

Reborn Baby

Chapter 811

The other girls immediately said to her, "You're so ugly, yet you still have the nerve to stand there and say that he fell in love with you at first sight. Don't you look at yourself in the mirror?" As she spoke, she looked at Emily who was standing at the side, "You are wearing a mask, so you must be an ugly freak, right? As expected, birds of a feather flock together."

"I'm ugly? You are an ugly one!" It was not unreasonable for Tatiana to be so confident. After all, someone had donated a lot of money to Class S in the name of a friend from Class F, so she was now quite imposing in front of Class S. In the past, she had never come to the basketball court of Class S. Now she even dared to stand here and watch Class S play basketball openly.

In the past, when Tatiana saw the girls of Class S, she would take a detour. Now, not only did she dare to fight head-on, but she also had the momentum of wanting to fight.

The girls all turned around and pointed at her, ready to start a war.

Emily was forced into a verbal battle again. She was just about to put away her vocabulary book when she saw the people on the basketball court stop. A boy walked over through the crowd, "What happened?"

"Commissary! They are from Class F. How dare they come to our territory! Quickly chase them away!" The girl shouted.

"Yeah, she even called us ugly!"

"Yes, she even said that you were looking at her shamelessly."

The commissary blushed, looked at Emily, and said, "Sorry."

Because Tatiana was standing in front of Emily, everyone present thought that he was apologizing to Tatiana. Tatiana thought the same.

Not only that, she also felt that the commissary was blushing because he was shy in front of her.

Emily realized that this commissary was none other than the boy she had just met at the bathroom door.

"Who said that Class F could not watch us play basketball here?" He turned around, his ears a little red, "They can see if they want to. You guys, don't have a bad attitude." He stared at the girls in his class and then looked at Emily. Only then did he return to the backboard with the ball in his arms.

Although the other boys did not treat Class F well, they didn't say anything. Someone had donated money to their class monitor for surgery. They were warned by their teachers to be nicer to Class F, so they continued playing basketball.

"Damn! Emily. Did you see that?" Tatiana slammed Emily's arm, "What does he mean? Is he helping me out? No way! He really likes me?"

Emily was lost for words.

Nina, who had been helping the girls in Class F pick up the ball, ran over and asked nervously, "What happened?"

Tatiana explained the matter simply.

Nina glanced at the boys playing basketball on the court. She immediately saw the commissary. When he shot, he subconsciously glanced over. Nina noticed that he was not looking at Tatiana, but... She followed his gaze and saw Emily staring at her.

"E...Emily?" Nina stuttered, "What happened to my face?"

Emily nodded and said lightly, "There is dust."

"Oh, thank you." Nina wiped her face with the back of her hand and glanced at Emily. The bangs on her forehead covered part of her eyebrows, revealing only a pair of eyes. Only those close to her could discover what a beautiful pair of eyes she had.

Today was Christmas Eve. The girls on campus sent apples to each other to show blessings, while some boys secretly sent apples to their favorite girl with secret notes.

On the way back from school, Emily saw Jenny and a few followers surrounding a girl. The girl was sandwiched in the middle and walked with her head lowered, looking like she was threatened.

Emily frowned slightly, feeling that this scene was too familiar. When she remembered when she had seen it, she had already followed Jenny to an alley.

What a coincidence! The brick that hit the wall was still on the ground without moving.

Jenny and her followers turned around and saw Emily. For some reason, they all let go of that girl.

It was unknown whether the girl who was surrounded by the wall was scared silly or what, but she didn't run. She just stood there and looked at Emily in a daze. It was probably the first time she encountered someone following them, or she guessed that Emily was with them. In short, she was seized with shock.

Emily looked at Jenny and asked, "Are you extorting or blackmailing? Are you short of money?"

"We won't provoke you, but don't meddle in our business." Jenny spat out a piece of gum in the corner.

"I'm asking you. Do you need money?" Emily asked again.

"Yes, I lack money! You will give it to me?" Jenny said unhappily.

"Yes, but I can't give it to you for free," Emily said.

"Not for free?" Jenny looked at her suspiciously, "Then what do you want to do?"

The followers, on the other hand, looked around in a daze, afraid that Emily's four bodyguards would appear out of nowhere.

"What can you do for me?" Emily looked at her, "You have to tell me, what will I get in return?"

The meaning was to ask Jenny to know her own value. Jenny instantly got angry. She was pulled by her followers who were afraid that she would attack Emily out of rage.

"When you leave school, can you blackmail in society? That is illegal." Emily said, "If you think I'm wrong, you can refute me. Of course, you can also go back and consider my proposal. Come to me after you have thought it through."

"How much can you give me?" Jenny stared at her and asked.

She could be sure that Emily was especially rich. How could someone who could afford to hire four personal bodyguards to be without money!

"How much did she give you?" Emily asked as she looked at the dazed female colleague standing against the wall.

"Fifty," the female student said weakly.

"At least fifty at a time," Jenny corrected.

"1,500 a month?" Emily looked up at the female classmate, "You give it every time? You don't tell the teacher? Don't tell your parents? Your family gives you so much pocket money a month?"

Emily was calculated based on Tatiana's monthly allowance. Tatiana only had three hundred monthly living expenses, so in comparison, the monthly allowance of a transfer student was quite a lot.

The female student looked weak and easy to bully. She nodded.

Emily looked at Jenny and said, "Okay, I can give you 2,000 a month."

Chapter 812

Jenny and the followers behind her opened their eyes wide. In their eyes, 1,500 was already a big sum. They could not get any money if sometimes the girl's family forgot to give her money. And they could only get less than 10 if they came late when she had already spent a lot on food.

Therefore, when those followers heard Emily's words, they wanted to rush to Emily and hug her thigh to ask for shelter.

Jenny tightened her throat, "You, are you telling the truth?" She kept her mind clear in front of the great temptation of money, "Not telling the teacher?"

"Only a few of us here know about this. Other than that, no one else knows about it. Do you have any other questions?" Emily chuckled.

"What do I need to do?" Jenny asked.

"We can help too," the followers nodded in agreement.

"You have to ask yourself about this." Emily looked at her and said, "I just told you to think about it when you go back."

This question was even more difficult than math questions. Jenny and the followers frowned and left.

Emily was just about to turn around and leave when she found that the female classmate who was leaning against the wall had not left yet.

"If you help her once, those who bully her will retaliate more unscrupulously. You can't protect her every day."

She recalled Vincent's words.

"Aren't you leaving?" Emily said, "If there are other people who extort you, tell the teacher." After a pause, she added, "If the teacher doesn't care and you come to me, they won't bother you in the future."

The girl nodded and thanked her. She took a few steps towards her and looked into Emily's eyes before asking, "Have I seen you somewhere?"

Emily was wearing a mask, revealing only a pair of eyes. The girl had felt that these beautiful eyes were very familiar.

Emily was not sure if the girl she saw outside the restaurant at that time was this one, but she did not know if the girl had seen Vincent. She denied it.

"Sorry, I have never seen you."

The girl was silent for a moment, but she quickly pulled herself together, "Thank you."

"It's fine." Emily waved at her, "Goodbye."

"Goodbye." The girl waved her hand and asked her, "Can I know your name?"

Emily thought for a moment and told her, "Emily, come to Class F to find me if you need any help."

"Lucy. Thank you, Emily. I will go find you."

At that moment, Emily was not clear about the true meaning of her words.

The next day, she noticed Lucy from the ranking list of grades.

"Class A's first place. Class S and Class A's teachers have quarreled many times because of her. Because of her good results, she will enter the upper class. Class S has already prepared a seat for her. However, Class A's teacher refused to let her go and thought that her results were stuck in Class A." Tatiana saw that she had been staring at the grade ranking, so she introduced it to her in order. The first in the grade was the monitor of Class S, and Lucy was the third.

Emily couldn't imagine that the female classmate who was surrounded by Jenny for 50 was a straight-A student.

"Her studies are very good." She sighed with surprise.

Tatiana nodded, "Yeah, bookworm. She's been reading too much. I heard that she used to buy things to curry favor with her classmates. Later, because she didn't help her classmates cheat on the exam, she was isolated by the girls and became more and more reclusive."

"There is no need to get along with those classmates." Emily said, "They have different paths."

"You are right." Tatiana patted her on the shoulder. "That's what I think too. I don't like people who ask for help as soon as they take the exam. If you want to take the exam, then be serious."

Emily nodded and took out the book for the next lesson. In the end, she took out a lot of snacks and apples. Last night, on Christmas Eve, countless people sent her apples and a few blessing cards.

"Damn! You are so popular!" Tatiana said excitedly, "I'm such an adult yet I've never received a blessing card!"

Emily also received the card for the first time. The cover was Santa Claus. The moment it opened, there was Christmas music. Beautiful words were written on the card.

[Merry Christmas, by David Hack.]

'A boy in class?'

Emily did not care and continued to open the next one.

"Let me have a look." Tatiana smiled and extended her hand, "Can I have a look?"

"Sure." Emily handed her the card that she had finished reading.

As soon as she handed it over, she heard Tatiana let out a loud shout. Then, the entire class looked up at her. Tatiana pretended to be dead as she collapsed on the table, covering the card tightly. When everyone turned their heads and no longer paid attention to her, she pulled Emily and said with an excited voice that could not be suppressed, "Why would the commissary in charge of sports of Class S give you the card?"

The commissary?

Emily was a bit at a loss.

Tatiana knocked on the card, "It's the one we met at the basketball court yesterday! My God! It turns out that he hasn't fallen in love with me at first sight. He has fallen in love with you at first sight?"

Emily was lost for words.

"No way? You're wearing a mask. How could he fall in love with you at first sight?" Tatiana asked, "It can't be a prank, right? Could it be that someone else deliberately gave you this card in his name so that you could misunderstand?"

Emily couldn't help but admire Tatiana's ability to make connections.

Of course, Emily felt that what she said was very reasonable.

Thus, the two of them decided to pretend that they did not see the blessing card. Tatiana was excited for the entire morning. She had found someone to steal the homework of the commissary to contrast the handwriting. It was the same as the font on the card!

"Damn! Emily! He wrote it! It is him!" Tatiana wailed, "I also heard people say that yesterday after class, they saw him buy a blessing card. The male students beside him all asked who he wanted to give it to, but he didn't say. Who would have known that this card was given to you!"

"OK." Emily thought lightly, 'It seems that blessing cards were good. I should buy some and send everyone one.'

'Yes, apples too.'

"Are you listening to me?" Tatiana shook her shoulder.

Emily nodded, "Yes."

"Then what did I just say?"

Emily recalled, "He was the one who wrote the card."

"That was what I said three minutes ago. I just said, look ahead."

Emily raised her head. She saw Jenny and her followers cleaning the blackboard and tidying up the podium table. The floor in the class was seldom cleaned, but it was cleaner today. It seemed that they had cleaned it in the morning.

"What are they doing? What happened to them?" Tatiana asked in confusion, "Is it because of Christmas today? Or is it because they were excited because they received love last night?"

Emily was speechless.

Chapter 813

Emily looked at the girls on the podium. They cleaned the blackboard, tidied up the podium, and tossed the trash. When they came back, they arranged the broom and other cleaning tools neatly. The class was about to begin, there were still people playing games and chatting in the back of the classroom. Jenny frowned and said, "Be quiet."

At first, the others didn't think much of it. After many times, they all looked at Jenny curiously. They couldn't figure out why Jenny suddenly changed. Not only did Jenny take the initiative to clean up, but she also supervised others to prevent them from chatting and playing games in class.

Jenny thought about it for the whole night and felt that what Emily needed her to do was probably to maintain a quiet environment for Emily's study. No wonder why Jenny thought like this. After all, everybody in this class believed that only a few people in the front row came to class, and the others came to entertain.

Jenny had done everything she could, and only then did she ask Emily on the way to the bathroom, "How about what I did?"

Although it was a bit different from what Emily had expected, Emily still nodded, "Not bad."

"Then when are you going to pay?" Jenny asked.

"I'll pay you monthly," Emily looked at her watch, "From today onwards, come find me on this day next month."

At first, Jenny didn't believe that Emily could pay, but Emily spoke very seriously. Emily didn't seem like she was playing tricks. Emily paid as paying a salary. It made Jenny feel that Emily was very ... reliable.

"Why are you..." Before Emily turned to leave, Jenny could not help but ask, "Pay me?"

Emily turned around. "We paid equally. It's like you're working for me. It's your salary."

Jenny was stunned.

Jenny had only received malice from the outside world before and did not know what kindness was. When Jenny heard Emily, she felt a sour impulse in her heart. She hid in the cubicle and looked at the tears on her fingertips. She thought in astonishment, 'This is ... my tears?'

Emily bought some congratulatory cards during the class break. Marisa placed an apple on Emily's table. The bright red apple was more exquisite than the others', sure it wasn't cheap.

Emily thanked Marisa.

Marisa did not come to the front row often. Every time she went to her seat, she would go through the back door. This was the first time Marisa came to the front row to send Emily an apple. Emily's desk-mate Violet Goodlove was not there. Marisa dragged a chair and sat down. She looked at the card on Emily's table and asked, "Is there one for me?"

Emily nodded. Emily wrote down Marisa's name and 'Merry Christmas'. Before handing it over, Emily looked at Marisa and said, "Wait a few minutes."

Emily took out a pen and drew a small character that was slightly similar to Marisa.

It was just a few strokes, but it was vivid and lifelike.

Marisa sat on the side and watched Emily draw with a few strokes. Marisa immediately raised her eyebrows and smiled, "You are gifted. You never show off in art classes?"

Emily smiled and did not speak. After the drawing was finished, she gently blew on the card and handed it to Marisa, "Merry Christmas."

Marisa didn't dare to close it immediately. She held the small card and her eyes lit up with joy, "I've received a lot of cards. This one makes me the happiest. Thank you," Marisa got up and waved at Emily.

"Why is she here?" Tatiana came back from outside and saw Marisa's back.

"Give me the apple." Emily pointed at the apple on the table.

"This apple looks very expensive!" Tatiana exclaimed, "That's what rich people do," Tatiana thought for a while and asked, "But Christmas Eve was over, why did she send them today?"

Emily was writing the cards. When she heard this, she remembered the first sentence that Marisa had said, "I didn't have the habit of giving people apples in the past. Seeing that others had sent you one, I came to join in the fun. I didn't wrap it, it's just an apple. I wish you a peaceful life."

"You have a friend with the same name as Stephanie?" Tatiana stared at the card Emily was writing in astonishment.

Emily was speechless.

'How should I tell Tatiana that my friend was Stephanie?' Emily thought.

"But there are indeed many people with the same name and surname," Tatiana sighed again, "Lucky for her to have the same name as the goddess."

Emily was speechless again.

"You bought so many cards? Is there any for me?" Tatiana's eyes sparkled.

Emily took out a card that she had written a minute ago and stuffed it over, "Merry Christmas."

"Thank you!" Tatiana was extremely happy, "No one gave me a card! Emily, I love you!" When she saw Emily draw a small anime character wearing glasses on the card, Tatiana couldn't help but laugh, "Is this me? Do I look like this? So cute."

When Violet came back, she saw that Emily was writing a card, she didn't put it in mind. Emily was very popular now. Many people in the class sent her apples and cards, so it was normal for her to send the card.

Violet lowered her head and was reading a comic book. Suddenly, a card was placed on her table.

Violet looked at the card with wide eyes. After a long time, she turned to look at Emily. "This is ... for me?"

Emily nodded. "Yes, it's for you.. Merry Christmas," Emily said.

Chapter 814

The card was a pleasant thing, the person who gave it was happy, and the person who received it was even happier.

"... Thank you." After a long time, Emily's desk-mate thanked Emily softly. She opened it and found not only did the card have her name on it, but there was also a cute comic character on the back of the elk. This comic character ... was very cute, and she couldn't help but smile.

Emily wrote the cards in the self-study class. Those cards were for Emily's friends, four guards, including ... Harold.

The card Emily had drawn for Harold, not only Harold's comic character was on it, but also had candy.

"It's so beautiful, Tata," After class, Nina came over to play with Tatiana. Tatiana took out the card that Emily had given her and showed it to Nina. Nina praised as she looked at it, "Emily is so awesome. The painting is very beautiful."

"She must have drawn yours too. I saw that she had been busy in class. Go ask her if your card is done yet." Tatiana said.

Nina was embarrassed.

"Emily, did you draw Nina's card?" Tatiana asked on Nina's behalf.

Emily was putting the card into her bag when she heard this. She turned around and said, "Sorry, there's no hers. I've finished."

"All?" Tatiana was a little shocked, "You bought so much and you finished writing all of it? You finished writing dozens of cards?"

"Yes," Emily put all the apples and cards into her bag, then carried her bag and got up, "See you."

"See you," Tatiana waved at Emily.

Nina forced out a smile and waved at Emily.

After Emily left, Tatiana comforted Nina, "The cards in the store must have been sold out. Otherwise, she will send you one."

"Emily ... seems to hate me," Nina bit her lip.

"Why do you say that? Just because she didn't give you a card? But you didn't give her a card either," Tatiana was confused.

Nina was speechless. When she turned around, she saw Marisa smiling with the card in her hand. Beside Marisa, a classmate was asking who had given it to her. Marisa smiled and said, "It was from Emily. Look, doesn't this character look like me?"

Someone said with a smile, "It does!"

"I didn't expect Emily to be so good at drawing," someone else said.

"There are many things you can't imagine," Marisa said lazily.

Nina looked at Tatiana and said, "Did you see that? Emily sent Marisa a card, but she didn't send me it. Emily does hate me."

Tatiana couldn't find a reason to comfort Nina. Tatiana felt that Emily was not doing well. It was as if Emily was telling everyone that she didn't like Nina.

But Emily had given a card to Violet, Emily's desk-mate who often spoke in a strange tone.

Emily walked on the road, felt that someone had quietly followed her. When Emily reached the school gate, she found that it was Lucy. Lucy held a huge apple in her hand.

"It's for you," Lucy said.

Emily took the apple, thought for a moment, and said, "Sorry, I don't have anything for you."

"It doesn't matter, I'm very happy that you accepted the gift I gave you," Lucy said.

Emily walked to the store beside the school gate and said to Lucy, "Wait for me."

Emily went in to buy a new card.

Emily didn't want to give Nina the card. The card was a blessing. At least when Emily wrote down every stroke, her heart was filled with blessings for the other.

But Nina ... she was different from Tatiana. Nina lied and was not honest. Perhaps she had done many things that Emily did not know.

But ... let's call it a day.

Emily was unwilling to contact Nina again. Even if it was just a card, she was unwilling to give it to Nina.

Lucy watched as Emily leaned on the counter, Emily pulled out a pen, and drew a comic character on the card with just a few strokes. The character wore a school uniform and read the book in a daze.

When Emily sent the card to Lucy, Lucy looked at the card in her hand in surprise and asked, " ... For me?"

Emily nodded.

Lucy was extremely fond of it. She had probably been asked to help others during the exam. So, Lucy thought Emily who was from Class F might need the help of the exam. Lucy held the card and said in hesitation, "I ... But I took the exam in Class A. I ... can't help you."

Emily did not understand at first, but after a while, she realized what Lucy was saying and did not know how to react.

"I don't need your help at all," Emily waved at Lucy, "Go home. Goodbye."

Lucy stood there in a daze with the card in her hand, watching Emily leave without looking back. Then, Lucy lowered her head to look at the character on the card.

Lucy became more and more certain of an idea in her heart.

"Madam! Why are they all alone? And I have a dog beside me!" Rex looked at the card in his hand and collapsed, "This dog can't be Candy, right?"

Emily nodded, "That's Candy."

Rex turned his head to look at the cards of other guards, then looked at his own. Rex gloomily hugged the fat dog that was running over to rub his trousers. He wailed, "Candy! Don't pee on my pants!"

It was too late.

Emily cast a pitying look, then walked to the sofa and leaned into Vincent's arms to ask, "Did I draw well?"

"Yes," Vincent patted Emily's head.

Chapter 815

After the weather turned cold, Vincent did not go out much, and his legs were not convenient. He could only stay in the room. The heater was on all day, and he needed to take a few painkillers on rainy nights.

"I'll accompany you to Mr. Spencer's place for a month at the winter break," Emily gently massaged Vincent's legs, "Ask him to cure you."

"What if he can't cure it?" Vincent chuckled.

"If he can't cure it, find another doctor. The world is so big, there must be other doctors who can cure your legs," Emily said.

"The first snow is today. Do you want to go out and see?" Vincent asked.

Emily shook his head, "No, I'll stay at home to accompany you, okay?"

"It's fine as long as you don't feel bored," Vincent hugged her.

"How would I be bored?" Emily poked Vincent's chin and thought of something. She pouted and said, "I'll be good if you don't mess around with me."

Vincent lowered his head and kissed Emily's lips, "Your constitution is poor. You should exercise more."

Emily glared at Vincent angrily, "Exercise is not having that."

"Having what?" Vincent deliberately asked.

Emily ignored Vincent.

At night, Ferne brought a plate of roasted chicken over. He said that it was to celebrate Christmas and that it was a tradition. Ferne wanted to keep up with the trend.

"Are you talking about Thanksgiving?" Christy asked.

Randy burst into laughter.

Ferne was petrified for a moment. He looked at Noah with uncertainty and asked, "Is it Thanksgiving?"

"I told you that roasted chicken isn't for Christmas," Noah said expressionlessly.

"I thought you said you didn't eat roast chicken, why didn't you tell me that roast chicken is for Thanksgiving?" Ferne roared.

"How would I know that you think roasted chicken is for Christmas? Moreover, we eat turkey on Thanksgiving Day, not roasted chicken," Noah said.

Ferne was speechless.

Randy laughed so hard that he could not stand straight. "Why are you so stupid! I should record it for Jaquan to see! So hilarious!"

In short, this year's Christmas ... Emily ate roasted chicken with everyone.

When it was almost ten o'clock, Rex stood at the window and shouted, "It's snowing!"

A group of people all rushed to the window to look at the snow. The snowflakes outside the window fell one by one. Emily vaguely remembered last year when it was snowing. At that time, she was in Hump Village, waiting for Vincent in his first medicinal bath outside the door of Mr. Spencer's house.

At that time, Harold was also there.

And now, Harold was no longer here.

"Let's take a photo together!" Ferne shouted.

"Good!"

Noah took his phone and wanted to take a picture, but Ferne snatched it and threw it to Rex, "Rex! Please help us take a picture!"

Rex made an 'OK' gesture, took the phone, and focused it on the screen.

Emily was too short, so she lay on Vincent's back, she held her hands above Vincent's head. Trevor and Christy stood next to the two. When they saw Rex was about to take a photo, Trevor hugged Christy in his arms.

On the other side, Ferne made a stupid 'Yes' sign above Noah's head.

Randy stood alone in the middle, watching the people around him showing off their love. His face was full of despair.

Emily's asked the guards to help her send those cards. She shared the photos in her Moments. People left messages below.

Janessa, "Thank you, XX! I'll go visit you on New Year's Day!"

Stephanie, "I'll go too!"

Emma, "I'll come too."

Jaquan replied to Emma, "I'll go too."

Armando replied to Janessa, "Finished eating? Don't forget to drink milk. I'll arrive at half an hour."

Jaquan replied to Armando, "Working overtime on Christmas?"

Armando replied to Jaquan, "Yes."

Jaquan replied to Armando, "Can you say anything more than that?"

Armando replied to Jaquan, "Overtime."

Jaquan, "..."

Collin, "Merry Christmas. I didn't expect the card. Thanks."

Jaquan replied to Collin, "That's for my sake."

Collin replied to Jaquan, "Bullshit."

Jaquan replied to Collin, "Screw you."

Randy replied to Jaquan, "Jaquan, let me tell you! Ferne bought a roasted chicken today! When it was served on the table, he found that it was Thanksgiving Chicken. Damn, he thought it was Christmas!"

Janessa replied to Randy, "What a joke!"

Armando replied to Janessa, "You can't be too emotional. Don't laugh too hard, and don't log in to your Moments. Look at the books I prepared for you at the bedside."

Janessa replied to Armando, "I know."

Jaquan replied to Armando, "You bastard! You can only hold your tongue when you talk to me!"

Armando replied to Janessa, "Good girl, I will be home immediately."

Armando replied to Jaquan, "I'm not."

Jaquan replied to Armando, "leave me alone."

Emily looked at the comments and smiled as she passed them to Vincent. Vincent saw Stephanie send a message.

Charming, "What gift do you want? I haven't prepared a gift for you for Christmas."

Emily thought about it and sent her a message, "A photo with signature."

Tatiana wanted Stephanie's signature.

Charming replied, "?????"

Chapter 816

"What are you watching?" Vincent asked.

Vincent read the book for a while and found that the book in Emily's hand had been thrown to the side and she was staring at the phone, studying something.

"Stephanie shared me an app. She said that can take beautiful photos," Emily opened a prop and added two rabbit ears to her head and took a picture then handed it to Vincent, "Is it good?"

Vincent stared at the photo, and smiled, "Pretty."

"Then can we take a picture together?" Emily put her phone away, and then aimed at the faces of her and Vincent. Two heads appeared in the camera, and both of them had pink rabbit ears on their heads.

Vincent was stunned.

"There's also this. I'll add blush, lipstick, eye shadow, and a wig for you. Vincent, try this," Emily said as she pointed her phone at Vincent. She took a dozen photos of different shapes in a row and then looked at the phone happily.

"Don't you think it's too late?" Vincent asked.

"Let's hang out a little longer," Emily did not even raise her head.

"Sure, let's hang out a little longer," Vincent said as he turned off the lights.

Emily was speechless.

"Don't your legs hurt?" Emily asked in a low voice from under the blanket.

Vincent's voice was a little hoarse, "It's your turn."

...

The next morning, Emily dragged her battered body to class. Vincent brought her breakfast and kissed her forehead, "Come back early."

Emily said in a hoarse voice, "... bastard."

There was a rehearsal this afternoon, but Emily didn't know why her throat was so hoarse that she almost couldn't make a sound. Tatiana made tea for Emily. Tatiana thought that Emily might have caught a cold.

"How can you catch a cold when you're wrapped up like a bear every day?" Tatiana asked seriously.

Emily held the cup and took a sip. Her face fell, "Why ... is it taste so bad?"

"It can't be tasty, forget it, I can tell that you were boiled before. Eat this. The mint is good for the throat," Tatiana took out another pill and handed it to Emily.

Emily was half-believing and half-doubting as she stuffed it into her mouth, and tears immediately burst out of her eyes from the spiciness.

Tatiana was shocked.

"What? You haven't eaten this before?" Tatiana asked incredulously, then took out a tissue and handed it to Emily to wipe her tears.

Emily shook her head, then pointed to her throat and waved her hand, indicating that she did not want to eat anymore, just drink some water.

Only then did Tatiana take back the pill.

Not long after, Tatiana tugged at Emily's school uniform and asked, "You hate Nina?"

Thinking that Emily could not speak, Tatiana took a note and handed it over, "Write it to me."

Emily knew people always pass a note in the class, her note might be passed to Nina someday. It wasn't that Emily didn't trust Tatiana, but in Tatiana's eyes, Nina was just a friend. To Emily, Nina was no longer trustworthy.

Emily replied on the note, "No."

"I knew it. Why would you hate her?" Tatiana heaved a sigh of relief.

Violet awkwardly gave an apple to Emily's and whispered, "Here."

"Thank you," Emily said in a hoarse voice.

Violet waved her hand, "You better stop talking."

After saying that, Violet probably felt that her tone was a little bad, so she added, "Protect your throat."

Emily nodded in agreement.

During class time, Emily took notes seriously. However, her fingers were unusually weak today. It was unknown whether it was because of the cold or because of some reasons last night. All in all, Emily was tired and paralyzed on the table after having a whole day of classes.

"Let's go to rehearse," Tatiana shouted.

Emily nodded, then turned and pointed at her throat.

"Since your throat is like this, you might as well not go," Tatiana said.

Emily wanted to skip a rehearsal, but she saw that everyone in the class took the lyrics book and walked out. Jenny was even counting the heads at the back door, not letting anyone escape.

Emily shook her head at Tatiana, then carried her school bag and walked out with the lyrics book.

"Does your throat hurt a lot? Do you want me to buy some medicine?" Nina asked Emily with concern.

Emily waved her hand.

"She can't even eat pills. Just drink more hot water," Tatiana said.

"Is that so?" Nina asked with concern.

Emily did not speak.

The group soon arrived at the music classroom. There were a lot of classes to rehearse recently. Everyone needed to line up to use the classroom. The auditorium was designated by the senior students. After all, Class F was the last class, and they did not compete with the good class. The group of people waited silently at the door of the music room, waiting for the class inside to finish rehearsing.

Some people looked through the window, "Look at their uniform. They are all wearing white shirts.. It looks so good."

Chapter 817

The others followed to take a look and came back to discuss.

"Can we buy the same clothes?"

"No, it's a waste of money. We just wear it once."

"Who said that?"

"Don't they feel cold in just a shirt?"

"Yes, it's very cold on the stage."

"Why don't we wear the school uniform?"

"Sure, I think the school uniform is nice."

"I think we can wear the same white shirt. It looks very good and neat."

"Where's our monitor? Let's decide in a class meeting. The New Year's Eve Gala is approaching."

Then they held a short meeting outside the music room, the monitor let the people raise their hands if they agree. Half raised their hands, and half were silent.

One of them asked, "I don't have any money anyway. Who will pay?"

Jenny glanced at Emily.

Emily didn't speak.

A student said, "Of course, we will pay the money ourselves. Don't we have class fee?"

"Why don't we just let the rich buy it for us?" One of the students asked in a low voice.

For a moment, everyone looked at Marisa.

Marisa was chewing gum. When she heard this, she smiled and said frankly, "Why are you looking at me? I don't have money."

"Alright, forget it. We'll pay it ourselves," Some students said.

Some students mocked, "She's right. She was just someone's mistress. How could she have money?"

It seemed like Marisa had owed them. Emily's expression was not good, but Marisa looked calm, chewing gum, and went to watch the rehearsal of the other classes in the music room.

Tatiana whispered to Emily, "Although I dislike her, I think the other students went too far. Everyone should pitch in. Why did they ask her to pay alone? Even if she has money, why should she spend it on our clothes?"

"Exactly." Nina nodded.

Emily looked at the group of students. She thought that they had just accidentally walked the wrong path and needed someone to correct it. But now she realized that they had fallen into the abyss both in minds and bodies.

Evil was always more than good.

Someone could be destroyed with just a simple sentence.

The class meeting decided that everyone should pay fifty. During the rehearsal, everyone was in a bad mood. It seemed that they all felt that they should not spend that money. This time, the singing effect was very bad. After more than half an hour, the monitor told them to dismiss.

Emily received a call from Stephanie when she returned home.

"Can I go to your New Year's Eve Gala? She asked excitedly. "I haven't been to school for a long time."

Emily thought for a moment, "Noah can bring you in, but ... you will be easily recognized."

"It's fine. I'll just put on a thick makeup," Stephanie said, "By the way, I'll bring the signature you wanted. A whole set."

Emily smiled. "Thank you. We're going to sing at the gala. Do you want to come with us?"

"On the stage?" Stephanie laughed out loud. "Then forget it. If I was recognized by the whole school, it would be a disaster scene."

She then suggested, "After the gala is over, we can choose a private place to sing."

"Okay," Emily said, "And I have something to discuss with you."

Stephanie paused for a moment, thinking Emily had discovered that Harold was beside her. She could not help but ask, "What's the matter?"

"I plan to take Mr. Vincent to you during the winter break. I want Mr. Spencer to take a look at his legs."

"Has his leg not recovered yet? OK, I'll tell my grandpa later and let him prepare early," Stephanie said.

"Alright."

The two chatted for a while before hanging up.

Rex was cooking dinner in the kitchen, Emily greeted him and went into the study where Vincent was reading. After hugging Vincent's neck and acting cute, she walked to her studio.

This house was bought with no study and painting room. They were all changed in a short time when Emily was in class. Except for the bedroom, everything else had been changed greatly before Emily came back.

The studio was much smaller than the previous one in the suburbs, but it was big enough for Emily. The walls were filled with the works she had casually drawn. Some half-finished paintings were leaning against the edge of the easel. A small green bucket was placed at her feet with clean water in it and a row of clean brushes on its side.

Emily took up a pen after adjusting the paint and gently placed the pen on the drawing paper.

New Year's Day was approaching.

Emily missed her father.

Moreover, she thought of Donna and her once harmonious home.

Chapter 818

...

After hanging up the phone, Stephanie stared at the light in the middle of the room.

The day before yesterday, the lights suddenly failed and she was unable to go out during the critical period. Moreover, Spencer did not know how to buy things at all. Stephanie had originally intended to call someone to repair it. But Harold changed a new one for her. It was different from the expensive chandelier. He used a circle of bamboo slices with a thin layer of paper in the middle, forming a circle. Inside was a light bulb that glowed with a blazing white light. Outside was a circle of tiny light bulbs wrapped around it. It was the bulbs Stephanie had left in the warehouse, Harold recycled them.

"Since you give me a Christmas gift, then I'll give you an exciting gift back. Come, let me give you a hug of love." Stephanie stretched out her arms.

Recalling the scene last night, Stephanie couldn't help but want to laugh.

She didn't remember Harold's expression was wooden or scared. He just turned around and left after putting the things down. And Stephanie was depressed for a while.

...

"Just be reserved," Spencer said to her, his face full of wrinkles.

"It's time for the meal." Harold's voice came from the outside.

Stephanie responded. She got up and walked out. When she passed by the table, she saw a bottle of medicinal liquor. She immediately remembered that she accidentally slipped into the river because she wanted to catch fish. It sprained her waist and drenched Harold's gauze.

During that time, Stephanie felt smelly in her mouth as if she had eaten mud during the meal. She lost a lot of weight at last.

Too much of her thinking. Stephanie held the bottle in her hand, unscrewed the cap, and smelled it. The smell was very strong. When Stephanie held her waist and went back to her room that day, she did not expect that Harold would come in. After all, his gauze was drenched because of her. Stephanie felt very guilty about the pain of changing it.

Unexpectedly, Harold found that Stephanie's waist was injured when they were having meals together. After eating, he followed her into her room, taking up the medicinal liquor on the table, and said, "Pull up your clothes."

Stephanie recalled the first time when Harold gave her a massage. That stunned fool even showed his waist back to her.

"Why are you smiling?" Harold noticed that Stephanie was smiling and asked suspiciously.

"I was thinking that are you going to show your waist to me again?" Stephanie looked at Harold's abdomen and said, "I didn't see it clearly last time."

Harold was speechless.

Stephanie made it clear that she already knew Harold's identity.

Harold sighed slightly. He was silent for a moment before opening the bottle cap and pouring some liquor into his palm. He raised her clothes and pressed his palm on Stephanie's waist.

The room soon came Stephanie's screams.

Spencer had just been back from the kitchen, he was shocked by the sound and rushed to Stephanie's room. Before he could walk in and ask, he heard Stephanie shouting, "Be gentle!"

Spencer didn't say anything.

"Then the medicine won't disperse," Harold pressed more hard as he said, keeping a straight face.

"Grandpa! Help!" Stephanie slammed the wall.

Spencer didn't reply.

For a moment, he did not know whether to walk in or go back to his room.

The next morning, Spencer subtly told Stephanie that Harold was pretty nice. He asked Stephanie to think about it. Stephanie was stunned and asked if Spencer was about to pass away soon. After being scolded by Spencer, she ran away.

Later, Spencer went to Harold. He vaguely expressed to Harold that although Stephanie ... had a bad temper, she got a nice figure, look, and so on. He told Harold to consider it.

Harold thought that Spencer was thinking too much. Stephanie had good conditions and many people wanted to chase after her.

Although Spencer felt comforted when he heard this, he still added, "If she isn't married after I die, then you must help her find an excellent man like you."

Harold finally nodded, "Alright."

Stephanie put down the medicinal liquor and walked out. Recently, it was cold and everyone would eat in Spencer's room with the heating on.

"I'm going to visit a friend in two days," Stephanie said as soon as she sat down.

"What friend? Man or woman?" Spencer asked.

"Woman, you've seen her before. Her name is Emily," Stephanie said.

Harold paused, and his bandaged face turned to Stephanie a little woodenly.

Stephanie continued, "She has been at school. And a New Year's Eve Gala will be held. It will be quite lively. I want to join in."

After she finished speaking, she looked at Harold. "Do you want to come with me? You can wear a mask or something at the gala."

Harold paused for a moment before slowly shaking his head.

"Alright then," Stephanie said after she took a sip of the soup.

Harold nodded in silence.

At night, Harold looked at himself in the mirror. The face in the mirror was covered in gauze, revealing only a pair of unclear eyes. He buckled the mirror back onto the table.

'In a few years, Emily will just forget me' he thought.

Chapter 819

On Christmas Day, the entire hospital was celebrating.

Staff could get apples in the dining hall and take part in Christmas tree activities at night. Doctors and nurses could choose the gift boxes on the Christmas tree. Many patients and their family members were eager to participate. No matter old or young all had fun.

Collin had a stone plaster on hand, he was first invited out by everyone to choose a gift box. The Christmas tree was about two meters tall. He was not short and he took a relatively tall small box with his left hand. The box was exquisite, so it must contain an exquisite gift.

The little nurses all looked at Collin shyly, waiting for him to open the box and come over to them. However, Collin did not open it. He took the box and turned back to the office.

He was on duty tonight.

The young nurses watched him leave dejectedly. The male doctors were aggrieved. They did not understand why Collin could attract so many young nurses although he already had a girlfriend.

A WeChat notification sounded on his phone. It was from Cora. It was just a few photos for him to take some time to pick one and go on a blind date on the weekend.

The girls in the photos were white, beautiful, and leggy. Collin casually glanced at the photos and put away his phone. He opened his folder to check the condition of a patient that he had been following up in the past few days.

"Merry Christmas!" asked Leon. "Did you open your gift box?"

"Not yet, what's wrong?" Collin raised his head.

"Damn, our director is so generous this time." Leon took out his gift box from behind and opened it, "It's a shopping card!"

Collin was speechless.

Was this called generous?

He took out his small box and threw it to Leon, "Then please open it and show me his generosity."

Leon did as he told. "Wow, it's awesome. This is an ear stud. It looks pretty good. If those nurses choose this, I'm afraid they'll be so cheerful."

Collin glanced at it. It was a pair of elk-shape ear studs. The festive elk had a red Christmas hat on its head. It was of fine workmanship, and even the eyes of the elks were lifelike.

"Well, you can send it to your little girlfriend," Leon said sourly.

"I've told you, she is not my girlfriend." Collin took back the ear stud and observed it for a moment in his palm. Then he put it back into the box.

"Fine. Take it back and send it to your beautiful female friend. Maybe she'll become your girlfriend after that," Leon said with envy, "Why do you know so many beautiful girls? The one on the blind date last time was also beautiful."

Beautiful girls?

He knew someone who was not beautiful at all.

Collin opened the drawer and threw the delicate little gift box in and saw the bottle of perfume.

"Everyone was on a date, and we are on duty." Leon sighed. "You could at least send the ear stud to a girl. I can only send my card to my mother."

"You can send it to the nurse." Collin closed the drawer.

"Then my mother will beat me hard." Leon sighed with upset. "She was very informed. She can get everything new in the hospital at once. She is comparable to a secret agent."

Collin thought about Cora and couldn't help but sigh. Probably this was what mothers like.

The next morning, Collin packed his things and left. When he opened the drawer, he glanced at the small box with the bottle of perfume on it.

Christmas Eve and Christmas passed one after another, and he had never contacted Roxy.

The early morning of winter was very cold. As he walked on the road, the air he breathed out was white. Everything was still waking up silently. But the red sun on the horizon was rising.

Collin put on a coat and went out to take a taxi.

Half an hour later, he carried breakfast upstairs and knocked on Roxy's door.

"Doctor Mueller?" Roxy seemed to have not woken up yet. In the cold winter, she was only wearing a thin set of pajamas.

She stood at the door, her hair disheveled and her eyes half-narrowed without any beauty and charm.

Collin took a step forward and reached out his hand in plaster to hold her.

Collin had the coldness of the early morning of winter, and Roxy had just gotten up from the bed, full of warmth. Their embrace was like the collision of ice and fire. Roxy was stimulated by the coldness. She frowned unconsciously and tried to push Collin away.

"My hand hurts." Collin's head was pressed against her shoulder. Smelling the warm scent of the bedding on her body, he was completely relaxed.

Roxy gradually stopped her resistance. She raised her slightly empty eyes and only saw the wall opposite her. She said in a hoarse voice, "Doctor Mueller, don't you have a girlfriend?"

Collin was suddenly enlightened. His mind was active, but his face did not show anything.

'Roxy must be jealous.' Collin felt happy in his heart.

...

"No." Collin tightened his arm around her, and no one could feel his nervousness. "Roxanne, are you jealous?"

Roxy did not speak.

Collin released his hand and looked into her empty eyes.

He suddenly lost all of his strength.

"Let's eat. I bought you breakfast."

Roxy nodded.

She closed the door and went to wash up. When she walked to the bathroom, Collin's words popped up in his mind.

"Roxanne, are you jealous?"

"You wrote sweet plots before!" The editor's roar was close to her ears at the same time. "Why are all the manuscripts recently so abused? You can't set the protagonist in the scripts fall out of love just because you did it yourself!"

Roxy brushed her teeth and rinsed her mouth, burying her face in the water.

"Rich people like games. Don't have true feelings for them. Once you do, it will be a dead end. I'm a typical example."

Roxanne seemed to have heard her voice. "I didn't."

"Really? Look at your recent torturing writing style and look at your face. Although you usually have this expressionless face, at least you sometimes smile when you are sweet with him. Look at you now, you look crossed in love! Why don't you call him and ask him who the woman that had dinner with him that day was? If he says that woman is his girlfriend, you can blacklist him and never contact him again. If not, you can continue to be with him. Why do you have to be like this."

Roxanne felt her heartbeat become chaotic.

"I know what you are thinking about. Are you afraid that he will dislike you if he knows about your past?"

Roxanne held her breath for a long time, gasping for breath as she revealed her face from the pool. She looked at herself in the mirror and felt that the water on her face was like tears, sliding down her cheeks.

"What if he likes you and doesn't mind your past?"

"But I do!" Roxanne roared in her heart.

She reached out her hand to blur the mirror with water and looked down at the pool in a daze.

She envied all the children who were born with golden spoons in their mouths. She envied them for having a beautiful childhood. She envied them for having parents who loved them dearly. She envied them for being able to get anything they wanted. She envied them for being always full of confidence and optimism. Because she had none of these things.

It was said that the more you wished for something, the more you would approach such a person who had it. It seemed that Collin was the reflection of the darkness in her heart.

She was like a flea that lived at the bottom of the food chain.

Collin was like a light that uncovered her ugliness.

Flea and light how could they coexist?

Chapter 820

"Emily! Hurry up to get changed! Everyone in the class has left." Tatiana poked Emily who was doing exercises.

Emily looked back. Only they two stayed in the classroom. She finished the last multiple-choice question and carefully snapped the cap on her pen. Then she picked up her bag and walked out.

Today was the last day of December. And it was also the day when Hapisland School officially held the New Year's Day party.

Along the long corridor, Emily could see the beautiful blackboard newspapers on the back wall of other classes. Some of the newspapers promoted New Year's Day and praised the beautiful motherland. And the others were inspiring declarations and slogans. Emily could not help but feel refreshed when she saw them.

At this time, the second class in the afternoon had just ended. For the New Year's Eve party, everyone had to go to the auditorium to prepare from 4:30 in the afternoon. Some classes prepared the students' solo performances. Most students did not perform and were reading in the classroom.

Tatiana couldn't help but stare at a student who was holding the examination papers after leaving the classroom. "Wow. He's so hardworking. We are going to watch the New Year's Eve party. It is dark everywhere. Won't he get the neighbor's light to do the examination papers?"

Emily looked up and found that it was Class D.

The student in Class D was so hardworking. Maybe the students in Class S were more hardworking.

Emily and Tatiana had just left the teaching building and walked towards the auditorium. They met their class teacher, who was holding a thermos cup. "Tatiana. Come over and give this to Miss Lee."

"Okay." Tatiana took it.

Tatiana was an average student in the class. She was obedient and never caused trouble. Generally, teachers liked to ask her to do something.

After the class teacher left, Tatiana sighed and said to Emily, "Go to the washroom and change your clothes. I'll deliver the thermos first. And see you later."

Tatiana had already changed her clothes when she went to the washroom in the afternoon. At that time, there were many people in the washroom, so Emily didn't get changed.

"Alright."

The two walked to the entrance of the auditorium and parted ways. Emily then took out her phone and sent a message to Stephanie. Stephanie said that she would come to school tonight to watch the New Year's Eve party. Emily did not know if Stephanie had been in Hapisland City.

Stephanie received the message and directly called back. "I'm already here. I'm sitting in the auditorium. Why haven't you come yet? Almost all students are seated here. Where are you?"

Emily looked at her bag, "Wait a moment. I'll go over after I get changed." This way, she could directly take off her down jacket and go to the stage before she performed.

The washroom in the auditorium was also crowded. However, many classes prepared for solo performances. So few people came here to change clothes. The students of Class F had also changed early in the washroom of the teaching building. Therefore, few people changed their clothes in the washroom of the auditorium.

Emily took her bag and went in. She had a habit in the washroom. She only liked the last cubicle.

The students of many classes were wearing white shirts to perform on stage. So Class F finally decided to customize a white long-sleeved T-shirt with the capital "F" printed on the chest.

Emily took off her school uniform and down jacket. Just as she would take off her sweater, she heard footsteps approaching her. This was the last cubicle, and the cubicle next to her was also closed. But the footsteps were still approaching.

Emily put down the sweater and waited quietly.

Before too long, she heard a low sound above her head. It sounded like a basin of water falling on a tarpaulin.

She looked up and saw a guard sitting on top of the door plank, holding a black umbrella, and looking at her quietly.

"..."

"..."

"Pervert!" The female students came in from outside and screamed. Then many girls escaped with the sound of chaotic footsteps.

Emily stared at him and said, "Take her in."

"Yes!" The guard closed his umbrella and floated out.

Emily looked up at the door plank. The splashing ink had a disgusting stench. The ink had probably been mixed with a lot of water and the water that splashed out was gray.

She opened the cubicle door and walked out. Then she saw a bucket on the ground. The edge of the bucket was stained with grayish-black ink, which was condensing into droplets and slowly sliding down.

Because of the scream, many girls in the washroom were alarmed. They quickly ran out, while the boys knew nothing, and went into the washroom to catch the pervert.

The pervert in black grabbed a girl and dragged her into the washroom. Seeing this, Class S' commissary in charge of sports immediately went forward to catch the man. "Who are you? Let her go!"

The guard gently bypassed him, grabbed Nina, and threw her into the washroom.

Nina cried out in fear. She was thrown onto the floor of the washroom. It was a cold winter day, and cold water was on the floor. She fell and banged her knee on the floor. She was so painful to her bones. When she looked up, she saw Emily standing there quietly and staring at her.

Nina tried to get up and pointed at the door in fear. "Emily, there, there is a pervert ... That man ... He peeked at you in the cubicle and ... caught me..."

The commissary said from outside, "Miss! Are you alright? Let me in! What do you mean by throwing her in? You have accomplices inside, don't you? Are you trying to kidnap the female students of our school? Let me tell you, this is illegal!"

Nina quickly got up and walked to Emily. She tugged at her sleeve and whispered, "Emily, a pervert is outside. He might be trying to kidnap us..."

"Really?" Emily looked at her and said faintly.

Nina was suddenly stunned. When average people heard that there was a pervert, they would panic. However, Emily was so calm.

Nina opened her eyes wide and looked at Emily. She was unable to say a word for a long time.

Emily held up Nina's hands hanging on both sides of her body. She held her index finger and looked at it for a moment before asking, "Why is it black?"

Emily had carried the bucket just now and her finger had accidentally touched the ink.

"I, I don't know why it is black..." Nina said with a pale face.

Emily nodded and no longer spoke.

The atmosphere in the washroom suddenly froze. And Nina held her breath.

Emily knew it!

Nina was shocked.

"I didn't ... It wasn't me. Don't doubt me. It wasn't me!" Nina explained anxiously.

"What weren't you?" Emily looked at her and asked indifferently.

Nina suddenly lost her voice.

"Weren't you the one who took the photos? Weren't you the one who spread the rumors? And did you not splash the bucket of water just now? Why? Give me a reason." Emily took a step closer and stared at Nina quietly with her eyes covered by bangs.

Nina trembled with tears streaming down her face. But she could not say a word.

Tatiana asked outside, "Emily! Are you alright? What's going on? Where did the man come from? Why didn't he let us in? Emily! Are you inside?"

Emily looked up at the door and said, "Let her in."

"Yes!" the guard answered.

The people at the door were stunned. Everyone had thought that he was a pervert who broke into the female washroom. And everyone clamored to send him to the police station. But now, a female voice came from the washroom. It was obvious that she knew this pervert outside. Everyone stood there in a daze and could not figure out what was going on. Someone asked, "Who? Who is talking inside?"

Tatiana recognized that the voice was Emily's. She was stunned for a moment before she came in. "Damn it! It scared me! I heard them say that a pervert was in the washroom. The first person I thought of was you ... Are you alright? Nina? You're here too. What happened? Why are you crying?"

When the commissary heard that Emily was inside, he desperately rushed in. "You bastard! Why are you stopping me? Let me in!"

The few boys behind the commissary also wanted to go in. The other girls also encouraged them to rush in. The guard was somewhat unable to hold on by himself. And the other three guards in the dark suddenly appeared and blocked the door of the washroom. The students at the door were all stunned.

At first, they suspected that the man was a pervert. And the pervert dressed appropriately. Now four identical people in black suddenly appeared. The students immediately began to doubt themselves. These four people did not look like perverts at all. Instead, they looked like ... high-level private bodyguards in a cartoon.

Why are these people blocking the door of the washroom?

And who was in the washroom?

Why did the man throw a girl in?