

Reborn Baby – Chapter 751

"Mr. Vincent, does your leg hurt?" Emily rested her head on Vincent's leg and looked at him with half of her eyes closed. Her voice was soft and cute.

"It doesn't hurt." Vincent helped her dry her hair and took a comb to help her brush her hair.

"Liar." Emily sat up, reached out her thumb to press between his eyebrows, pouted, and said, "You have been frowning all the time."

Vincent smiled as he grabbed her hand. "I didn't lie."

Emily tilted her head and looked at him for a while. She put on her shoes and got off the bed. "Do you want me to give you a massage?"

"Huh?" Vincent didn't seem to have heard it clearly. When he saw Emily squatting there massaging his legs, his heart softened. "Where did you learn it?"

"I learned it from Sydnee." Emily looked up at him. "Mr. Vincent, lie down."

Vincent looked at her, then slowly sat back down, lying on the pillow. Emily gently massaged his legs.

"What do you think about today's wedding?" he suddenly asked.

"It's pretty good." After saying that, Emily looked at Vincent. A moment later, she added, "I think it's good for everyone to be happy like today. There's no need for a wedding."

As if it was not enough, she added, "I feel very happy to be with you."

"You don't regret it?" Vincent looked at her.

"No regret." Emily crawled over and lowered her head to kiss him. "Never regret."

Vincent held the back of her head and turned over to take the initiative.

"Mr. Vincent, where are they?" Emily gasped.

"I don't know." "Ignore them," Vincent said as he kissed her neck.

The guards hanging by the side of the ship calmly wiped away the water that splashed on their faces as they ate snacks.

Guard 1: "The snacks are almost gone."

Guard 2: "Sweets are gone."

Guard 3: "The blanket is wet."

Guard 1: "Where is guard 4?"

Guard 3: "He just saw a shark and went after it."

Guard 1: "..."

Rex: "..."

There were always footsteps coming from the cabin. Sydnee was trembling with fear while bathing in the room. She was afraid that someone would enter her room. The room wasn't soundproof. She could hear someone's footsteps coming from outside in the bathroom. Sometimes it was one person, and sometimes there were several people. She could not fall asleep no matter how she lay in bed. She hesitated for a long time. She took a deep breath, opened the door, and walked out. She looked around but did not see anyone, so she knocked on Eliot's room.

Eliot had probably just taken a bath and was only wrapped in a bath towel. He probably did not expect that Sydnee would come to him this late at night. He was slightly shocked for a moment before asking, "What's wrong? What happened?"

Sydnee suddenly didn't know what to say. She lowered her head and thought for a while before saying, "It's nothing. I ... I'm fine. I just came to take a look. If you're fine, I'll leave..."

She turned around and walked back, but Eliot reached out and pulled her in. After closing the door behind him, he pressed her against the door and kissed her for a while before asking, "What's wrong?"

"I couldn't sleep." "I always hear footsteps outside," Sydnee said, covering her face with her hands.

Eliot remained silent.

Sydnee released her hand and looked at him through the gaps between her fingers. Eliot lowered his head and kissed her. His voice was hoarse. "You are testing me."

Sydnee was too shy to utter a word.

"I think I should go back," she said as she twisted the door handle.

"Do you think I will let you go?" Eliot pressed the door and asked.

A few minutes later, Sydnee was lying on the bed, with two pillows in the middle of the bed and Eliot on the other side.

"Good night," Sydnee said softly.

"Good night," Eliot said as he reached out to hold her hand through the pillow.

Half an hour later.

Sydnee tried her best to carefully withdraw her hand. She still couldn't sleep. She did not dare to move even if she wanted to turn over. She was afraid of waking up Eliot.

Just as she retracted her hand and was about to turn over, Eliot moved. He put the pillows away and pulled Sydnee into his arms. "Is this the only way that makes you fall asleep?"

Sydnee didn't reply.

In the darkness, no sound of footsteps could be heard. In this small room, she only heard the violent heartbeat of them.

Eliot grabbed her shoulder. Sydnee turned around stiffly and covered her mouth. "Wait a minute, I..."

Eliot kissed the back of her hand. He paused for a moment, reached out to remove her hand, and gently kissed her. "I won't do anything, don't be afraid."

...

After Collin replied to a few messages on his WeChat, he opened the small speaker he carried with him, turned on the music, and waited to fall asleep. He closed his eyes and waited for a long time without feeling sleepy. He might have slept for a long time in the morning.

He picked up his phone and browsed for a while. Suddenly, he remembered Roxy. She didn't have a WeChat account because her phone was so out of date. She probably couldn't send a text message. He swiped his contact list and opened the text message again. He didn't see any traces of her.

If he hadn't lived with her for a while, he wouldn't have been able to find any traces of her on his phone.

This person seemed to be able to completely disappear from a person's life as long as she packed her luggage and left in a carefree manner, leaving no traces behind.

He called her.

It rang for a long time before she picked up.

"Hey..." A sexy voice came from the other side of the line.

"It's me." Collin asked, "Still not asleep?"

"Yes."

"I won't go back tonight." said he.

"You said it before." There was the sound of a lighter on Roxy's end, and she was lighting up a cigarette.

Collin could even imagine her empty eyes that were lit up by the sparks when she lowered her head.. He sobbed. "What did you eat tonight?"

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Roxy exhaled a mouthful of smoke, her voice hoarse and lazy. "Doctor Mueller, did you miss me?"

Collin put his phone aside, tilted his head and exhaled, then took the phone and said lightly, "I can't sleep on the ship. I want to hear your voice."

"My voice?" She questioned with a smile, "Moan?"

Collin's eyelids twitched. "Okay." He said.

Two minutes later, Collin hung up the phone. Soon, he called again with a hoarse voice. "You used to be like this with other men on the phone?"

"No," Roxy said in a faint voice.

"Fine."

Collin hung up the phone and took a deep breath at the darkness above his head. Then he got out of bed and walked into the bathroom.

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"Noah! Let's watch the horror movie together, okay?" shouted Ferne.

"Leave my room and go to your own room to watch." Noah ruthlessly refused.

"I just thought you are lonely and want to accompany you." Ferne said.

"No, thanks. Goodbye," Noah said as he brought Ferne to the door.

Ferne was speechless.

After a while, someone knocked on the door again. "Why don't we watch a comedy together?" asked Ferne, holding some snacks in his hands.

"Eat and watch it yourself." Noah glanced at the snacks in his arms.

Ferne was still trying to get in. "No. Sharing could bring more happiness. Forget it. People like you don't understand."

Noah closed the door.

After exercising with his headphones, he went into the bathroom to take a shower. A moment later, he just came out and heard a knock on the door. When he opened the door, he saw Dorothy leaning on the door frame in a bathrobe.

Noah raised his eyebrows and felt confused.

Dorothy took a look, but did not see Ferne. She asked, "Don't you live together?"

Noah was speechless.

"Do you mind if I take a look?" Dorothy had just drunk a lot of hangover soup, and now that she was no longer sleepy, she wanted to come over and tease him.

Noah took a step back, "Whatever, it was originally your family's ship."

Dorothy nodded and walked in with her head held high like she was inspecting her territory.

Noah's luggage was a backpack. He loved to be clean. The toiletries were stacked neatly. The dirty clothes that he had taken off were put in the next layer of the bag. The clean clothes were hung on the hanger for tomorrow. He was wearing a bathrobe, and his short hair looked a little masculine.

"You should go and find Doctor Mueller. He is the only one here who is single." Noah leaned against the door and looked at her.

"What a pity! If you weren't here, I would probably take a fancy to him." Dorothy looked at him and asked, "How is it? Do you want to flirt with me?"

Noah stood at the door with his arms crossed, and said to her, "Go and take a walk next door. I'm going to sleep."

Dorothy looked at him with a look of pity, "Aren't many gays also like girls? Why aren't you?"

"..."

"What?" Ferne's voice came from the door. He had just walked in and found that Dorothy was also there. He was shocked for a second and raised his eyebrows at Noah.

Noah was lost for word.

"I guess you'll definitely come tonight," Dorothy smiled when she saw Ferne.

"Why?" Ferne was puzzled.

"No reason." Dorothy walked to the door, "Since you're here, then I'll leave."

She walked out the door and turned back to thoughtfully close the door.

"What's going on? It hasn't even been a night, and you've already managed to win her heart?" asked Ferne.

Noah went to the table and poured himself a glass of water.

"Why don't you let her stay for a night?" asked Ferne.

"Why didn't you let her stay?" Noah gave him a glance.

"I do want to, but it's a pity that she doesn't like me."

Noah sneered.

"To be honest, let's see that horror movie. With this thing in my room, I don't feel good if I don't watch it," said Ferne, taking out the CD from his pocket.

"You want a fight?" Noah bent his fingers one by one, making the sound of bones.

"Bro, it's just a movie. Don't be so violent."

"What horror movie?" Noah walked over helplessly.

"I knew you liked to watch horror movies too!" Ferne slapped him in surprise.

Noah sighed, "When we finished it, quickly get lost and go to sleep."

"Alright!"

Although Ferne claimed to watch horror movies, he was really afraid of ghosts.

Halfway through the movie, he blocked the pillow in front of his eyes, staring at Noah.

Noah rubbed his head over.

After a while, Ferne looked back.

"Why are you looking at me?" Noah was speechless.

"The ghosts are coming out. I can see ghosts in your eyes," said Ferne nervously.

"..."

He wanted to throw Ferne into the sea.

After watching it with great difficulty, Ferne said that it was a little scary and he needed a comedy to comfort him, so he started another comedy. Before he could watch halfway, he fell asleep in bed.

Noah frowned slightly, reached out and patted his face, "Ferne, sleep in your room."

Ferne didn't wake.

Noah had no choice but to lift him up and put a pillow for him.

The key to every cabin door was the password. The person outside the door could open the door with the password. Noah did not know the password of Ferne's room door. There was only a single sofa in the room except for the bed.

He thought for a moment, took the blanket and sat down on the single sofa, closing his eyes to sleep.

Chapter 753

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Janessa was very drunk. In the bathroom, she hit and scolded Armando while crying and making a fuss. It took them more than an hour to take a bath.

By the time he dried her hair and put her on the bed, it was already late.

Armando lowered his head and kissed her face. Then, he took his clothes and went into the bathroom. A box of things fell out of the luggage bag. He picked it up and glanced at it. Then, he turned his head to look at Janessa on the bed and casually threw the box into the interlayer of the luggage bag.

"Janessa, I have to go on a business trip in a few days."

Janessa heard Armando talking in a daze. She wanted to respond, but she felt that she had no strength left. When she opened her eyes, it was black and she could not see anything clearly.

She had a very chaotic dream. In her dream, she was on the ship for a while. Suddenly, she returned home in the next second. She lay on the sofa and Armando was kissing her ... The scene changed again. She went to the ship again, and everyone was playing games. Armando pulled her to the deck and kissed her in front of the waves ... They stood on the deck like the cover of the Titanic. And the scene was changed to the Mosby's where Benson asked her, "You live together with Armando?"

"Yes," Janessa nodded nervously.

Then the next second, she saw Armando holding her hand and saying, "Grandpa, we are together."

She saw Benson's eyes widen because of surprise. She saw Roman and Cynthia stand up. Janessa could not hear what they were shouting. She kept running and running. The passage in front of her was very similar to the corridor where she went to find Armando before. It seemed that there was no end. No matter how long she ran, she could not get out. She screamed in her dream, her voice hoarse and sharp.

"Janessa!"

Someone was calling her.

Janessa opened her eyes. There was fear and uneasiness in her eyes. Her forehead was wet and her whole face was covered by tears.

"Janessa, are you awake?"

It was Cynthia.

Janessa thought that she was still in a dream. She looked around and found this was Armando's residence. Had she returned from the cruise ship? Or was this still a dream?

She glanced at the house in a trance and found herself lying on the bed in her room. Her arms were connected to thin needles. She looked up and saw that the medicine bottle was hanging very high. She could not see what the medicine was. She raised her hands in a trance to see more clearly.

"Don't move. You are very weak. This is the medicine prescribed by the doctor." Cynthia held her hand.

"Doctor?" Janessa asked back. Her voice was hoarse, and as soon as she spoke, her throat was dry and painful.

"I'm sorry." Cynthia held her hand.

Janessa looked at her in surprise. She did not understand what Cynthia was apologizing for. She could only see that her eyes were especially red. It was obvious that she had cried.

"What's the matter?" Janessa asked uneasily. She looked around and did not see Armando, preparing to get out of bed to look for him, but her body was so sore that she was unable to move.

She lay there stiffly and looked down at herself after a long time. Her open collar revealed large patches of purple-red marks.

Her first reaction was that Cynthia knew it!

The Mosbies knew it!

Her beautiful eyes suddenly widened in fear.

Cynthia quickly held her hand. "Janessa, don't be angry. Listen to me first. He was drunk ... So he did something terrible to you. But listen to me. He likes you. He really likes you. So I ... I want to ask you. Can you give him a chance?"

Janessa sat there blankly. She did not understand what Cynthia said.

"I know that this matter is a huge blow to you. But, I beg you, he really likes you. Don't blame him. I ... I gave him the household register at home. He wants to change your household register. When the time comes, you can be in a relationship. I know that it is unfair to you. Janessa, for my sake, can you give him a chance?"

Janessa blankly shed a tear and asked in a trance, "Where is Armando?"

Cynthia almost knelt by her bed. Hearing her say this, she held her hand. "Don't blame him. If you're angry, blame me. I didn't educate him well. We owe you, okay? But Janessa, he really likes you. He told me that he would not marry anyone except you in this life. Janessa, don't blame him, okay?"

Janessa seemed to have understood, but she was still confused.

She suddenly remembered that Armando had whispered in her ear last night, "Janessa, I have to go on a business trip in a few days."

This was something he had planned out long ago.

"Where is Armando?" Janessa asked again.

Cynthia suddenly fell silent.

"Where is he?" Janessa looked up at her.

Cynthia turned and cried silently.

Janessa pulled out the needle and walked out. As soon as she got out of the bed, she fell to the ground.

She heard Cynthia's panicked voice, "What are you doing? Have a good rest! Armando went on a business trip. I was afraid that you would blame him, so I didn't dare to tell you!"

Was that so?

Janessa was still uneasy. She lay down until the evening and drank some soup made by Cynthia. Only then did she recover a little. While Cynthia went to the bathroom, she took the key, put on her coat, and walked out.

She called Armando, but it didn't work. She called home again, and the call was picked up by the butler.

Janessa asked, "Where is Armando?"

The butler stammered, "He..."

"Is he at home?" Janessa asked.

"Yes."

Janessa hung up the phone.

After the taxi stopped, she pulled the zipper of her coat all the way to her neckline before she walked in.

"Miss Janessa ... you're back." The butler saw her from afar.

Janessa asked as she walked in, "Where's Master Mosby?"

"He was very angry." The butler could not bear it and said, "He almost smashed Mr. Armando's back."

Janessa held onto the wall and barely managed to stand, but her face was extremely pale.

"I don't know what happened, but Mr. Armando didn't say a word. Master Mosby didn't let anyone stop him. He just kept hitting him and knocked him out before stopping..." "Miss Janessa, you don't look very well. Are you sick?" asked the butler, who helped her in.

Janessa waved her hand and only felt almost suffocated.

There was no one in the living room. She went up the stairs and thought of the young man who did not like to talk lying in blood. It hurt so much that her heart ached.

Benson stood at the window of the corridor. When he turned around and saw Janessa coming up, his eyes suddenly turned red.

He stretched out his hand.

Janessa slowly walked over and held his hand.

He sized her up and patted her hand. "Child, sorry for your suffering."

Janessa shook her head.

He took out a card from his pocket and handed it to her. "There's about ten million in this card. Go out. If you want to come back in the future, come back and take a look. If you don't want to come back, just live a happy and comfortable life outside. If you need anything, call me and tell me."

'Go out?'

Janessa didn't take the card. She just stood there with her head down and didn't speak. Her eyes were full of tears.

"If that bastard wasn't my grandson, I would beat him to death to avenge you!" His eyes were red.

"However, he is the descendant of the Mosby family. Can you understand me, child? I really want to beat him to death."

Janessa shook her head. The truth was not like this.

"Where is Armando?" She tried her best to suppress her tears and asked.

"He's in the room." Benson pointed to the room.

Janessa turned and walked into the room.

"Child, if you really hate him and want to kill him..." Benson looked at her sadly, "I can only kneel down and beg you ... to let him live."

The instant Janessa opened the door to Armando's room, her tears fell.

In the middle of the golden bed, Armando lay naked on the bed. On his back was a large area of bloody wounds that had been drawn out by the whip. The entire back, including the legs, was densely packed. The messy whip marks almost burned Janessa's eyes. She covered her mouth and cried silently.

The air conditioner was on in the room, and Armando lay there unconscious.

"Armando..." She shouted softly.

His finger gently touched the only place where he was not injured.

Armando did not respond at all.

"You...." She covered her mouth, tears rolling down her cheeks.

Chapter 754

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On the third day after Emma got married, she went on a honeymoon trip with Jaquan. She also brought Stony with her. It was the first time that they went on a trip. Therefore, Deon and Bernice were worried and followed them. Felice and Allen were also invited to join. The three siblings of the Alberton family stopped causing troubles after the cruise incident and did not participate in this collective family activity.

Emily returned to the school. Every day, she was still the one who took notes diligently. If she met something she didn't know, she would write down them all. Anyway, there were "the teaching director" Rex and the omnipotent Vincent at home.

At the end of the month, Emily would have come here for a month. The first monthly test would be held at the end of the next month. To catch up with the progress, she studied very late every day. Vincent also accompanied her all night, and solved her problems if she encountered something she would not be able to answer in time. Although Emily had learned a lot these days, she still took a lot of notes every day. After all, it was her first time going to school. There were too many things new to her. She almost could not take it.

Every day Vincent would rush back and forth. Vincent knew how hard she tried. Emily even fell asleep in the car for more than twenty minutes. When she arrived at the school gate, she suddenly woke up, put on a mask, and ran inside.

Rex, who was in the front passenger seat, couldn't bear to say, "Mr. Vincent, how about letting Mrs. Britt stay in school?"

Vincent, who was sitting in the back seat, glanced at Rex.

Rex replied, "Pretend I didn't say anything."

The next day, Vincent bought an apartment near the school.

It only took five minutes to walk to school. There were a lot of stores around the apartment. It was convenient, but it was noisy to sleep at night. Emily studied until late every night. When she was resting, the sound of cars coming and going seemed to be in her ears. She always got up, looked out of the window on the first night, and said in a daze, "It's so loud here. I thought a car drove in..."

Vincent took the earplugs and put them on her. Then, he asked Rex to buy sound-proof equipment overnight. The next day, the entire room was isolated. No sound could be heard inside.

Emily felt that it was more convenient to live here than to live in the school. The female classmate behind Emily said that there were thieves in the dormitory, and there were people who liked to use her things randomly. Otherwise, the things on the table would always be used. When she asked them, everyone had no idea. Or when she slept at night, someone was still washing clothes and drying clothes. Although the lights had already been turned off, there were still people chatting in the dormitory and someone would quarrel with her whenever she mentioned it. Emily was stunned by the number of accommodation issues.

"She said she bought a few sets of underwear. Every time she washes it, it will be less." Emily ate a mouthful of rice and asked Vincent, "But will anyone steal underwear from the girls' dormitory?"

"Everything is possible," Rex interrupted.

Emily frowned. "I remember that this is not how you use it."

Rex replied, "Almost the same."

"It might be a lesson." Vincent placed some food in her bowl. "Girls will play some tricks when they meet someone they don't like. You don't have to care about this."

"Ah, so that's the case. I'll tell her to be careful." Emily nodded thoughtfully.

"Good friend?" Rex asked curiously, "The female classmate behind you?"

"Yeah, she's pretty good. She even lent me a book to read." Emily took a sip of the soup and said, "She said that she hates people who are stupid and don't want to learn. She said that although I am a little stupid, I'm still willing to learn."

Rex was speechless.

"Wasn't this same as calling the little Hulk stupid?" he thought.

"But she is willing to teach me." Emily smiled. "No one except her will team up with me during the physical education class."

Vincent touched her head. "Go back and see if your classmate is isolated. If she is looking for you to form a group, you have to be careful of her intentions."

Emily lowered her head and did not speak for a long time.

"What's wrong?" Vincent saw that something was wrong and turned to look at her.

"Vincent, I don't want you to think everyone badly, but I have to admit that what you said makes sense." Emily pursed his lips. "But when hearing this, I still felt a little unhappy. If she really had other motives, then I would be very sad."

"I am sorry. I shouldn't have said that." Vincent stroked her head.

Emily hugged his waist. "You are doing this for my good. I know, but human is complicated. I still need time to observe."

At night, Emily was still studying until very late. Vincent watched her drip eye drops three times. He got up and walked over to hold her hand and said, "Don't be too anxious. We can skip the first monthly exam."

"No, I did not take the entrance exam." Emily patted her face. "I feel like I know a lot more than I did before school started."

In less than a month, she had too many things to learn and she had to absorb too much. Fortunately, her memory was good. As for things learned within a week or two, she still had an impression when she mentioned them two weeks later.

After half-past twelve, she put down her book and walked up to Vincent, looking at the book in his hand and asking, "What are you looking at?"

Vincent showed her the cover.

"Physics?" Emily yawned. "Why are you suddenly interested in this?"

"You need to go to bed." Vincent took her into the bathroom.

"You haven't told me yet," Emily asked with sleepy eyes.

Vincent asked, "What?"

Emily brushed his teeth and fell into Vincent's arms. He looked down and saw that Emily was already asleep.

He sighed, helped her wash her face, and carried her to the bed. Then he opened the book and continued to read. He took a pen and made notes.. When it was one o'clock, he closed the book, lay down next to Emily, gently pulled her into his arms, and closed his eyes.

Chapter 755

Emily had a dream rarely. In the dream, Harold called her "Miss Emily" in the big fire. Emily kept reaching out to him. "I'm here, Harold! Harold!"

When she woke up, she was sweating profusely, not knowing if it was because of the heat or scare. She stayed in bed for a long time without coming back to her senses.

Occasionally, she would dream of Maury and Donna. In her dreams, they were always happy and harmonious. Every time she dreamed of Harold, it was always the big fire that could not be crossed. That car accident trapped Harold and also trapped her.

"So early?" Vincent walked over and touched her head, his hand drenched in sweat. "Did you have a nightmare?"

Emily rubbed his palm with her eyes closed. "Mr. Vincent, take me out. I feel a little stuffy."

"Alright."

The morning in Happisland City was no different from the other cities. There was the smell of buns and deep-fried dough sticks in the alley. Women went out to buy groceries together. It was noisy and lively. The merchants who opened the business street early were still yawning. Young men were diligently cleaning with a broom...

Emily looked at the noisy situation outside and her mood slowly calmed down. "Mr. Vincent, I want to eat steamed buns."

"Alright."

Emily heard the sound of the door opening, and then Vincent walked out.

She was stunned for a moment before she realized that there was no one in the passenger seat today, and Rex was not there.

She went to open the car door and the driver shouted, "Mrs. Britt, please wait in the car."

Emily looked over the window again. Vincent was really eye-catching. He was very tall and wore a custom-made black suit. When he stood there, he had a noble and cold temperament. His face was indifferent and handsome. His eyebrows were black and strong. His nose was prominent, and his thin lips were slightly pursed. The lines of the lower jaw were smooth and beautiful. The buttons were buttoned up to the collar, and the collar was stiff, which looks sexy.

Just like that, he slowly walked to the bun shop and said to the seller in a low and magnetic voice, "Give me a portion of each bun."

The seller in the entire bun shop, including all the people passing by the door, stopped and looked at him. Their eyes were full of amazement and curiosity. A woman even did not hide their love for him and plucked up the courage to talk to him. "Where do you live? Why are you here to buy breakfast?"

Vincent turned his head and glanced at her. His eyes were extremely cold. The woman who asked the question suddenly stopped and muttered resentfully, "Why are your eyes so fierce?"

"Humph, why are your eyes so fierce? What's so great about being handsome?" Emily held the steamed bun in her hands and imitated the woman as she ate.

Vincent held her head with his palm and smiled. "You heard it from such a distance?"

"I can't hear it. I guessed it." Emily took a sip of soy milk. "Many women look at you, Mr. Vincent. You have to wear a mask when you go out. Otherwise, I won't be at ease."

"You won't be at ease?" Vincent laughed.

"Yes, there are many girls who are prettier than me outside. If you suddenly see another one who is prettier than me and suddenly be tempted..."

"No, I won't." Vincent wiped the crumbs off her lips with his thumb. "You're the only one I like in my life."

Emily threw the bun in her hand to the side and pounced into his arms.

Vincent hugged her thin back and said in a low and pleasant voice, "What's wrong?"

"I like you so much." Emily buried herself in his shirt, her voice buzzing, "I can't bear to leave."

"Then I won't go." Vincent lowered his head and kissed the top of her head.

"No! Send me to school." Emily suddenly bounced up, full of fighting spirit.

"Are you sure?" Vincent played with her hand.

Emily put his hand to the side. "Mr. Vincent, please behave yourself."

Vincent was speechless.

When Emily was about to reach the school gate, she put on her mask and kissed Vincent through the mask. Then, she opened the car door and walked out. After taking a few steps, she noticed that someone was looking at her. She looked up and saw a girl wearing a school uniform smiling at her.

Emily nodded politely at her and then entered the school.

Probably because it was the worst class, when the other classes were quietly previewing or reviewing, there was only the bustling noise in their class.

Emily lowered her head and walked in. After sitting down, she looked up at the blackboard. The next lesson was English. She took out the English book and reviewed it. Her mind recalled Rex and Vincent's American pronunciation and London accent. She cleared her throat and silently read it a few times. Although she did not quite understand it, she could read it a little more smoothly according to the sense of language. She checked the words one by one and made the remarks.

Her deskmate was writing something in his notebook. Emily glanced at it and quickly covered his notebook as if he was guarding against thieves.

Emily was speechless.

"I heard that we'll have a new teacher." Someone knocked her back. She leaned back, and the female student behind him whispered.

"A new teacher?" Emily couldn't help but think of the scene of Vincent holding the physics book in his hand. She shook her head. "That was impossible," she thought.

"Yes, a beautiful teacher. I heard that she is very beautiful and boys are attracted by her." The female classmate said in surprise, "She has a very good figure. I heard that even girls like her."

Emily nodded noncommittally.

In terms of beauty, she had never seen a woman more beautiful than Christy.

"Have you written the English test paper?" The female at the back table asked.

"What?" Emily was confused.

"This." The female classmate took a book and handed it to her.. "Class is about to start. You didn't write it, did you?"

Chapter 756

Emily turned his head to look at his deskmate, who was writing furiously, copying someone's random answer.

"If you haven't written it, copy it." The classmate at the back table patted her on the shoulder. "The English teacher is very fierce and will put you stand on the penalty."

"Thank you." Emily took it, then opened it and read it while writing. After checking it, she pointed out a wrong word.

"You actually discovered that this word was wrong!" The female classmate at the back table was surprised. "It seems that I thought you were too stupid. I thought that it was useless for you to memorize it for so many days."

Emily didn't know how to answer.

She had indeed memorized the words for many days and it was truly useless, but Rex and Vincent's tutoring at night was still quite useful.

When Emily returned the test paper to her, her eyes inadvertently met with a girl in the back row. She vaguely felt that the girl looked a little familiar. After the first lesson, she remembered that when she arrived at school in the morning, the girl she saw at the door was this one.

They were in the same class?

A bit of a coincidence.

Did the girl see her get out of the car?

Emily did not think too much about it. She took a pencil and followed her classmate into the art classroom. The moment she entered, she bumped into someone at the door. "Sorry..."

She covered her mask and stared at Christy in front of her, her expression full of surprise and shock.

"Be careful," Christy said with a friendly smile.

Emily was speechless.

The female classmate at the back of the table tugged at her school uniform sleeve. "Isn't she very beautiful? Look at you. You're stunned."

Emily was still speechless.

The art teacher gave out a blank drawing every class for the students to draw at will. Anyway, no one would appreciate the drawing of the worst class no matter what it was drawn.

Emily took the drawing paper, sat there, and casually painted. Pencil drawing was her shortcoming. She had never studied professionally, and Christy did not know how to draw at all. She picked up an art book, took an apple in the classroom, and put it on the table for everyone to draw. Then she shuffled between the students, pretended to pass by Emily. She lowered her head to look at Emily's painting, and said as if she was commenting, "Is it exciting? Are you surprised?"

Emily was so speechless.

As soon as Christy left, the female classmate sitting behind Emily leaned over. "What did the teacher tell you?"

"Exciting," Emily replied blankly.

The female classmate at the back table was in shock.

"Well, she said my painting is very creative." Emily came back to his senses and casually added a few strokes to her drawing.

The female classmate at the back table looked at her painting. Messy lines intersected on it. It was so ugly that she could not bear to look at it a second time. Was this kind of painting creative?

"Teacher's eyes aren't too good, right?" The female classmate said regretfully.

Emily was still silent.

"Have you seen the painting of the artist named Yu, who is very popular online?" In the back row, students were discussing in whispers.

"I've seen it. It's amazing! I heard from my parents that a painting is worth several million!"

"Yes, it's especially expensive!"

"Moreover, no one knows if Yu is a man or a woman..."

"He must be very ugly. Otherwise, why didn't he show his face, just like someone in our class..."

After the last sentence was said, many people laughed in low voices. Emily heard this and realized that they were laughing at her.

"Madam!" The female classmate at the back of the table raised her hand and said to Christy, "They've been chatting without drawing seriously."

Christy walked over, looked at the row of students, and said, "Stay here if you can't finish."

When she was not angry, she was very beautiful. But when she was angry, she could scare people. The students then stopped talking and continued to draw but stared at the front with unfriendly eyes.

The female classmate at the back table comforted Emily. "It's okay. If there is anything, just report it to the teacher. They don't dare to bully the teacher anyway."

"Thank you," Emily said.

"You are welcome." The female classmate at the back table said, "You can't bear it without saying a word, understand? They will bully you even more."

"Alright."

After the drawing was finished, people in the classroom all left. Emily had yet to finish the drawing when the female classmate at the back table handed over the drawing paper and said to her, "I'm going to the bathroom. I'll leave first."

"Okay." Emily waved at her.

"Mr. Vincent asked you to come here?" she walked to Christy with her painting and asked Christy after everyone had left.

Christy pretended to sort out the drawing paper in front of her. "Of course not. I receive eight thousand monthly salaries from you every month. I should do something. My brother told me to come and take care of you."

Emily asked, "Where is Trevor?"

Christy sorted out the paintings. "He's here too," Christy said with a bright smile on her face.

Emily didn't reply.

"You got along very well with Tata." Christy raised an eyebrow at her before she left. "Looks like you're already used to this place."

Emily had a blank expression. "Who?"

Christy opened the drawing paper and looked at it again. "The girl sitting next to you. I saw that you guys were chatting happily."

"Her name is Tata?" Emily was deep in thought.

"You still don't know her name?" Christy asked in surprise.

Emily replied, "I don't know."

Christy didn't answer.

If it was exciting and surprising to see Christy in the art class, Emily was already immune when she saw Noah in the PE class the next day.

Chapter 757

The girls surrounded Noah like crazy, so enthusiastic that they almost squeezed all the other boys out.

"Mr. Sachs! Will you teach us?"

"Mr. Sachs! I like sports very much! As long as you are our teacher, I will come no matter it's windy or rainy! I will run 800 meters for you!"

"Mr. Sachs! I'll sign up for this year's sports meet!"

"Mr. Sachs! How old are you? Do you have a girlfriend?"

"Mr. Sachs! You are so handsome!"

"Mr. Sachs! Do you know how to play basketball? Can you show us?"

"Mr. Sachs! Do you have abs?"

Emily stood on the periphery with the basketball in her arms and the female classmate at the back table- Sofia stood there watching the lively scene in front of them.

Sofia sighed, "Wow, the art teacher is beautiful and has a good figure. The PE teacher is handsome and tall. I regret not being born early..."

Emily was speechless.

"Why don't you come closer?" Sofia asked, "You don't like his appearance? Don't you think he's very handsome?"

"What about you? Why don't you go over?" Emily asked.

"My mom said girls should be more reserved," Sofia said shyly.

Emily kept silent.

"Moreover, I think he must be dating our art teacher. The two of them came together and then got to know each other. They look particularly compatible." Sofia said regretfully, "I have no fate with him this life, maybe next life."

Emily was really speechless.

Noah blew the whistle, "Everyone, stand in formation!"

The girls who were chattering earlier immediately stood in line. Noah looked around, and his voice was magnetic. "In my class, the first thing is to line up! If someone breaks the rules, he will be punished to run ten laps!"

He stood at the front and shouted, "If you hear me, answer me!"

"Yes!" everyone roared in response.

Students in Class F were not very obedient. There were a few girls who were willing to learn. The boys basically could not stay in the class. Many of them would climb over the wall and escape to surf the Internet. The teachers could not catch them, and the teachers could not be bothered to do so. After all, asking the parents to teach the students again wasted a lot of time.

Therefore, the school and teachers all turned a blind eye, waiting for the end of the semester so the students who were fooling around could take a graduation certificate and leave quickly.

Emily only focused on watching the blackboard and teachers during class. She rarely cared about the atmosphere of the classes behind her. She did not know that the girls in the last few rows were making up and sending notes to chat. The male students had already climbed over the wall and went to the Internet cafe. Every day, the attendance rate of Class F was pitifully low. The class teacher had once taken the last Class F and was quite experienced. He only paid attention to a few students that listen to the class seriously.

However, Noah asked everyone to be present, and as long as there was one person who was not present, then, the entire class would suffer.

"Do you have a commissary?" Noah shouted.

A boy stood out. "Here!"

"Are all the students here?" Noah asked.

The commissary nodded vaguely.

"Look at me! Answer again! Are all the students here?" Noah stared at him.

As if being frightened by Noah's eyes, the commissary shrank a bit, shook his head, and said, "No, no, several of them are not here."

"How many are missing?" Noah asked.

The commissary counted the heads, and after counting twice, he replied, "Thirteen."

"Do you know where they went?"

"I know." The commissary was shocked and confused.

"Alright, follow me."

The commissary stood there in shock.

Therefore, Emily discovered that there were less than half of the boys in the PE class, and she still asked Sofia blankly, "Where did they go?"

After that, Noah put on his hat and walked out with the commissary. The others stood in place, stunned. They heard Noah shout, "The others are dismissed! Free activities!"

From a distance away, he shouted, "What's your answer?"

The crowd was shocked and quickly shouted, "Yes!"

Emily took the basketball and practiced throwing it under the basket. Sofia was playing basketball on the side. She looked at the direction that Noah and commissary left in and sighed, "This is the first time I have met such a responsible teacher and he is so handsome..."

"Does the previous teacher not care?" Emily asked.

"Who would care about us?" Sofia shrugged. "They all want to cut ties with our class. I heard about it from a classmate that when the teachers had a meeting, they also had a KPI. If someone did not complete that KPI, then that person would come to teach our class and be our class teacher. Later on, a teacher said that he would not be willing to become a teacher in F class even if he was beaten to death. The results of the other classes are getting better and better, so there are no teachers to be our class teacher. Later, the principal hired a new teacher to be our class teacher. As you can see, our class teacher feels that our class is hopeless. In any case, he is not really concerned about us."

Emily nodded in thought.

"Our class is the worst class in the school." Sofia threw the basketball up, but the ball did not enter. It smashed into the frame and fell heavily again, smashing a few dull sounds on the ground. "You are really careless. You sit in front every day. Don't you look back?"

Emily patted the ball in her hand. "I didn't notice."

Sofia didn't reply.

"Can I ask a question?" She looked at Emily.

Emily guessed what she wanted to ask. "Okay, go ahead."

"Why are you wearing a face mask?" Sofia pointed at her face, "Is there acne on your face or is there a dental brace on your teeth?"

"Would you believe me if I answered seriously?" Emily asked with a smile.

"Yes." Sofia said with a serious expression, "Go ahead."

"Actually..." Emily looked up at her. "I'm just too beautiful."

Sofia was speechless.

She thought for a moment and walked over to pick up the basketball on the ground. "Alright, I won't ask you anymore. Let's practice throwing the ball."

Emily kept silent.

Half an hour later, Noah came back, followed by thirteen frustrated male students, and they were so dirty as if they had just gone through a fierce battle.

"I will still say the same thing! Everyone in my class must be present! If there is a person who breaks the rules, then they must be punished!" Noah took out the name list in his hand and shouted, "Anyone who is called will run ten laps later, and then go to class after running! Richard Freeman! Alex Sandler!"

After the PE class, Emily went to return the basketball. Noah was commanding his classmates to classify the items.. When he saw Emily coming over, he pointed at her and said, "Pick up the basketball over there as well."

Chapter 758

Emily went to pick up the ball a few more times. She thought she could talk to Noah. However, as soon as she came up to him, she heard Noah say, "The next class is coming. Hurry up and go to class."

Emily finally said nothing.

Day students didn't need to attend the evening self-study. Emily put the mathematics, physics, chemistry, and English books that she needed to study at night in her schoolbag and ran out. In the corridor, she met Christy and Noah. They stood together and chatted as they walked. Emily looked back. There were classmates around her. She jogged over.

Just as she was about to speak, someone patted her shoulder. It was Tata.

"Why are you running so fast? Are you going home?" Tata asked.

Emily nodded. When she looked up again, Christy and Noah were far away.

"Don't dream. Handsome guys love beauties," Tata patted Emily's shoulder, "as for us, don't even think about it."

Emily didn't know what to say.

Tata was formerly known as Tatiana Ortega. She felt her former name was unpleasant to hear, like a fierce man selling pork. So she changed her name. On the examination paper, she also wrote Tata. She said that a teacher had not seen her before. When the teacher mentioned Tatiana, she even joked that the name sounded strong and majestic and it must be a tall boy's name. At that time, the whole class laughed, only Tata was lying on the table and crying.

Emily didn't know how to comfort her. She could only say, "Tatiana is quite nice."

"Thank you," Tata looked at Emily and kept a straight face, "You are beautiful. If you don't believe me, look into my eyes."

Emily was wordless.

Two cars parked at the entrance of the apartment. Emily took off her mask and went upstairs. When she entered the house, she saw Christy and Noah washing and cutting vegetables in the kitchen. Trevor took a book and studied cooking with Rex.

Hearing the noise at the door, Vincent came out of the study. He walked up to Emily, took the school bag from her, and asked, "How is it today?"

Emily pointed at Christy and Noah who were in the kitchen. Just as she was about to speak, she suddenly thought of something. She looked at Vincent and said, "Mr. Vincent, it is only a few minutes from school to here. Don't let them follow, OK?"

"They were discovered?" Vincent asked and frowned.

"No," Before Emily could finish speaking, the four guards at the door rolled in. Then they stood up and said to Emily, "Does Lady Emily dislike us?"

"No," Emily waved her hand, "The school is too close. I don't think you need to follow me."

"They have to," Vincent held her hand and led her inside, "your safety is important. Everything has its reason to exist."

"Alright."

The four guards were about to leave. After Vincent gestured, they entered in again.

Candy was biting a shoe and running everywhere. "Candy, whose shoe are you biting?" Emily picked up the dog.

"Mine," Rex shouted in despair in the kitchen.

"Sorry, it might like you," Emily held back her laughter.

Rex shut up in despair.

"Why are all of you here?" Emily walked into the kitchen. After washing her hands, she stood in front of Trevor and Christy. Then she looked at Noah and asked, "And you, I heard that it was your idea?"

Noah glanced at Vincent. His broken eyebrows slightly raised, "Yes."

"Are you going to stay here for two or three years?" Emily asked in surprise, "what about City Y? Aren't you going back?"

Noah and Christy looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders.

Emily looked at Trevor in disbelief, "Isn't your home there? Are you not going back?"

Trevor smiled at her.

"Are you here for me?" Emily said in puzzlement, "no matter what you do in City Y, it is much better than being a teacher here."

"Just take it that we want to change our environment," Christy said as she walked to the front of the chopping board, "I heard that you want to learn how to cook. We have two teachers here who can teach you,"

Emily didn't know what to say.

Emily had seen Noah cook before. But it was the first time she had seen Trevor cook. Moreover, each time Trevor added seasoning, it was very precise. If the book said adding 0.5 grams, he would not exceed 0.6 grams. It was a terrifying level of rigor.

Emily watched them cooking once. She suddenly felt that the high IQ people group was probably a group that she would never be able to integrate into in her life.

At the dining table, Noah rarely expressed his opinion of the school, "It is not called attending class with your head down and listening seriously. If you study alone, you will also feel lonely when you succeed in the future. You need a partner who can accompany you."

Emily admitted that what he said was reasonable. But wasn't studying a matter of yourself? Who would meddle in other people's business and let them learn together with you?

The teachers and the school were in charge of gathering students together, but the knowledge was not something that could be stuffed into people. People need to take the initiative to study. Emily felt that she was not so great as to be responsible for letting her classmates study with her.

But Noah's words reminded her.

It was true that if she only studied alone, she would part company with classmates after graduation. They would not know each other and have any interactions. Then what was the meaning of learning?

To absorb knowledge?

To get into university?

Or to gain friendship?

Emily had thought that she only had to take care of herself and work hard to learn what she wanted to learn. Unexpectedly, friendship was also a very important course in school.

The next morning, she was full of confidence and was ready to go to school. When she arrived at the door of the apartment, she met Christy and Noah. Emily greeted them and said hesitantly, "I understand what you said last night. I will treat my classmates seriously in the future."

"What did he say?" Christy reminded after asking, "You mean the loneliness he said? He saw it in the principal's office when he was in school. It was not what he thought."

Emily was shocked.

"Do you think he can speak something formally?" Christy covered her mouth and laughed, "Work hard, study alone, it made me get goosebumps. In the end, you believed it. Emily, you're so cute."

Emily was wordless.

She felt that her future school life would be difficult.

But she did not know that there would be even greater surprises waiting for her soon.

Chapter 759

...

"Time to eat," Harold knocked on the door a second time but did not hear any response from inside. So he opened the door and entered.

Stephanie sat by the bed, watching a movie on the computer. When she saw Harold come in, she looked up and asked, "Have you seen my movie?"

"Yes," Harold nodded.

"How is it?" Stephanie asked.

"Very beautiful," Harold thought about and said.

Stephanie looked at him and asked, "Why don't you like me as you think I'm beautiful?"

Harold was surprised.

"I'm joking," Stephanie looked back at the computer screen, "I like this scene very much. It was raining heavily when filming. When I cried, I was emotional. I was sad at that time. When I thought about it now, I couldn't remember what I was thinking at that time. The only thing I remember was that I was sad at that time. The director said that it was the most perfect crying scene he had ever seen."

Harold did not speak, quietly waiting for her to say.

"He doesn't know. I'm not acting," Stephanie smiled bitterly.

Over the past twenty days, she had been staying in her room and did not go out anywhere. She had been watching the movies that she had participated in before, one after another. The rumor on the Internet had almost subsided. The new hot topic was the rumor that Stephanie had retired.

Many fans pulled banners and cried to ask her to return. But no matter what happened on the Internet, Stephanie blocked everything and sat in her room for more than 20 days.

"I said that if you want to clarify, I can step forward," Harold said.

"Do you think I'm sad because I can't act?" Stephanie looked at him.

Harold did not speak. He had that thought.

"No, I've played so many scenes. But I had never watched them carefully alone," Stephanie opened a bag of snacks from the bed, stuffed a piece of potato chips into her mouth, "every time, I watched them with directors, producers, managers, assistants. We watched it together and accept comments together. We would flatter each other. It was extremely hypocritical."

Harold stood quietly with his back straight, like a tree hole.

"Sorry, I was a little long-winded after staying alone for so long," Stephanie glanced at him and felt like laughing, "Let's eat."

At the dinner table, Mr. Spencer said to Stephanie, "If you have nothing to do, come out and take a look. Don't stay in the room. You will get sick if you stay alone."

"Okay, I will accompany you to work later," Stephanie pretended to be happy and said.

"No, you can't do it. The ground is dirty and there are insects," Mr. Spencer immediately rejected.

"You told me not to stay in the house. But you are not allowing me to work in the fields. Then where am I going?" Stephanie was frustrated.

"Follow him," Mr. Spencer pointed at Harold.

Harold looked up. If not for the gauze on his face, his face would be full of question marks.

Stephanie dug out a few mouthfuls of rice, "Alright!"

It dealt.

Harold went to catch the fish. Stephanie followed him with a bucket and water boots. She did not need to go into the water. She just stood on the shore and watched him go down to catch the fish.

Probably because Stephanie was standing there, Harold did not take off his clothes this time. He wore a T-shirt and trousers. Just as he fell into the water, his body was stained by the splash.

Stephanie rested her chin on her hand as she squatted on the shore. She looked at him and sighed.

Harold looked up.

"Why aren't you taking off your clothes?" Stephanie asked.

Harold didn't know what to say.

He lowered his head and did not say a word.

He had a quiet personality and was similar to a person she remembered.

"Don't be embarrassed," Stephanie said with a smile.

Harold lowered his head, rolled up his sleeves, and put his hands under the water. He suddenly used force to grab a fish and threw it into the bucket on the shore.

It was the first time Stephanie had seen him catch fish like this. She was shocked before she reacted and applauded him. "Wow! So powerful!"

Harold glanced at her.

"What's wrong?" Stephanie felt puzzled.

"If you feel happy, you can come down to catch it. But you are wearing a skirt..." Harold frowned and continued to catch fish.

Stephanie stood on the shore and thought for a moment. Then she took off her skirt and shoes.

When Harold was about to turn around and throw the fish on the shore, he saw this scene. He was scared and the fish was about out of his hands.

He quickly turned around and heard Stephanie say, "Hey, help me. I'm afraid of falling down."

"Why did you take them all off?" Harold sounded shocked.

"What?" Stephanie said as she looked down at herself, "I'm wearing my underwear,"

Harold was wordless.

"Come help me up," Stephanie reached out, "let me see if I can catch the fish."

Harold hesitated for a moment, then turned back to catch her hand and helped her walk slowly down the river to the middle, "There are stones below, be careful."

Stephanie walked carefully, "I thought the water was hot. It's cold."

Only then did Harold remember that girls were more afraid of the cold. He said hesitantly, "If you feel cold, you can go up."

"Don't worry, I'm not in the period."

Harold paused.

"I'm kidding," Stephanie asked, "How do I catch it? I saw that your hand was always under the water. Did the fish run to you?"

"How is that possible?" Harold bent his back slightly and reached out to teach her how to catch fish.

Stephanie also bent down like him. She was wearing a set of black underwear. The water reached her waist and she could vaguely see the underwater scene. Harold paused for a moment. Then he cleaned his hands. He took off his T-shirt, and threw it on her, "You can wear it."

Stephanie glanced at him and was very close to him. The scars on his body were densely wrapped around his chest to his back, which was shocking to see.

"You..." Stephanie was about to ask something when Harold grabbed a fish. He quickly threw it to the shore. Perhaps due to his misjudgment, the direction he had thrown was wrong. The fish was about to jump into the river when Harold quickly walked a few steps in that direction. When Stephanie saw that he had left, she chased after him. With just a few steps, she slipped and fell into the water.

"Wow,"

Five minutes later, Harold rushed home with Stephanie in his arms. Stephanie was covered in mud. She was smelly and embarrassed.

She pursed her lips and shouted at Harold, "Toothbrush! I need to brush my teeth!"

Chapter 760

When Mr. Spencer heard the noise, he came out of the house and asked in surprise, "What happened?" Seeing Stephanie like this, he quickly took out a dry towel and handed it to her, "Did she fall into the river?"

When he turned around and saw Harold, he immediately shouted, "What's wrong with you? Why is your gauze wet?"

Harold nodded, put Stephanie into the bathroom, and entered his room.

Stephanie asked uneasily as she cleaned up the mud on her hair, "Grandpa, what happened to him? Can't the gauze be wet?"

"I shouldn't have allowed you to follow him," Mr. Spencer sighed, "His face has suffered a lot every time he changes the medicine. This time, all his gauze is wet and he has to change the medicine later."

Stephanie couldn't care about the mud on her body. She was about to walk out.

"Where are you going?" Mr. Spencer asked.

"I'm going to see him." Stephanie said uneasily, "Grandpa, he did this to save me. I just slipped..."

She held her waist and hissed, "I think my waist is twisted too."

"You should stay here. I'll go see him. You wash first. The towel is here."

"Alright," Stephanie waved her hand, "don't worry about me. Go to see him."

Mr. Spencer took the gauze and medicine to Harold's room. Harold had removed the gauze to the last layer. Because the gauze was sticky with the flesh, he did not pull it hard. After Mr. Spencer came in, he handed the gauze to Mr. Spencer. He found a stick and stuffed it in his teeth.

Mr. Spencer poured the medicine on his face. After waiting for a moment, he gently tore the gauze that was sticky with flesh.

"It's fine," Harold gritted his teeth and said, "come."

Mr. Spencer glanced at him and said, "Bear with it!"

Then, the gauze was pulled off. Harold's face was covered in blood. He lay on the ground gasping for breath.

Mr. Spencer cleaned his wound and waited for a while before applying medicine to him. Finally, he wrapped Harold in layers of gauze. When he reached the last layer, Stephanie walked in with her hands on her waist. When she saw the bloody gauze in the trash can, her legs went soft and she almost knelt on the ground.

Mr. Spencer took the medicine and went out. Stephanie squatted on the ground and looked at Harold who was lying on the ground. His eyes were closed and his fingers were trembling.

"I'm sorry," Stephanie asked, "are you alright?"

Harold did not speak. His eyes were closed.

Stephanie looked at his trembling fingers. He reached out to hold his hands, "Are you alright?"

Harold finally opened his eyes. His eyelashes were covered with water vapor. He blinked, looked at Stephanie, and said in a hoarse voice, "Nothing."

Stephanie searched for a long time but could not find a tissue. She could only gently reach out to wipe his eyes. The moment her finger touched his eyes, she stared at them for a long time.

She had seen countless people, but she had an impression of this pair of eyes. He was dull and loyal and did not like to joke. His attitude towards her was only because she knew Emily, so he respected her.

The pair of eyes looked at her tiredly for a while, then slowly closed.

Stephanie looked at him in disbelief, then rushed to the next room with her hands on her waist. She said in an emotionless tone, "Grandpa, do you know who he is? He seems to be the assistant of a friend of mine. Do you remember Emily? At that time, she brought Mr. Vincent over. Didn't she have an assistant who didn't like to talk much? He and Harold's eyes are similar. Do you remember? His name is Harold, he... "

"Yes," Mr. Spencer took a sip of tea, "it's only now that you realize who he is."

"Is it really him?" Stephanie widened her eyes.

"Yes," Mr. Spencer pouted, "he is unlucky to meet you."

Stephanie was shocked.

"Isn't he dead? He..." She held her waist and walked around the room, "Does Emily know? No, she doesn't know. Why did he hide it from Emily?" she asked herself, "it must be because he was disfigured, so..."

"Go, go, go to your room," Mr. Spencer threw her a bottle of medicine and said, "Apply it to your waist."

Stephanie took the medicine and walked out.

No wonder that on the Mid-Autumn Festival, the mooncakes she had placed by the well were eaten by him.

He was alive.

Stephanie went to Harold's room again. She stared at the person on the ground for a long time before she helped him to the bed. However, just as she touched Harold's arm, Harold suddenly opened his eyes. His other hand reflexively clamped down on her.

Stephanie was twisted by him and her entire wrist almost broke. She cried out, "Let me go! It's broken!"

"I'm sorry, I fell asleep."

"I won't break someone's wrist even if I fall asleep," Stephanie raised her wrist and shook it. "You are so strong. My wrist almost broke."

"Sorry," Harold slowly sat up from the ground, "You ... what were you trying to do just now?"

"I want to help you to the bed," Stephanie said, pointing at the bed.

"Thank you," Harold paused for a while before he slowly stood up from the ground.

Stephanie looked at his face and asked, "Does your face still hurt?"

"I've adjusted to it," Harold looked at her and said, "I don't feel anything now."

"Adjust to it?" Stephanie looked at him apologetically, "I'm sorry."

"It's fine," Harold took the clothes and walked out.

"Where are you going?" Stephanie asked.

"Go bathing."

"But you... can you wash by yourself?" She asked.

"What?"

Stephanie pointed at his face, "Didn't you say that gauze cannot touch water? I can help you wash it."

"No, thank you," Harold quickly took the towel and walked out.

"Don't misunderstand. I just want to help you take a bath," Stephanie held her waist and chased after him for a few steps.

Harold ran even faster.

When Mr. Spencer, who had just opened the door, heard this, his face wrinkled, "Stephanie, it's better for girls to be more reserved."

Stephanie was puzzled.