

Billionaire' s Reborn Baby – Chapter 7 – Next Year –

‘Then why?’

Emily was speechless.

He did not believe her, and that was natural. No one would believe her, not even herself. Who would buy it if she claimed she had died once at the hands of her own sister?

The color suddenly drained from her face. Knowing Vincent would die one day, she sighed softly despite herself. Managing to recall Vincent’s previous life, she said hesitantly, ‘Don’t take herbal medicine, or have someone taste for you. Oh, and go date someone and marry the girl you love. Otherwise, what a pity it will be if you are never in love before you die.’

‘OK.’ Vincent looked he was smiling.

Emily looked out of the window and her mind began to wander, ‘I know you don’t believe me, but...’

‘I believe you.’

Emily froze. Vincent’s words dragged her back into reality. She turned her head and said, ‘What did you say?’

Vincent was different from what she thought. Eliot told her he was a badass and a villain that everyone hated. But the man beside her would wipe the cream off her mouth and say ‘I believe you’ to a retard.

They soon arrived at the Britt's. Before Emily got out of the car, she thanked Vincent again, 'Thank you for not calling my bluff and saving me. Good night.'

The Britts were waiting at the door. Just as Emily got out of the car, she saw her father Maury standing at the front. Her tears flooded out and she rushed into Maury's arms. 'Dad... Dad....'

She cried bitterly.

Everyone else was confused. Someone murmured, 'What's wrong with Miss Emily? Did Mr. Vincent take advantage of her?'

Actually, Emily was crying because she remembered that in her previous life, her father had been killed, and she didn't even have a chance to see him last time.

In the car, Vincent looked out at the retard who was crying her heart out. He remembered her crying silently by the pool, which reminded him of a little girl deep in his memory. His heart immediately became softer.

'Mr. Vincent, would you like to go out?' The assistant asked.

'No. Just go.' Vincent looked back from outside.

'Yes.'

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As soon as Beverly got out of the car, she asked the butler, 'Where's Mr. Vincent? Is he inside?'

He shook his head, 'No.'

The joy on her face immediately faded away. 'What? I told you to ask him in.'

'But....' The butler said awkwardly, 'Mr. Vincent... He didn't even get out of the car.'

Beverly could only grab her purse and storm in anger.

Elsie got off the car from the other side and followed up. She tilted her head and asked the butler, 'He didn't get off? Then did he roll down the window?'

The butler shook his head. Everyone's attention was on Miss Emily by then. Who would have noticed Mr. Vincent?

'What on earth did you do?' As soon as Elsie went into the living room, she saw Maury shouting at Beverly, 'Why did you bring her to the banquet? Do you know that you almost got her killed?'

'I just want her to go out in society. What did I do wrong?' Beverly whined. 'I can't leave her at home alone, so I took her there. I never expected she would hurtle out of sight...'

'You!' Pointing at her, Maury was too angry to say a word.

His heart ached at the thought of the crying Emily in his arms. Maury was guilty about not taking good care of her for Emily's dead mother, letting that high fever hinder her intellectual development. So, Emily had been his favorite child since he brought her back home.

The last time she cried this hard was at the age of seven. The memory found him regretful. He could only sigh, 'Anyway, don't take her out again.'

Exhausted, Maury turned around and was about to leave.

Beverly stood up and cried, accusing him, 'I'm just doing this for our family. The company is in big trouble now. I just want to make a connection with Mr. Vincent so he can help us. Where did I do wrong? Yes, I took my eyes off her. It's my fault.'

Elsie cut in, 'Dad, you are wrong about mom. She loves Emily and always gives her the best. When Emily was missing today, mom is really anxious.'

'Alright, stop crying.' Maury's heart softened.

Elsie comforted Beverly, 'Dad doesn't mean to blame you. It just the way he talks. Don't take it to heart.'

'Mr. Vincent's car was parked at the door. Why didn't you invite him in? Do you know how much effort it took me to have him send Emily home?' Beverly was still crying.

Maury murmured apologetically, 'Yes, yes. You're right. I was so busy today. I shouldn't have forgotten it. It's all my fault.'

At the stairs on the second floor, Emily listened with a cold face. She knew they would cry their way out of this even if they really drowned her.

Just wait and see. There was a long way to go!