

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 518

On the other side, Harold drove Stephanie back to the hotel.

On the way, Stephanie fell asleep. When they arrived, the assistant shook her awake. Stephanie waved goodbye to Harold with exhaustion. When the assistant helped her to the bed, she narrowed her eyes and asked, "What did he say to you in the car?"

"Didn't you fall asleep? Did you hear it?" the assistant asked in surprise.

"Yeah, a little. Hurry up and tell me. I'm so sleepy," Stephanie murmured.

The assistant removed her makeup and said softly, "He wanted you to be careful of the man acting with you."

"Mr. Peterson? Why?" Stephanie opened her eyes and then closed them because she was so sleepy.

"I don't know why he said that." The assistant could not think of a reason.

"Oh." Getting no answer, Stephanie fell asleep.

Harold turned the car around and met the guy acting as the male lead at the set. The man had just gotten out of the car, followed by two assistants. Another assistant drove his car into the garage and the other two helped him to the hotel.

After drinking some wine, he had a drunken look on his face but he could walk steadily.

Harold stopped the car.

When he saw the man, he could see the malicious intent in his eyes. It was hard to imagine how he managed to get to this position in the entertainment circle. He actually began to reveal his true nature in front of the public. He probably thought that Harold was just a small fry.

Harold did not know which floor Stephanie stayed on, so he called her. The phone rang for a long time before Stephanie's sleepy voice came from the other side, "Hello? Who is it?"

"What's your room number?"

"903, what's wrong? Harold? Are you home so soon?" Stephanie looked at the caller's name in confusion.

Harold was speechless.

He got off the car and walked to the elevator. The man and two assistants had gone up. The elevator slowly rose to the ninth floor and stopped.

Harold entered another elevator, and he wanted to confirm that Stephanie was fine before leaving.

However, as soon as he entered the elevator, he met Stephanie's assistant.

"Hey, why haven't you left?"

"Why did you come down?" Harold asked.

"I'm going to buy some food. Stephanie hasn't eaten tonight. What about you? Do you want to eat something?" the assistant asked.

"I will go up and take a look," Harold said, waving his hand.

The assistant wanted to give him the room card, but thinking that having a strange man at Stephanie's door would damage her reputation and that she did not quite trust him, he said, "Then I will go with you."

Harold nodded.

The two re-entered the elevator and the elevator door slowly closed.

On the ninth floor, across the long corridor, Harold could see the man he had met this afternoon knocking on the door of 903 and swiping his card over and over again. The assistant next to him pulled him and said, "Your room is next door, not this one."

"I want to sleep in this room." The man was still swiping the card, and after the fifth time, the door suddenly opened.

Stephanie stood at the door and asked with sleepy eyes, "Mr. Peterson? What's up?"

The man stood at the door and asked, "Can I go in?"

Stephanie was probably in a daze and did not know how she answered. In short, the man followed her in.

Harold and Stephanie's assistant looked at each other.

"What kind of relationship do they have?" Harold asked.

If they were a couple, he would not intervene.

"I don't know, but I don't think Stephanie likes him." The assistant swallowed.

"Go in and stay with her," Harold said.

“Oh, okay.” The assistant took a few steps and turned back to ask, “Do you know something so you followed?”

“I don’t. I just saw him come up and wanted to follow him to take a look.” Harold slightly frowned.

“Oh,” The assistant rushed in but was stopped by the two assistants at the door. “He’s busy inside. Get in later.”

Initially, Harold was planning to leave. Seeing this scene, he walked over, took the card from the assistant, and opened the door.

In the room were one standing and one lying on. The three looked at each other, and the atmosphere was a little awkward.

The assistant at the door was dumbfounded.

Harold quickly closed the door and stared at the man on the ground. He then looked at Stephanie, who was standing with her eyes wide open, and asked, “Did he do something to you?”

Stephanie did not know what to say. Adrien usually looked quite serious. Today, he probably had a drink and said something to her. When he came in, he asked if the intimate scene could be rehearsed now. Although there was such a scene, Stephanie did not think it was appropriate. Maybe tomorrow, the headlines would be “Famous Actors Practice Scenes on the Bed”.

As a result, the moment Adrien came over, Stephanie used the technique taught by the martial arts instructor for no reason. She stretched out her legs to trip him over. The instructor said that if a girl couldn’t escape or do anything, she had to use things around her as much as possible. If there was nothing, she had to defend herself with fighting. If she could

run fast, she had to run, and if she couldn't, she had to make the first move. If the man was drunk, it would be better to knock him down. He absolutely couldn't get up.

She didn't know how to knock the guy down, but she didn't want to hurt his face, so she used the gentlest method, tripping him over.

As a result, when Harold opened the door, he saw this scene.

The guy lying on the ground saw Harold and widened his eyes in surprise. Then, he sat up and looked at Stephanie in disbelief. "So you and him.... You are dating a bodyguard?"

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 519

Stephanie had been really sleepy, but now her sleepiness was gone. After hearing this sentence, she didn't know whether to cry or laugh. However, she was choked by the second half of his words and said with some displeasure, "So what?"

"Are you really dating a bodyguard?" The man stood up, "Does your manager know? Your company won't allow you to date a... bodyguard, right?"

"Did he do something to you?" Harold asked again.

Stephanie had a headache from being asked by the two people. She was in a particularly sleepy state. After being woken up, she was frightened again. Her heart was in a mess.

However, the man was not resigned to being defeated. Hearing Harold's question, he immediately snorted, "I just came to find her to practice a scene. What do you mean 'do something to you'?"

Harold grabbed the man by the collar. His expression was stiff, but his strength was great. He almost lifted the man. He said in an emotionless voice, "I won't hit you now, but if you dare come again, I will destroy you, especially your face. I will beat it until no one can recognize you."

The man was astounded.

"Let him go. I'm fine," Stephanie said, covering her head.

The man forced a smile and tried to open Harold's hand, but he could not. His hands were like pliers, firmly gripping onto his collar. It was as if they were wrapping around his neck. Only then did the man feel some lingering fear. He laughed awkwardly and said, "I didn't do anything to her. I just came to practice."

Harold let him go and added, "I'm not her boyfriend. I'm just a bodyguard. If you dare to talk nonsense, my master will knock out your teeth."

"Your master?" The man was stunned for a moment. This guy's words were very strange. What did he mean that his master would knock out his teeth?

"Yes, my master. If she sees you like this, she will smash a brick at your head. If she finds out that you are not dead, she will give you a second hit," Harold stated.

Stephanie was shocked. Was he referring to Emily?

The man felt a chill down his spine from Harold's words and said to Stephanie, "Just pretend that I never came here tonight. I didn't see him, and you didn't see me either, okay?"

Stephanie nodded.

The man tidied himself up and turned to leave.

The assistant outside the door took the opportunity to come in. He closed the door and said to Stephanie, “Even if you know him, don’t open the door and let him in at night even if he knocks on the door.”

Stephanie nodded and looked at him. “Didn’t you come in?”

“I won’t do anything to you. He will.” Harold looked at her as if she was a retard.

Most of Stephanie’s sleepiness had been driven away. She was a little curious when she heard this. “Why?”

“No reason,” Harold said emotionlessly.

“Oh, I see. You don’t like women,” Stephanie guessed.

The assistant was dumbfounded.

Harold felt the same.

He checked the hotel room. Perhaps it was a professional habit, he left after he did not find any hidden camera. Before he left, he added, “Remember to lock the door when you sleep in the future. Don’t stay in the room alone. Don’t open the door when an unfamiliar man knocks on the door.”

“I understand. Thank you.” Stephanie thanked him sincerely and patted him on the shoulder. “I didn’t expect you to look so manly. You actually like men... You should be the top, right?”

Harold was lost for words.

So was the assistant.

When Stephanie saw that he was silent, she covered her mouth in surprise and glanced at his butt in disbelief. “No way! You, you’re the bottom?”

Harold didn’t know how to reply.

The assistant was once again stunned.

Harold’s usually emotionless face seemed to be on the verge of being distorted. He barely stayed calm, bid Stephanie farewell, and went downstairs.

What he didn’t know was that right after he left, Stephanie called Emily.

“Women live such hard lives. We even have to fight against a man for a boyfriend.”

Emily was a little stunned when she heard this. She caught the key point and asked, “Are you fighting against a guy for a boyfriend?”

When Vincent, who was signing documents in front of the table, heard this, his glance swept over.

“No, I was just exclaiming.” Stephanie sighed.

Emily sat on the bed. Vincent took the dry towel from her hand and wiped her hair. Emily then threw the phone on the bed and turned on the speaker.

“Why didn’t you tell me about your assistant?” Stephanie asked.

“What?” What happened to Harold?

Stephanie said, “He... Forget it, it’s not a big deal, but it’s quite surprising to me. His looks and his physique... Well, he doesn’t look like a bottom.”

“Bottom? What zero?” Emily did not understand at all.

“Just...” It was only then that Stephanie realized that Emily had no idea. She immediately laughed and said, “Nothing. It’s very late. Go to sleep. I’m hungry. I’ll sleep after I eat something.”

“Alright.”

Emily hung up the phone in a daze. She looked at Vincent and asked, “Do you understand what she’s saying?”

Vincent only heard two sentences and guessed, “She seems to mean...” When he thought of the last sentence that was a little lustful, he stopped in time and changed what he was going to say. “She admires your assistant.”

Emily turned around and thought about it. She did remember that Stephanie had mentioned Harold’s face and physique and talked about the topic of fighting for a boyfriend. Did someone take a fancy to Harold and wanted to snatch him from Stephanie?

Stephanie had taken a fancy to Harold?

“So that’s what she meant,” Emily said in realization.

“Yes, that’s what she meant,” Vincent said with a smile.

In the middle of the night, the phone beside Harold’s bed rang twice.

It was a text message.

“I didn’t tell your master. Don’t worry, I will back you up.”

When Harold read this message, a complicated expression appeared on his face for the first time.

Billionaire’s Reborn Baby Chapter 520

Elsie still hadn’t returned tonight. Emily went downstairs. Susan and the butler were still awake. Elsie was Maury’s daughter. Even though they hated Elsie so much, they couldn’t just watch this child die outside. So, the butler and Susan waited in the living room every night until midnight before turning off the lights and falling asleep.

When Emily went downstairs, the two were sitting at the dining table, waiting quietly.

Seeing Emily come down, Susan asked, “Miss Emily, why do you come down? Are you hungry?”

“No.” Emily looked at them. “Why aren’t you sleeping?”

The butler and Susan looked a little embarrassed. They were worried that Emily would be upset if she knew they were waiting for Elsie, but they did not want to lie to Emily, so it was awkward.

“Go to sleep. I will wait for her to come back.” Emily sat down on the sofa.

Susan and the butler looked at each other in dismay, not knowing what to say for a moment.

“Miss Emily, are you angry?” Susan whispered.

Ever since Emily returned to normal, her aura had changed a lot. Susan dared not to treat her as a child as she did before. She treated Emily the same way she treated Maury.

“No, I arranged for her to go out. Don’t overthink. I didn’t forgive her. But I wouldn’t send her to her death for no reason.” Emily took a book and read it.

The butler and Susan had once thought that this was the most terrifying thing about Emily. Before they say anything, she already knew what they wanted to say. This was her special ability. However, she looked so young, like a little girl who was ignorant of the world.

Only the butler and Susan knew that this innocent girl had a strong heart.

Elsie came back at 12:30 in the evening. The wind was cold at night. She only wore a long dress. When she entered the house, she rushed into the bathroom on the first floor and vomited twice. When she walked to the living room, she saw a glass of honey water on the dining table.

Her mother liked to drink the honey water in the morning the most.

Her eyes were a little moist. She took a sip. The water was very sweet and carried a trace of warmth. She tilted her head to look at the kitchen and saw a small figure.

It was not Susan.

Elsie’s pace was not steady. She took off her high heels and walked barefoot into the kitchen. She saw that Emily was covering the lid of the honey and washing the spoon.

Elsie was the one who prepared the honey water.

For a moment, Elsie had mixed feelings. She felt touched and a little sad.

“What have you got?” Emily heard the movements and looked over.

Elsie took out a few photos from her bag and handed them over. “These are a few important people in their group. I drank with them for a week and only got this.” As she spoke, she took out a recording pen from her bag and handed it over. “I didn’t edit it. Listen to it.”

“OK.” Emily went upstairs with the photos and the recording pen.

Elsie stayed quietly in the kitchen for a moment and found peace in her heart. She returned to the living room barefoot, picked up her high heels, and was about to go upstairs when she suddenly noticed a door diagonally ahead.

She gently put down her high heels again and walked towards that door step by step.

Emily did not allow her to get close to that door. Inside the door were the portrait of Maury and the urn of ashes.

Elsie stood at the door for a moment with tears in her eyes. She slowly knelt on the ground and gently kowtowed three times. Then she wiped her tears, returned to the living room to pick up her high heels, and went upstairs.

Emily entered the bedroom. Vincent was still sitting in front of the desk, busy dealing with some documents that were left during the day for her, as well as the reports that the marketing department, advertisement department, planning department, finance department, and other departments had submitted.

Seeing her come over with a recording pen and a few photos, Vincent raised his eyebrows slightly. Emily explained, "I want to find out if there is anything I can do about the people of Jackson's company."

She put the photos on the bed and looked at them. Then she turned on the recording pen. There were all kinds of noises inside, and then there was a man's voice.

At first, Emily did not think that Elsie would do this. When Elsie returned late or simply did not return, Emily realized that Elsie might have used her body to do things outside.

But Emily did not say much. No matter what Elsie's method was, she only wanted to see the result.

The recording pen played the ambiguous voices for more than ten minutes, including the man's flirting words and the woman's panting. After a while, Elsie's voice sounded, "I heard that your company can invite Stephanie. Is it true?"

"What? Do you want her signature?" asked the man.

"Yes, I like her a lot." Elsie smiled.

"I don't think I can get it for you now. I don't know what went wrong. We have settled a project with Stephanie's agent, and we are about to sign the contract. Last month, they suddenly disagreed. Otherwise, let alone her signature, I can even take photos of you and her!"

"What a pity! Do you have any other celebrities that you want to work with recently?" Elsie asked.

“Do you know Dixon Hood? We just signed an endorsement of 1.5 million last week.” Then man drank another glass of wine. “It is just the endorsement fees. We still have to give his company some benefits. We have to introduce a few advertisements to a few of their celebrities...”

“What kind of advertisements? They would end up lying on your bed.” Someone laughed vulgarly.

“Who did they send to your bed last time?” Another unfamiliar male voice sounded.

“I don’t remember. How can I recognize her after she put on clothes?” the man replied with a smile.

“Right!”

They were all laughing.

Emily heard a few keywords. Then she wrote down Dixon Hood’s name and found his photos online. She was just about to call Stephanie when she realized that it was already half past one. She quickly looked back at the desk. Vincent was still seriously reading documents with his head down.

She could not help but get out of bed and walk over, gently stroking his back, “Go to sleep.”

“You go to sleep first. I’m not finished yet,” Vincent said without looking back.

“It’s almost two o’clock.” Emily leaned on his body and did not move.

Vincent turned around, pulled her into his arms, pulled her to sit on his lap, and kissed her neck, “Then sit with me for a while. We can go to sleep after I finish it.”

“Sure.”

After he finished reading the last document, it was 1:40 am. Emily was so sleepy that she couldn't open her eyes. Vincent picked her up and placed her on the bed. She held Vincent's hand with her eyes closed.

“Are you leaving?” Her voice was soft.

Vincent laid down again and caressed her face. He kissed her lips. “Just sleep. I should go back.”

Emily opened her eyes to look at him and asked in a soft voice “Don't you want it?”

Vincent rubbed her soft and tender lips with his thumb. “Sleep.”

“Are you worried that my body is not good enough?” Emily gently lifted the quilt and wanted to take off the pajamas. Halfway through her movement, Vincent wrapped her with the quilt.

“I'm worried that you are too...” His voice was low and soft as he caressed Emily's ear. It was so hot that her entire body was burning hot. When she fell asleep, her mind still echoed with his deep voice.

“I'm afraid that you won't be able to take it.”