

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 11 - 15

"I would miss this if I don't come back." Maury shook her off, "This is your so-call care? If I don't get back today, I would never know you would treat a mentally disabled kid like this!"

Emily was fake crying just now, but after hearing what Maury said, she felt so sad that tears gushed out of her eyes.

"The poor retard is already dead!" She shouted inwardly.

In her previous life, she had been bullied by Elsie every day. Maury was too busy to notice it even once. Now Maury's words deeply moved Emily.

It turned out dad loved her.

But "she" was already dead!

Maury walked to Emily and squatted down. He said softly, "How are you? Did it hurt? Tell me and dad will find a doctor for you."

Emily cried so hard that she couldn't breathe. She just tugged at his sleeve and shouted, "Dad..."

Seeing her crying like that, Maury shouted at Beverly, "What are you waiting for? Get a doctor! She might break a bone!"

Defeated, Beverly went out. Elsie took the opportunity to leave, but he stopped her, "Stop right there! You're grounded today! Just think about what you've done at home!"

"Dad, I have an exam today..." Elsie looked aggrieved and murmured, "Emily should be fine. I just gave her a gentle push..."

"Harold!" Maury shouted at the door with a cold face.

A tall, dark man came in. "Sir."

"Bring Elsie upstairs and lock her up! She was grounded today! And don't give her any food."

“Yes!”

Elsie looked at Maury in disbelief. “Dad! I really have an exam today. I can’t miss it. It is very important. Can I just apologize? I didn’t do it on purpose. Dad, please forgive me this time, okay? Emily? Emily? I have been kind to you, haven’t I?”

Emily wished she could slice Elsie into pieces.

But apparently, that was impossible.

She needed to be patient. It was going to be a step-by-step process.

She knew this wasn’t enough. What she needed was a chance big enough to expose their hypocrisy fully.

“Dad, Elsie has an exam. Let her go.” Emily sniffed and looked up at Maury.

Her eyes looked very much like her own mother’s, which made Maury guiltier and sadder. Maury threw his hand and didn’t even want to look at Elsie again. “Hurry and lock her up!”

Beverly stood at the side and was just about to plead for mercy when Maury glared at her. He snapped, “And you! When did we owe the Scavos 500, 000? When?”

The color drained from Beverly’s face. She pointed at Emily and said, “No, it’s not me. It’s her. Last night, she....”

“Shut up!” Maury shouted angrily, “It’s noted on the bill. ‘Beverly has promised.’ Did you promise to send the money over?”

“Yes, but I....” Beverly tried to explain, but Maury just slapped her to the ground.

“You hit me?” Beverly glared at him in shock, “How could you!”

Elsie was already taken to the stairs. Seeing her mother was slapped, she cried anxiously, “Dad! It was my fault! Don’t beat mom!”

“Why can’t I slap you?” Maury pointed at Beverly who was lying on the ground. “Set the money aside, how can you abuse a mentally disabled kid at home? Do you still have a conscience?”

“I didn’t abuse her! She fell by herself!” Beverly covered her face and screamed, “She fell by herself!”

“Stop fighting!” Elsie rushed over and cried out loud, “Dad, it’s my fault, not Mom’s. It’s all my fault.”

Maury raised his hand impatiently and said, “Send her to her room.”

Harold had to pull Elsie upstairs. Elsie kept hitting and kicking, so Harold just carried her on his shoulder and walked upstairs. Elsie wailed.

“No! Let go of her!” Beverly screamed on the floor, “Let go of her!”

“Shut up! Look at you! You call yourself a mom?” Maury was so furious that his chest rose and fell in anger. The butler beside handed over a cup of tea and said, “Mr. Maury, have some tea. It can blow off some steam.”

Maury smashed the teacup to the ground.

The hot water splashed onto Beverly and she screamed again.

The living room was flooded with cries and screams.

Emily sat on the sofa and lowered her head. No one could see the faint smile on her face.

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In the Scavo’s.

By the pool, Vincent was leaning against a giant jade, his slender finger tapping on it. A moment later, a guard walked to him and reported, “You’re right. Mr. Vincent!”

With a book on his face, Vincent gestured for him to leave.

The man withdrew and joined his peers.

“Tell us what’s going on?” one of the guards asked.

The man said, “Rex sent the bill for rebuilding the swimming pool to the Britt Group early this morning.”

“What? Aren’t you asked to keep an eye on that retard?”

“Just hear me out.” He took a breath and continued, “Then Maury scurried home. Guess what? He saw his wife and Elsie abusing that retard...”

“And?”

He tsked and said, “One was beaten and the other was grounded.”

“Holy shit!” The others were slack-jawed

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After the doctor finished his examination, he prescribed some tincture for Emily’s bruises. He was worried that she didn’t know how to use it, so he patiently instructed, “Just rub like this. It will hurt a little, but you’ll be fine.”

Emily put on a demure face and said, “I’m not afraid of pain. I’m used to it.”

Hearing this, Maury felt sorry for her even more.

After the doctor left, Maury had breakfast with Emily. Afterward, he asked Harold to escort Emily back to her room, and then he asked the butler to gather all the servants.

“Tell me, does Elsie often bully Emily at home?” Maury sat on the sofa and asked seriously.

The servants were too scared to make a sound.

Maury slapped the table furiously, “You are all fired! Where’s the butler?”

The others left one after another. The butler stepped forward and said, “Mr. Maury.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Maury was wrathful.

The butler hesitated and said, “Mr. Eliot asked me not to tell you now. He had talked to Miss Elsie about this.”

Hearing this, Maury felt a little relieved, “Go find someone smart. And get Emily a bodyguard.” After a pause, he added, “Female.”

“Yes.” The butler pivoted around to leave, but he thought of something and turned back, asking, “Mr. Maury, Miss Elsie’s twentieth birthday is in next week. Will there be a party?”

“No!”

“Very well.”

...

Emily was checking her stash at her desk.

The half-man-tall piggy bank was smashed, notes and countless coins out.

Besides those coins, Emily had more than 100,000, including the lucky money she got from her father on Spring Festivals and the pocket money from Eliot.

What should she do with all the money?

She was writing something in her notebook when she heard some noise from the balcony. She walked over and saw Elsie was going to escape from the balcony. Elsie twisted her pink sheets into strings, with one end tied to the balcony door, and the other hanging in the air.

Elsie screamed in fright when she saw Emily standing not far away. Her hand slipped and she fell.

Emily was also startled. Fortunately, it was only the second floor, so she wouldn’t die. Emily stuck her head out and looked down, only to see a tall man carrying Elsie in, and she had fainted in fear.

It was Harold Green.

Harold didn’t leave much impression on Emily in her previous life. She only knew that he was Maury’s assistant, running some errands for the company. When Eliot went into the company, Harold was sort of left out, for Maury wanted to familiarize Eliot with the family business. Gradually Harold became a driver and bodyguard.

Later, after the Britt Group went bankrupt, she never saw him again.

When Maury was killed, all the people in that car lost their lives. And Harold should be in the passenger seat.

At that time, Emily was just regaining her mental faculties.

Standing on the balcony, Emily looked down calmly. After Harold sent Elsie back to her room, he stood at the door again.

Suddenly, something fell and dropped onto his body.

It was a strawberry-flavored candy.

Harold picked it up, and when he raised his head, there was no one on the balcony.

He thought for a moment and put the candy in his coat pocket.

Emily leaned against the door frame and said softly yet firmly, "I will protect you from now on."

That night, Eliot did not come back. The bidding was successful, so he went to celebrate with the developers. Then he slept in the company to make preparations.

Emily was very glad that the tragedy of her previous life could be reversed.

In this life, she must get strong and protect the people she cared about!

Matthew Britt, Maury's father had just returned from the summer resort. When he heard that Elsie had been grounded for bullying Emily, and her birthday party was canceled, he went to talk to Maury.

"Several large supermarket chains of the Britt Group have closed one after another. Without help, our company will be in a dangerous situation."

Maury was worried, too.

Matthew put down the tea and said sternly, "You can't Elsie's birthday party. Vincent's car was parked at the door, I heard?"

Maury nodded, "Yes, but he didn't get out of the car."

"Did he drive Emily back?" Matthew asked.

"Yes."

Matthew pondered for a moment. "Looks like he has a thing for Elsie."

Maury nodded and suddenly raised his head, "Wait. He sent Emily back, not Elsie. Shouldn't he have a thing for Emily?"

Matthew glanced at him and said, "Can you convince yourself? Vincent likes Emily?"

Maury didn't know what to say.

"We must invite Vincent to the party. If Elsie can marry him, we can get back on our feet in City Y."

"Yes."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 13

On the 5th of October, Elsie's birthday party was held in the garden of the Britt's.

It was pleasant in the evening of early fall. The lawn was decorated with exquisite underground lights. From the second floor, they were like fireflies flitting to and fro, shining like tiny stars.

Emily took a few pictures of the lawn with her phone.

She was often mocked at parties in the past. Elsie had never stood out for her. Only when she began to cry would Elsie hypocritically come to comfort her.

Emily found the past amusing.

By then, she was very grateful to Elsie for coming to her rescue. Even when Elsie coaxed her into a cupboard and got her locked for three whole hours, she would find excuses for Elsie, believing that Elsie was just too busy to remember.

The butler hadn't found Emily until the party was over.

The cupboard was stuffy and hot, and there wasn't much air. Emily was very weak when they found her. However, she still remembered how they feigned shock. It was funny that Emily thought they were really worried about her and told Maury she accidentally fell asleep in the cupboard and therefore saved Elsie from a lesson.

The more she recalled, the more stupid she felt she was.

“Miss Sydnee, sorry for disturbing you. It looks like you’re looking for something. Do you need any help?”

A man’s voice came from below.

Emily shook her head. She didn’t turn on the lights in her room. No one could see her, but she was not in the mood of eavesdropping.

She sat on the swing on the balcony, closed her eyes, and began to think about what she should do with her money.

However, their conversation rushed into her ears.

“Thanks. I just find the lights beautiful.” Her voice was gentle and soft.

“They are, indeed. I didn’t even notice if you didn’t tell me. They look like fireflies.”

“Yes, small but bright.”

Finding it noisy, Emily dug her ears and wanted to leave. Just as she was about to stand up, the man continued, “Yes, small and bright, just like you. Has anyone told you how charming you are? By the way, I’m Marquise Buckley.”

The name sounded familiar.

Emily was about to get off the swing when she suddenly remembered that Marquise was Eliot’s college classmate!

Eliot once told her that Marquise was a playboy and a girl-hunter, but in the previous life, Emily did not understand what he said. She only remembered asking Eliot, “So is he a good guy or a bad guy?”

Eliot shook his head, “Not a good guy, but also not that bad.”

“Why?”

“Because he likes to play the field, which means he likes a lot of women.”

Emily’s cheeks puffed up, “Then he’s a bad buy.”

"Why?" Eliot was curious.

Emily thought for a moment and said, "Mom said that a man can only love one woman in his life. He can't be shared, otherwise, he will destroy another family."

Eliot became silent. After a while, he stroked her hair and said, "I'm sorry."

"Why did you say that?" Emily asked in confusion.

Eliot hugged her and said, "'I'm sorry' means 'I love you'."

"Then I'm sorry, too."

They both laughed heartily.

Emily remembered in her previous life, Marquise married a gentle and virtuous woman. However, he indulged in dissipation every day and ignored his family, even when his wife was pregnant. Therefore, his wife resolutely divorced him after giving birth to the child.

It is said that after the divorce, his wife had a rough time and even suffered from depression because she missed her son too much. In addition, she became weak in that she didn't take good care of herself after the baby was born.

Words had it that she died a year later.

But just that year, Marquise married another woman.

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Suddenly, Marquise's voice came from downstairs again, "Would you like a dance with me?"

"I ... can't dance."

"It doesn't matter. I'll teach you."

Emily gnawed at her fingernails and wondered whether to save the girl who was about to fall for Marquise's game. She didn't hear the girl's answer, assuming that the girl was probably hesitating.

Marquise added, "Don't be afraid. I'm not a bad guy."

Hearing this, Emily couldn't stand it anymore and picked up the flower pot beside her, throwing it at the well-dressed man downstairs.

Then there was a bang.

Quite a few people were frightened. A woman's scream sounded, mingled with Marquise's furious roar, "Who did this?"

Then the butler and the servants, as well as all the guests in the hall, rushed out, "What happened?"

Marquise clamped a hand to his forehead and gestured at the floor above, "Someone threw a flower pot at me!"

Maury frowned and said, "That can't be! Everyone is downstairs. There is no one upstairs."

"I'm sure someone is there! Do you dare to bring me upstairs to take a look?"

Marquise flushed with anger as he became a laughingstock in front of the woman he liked. He stared up at the second floor, swearing to find the person and give him a lesson!

Emily crouched behind a tall potted plant and attempted to tiptoe to her room.

A familiar voice abruptly sounded, "You missed."

"Really?" Emily sighed and suddenly realized that something was wrong. She looked up and discovered that a man was standing beside her!

In the dark night, the man looked exceptionally handsome with his black and bushy eyebrows raised. At this moment, his cold eyes were filled with interest and curiosity.

Emily was even more surprised when she saw the man's face clearly, "Mr. ... Mr. Vincent? Why are you here?"

Vincent raised his eyebrows and said, "Just make a return visit."

Emily felt awkward.

After a while, she stammered, "But I ... I don't have a swimming pool."

On cue, Marquise's voice came from downstairs, "There's someone up there! I heard the voice!"

Eliot walked out of the hall with a glass of wine in his hand and frowned, "Marquise, what's wrong with you?"

"Someone plotted against me and threw a pot at my head. I was lucky that I dodged it in time. Otherwise, I would have died here! I have to find out who did this! By the way, tell the butler to close the door. Don't let anyone leave!"

Emily immediately grabbed Vincent's coat and tried to pull him down, "Lower your voice."

Unexpectedly, Vincent did not squat but took a few steps to the edge of the balcony. He looked downstairs arrogantly and said in a different voice, "It's me. I accidentally dropped it just now." He paused and said flatly, "What? Did I hit something?"

Emily was shocked.

Everyone downstairs gulped, and then exclaimed in unison, "Mr. Vincent?"

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Marquise was shocked for a moment and said, "No. Everything is fine."

Though Maury felt uneasy, he managed to maintain a smile on his face and grabbed Eliot's sleeve, "Go have a look."

'Why would Mr. Vincent stand on the balcony in Emily's room?'

'Did he go to the wrong room while looking for Elsie? But why didn't I see him in the hall just now?'

Eliot finally recovered from the shock and strode towards the hall. He threw the wine glass in his hand to the butler, who then was drenched in red wine.

The butler was upset.

'Oh no! My new tuxedo!'

Beverly had been discussing the noble gentlemen at the party with Elsie in the hall. However, Elsie took a fancy to none of them. She was waiting for Vincent because she had heard that her grandfather sent the invitation to Vincent in person. Vincent would definitely come to the party to show respect for her grandfather.

She waited for a long time, but there came no sign of Vincent. When it was about time that she cut the cake, a loud shout came from outside. Then she walked out with her mother and found that Marquise was clutching his forehead and claiming that someone had hit him.

Given that Elsie had been yelled at by her father the other day, and today was her birthday banquet, she didn't dare to make trouble now. She wanted Marquise to go upstairs and investigate the accident. It would be best if Emily was the one that did this.

After all, Emily was staying in her room all night!

In that case, it would be difficult for her to clear her name, since she was the only one upstairs. As long as she got the blame, this little retard would also be considered violent.

This way, no one dared to approach her again!

What had happened at the banquet a few days ago suddenly popped into Elsie's head. She still didn't understand why an aloof person like Vincent would send a retard back home. Had he lost his mind?

As Elsie was wondering, she was thunderstruck when she heard Vincent's voice coming from upstairs.

Why would he be on the balcony of Emily's room?

Maury tried to smooth things over with a smile, "Alright. It's time to cut the cake. Let's get in."

"OK!"

Just as the crowd was about to disperse, someone tilted his head and looked at the balcony with startled eyes, asking, "Wait, is that Miss Elsie's balcony?"

"Miss Elsie is there." Someone pointed at Elsie standing not far away. She was in a white dress with a shining crown on her head, which paled her face even more.

"It looks like Miss Emily's room." A low voice came from the crowd.

Everyone was shocked.

They couldn't believe it.

...

After a moment's silence, everyone stammered with one accord, "The retard?"

"Last time Mr. Vincent even sent that retard home after the banquet was over."

"I've heard about it, but I didn't believe it at that time!"

"Mr. Vincent absolutely has no idea that it's the retard's balcony!"

"That's right!"

On the balcony of the second floor, Vincent turned around and stepped towards Emily.

Against the night sky, she dressed in pink rabbit pajamas and squatted down, looking just like a little bunny. She had a small face with fair skin as crystal as a high-grade white jade. From a distance, it looked like her face was gleaming. She gazed at Vincent with her bright dark eyes full of disbelief and joy, as if he was a savior from heaven who came to save her again and again.

She was demonstrative with her pure eyes, so Vincent could see her delight with a glance. A strange feeling arose in his heart.

He lowered his back and stared at Emily. Suddenly, he reached out and pinched her cheek.

Emily retreated in pain and rubbed her face, asking in confusion, "How did you get in here?"

She didn't realize how intimate Vincent had been with her just now.

Vincent stood up straight and took out a cigarette. As he was about to put it in his mouth, he suddenly paused because he smelled a scent on his fingertips.

He frowned slightly and squatted to sniff at Emily's neck.

They were so close to each other.

Emily's nose was filled with Vincent's fresh smell of cigarettes mingled with a faint fragrance of mint. Though she didn't like the smell of cigarettes, she thought the smell on his body was pleasant.

With a hot breath spraying on her neck, she had a tickle and stepped back. When she looked up, she met a pair of black eyes.