nodded as she took a set of white martial arts clothes from Rex. Then, she walked side by side with Vincent to a room. The man took off his wet clothes and revealed a hideous and sweaty back. His muscles were firm and strong, and small ones lay dormant on the surface of his skin, breathing in the surrounding air through the bulging veins.

Turning back, he seemed to see Emily just now. He stroked the top of her hair with his big palm and said, 'Go and have breakfast.'

Emily nodded and suddenly reached out to the scar on his chest.

The man held his breath, the rhythm of his breathing following the spin of her fingertips.

Emily looked at the cubicle and saw that there was a bathroom inside for shower, and outside was for changing clothes. Vincent should be preparing to take a bath. She withdrew her fingers and walked out with the clothes in her arms.

Vincent stood still and looked down at his chest, only to feel that the fire that he had managed to suppress the entire night had been hooked up again by the little girl's finger.

It was killing him.

After Emily went to the bathroom to get changed, she saw Rex bringing about the breakfast and waiting for her in the room. He put the food on the table and looked at his watch, 'Miss Emily, you have ten minutes.'

Emily knew that she had to learn Sanda at 7:30 every day, so she immediately sat down. She took a big sip of milk, gobbled down the sandwich, wiped her mouth with a towel, then stood up and said, 'Let's go.'

Mr. Rolando sat downstairs early in the morning. He even invited a lot of friends over for tea. A group of old men rubbed their sleepy eyes and yawned. 'Hey, why asked us here this early in the morning?'

'To have a cup of tea.' Mr. Rolando occasionally looked in the direction of the stairs and said to the butler, 'Fill it up.'

The butler was speechless.

'Mr. Rolando, you are not having wine!'

These old men had recently become addicted to night fishing. Not long after they fell asleep, they were called over by Mr. Rolando. He only said that something serious had happened. Everyone was still fuzzy. They stormed here from bed and hadn't even worn their shoes properly. And now they saw Mr. Rolando holding a cup of tea in his hand and sitting in the living room leisurely.

It turned out that nothing serious had happened.

They waited from seven o'clock to nine o'clock. After having breakfast, drinking morning tea, and staring at each other for a while, they finally couldn't help but stand up to leave.

Mr. Rolando felt embarrassed and asked the butler. 'Why haven't they come down yet? Are they still asleep?'

The butler's eyebrows twitched. 'Mr. Vincent has already woken up. He is having a video conference in the study.'

'He won't go to the company?' Mr. Rolando raised his eyebrows, looking angry.

The butler handed him another cup of tea and said, 'No.'

'Then what is he planning to do today?' Mr. Rolando turned around and looked at the coffee table. He had drunk more than a dozen cups of tea early in the morning when waiting for them, yet they didn't show up at all!

The butler shook his head, 'I don't know.'

'Where's that little girl last night?'

'She's upstairs.'

Mr. Rolando was anxious, 'Why hasn't she come down yet?'

'What for?'

Mr. Rolando was rendered speechless by the butler. And he could barely sit down after drinking so much tea. So he stood up, and paced back and forth in the living room in anger.

It was finally noon as he paced. Emily showed up when Mr. Rolando became desperate. She went downstairs in sportswear. At the same time, Vincent also came downstairs.

Mr. Rolando didn't examine this little girl carefully last night. Now, he felt that this little girl looked pretty good and well matched his grandson.

Thinking about that, he regretted not inviting his old friends over at noon. In that case, he could show off in a subtle way. 'See, this is my granddaughter-in-law. Isn't she pretty?'

Among his old friends, none of their grandsons and granddaughters had got married. They made a bet in private. If one of them got a granddaughter-in-law first, the rest needed to celebrate on it. The winner would feel really awesome.

These old guys were dead enemies when young. Now in their late years, they were bored and had no company, a 'fake' friendship developed among them.

On a bleak autumn evening, when they were fishing together, someone sighed, 'My grandson plays computer games all day long and hasn't got a girlfriend. I'm so angry that I want to smash his computer. Young men nowadays are nothing like us at all...'

'So is my grandson. He spends all day on his glass shop all day long. He's so cowardly that he doesn't like to talk. He hasn't inherited any of my strengths at all...'

'Yours just doesn't speak. Mine never left the door. He stays in the garret all day. Tell me, which one is worse?'

When everyone heard this, they couldn't help but sigh.

Someone suddenly said, 'Why don't we make a bet?'

So whose grandson was the first to get marriage had made the old men's roll and forced out their daily bet-- whoever caught fewer fish offered dinner that day.

Okay, let's get back to right now.

Now, Mr. Rolando had become the first person to have a granddaughter-in-law, so he was the Big Brother. Thinking of that, his wrinkled face smiled even more wrinkled than a chrysanthemum.

'Hello, Grandpa.' As soon as Emily came down, she saw that Mr. Maury was smiling at her very kindly.

Mr. Rolando couldn't hold back his kind smile, so he could only put away a few weak teeth and kindly said, 'Good girl, sit down. Are you hungry? Tell Grandpa what you want to eat.'

Emily felt that compared to last night, his attitude seemed to have undergone a qualitative leap and had reached a quantitative change. Therefore, she responded unchanged and said obediently, 'Alright.'

The kitchen help brought the dishes to the table. They sat down. Mr. Rolando completely ignored Vincent at the other end of the table and kept asking Emily, 'Is there anything you can't eat?'

Emily shook her head, 'No.'

The meat and vegetables on the table were well matched with color and fragrance. There was also a dessert fruit salad. However, it was a little cold. She did not want to eat fruit very much. She just puckered her lips and took a bite or two. Somehow Vincent noticed that. He waved his hand to let Rex withdraw it.

Mr. Rolando was still asking tirelessly, 'How old are you? Where do you come from? Do you have any siblings?'

Emily stuffed her mouth with rice and chewed hard. She raised her head to look at Mr. Rolando. She wanted to speak but was afraid of spitting out rice grains, so she could only chew quickly.

Mr. Rolando was not in a hurry as he smiled and waited for her.

Vincent put down his chopsticks and said, 'Old man.'

When Mr. Rolando heard his voice, he curled his lips unhappily and said like a child, 'I was just asking.'

Vincent picked up a piece of meat and said, 'Let's eat.'

'Girl, you must marry to him in the future. He might look cold, but it's just his personality. His heart is very gentle. He will definitely treat you well. If he dares not, I will beat him to death!' Mr. Rolando said happily as he tried to sell his grandson to Emily.

Emily followed Vincent to pick up a piece of meat for Rolando. She obediently said, 'Grandpa, have a piece of meat.'

Mr. Rolando was so happy that his eyes narrowed.

Grandson and granddaughter-in-law had both brought him meat at the same time. He had to brag it tonight to those old fellows. And it had to be subtle.

Emily surveyed the surroundings while eating. This morning, she discovered that there were only grandfather and grandson living in this big house. As for Vincent's stories, she had only heard from her brother about his personality in her previous life. She did not know much about

the situation in his family. Now, it seemed that Vincent did not have any parents....

Emily planted her feet early in the morning, so she still felt a little sour on her calves. After breakfast, she took a walk along the living room with trembling legs. Suddenly, she heard the butler outside shouting, 'You are here, Mr. Eliot. Please come in. Mr. Vincent and Miss Emily have just finished their breakfast.'

Emily immediately walked to the sofa and sat down. If Eliot found out that there was something wrong with her legs, he would definitely ask her what happened. How would she explain it?

Should she say that she was practicing martial arts with Vincent this morning?

Just as she was anxious, a servant came over with a wooden basin, which was put under her feet. The servant squatted down, put her feet in it, and then massaged her feet.

Emily was surprised when she heard Maury's voice from the door, 'Sorry to bother you.'

The butler smiled and said in an official tone, 'No at all. Miss Emily is very cute and kind.'

Maury smiled. 'My daughter is really not mature. I'm afraid that she may cause trouble for you, so I plan to bring her home today.'

As they spoke, they entered the living room. Rolando hurriedly stopped chatting with his old friends and hung up the phone. Then he walked out. He held Maury's hands and said, 'Mr. Maury, your daughter is really great!'

Maury was stunned when he heard this. He felt that Rolando was not praising him, but laughing at him. He tried to remain calm and said, 'No matter how much trouble my daughter has caused for you, I will be responsible for it.'

Eliot also said seriously to Mr. Rolando, 'What's wrong my sister?'

Only then did Mr. Rolando realize that Maury didn't look good. Perhaps he was too enthusiastic. So he calmed down a little and greeted Maury again, 'Come. Take a seat.'

They walked from the living room to the sofa and finally saw the person they had just talked about was sitting quietly on the sofa. Her feet were soaking in the water and she was enjoying the massage.

When she saw them, she said sweetly, 'Eliot, Dad.'

Then she looked down at the petals in the wooden basin. She continued playing with them happily.

Maury, '...'

His worries were in vain!

Eliot, '...'

His concern was in vain!

Mr. Rolando narrowed his eyes and smiled, 'This girl is really adorable. I still want her to stay here for a few more days. Are you going to take her back now?'

He naturally understood why his grandson suddenly wanted to bet with him last night. Since it was his grandson's first time to 'beg' him, then as a grandfather, he needed to do what he should do.

Maury did not quite understand why Emily was liked by Mr. Rolando, so he could only praise her, 'My daughter is simple and innocent, like a child, but she respects the elders very much. She is also very modest to other children, and she is very polite.'

Mr. Rolando felt that Emily's father didn't understand him. The reason why he liked the girl was that she was the first girl that his grandson had brought home at night. Thus, no matter who she was, Mr. Rolando liked her. This had nothing to do with that she was kind or modest.

The center of Rolando's life was his grandson. Even if his grandson married a woman, who was hot-tempered, troublesome and even had a fight with others, he would definitely first protect her and then try to handle the rest.

Although it was a little unfair to the girl when he thought about this, he only had one grandson and had taken care of him for more than twenty years. If this 'bastard' still couldn't find a girlfriend, Rolando should be prepared for that Vincent brought a boyfriend home.

Fortunately, this girl appeared from nowhere and saved him, which made him feel proud among his old friends. Thinking of this, he no longer beat around the bush and directly said to Maury, 'I like this kid very much. I want her to stay here for another month. What do you think?'

Maury hadn't expected that Rolando would want Emily to stay here for another month. He remembered that last night, Emily was allowed to live here only for a few days! He was immediately stunned.

Eliot replied quickly, 'My sister is still young, so she may cause trouble sometimes. She is still like a child. We are worried that she will cause trouble for you and your family, so we think it's better for us to bring her home!'

Only now did Mr. Rolando realize that it was strange. Even if the girl was quite young, her father and brother shouldn't be so worried and nervous. Actually, he didn't know Emily's another identity—the retard of the Britts. He only wanted her to be his granddaughter-in-law, so he said again, 'What trouble will she bring us? Don't worry! She is especially adorable. Besides, she likes here. Let her stay here for a few more days. When she is tired of here, I'll ask someone to send her back.'

Since Rolando said this, Maury and Eliot didn't know what to say. Mr. Rolando expression was a little serious. He looked as if he would be angry if they said one more word.

The fruit and tea were served. Maury took a sip of tea and talked with Mr. Rolando. He heard Emily chatting with the servant who was massaging her.

'R-o-s-e! Rose.' The servant taught Emily pronunciation and even opened her mouth to show the tongue.

Emily learned to say, 'Rose.'

Eliot looked over in surprise. The servant took out the petals from the wooden basin and talked to Emily. She would occasionally say a few words to Emily and explained, 'Water. This is water.'

Maury also opened his mouth wide in shock. No one taught Emily pronunciation at home. He couldn't believe that her pronunciation was so accurate.

Vincent came down from upstairs. His gaze swept past the people on the sofa and nodded slightly to Maury. Then, he walked over without saying a word. Rex reported today's schedule to him.

'There's a targeted market assessment report meeting in the marketing department this afternoon. There's an interview of a fashion magazine at 4:00 p.m. and I've rejected it. Mr. Noel from the Promising International Company invites you to dinner tonight. Shall I reject it as well?'

Vincent nodded and then looked at Maury on the sofa. He asked, 'I remember your company seems to be able to do the EPC project?'

Maury stood up and said with embarrassment, 'Yes, we can.'

Although Vincent was a junior to him, in terms of ability, Vincent was the king of the business in City Y. Regardless of the status, Maury hadn't seen anyone that could be Vincent's competitor.

Besides, Vincent was well known that he was temperamental. Another reason why Maury was anxious to take Emily home was that he was worried that Emily would irritate Vincent. After all, Emily had fallen into Vincent's swimming pool at the last banquet and she was forced to compensate 500,000, which was indeed a great loss for them.

Vincent looked down at the document and handed it to the assistant behind him. 'Let's cooperate with the Britt Group in this project.'

Rex took the document and said to Maury, 'Mr. Maury, let's sit down and have a talk.'

Maury was surprised and happy. He said, 'Well, that's great.'

Eliot, on the other side, looked at Vincent.

He saw Vincent walk away and took a sip of the tea handed over by the butler. He looked noble and his expression was cold and arrogant. Then he walked to Emily and said to her, 'Don't soak in the water for too long.'

Although they did not look at each other, nor did they communicate with each other, Eliot felt that the atmosphere between them seemed to be very harmonious.

The servant dried Emily's feet. She sat on the sofa and surrounded by paintings from Van Gogh, Da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo, David, Angel, Rubens and some other masters.

She sat there quietly and watched. The bright light was scattered and shone on her hair and shoulders. Her fair fingertips caressed the paper as if she was part of the painting. The scene was so peaceful that no one had the heart to disturb.

Without disturbance to her, Maury and Eliot left her alone. They would turn around every step they took. Maury sighed with emotion, 'Emily has grown up into a beautiful woman.'

'She is always very beautiful.' Eliot thought in his heart.

When Emily was taken into this family at seven, she was timid and terrified like an abandoned kitten. She didn't even know how to call for help. She would just curl up while hiding under the quilt on her bed. She was afraid of meeting people, and she wouldn't eat or talk.

It was Eliot who led her out of the darkness step by step and it was also him who fed her. The first word she spoke was not 'dad', but 'brother'.

He witnessed her grow up from a skinny little kid to a beauty, but there was always fear and uneasiness in his heart. Emily was about to leave

him. Such an emotion came so fast and strong that his heart lurched. He covered his chest and panted. When he looked up again, he saw a man standing beside Emily.

Rex bowed and said, 'Miss Emily, it's time for class.'

Only then did Emily realize that Eliot and Maury had left, so she followed Rex upstairs. Rolando stayed downstairs and waved his hand kindly at her, 'Tell the chef if you want to eat anything.'

Emily replied, 'I will, thank you, Grandpa.'

In the study room. Two buttons on Vincent's collar were loosened. He was reviewing the new proposal submitted by the Advertising Department with a lowered head. He was fiddling with a pen with one hand and would occasionally write down comments on the documents. Hearing the sound of the door opening, he just turned his head and looked at Emily. Before Emily could even tell the expression in his eyes, he had turned around and returned to his previous posture. The outline of his jaw was perfect.

Rex reminded, 'Miss Emily, you don't need to be in the study today. This way, please.'

Emily followed him in confusion. They entered the room at the end of the corridor. When the door opened, Emily saw that the room was filled with unfinished paintings and sketch books as well as two drawing boards. On the long table were all kinds of painting tools and even brushes. There were three grey-haired old men in the room and they were either sitting or standing. When they saw Emily, the seated ones all stood up. Then, they sized Emily up and said, 'How old are you?'

Then they looked at Rex and asked, 'What can we do for you?'

Before Rex spoke, they closed the door with a bang. ‘Leave us alone if you have no problems. Hurry, who want to be the first?’

Rex was speechless.

He walked back into the study room, upset. Vincent had finished reviewing the proposal and was making adjustments on the computer. He called the manager of the Design Department and asked him to improve the proposal. Then, he threw the proposal aside and pinched between the eyebrows.

Rex looked at him hesitantly.

Vincent had turned on the computer and was about to settle the meeting of the marketing department ahead of time.

‘Get to the point.’ His voice was cold.

Rex said, ‘Aren’t you afraid that those old men ... will harass Miss Emily?’

‘No. Those old men have been looking forward to this day for so many years.’

Rex nodded, and then quietly stood beside Vincent.

Rolando was happily having tea downstairs, and he did not notice that his old friends were lecturing his granddaughter-in-law in his house.

The laughter of those old men sounded in the room.

Rolando, who was drinking tea in the living room on the first floor, suddenly got up. His thick eyebrows furrowed and he looked upstairs. The butler stepped forward and asked, ‘What’s wrong, Mr. Rolando?’

Rolando said seriously, 'I think I heard the laughter of those old men up there.'

'How can that be? It may be your hallucination.' The butler smiled.

'Besides, when have they been upstairs?'

'Makes sense.' Rolando was relieved and leisurely hummed a song.

However, he was curious about what the three old men were busy with.

Why neither of them replied to him?

...

'Jaquan, do you know somewhere suitable for a walk, I mean, somewhere ordinary and quiet?'

Early in the morning, Jaquan had just woken up when he received a call.

The scene of the Tea Manor immediately surfaced in his mind and he said, 'The Lotus Tea Manor.'

Not long after he hung up, Armando called again. 'Man, do you know where it is? I can't find the way.'

Jaquan's sleepiness was all gone. He pressed his temples and viciously said, 'Just you wait!'

'Janessa wants to take a look.' Armando said pitifully, 'Please help me.'

Jaquan gave up. He brushed his teeth, washed his face, changed his clothes, picked a watch and put on a tie. He made a sexy hairstyle in front of the mirror, then wore perfume and left.

The night before yesterday, Arabella hugged him and said, 'I really hope that we will be the best friends forever.'

Jaquan felt as if his heart that was about to jump out of the chest, had been shattered by a gun. It finally got down into his belly with only fragments and bitterness left.

He tried to fall asleep with the bitterness, but he felt no sleepiness. The firm had lost hope on him and did not want him to go back to work. He did not hear a call from his family for a few days as if everyone had abandoned him. In his world, only Arabella, who had also left, remained.

As soon as he opened the door, the cold air crazily hit his nose and went into his lungs. He took a deep breath and shivered. If he had known that it was so cold, he should not have worn such a thin trench coat to show off.

He put the sunglasses on, took the car keys and went into the garage. He drove the car and went straight to where Armando mentioned.

Before he arrived, he saw Armando and a young woman standing at the intersection. There was a car parked beside them. They were talking. Armando just smiled and listened to the young woman the whole time.

Jaquan looked at him quietly for a while and realized that they hadn't noticed him, so he honked the horn.

Armando waved his hand at him. Then, he took the luggage and bags off his car. He then opened the back door and let the young woman in. Next, he opened the trunk of Jaquan's car and put those things inside.

Jaquan glanced at the back seat and met the young woman's scrutinizing eyes, so he held the sentence 'you just have to follow me in your car' back.

The young woman was pretty good-looking. She had an oval face and protruding hair on forehead. She was like an aloof princess. She looked

cold on the surface, but she seemed to be approachable. However, it would depend on her mood.. If she was in a good mood, she would be close to you, but if she wasn't, she wouldn't even bother to talk even if it was her father, who was long gone.

Mr. Rolando died early, so the older generation didn't visit each other much like the Mosby family and the Geller family. His impression of Janessa was still stuck in his childhood. They lost their contact especially when he went to work after collage.

Now that the quiet Armando was all around to help Janessa, he recalled Randy's comments on Janessa: an eccentric who had a clear distinction between love and hate in her heart.

Most importantly: her words were sharp and mean.

However, you couldn't tell from her appearance. She looked just like a pretty woman with lofty intelligence.

Armando had put away his suitcase and sat on the passenger seat. He looked at the back seat and said, 'Janessa, it is a bit far. You could sleep for a while.' He told Jaquan, 'Turn on the heating.'

Jaquan glanced him.

Armando realized that Jaquan wouldn't help him. He had to turn on the heating on his own, adjust the temperature, turn on Bluetooth, and play the premiere song of Flipped.

Janessa, who was sitting in the back seat, smiled and enjoyed herself. Armando turned around and looked at her with smile. Only Jaquan, with a gloomy face, glanced at Armando several times who didn't know what was going on. He almost rolled his eyes to Armando, but Armando still didn't notice him so Jaquan just gave up.

He drove all the way. His thoughts suddenly flew away along with the scenery aside. It seemed that his mind was also moving forward with the car, never turning back. His phone rang. It was a call from Arabella.

Armando hurriedly turned off the phone, then carefully looked at the back seat. Janessa only frowned and continued to sleep. He took a deep breath, then took out a blanket and gently put it on her.

When he turned around, he was shocked by the vicious look from Jaquan.

Armando took a deep breath and asked, 'What's wrong?'

Jaquan didn't say anything. He just pointed his chin to his phone. Armando saw that the call he had just hung up was from Arabella.

Holy shit!

He hung up on Arabella!

And it was Jaquan's phone!

Armando felt he was so dead. He kept apologizing to Jaquan. He silently said, 'I am sorry.'

Jaquan sneered and didn't say anything. He only made a gesture of cutting the neck.

Armando, '...'

He looked through the rearview mirror at Janessa, who was sleeping sound, and then he thought that as long as Janessa slept well, nothing mattered.

Armando was moved by himself.

Janessa was still asleep in the back seat and didn't know anything.

After arriving at the Tea Manor, Armando carried his luggage and hand bags like a servant, while Jaquan was wearing a windbreaker and sunglasses with a young woman standing beside him, who wore a pure wool cardigan with a black wool skirt and a pair of cotton slippers and looked intellectual and carefree.

The people who helped plant the tea tree had just come back. They whispered when they saw this, 'The handsome young man who came last time brought another woman. She is also pretty. But she seems to be older than the last one.'

'Yeah. He even hired a servant. And the servant looks handsome too.'

Armando, who was mistaken as a servant, was so sad.

They walked in Tea Manor owned by Sydnee. It was Sunday, the Tea Manor was filled with children. As soon as they got out of the car, many children surrounded them, and they wanted to approach them but were kind of afraid of them.

Janessa took out a box of Ferrero from her bag and gave the chocolates to the children. The children were scrambling to get the chocolates, and in the end only a few black marks were on her palm.

Armando took out a wet napkin and wiped her hands. Janessa took the napkin and wiped her hands. She asked, 'Where will we live tonight?'

Jaquan walked in first. Sydnee was checking the seeds with people in the tea garden. She was also checking the temperature and the soil quality. She was extremely busy.

When the group knocked on the door, it was a woman with a lame leg who opened the door.

Jaquan saw an ordinary looking person when the door was opened. She is ordinary looking but confident compared with Janessa. She looked at them quietly, then turned around and greeted them, 'Please come in.'

Armando looked at her lame legs and asked, 'Hello, can we stay here for the night?'

'Sure, but the boss is not here. You can wait here for her.' Emma said without turning her head. She was leaning on a stick, and the gauze on her leg was new, but it still did not cover her swollen leg.

Janessa looked at her and asked, 'Did we meet before?'

Emma turned to look at her, 'Perhaps. But I'm sorry. I can't remember someone who is more beautiful than me.'

Jaquan, '...'

He didn't know if Janessa was mean or not, but this girl was definitely an evil talker!

Janessa was not angry at all. She only smiled at her. Then, she walked into the house. She strolled along the west side of the East Side.

Armando followed behind and served tea. He was so considerate that it was not like the usual him at all.

They said that Armando was still unable to speak when he was over three years old. His family was anxious. All kinds of medications were useless. They even took him to the psychiatrists, which also couldn't help apart from aggravating his fear. Just as they were about give up, Janessa came to stay for a few days.

Although she was his aunt, she was not much older than Armando. He was only four years younger than her. Back then, they were both children, and she was an orphan. Her father was a close friend of Armando's grandpa. He got married pretty late. Not long after having Janessa, his wife died. Then he got so sick that he died a few years later. Before he died, he asked Armando's grandpa to take care of his only child, and raise her as his own child.

Thus, somehow Armando had an aunt who was only four years older than him.

The seven-year-old Janessa was not just a common child. She could climb trees and holes. She did not like her dress the way other young ladies did. She could catch cockroaches and chase rats in the backyard with one hand. She did not cry like other children when stung by a wasp—and when it came to being stung by a wasp, it was purely for saving Armando.

Although Armando could not speak, but he had been secretly observed the little aunt he had just met. Every day, he saw her jumping up and down and having fun. But he still didn't dare to approach her. After she left, he would go to the backyard where she had been. And there was a hornet's nest that had just been knocked down by her. She was not the kind of child who only caused trouble and escaped. After poking the hornets' nest, she called for the butler to help. When she came back, she saw Armando running over in panic because of the hornets. She quickly took off her hornets-proof prop (Superman's Cloak) and threw it on his body. As a result, she was stung by the hornets. A big red bump like a steamed bun appeared on her forehead and she was taken to the emergency room of the hospital.

The three-year-old child was confused and knew that he had made a mistake. He watched as she was sent away by the car. He stood outside

the car door with tearful eyes. When the car left, he suddenly chased after her and shouted, ‘Janessa....’

Billionaire’s Reborn Baby - Chapter 97

Chapter 97 - Being Hospitable

This thrilled the whole family.

After Janessa returned from the hospital, she practically lived at the Mosby’s, accompanying Armando. So the two of them sort of grew up together. No, according to Janessa, she watched Armando grow up.

When Janessa grew up, she refused to follow her family’s arrangements. After receiving a tour guide training, she went to Lhasa, Inner Mongolia, and other places, with only a camera and backpack, to be a tour guide.

Her family urged her to go back home, but she didn’t make it during the Mid-Autumn Festival vacation, so she had to take an annual leave. Maybe she was tired of her family rushing her into marriage, so she hid at Armando’s place. Although Armando didn’t get married, he had moved out and lived by himself.

Armando regarded Janessa as the apple of his eye. As he hadn’t seen her for too long, he showed too much hospitality for her. Janessa started to find him annoying, ‘Alright. You may go and do your own work. Don’t follow me. I need to be alone right now.’

So Armando came back to the tea plantation.

He strolled around alone for a while, and then sat on a chair in the courtyard. He looked up and saw Emma hanging clothes to dry in the opposite door with a walking stick.

Armando was not a meddler, but if Janessa saw this, she would definitely help Emma. To prevent this, he'd better help Emma right now.

Thus, Armando took a few steps forward and picked up the basin on the ground, so Emma didn't have to bend over repeatedly.

Emma actually did not refuse him.

This made Jaquan, who had just returned from the bathroom, stunned.

What did she mean??

She liked Armando but not him?

Jaquan sat down on the chair and saw that Armando didn't leave after helping her, as if he was asking something. And Emma answered Armando in a low voice. Jaquan didn't hear her from afar, but could only see her lips moving.

Afterwards, Armando walked in Emma's room. In Jaquan's impression, Armando wasn't a nosy person. And he wasn't that talkative. He only communicated with his acquaintance. However, he should take the initiative to help a crippled woman, and he even walked into her room.

Jaquan got himself an excuse—he didn't want Armando to be tricked by that woman, so he had to take a look.

When he stepped in, he saw Armando was changing the light bulb with a chair under his feet. Emma supported the chair with one hand and supported Armando with the other, as if she was afraid that he would fall.

Jaquan didn't know what he was feeling, but he thought that this woman was truly annoying. Thus, he shook his head and left. Just as he sat down, Janessa returned.

She was probably a little cold, so she took out her coat from her backpack and put it on, then looked around.

Jaquan said coldly, 'He is inside.'

'Someone is living there, right?' Janessa asked.

Jaquan snorted, 'Yes, that cripple you met before.'

Just as Armando came out, Janessa stared at him, with glittering eyes.

'You are so attentive. What were you doing there?'

Armando didn't fully understand her words. He scratched his head uncomfortably and felt a little embarrassed. 'Nothing matters. I completed the upgrading and installation of the environmental lighting system independently without causing any cost overruns or safety accidents.'

Hearing this, Jaquan stood up excitedly and said, 'Didn't you just change a light bulb?!'

'...'

Sydnee came back from the tea garden, following by Harold. The two of them chatted, lowering their heads, as they walked. When they saw Jaquan and the others, Sydnee was stunned. Then, she greeted them, 'Why didn't you tell me in advance?'

Jaquan took the car keys as a sign to leave. 'They are here to relax. Supply them some food. I'm leaving.'

Sydnee smiled and nodded, 'Fine. Two guests, right? Please come in.'

Seeing that Jaquan was leaving, Armando grabbed him and said, 'I didn't drive today.'

Jaquan held back his impulse to fall out and threw the car keys to Armando. He turned around and looked at Harold, 'Did you drive today?'

Harold nodded.

He bought a car under the orders of Emily yesterday. He drove it out today, without license plate. It was a low-key and reserved SUV. It was not high-grade, but practical for daily travel.

Jaquan saw the car parked at the entrance of the village. He thought that it belonged to the manor. He never expected that this was Miss Emily's new car.

He hesitated at the car door, confused. Each of them bought three or four paintings for over a million. Why was Emily still so 'frugal'?

Harold boarded the car. Jaquan sighed, and then he got on the car. When Harold reversed the car, he saw a child running forward quickly. He stopped the car and waited for the kid to pass. Jaquan couldn't help but poke out of the window and yelled angrily, 'Watch yourself! What if you are hit?'

The child was Stony.

He was frightened by Jaquan, and then he hesitated for a moment and said ok. He did not dash towards his home anymore. Instead, he slowly took a few steps and turned around to take a look.

The car got started. Jaquan saw the child's gaze through the rearview mirror and smiled involuntarily.

He turned his gaze back, still smiling, faced Harold.

Harold didn't say anything.

Jaquan stopped smiling. It was quiet in the car. Jaquan felt somewhat embarrassed. He turned on the music and played a song.

Liu Huan, a Chinese famous singer started his singing. Just as the lyrics 'Great River...' came out, Jaquan pressed pause, trembling. He didn't expect Harold would like those wild songs. So he gave up listening to music and lay in the back seat.

He rubbed the cell phone in his pocket, thinking whether he should go back or not.

What did Arabella want him for? Did she need him to drink with her or listen to her complaint? He hesitated but didn't call her back. He looked out of the window and suddenly remembered something. He looked at Harold and asked, 'Did Miss Emily move over?'

Harold let out a 'yep' sound.

Jaquan thought for a moment, and then called Arabella, 'I accidentally hung it up. What's wrong?'

'Vincent invited Grandpa over yesterday afternoon.' Arabella said.

'What?'

'Along with Grandpa Mosby and Grandpa Geller.' Arabella smiled happily, 'Can you guess what Vincent is up to?'

Jaquan didn't say anything, surging out a figure of a little girl in his mind.

Arabella smiled and said, 'He treats that little retard as a substitute for her. He wants to...'

'Arabella!' Jaquan interrupted her sternly.

Arabella stopped talking and hung up.

Jaquan looked at Harold, who was looking straight ahead.

Before Jaquan stuffed his phone into his pocket, he checked his WeChat. There were always loads of messages in the WeChat group of the office. He clicked on it and saw someone ask, 'When will Mr. Jaquan come back?'

He replied, 'Tomorrow.'

They cheered in the WeChat group.

Jaquan stared at the screen of his phone and revealed a gratified smile. It felt so good to be needed.

Thinking of something, he gradually stopped smiling-so he could never reject Arabella.

Jaquan got off the car at the office, thanked Harold and left.