

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 101 - 110

When Harold called Emily, she had just finished a painting.

The three old men had their own unique views on art. One of them collected ancient culture work of art, and offered a course on art restoration. Therefore, what he taught was to paint on bottles and cans. Another man was a designer when he was young. Later on, he learned computer graphics. Of course, the structure was not as perfect as the hand-painted one, but it was much faster and the ideas he imparted were advanced. The last one was a master of Chinese calligraphy. However, what he liked was black and white, two colors in sharp contrast. A piece of white-rice paper was a dense color to him.

Therefore, in order not to offend any party, Emily drew the things that the three old men had taught her on a paper with her own understanding. There were black and white, oil paint, hard lines, and gentle strokes.

It was a shaded path that stretched diagonally all the way up to the sky. The green of the field mixed with the dark blue of the sea, and wound its way up. It was like a ladder had descended from the sky, not the ladder rising up to the sky.

The old men commented on the painting, while Emily took her phone and walked outside.

"Miss Emily, you seem to have misunderstood someone else."

Emily didn't understand, "What?"

"Mr. Eliot was not beaten up by Kamron. Actually... Kamron saved him."

"By whom? Saved by Kamron?!"

Emily felt ridiculous. It sounded like Barack Obama suddenly saying that he did not want to be president. She was so surprised that she couldn't find words to express her suspicion. She suddenly remembered that Kamron seemed to have roared when he was beaten up. She was furious at that time and did not listen.

Now that she thought about it, Kamron seemed to have shouted, "What did I do wrong?! Why did you hit me when I saved someone?!"

Eliot was actually saved by him?!

Emily was filled with disbelief, but this was the truth. She had no choice but to believe it.

She slowly stroked the thoughts in her mind. "Ask the bodyguards to secretly protect my brother. Leave Kamron alone for the time being. If he wants to do anything to my brother, he will definitely come looking for him."

"Yes."

"My brother is hospitalized. Elsie and Beverly will definitely make a move. Keep an eye on them. Don't let them find out."

"Yes!"

Before Emily hung up the phone, she said to Harold, "After this period of time, I'll give you a raise."

Harold, "..."

When Emily returned to her room, the three old men were still arguing. The painting was hung in the middle of the room. The setting sun outside the window shone through the gaps in the curtains, bringing with it a wisp of red light from the afterglow of the sunset. A ray of light slanted from the winding path in the middle of the painting.

The three old men turned around, as if the sun was too bright. They didn't make a sound for a while until someone knocked on the door three times. Rex stretched his head in and said, "It's time."

Only then did the three old men suddenly return to their senses and say, "This painting has an artistic conception. No matter what, it belongs to the oil painting school. It's time. Let's go. Otherwise, that old guy will find out."

"Ok, ok."

"Little girl, see you tomorrow." The three old men were led by Rex to the elevator and waved at Emily.

"Goodbye, Grandpa." Emily waved her arm.

Before they went down, Emily heard a voice, neither loud nor small, rushing into her cochlea, "She is more talented than..."

After Rex saw the three old men off, he sent a set of clothes to Emily, "Miss Emily, tonight we are going to the Peckers, you should change clothes."

"The Peckers?" Emily asked confusedly. She had never come into contact with the Peckers in her previous life.

Rex said concisely, "It's Miss Arabella's house."

"Oh."

Afraid that Miss Emily would think too much, Rex explained, "But we're not going to see Arabella, we're going to see Mr. Trevor."

Emily nodded without asking.

To her, Arabella and Trevor were just a name. They were just outsiders.

As soon as she changed her clothes, she turned around and saw a man standing behind her. She didn't know when he came in. Emily pretended to be calm and said, "Mr. Vincent, it's immoral to peek."

Vincent chuckled and took a few steps to rub her hair, "Hi, little girl."

In the past, when Emily was rubbed by Eliot and Maury, she felt intimate and affectionate. But when Vincent rubbed her head, she felt different.

Before she could think too deeply, Vincent had already held her hand and said, "Let's go."

The Peckers was a noble clan in ancient times. It was still a large clan with a lot of family members. However, in the 1960s and 1970s, almost all of them went abroad to develop. Only a few old men were left to follow the feudal rules and continue to wander in the present world.

After drifting for so many years, the family has settled down all over the world. And they were stationed in City Y. There were few children in the Peckers. The other branch clans were almost only have sons or daughters. Few second births survive to the age of 28. In this generation of Arabella, they happened to give birth to boy-girl twins. This made the old man of the Peckers extremely happy. He believed that their ancestors had accumulated virtue and that they would have good luck in the future.

But it was too early for them to be happy.

When the boy-girl twins were born, everything was fine. When they were three or four years old, only Arabella was playing outside. The other was squatting in a corner. He only stared at a row of ants who had moved. At first, the family thought that he was curious and ignored him. Later, they discovered that the child could squat for a long time without moving. Only then did they realize that something was wrong.

When they took him to the hospital, the doctor discovered many problems. The child was not looking at people properly and seemed to be unable to hear anything. He did not react to the doctor at all. Thus, he was examined and determined the cause of autism.

The old man probably knew that this heir was hopeless. After all, at that time, people still had the concept of preferring sons over daughters. However, these two children grew up peacefully. The doctor was right, Trevor was indeed autistic.

When he became older, he was excluded. His classmates didn't play with him, not even Arabella. He could only look up at the sky and see the clouds flowing in the sky. No one knew what was in his mind, because he closed himself off and didn't talk to anyone.

Until one day, he locked himself up in the garret.

When the car drove to the Peckers, Emily noticed that there was a garret on the top floor with Japanese-style carp windsock of black, red and cyan. The cool autumn wind in November blew by, and the three carp windsocks were like big carps, and their mouths were wide open as they churned in the night.

The Pecker's architecture was very exquisite.. They invited Feng Shui master to choose an address and finally chose a city center facing north and south, thus here was the Peckers.

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Normally, people would build a garden around the house to create a vigorous ambience.

However, the Peckers planted an evergreen camphor tree in the middle of the yard. After many years, the tree had been rooted dozens of meters underground. It looked magnificent and its canopy expanded. The leafy tree was taller than the main part of the house, even as tall as the attic. The tree rustled in the breeze in autumn.

When Emily was inside, she saw the word Pecker carved on the door's tablet, and then the tree. Subsequently, a group of servants rushed out and said respectfully, "Mr. Vincent, nice to meet you. Come in, please."

Although the servants were surprised when they saw Emily, they became even more respectful, "Hello, Miss. May I have your name?"

Emily nodded at them, "Hi."

Seeing that, the servants were aware that she didn't want to introduce herself and said, "Mr. Pecker went night fishing, and his son, his son's wife and his granddaughter went out for dinner. Do come in, please."

After saying that, they didn't straighten themselves up until Emily and the others entered the room.

Holding Emily's hand, Vincent went towards the attic and said, "I'll visit Trevor."

The servants were probably used to that, so they walked in front of him, "OK, I'll lead you to Mr. Trevor."

"No." Vincent said indifferently, "Just get busy with your own business."

The servants bowed to him and said, "OK, Mr. Vincent. Let us know if you have any need."

Although the attic was above the master bedroom, one could walk up to it by a small side staircase and didn't need to go through the lobby. It was the elders of the Peckers that built the staircase for Trevor, and the stairs were made of painted agarwood. The servants laid down the soft carpet as the wind blew in autumn. Because Mr. Trevor felt the cold a lot, he rarely went out in autumn and winter. Now it seemed that he hardly went out throughout the year and the servants were accustomed to it. Even if Mr. Trevor did not go out, the servants still had to serve him respectfully so that he could feel warm.

Because the psychiatrist was sure that Trevor would open his heart and accept the external world if he lived in a world of love.

Holding Emily's hand, Vincent went up the stairs with her. The sound of their footsteps couldn't be heard because of the soft carpet. Emily felt a chill down her neck as the wind blew. She dropped her head and was aware that Vincent stopped for a while to keep pace with her. Emily walked a few steps before realizing that the wind blew to her neck had disappeared.

She looked at Vincent beside her in the darkness. The man with handsome features was only 26 years old, but he was not impulsive or passionate like a young man. Instead, he was an emotionally stable and restrained man. His black suit made him look like a deity detached from the world.

Vincent looked straight ahead and kept walking. He seemed to have sensed Emily's gaze, then he gazed at her and said, "Watch the step."

Hearing that, Emily stopped looking at him anymore and gripped his hand tightly.

Shortly, they arrived at the attic.

There was a little robot at the door. When it saw that they were coming, it immediately stretched its legs and stood up, holding a red rose in its hand.

It was the first time that Emily had seen such an exquisite and human-friendly robot. She was amazed for a moment before she realized that the red rose was for her.

She took the red rose from it and said, "Thank you."

The robot seemed embarrassed as it touched its bald head. Then, it pressed a button at the bottom of the door and the door opened.

Emily did not know that Trevor was an autistic before she came here. As the door opened, she saw a red world and couldn't help exclaiming, "Wow."

The floor was piled with sealed glass bottles of red roses. Because the stems of roses were tall, the bottles were high as well. Under the illumination of the lights, these piled bottles looked like a fiery carpet with red roses.

On the wall, there were many blessing bags and peach trees that his parents had prayed for from temples, which meant that Trevor can get blessings. All the things were scattered all over the bed rail. And the floor was covered with a thick carpet. Because Trevor did not like to wear shoes, he often walked on the floor barefoot.

There were no chairs in the room, and the owner of the room did not intend to come out to welcome them. Emily realized that the owner seemed to be a little weird until now.

She looked for a long time, but it seemed that no one was here. What she saw was that there seemed to be something wriggling on the corner of the bed. Because there was no light on the side of the bed rail, it was so dark that she could not see it clearly.

Suddenly, the robot in front of them spoke.

“Hi, Vincent.”

The sound from the machine seemed to be somewhat immature, like the sound of a child who was still eleven or twelve years old. There were sounds of clattering that came from the side of the bed rail, and then the robot said again, “Hi, Mrs.”

Emily felt that this voice was too soft and fragile to be disturbed, so he replied gently, “Hello, my name is Emily Britt.”

‘Rex said that the one she will visit was Mr. Trevor, so Trevor should be Arabella’s older brother or younger brother. In light of Arabella’s disposition, Emily was unable to link the person in front of him to Arabella’s family.’

In her view, all family members from the Peck were graceful, just like Arabella. It had never occurred to her that Arabella had a brother like this, who barely had any sense of existence!

Vincent did not walk towards the bed rail. Instead, he pulled Emily’s arm to sit on the carpet and surrounded the little robot. The robot in silver was about thirty centimeters long, and its material couldn’t be identified. It was small but exquisite, with a nose and eyes, and its eyes were made of gray gemstones. It looked cold, but the light he emitted when looking at others was extremely gentle. Its five fingers were spread out, and each of it was so flexible that could be extended to more than a meter. So could its metal legs, each leg could be pulled to five meters. Its eyes looked towards Vincent, as if it was listening, but also as if it was waiting.

“I want to borrow something this time.” Vincent said, then he petted the robot’s head, “You little guy, will you go with me?”

But Trevor kept silent for a long time.

Emily did not know why Vincent wanted to borrow such a precious item. It seemed that the owner was unwilling to give it to him.

After a while, some scratching sounds came from the bed. Then the robot said, “Vincent, I’m an adult now. Don’t pet my head anymore.”

Emily fell silent.

‘So that was why he had been silent for so long?’

She carefully looked over the bed and finally discovered that the bed rail was surrounded by a layer of something like gauze. However, it was thicker than the gauze. It was more like a curtain that wrapped the people on the bed. From the view of Emily, she could only see that something was wriggling. It seemed that it was the boy who spoke. But she didn't know whether it was his feet or his hands. The robot would speak after he moved.

Emily couldn't help but be surprised, what's that?

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"Do you want me to install the system?" The robot asked.

"There's a tracking device. Just send back the images," Vincent said.

The bed moved and the robot said, "Wait for me."

After that, the 30 cm height robot passed the two of them and walked onto the bed. The robot squeezed into the thick bed-curtain. Emily caught sight of a long and thin back, which was followed by a flash of light from a computer.

There was a computer there.

Probably there was some kind of text-to-speech conversion system. He typed and the robot converted to voice.

A few minutes later, the robot walked out again. It even had a luggage bag with a raincoat and a charger inside. This robot acted differently from other large robots which moved in a clumsy and mechanical way. It did not look like a robot at all.

This robot was such a successful creation that it was eligible for a world record.

The robot put on its bag and walked ahead. Vincent stood up, took out a box of chocolates from his pocket and threw it on the carpet. "Let's go."

The door was closed again.

The person on the bed waited until there was no sound from the stairs before getting out of bed cautiously. He picked up the chocolate on the carpet, tore a little bit of the wrapping paper carefully, and took a bite.

The sweetness filled his mouth. A faint smile finally appeared on this young man's pale cheeks.

When Emily followed Vincent to the car door, she turned around and looked at the garret. "Why didn't he come out and talk to us?" Her voice was faint in the wind.

Vincent looked in the same direction as her and saw three carp windsocks flying by the garret. These carp windsocks were brought back by Trevor's parents from Japan where they went to pray for him. The Peckers used to be atheists, but now they went around begging for gods and goddesses, praying that Trevor could go downstairs from the garret and contact with the outside world.

But ... things went against their wishes.

"He doesn't like communicating with others."

Emily finally understood. She looked at the garret for the last time and got into the car with an inexplicable emotion.

Not everyone in this world could follow the path of a normal person.

But life went on. Even if the road ahead was bumpy and there was no end to it, what we could do was to move on.

The little robot sat in the middle of the backseat with its luggage on its back. It could stretch and retract its legs and could even fly. It was like a tourist, sitting freely beside Emily.

Vincent reached out and lifted it to the window. The little robot's fingers immediately turned into a universal glue with strong adhesion, firmly stuck to the window.

Emily looked at it curiously. 'Why did Vincent borrow it?'

Vincent glanced at her, then lifted the little robot with the luggage bag and dropped it onto her palm. "It has just recognized your voice. You can instruct it to run errands for you."

Emily was somewhat surprised and then understood Vincent had borrowed this little robot for her.

The little robot stood up in her palm. It was ice-cold and weighty. It was the only companion of that person, and she had just taken it away.

Vincent had a rough idea of what she was thinking and said indifferently, "He hasn't seen the scenery outside for a long time."

Emily didn't know whether Vincent was referring to the robot or the person in the garret. Judging from his tone of voice, he was most likely referring to the latter.

After dinner, the two entered the study.

One was dealing with the unfinished business of the company, the other was reviewing the key points for Senior Two she learned last night.

Rex sometimes played two roles, switching between being a middle school teacher and the special assistant to the president. Occasionally, because of not adjusting roles in time, he would put on a serious face to Vincent.

"..."

The little robot walked everywhere on the ground without turning when it reached the bookshelf. It directly walked up the bookshelf vertically from the ground. Everything it saw was sent to the garret-including the scene of Emily sitting on Vincent's lap to learn investing in stocks after she finished her lesson.

Meanwhile, something happened in the garret.

Arabella broke into the garret with her high heels clicking on the floor. The little robot was not around. There were only sealed red roses left in the room and something hanging on the bed rail to ward off evil spirits.

She usually didn't come here often. Sometimes she came in once a month and just looked at her twin brother through the bed-curtain without saying anything. When she left, she would take a bouquet of roses with her.

But today, as soon as she came in, she was aggressive. Just as she pushed open the door, she asked, "Vincent has been here?"

Without the little robot, Trevor was unable to speak. He only moved gently on the bed.

The whole family spent more than twenty years on Trevor, but he looked as if he was completely unaware. A snail would at least draw in its horns to react. But Trevor would not give any reaction to the outside world. He has been hiding in his own world.

Having endured for so many years, Arabella finally could not help but be furious at the one on the bed. "Speak! Are you mute?!"

Those carp windsocks flying by the garret seemed to have been shocked. All of them were suddenly deflated and became lifeless. The servants gathered downstairs and asked anxiously, "Miss Arabella, what happened?"

"Did you have a quarrel with Mr. Trevor?"

Arabella closed the door and shut out the chattering of the servants outside. She walked to the bedside step by step. Her high heels poked sharp and thin holes in the carpet. She drew back the bed-curtain. "Trevor! You know I like him! I've waited for him for so many years!"

The young man on the bed was suddenly exposed to the light. He was slender, wearing long sleeves blouse and long pants. The hat he wore had a long brim that shaded his eyes, making it impossible to see him clearly. What could be seen was only his thin and pale chin.

He looked sickly, as pale as a vampire. His daily life was only about the little robot and a computer. The last time Arabella saw him was four years ago when she went abroad. He asked the little robot to deliver red roses to her. She walked upstairs to the garret and looked at him through the door. At that time, he hid behind the door and peeked at her shoes and clothes, and asked the little robot to say to her, "Have a good journey."

But now, he was laying on the bed, wrapping his arms around his knees. He kept silent in response to her yelling and screaming. The computer in front of him was flashing images.

Arabella suddenly collapsed to the ground helplessly. She covered her face with her hands. She was extremely sad. Tears flowed out from between her fingers. She sobbed like a wounded little beast. She whispered and sometimes roared, "Can't you see?! Why would you do this to me too?! Why...."

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After she cried, she went to the bed to get the tissue. After searching for a long time, she could not find it, but then was stunned by the computer screen in front of Trevor.

On the screen, Emily was sitting on Vincent's lap. They were concentrating on a computer in front of them. Although there was no sound coming from the computer, the sweetness between them could be clearly sensed.

Arabella frantically went to snatch the computer. Trevor, who had been silent, finally moved to seize the other side of the computer. His computer was transformed from a military one, which was ten times thicker than an ordinary computer and as heavy as a child. Arabella scrambled for it for a long time but was unable to get it from Trevor.

"Arabella!" Mr. and Mrs. Pecker finally came. Seeing this scene, they almost fainted. They hurriedly walked over, pulled Arabella's hand off the computer, drew the curtain and said to their son, "Trevor, don't be afraid. I'll take your sister out. She's drunk today. Don't take it to heart."

Arabella was taken outside by Mr. and Mrs. Pecker and helped downstairs by a few servants. She was seemingly out of her wits and muttered, "He did it on purpose today."

The servant did not hear her clearly and asked, "Miss Arabella, what did you say?"

"He deliberately did it when I was away." Another tear fell from Arabella's eyes.

The servant asked with puzzlement, "What happened, Miss?"

"So as to avoid me." Downstairs, Arabella stood leaning on the handrail. Mr. and Mrs. Pecker also came down. Arabella threw herself into her mother's arms and said grievously, "Mom, why doesn't he like me? Why..."

Mr. and Mrs. Pecker of course had heard about Vincent's arrival tonight. However, only after coming here did they hear from the butler that Vincent had a girl with him. The girl looked young but was very pretty.

Hearing of this, Arabella suddenly rushed out. Mr. and Mrs. Pecker didn't understand what's going on. Then, they saw the servants rush over and say that Miss Arabella and Trevor had a quarrel.

Over these years, not to mention quarreling, Trevor had hardly spoken to anyone. It would be good if they could quarrel. However, that was just a wish, it would be different to see it with their own eyes. The couple hurriedly ran here and witnessed the quarrel. They felt sorry for their son and rapidly brought Arabella down. Before they could reprimand her, they heard their daughter complain about such grievances.

"I've liked him for so many years. I cannot be reconciled!"

Trevor, who was in the attic, curled up on the bed. When there was no sound outside, he remained motionless until his hands and feet became numb. He finally moved. The computer went black and he rebooted. Then, all kinds of information jumped on the screen. He intercepted all the information into a dialog box and switched the screen.

On the screen, the two were still sitting on the chair and snuggled up, looking at the computer screen where the Winkley Pharmaceutical's stock was on. The man explained patiently and occasionally shelled a melon seed from the plate beside him and then gave it to the girl in his arms.

Trevor watched quietly and gradually closed his eyes and fell asleep.

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After taking a shower, Emily had time to call her eldest brother. Not surprisingly, Eliot pretended to be very busy in the company and said that he would not visit her these days. He told her to stay in the Scavo's for more days and not make trouble there.

Emily also pretended not to know that he was in hospital. After chatting for a while, they hung up the phone.

Eliot was beaten. The most suspicious was Marquise. After all, it had only been two days since last banquet. However, Marquise was lying on the bed with injuries. Did he order his men to beat Eliot?

No.

Although Emily did not know much about men, she intuitively believed that if a villain was beaten up and wanted to take revenge, he would go for his foe conqueringly and openly with his men.

Marquise couldn't stand up. Even if he stood up, his injured face was disgraceful, so the person who beat Eliot was definitely not him.

Who was it?

Who beat up my eldest brother?

Kamron who beat her eldest brother saved him by accident after her reincarnation. Emily was caught in a dilemma. If without Marquise's interference, she would have suspected Kamron.

Suddenly, a sense of coldness came to her hand. It turned out that the little robot had climbed into her palm. She didn't know when it pulled out a blanket and draped it over its body, as if it was going to sleep.

Emily thought it was fun, held it to the bed and asked, "Do you need to charge?"

The little robot jumped off the bed again. Something like a silver pedestal appeared on the ground. The little robot walked into it. Then, a purple-blue light flowed through its body.

Its blanket was crooked, and Emily reached out to help with it. Suddenly, she thought, "Is there anyone can help cover that man in the attic with a blanket?"

That night, there was someone who could not sleep at all, and there was also someone who could not wake up from a deep sleep.

Jaquan, who was sleepless in bed, received a call from Arabella. For the first time, he hesitated and didn't answer. After all, he had already decided to go to work normally tomorrow instead of continuing to be crossed in love.

After hesitating for so long, the ring stopped. Jaquan sat up and muttered to himself, "As long as she calls again, I will go no matter front is a mountain of swords or a sea of flames."

However, there was something that was destined to happen.

The second call was from Armando.

"Jaquan! Help! I'm driving to the city hospital right now. Go there quickly!"

Jaquan heard his miserable and panicked voice. He thought that Janessa was going to give birth. He thought again, "No, Janessa doesn't even have a boyfriend, let alone giving birth to a baby."

Anyway, he quickly changed his clothes, took the key of another car that he didn't drive very often, and headed straight for the City Hospital.

The City Hospital was still overcrowded at midnight. It was as if the patients had made an appointment that all of them went to the hospital at this time. The doctors were occupied and the nurses followed the attending physician hurriedly with medical records in their hands. The patient with blood all over his body from a traffic accident was moved

into the operating room on a stretcher. A string of blood flowed down to the white floor. The janitor quickly took the mop to wipe it away.

The nurses shouted the patients' name loudly. The smell of disinfectant and blood mixed up and filled people's noses. Jaquan almost suffocated in this environment.

Fortunately, it wasn't long before Armando hurriedly rushed into the hall with a woman in his arms. From a distance, he only saw the woman in white. Jaquan rushed over and asked, "What's going on?"

He lowered his head and discovered that the woman dressed in white was not Janessa, but the single mother who always found fault with him.

"Janessa said that if she didn't go to the hospital now, her limb would be amputated!" Armando hurriedly put the woman in his arms into Jaquan's arms.

Jaquan took over the woman off guard. She looked rather thin, and when he hugged her in his arms, he felt that her body was not soft, but rather tight as if she had exercised a lot.

He lowered his head and saw that there were beads of sweat on the woman's forehead. She opened her eyes and looked at him, but rarely didn't resist him.

Jaquan said with a sharp tongue, "What does her amputation have to do with me? Why did you call me here?"

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"I still have to hurry back to take care of Janessa. No one looks after her. You're idle anyway. One good turn deserves another." Armando took out a stack of money from his pocket and stuffed it into Emma's arms. Then, he said to Jaquan, "See you."

Jaquan stretched his hand into the air. Under the weight of Emma, he withdrew his hand. He looked down at Emma in his arms. She was probably really sick. She didn't make a single sound throughout the entire process. Her face was covered in sweat. The subcutaneous veins on her neck were clearly bulging. Normal people would have howled long ago.

Jaquan blamed his tough luck and stopped a nurse. "Send her to the emergency room. Without treatment, she'll die!"

The nurse was not frightened. Anyone who arrived at the hospital at this time was on the verge of death. Even the doctor on duty wished to be in two places at once. The nurse on duty first asked about Emma's condition and then asked Jaquan to register and fill in the information.

She was half unconscious. She couldn't answer any questions at all. Jaquan didn't know what kind of injury she was suffering from. He only knew that she had been bitten by a snake. The nurse asked in detail, "How long has she been bitten? Was she injected with antiserum before? How long has it been? How does she feel now? Does she still have any sensation in her legs? How old is she? Does she have any allergies?"

Jaquan was in complete confusion. He had to call a doctor he knew and said, "Hurry up and come over!"

Coincidentally, the doctor was on duty. Not long after he answered the phone, he rushed over. He first instructed the nurse to carry Emma into the mobile hospital bed, pushed her into the nearest emergency room, and then looked at Jaquan.

Jaquan hurriedly gestured to him. "Don't ask me. I don't know anything. I only knew she was bitten by a snake. The day before yesterday, she seemed to have been given an antivenom. That day..."

On that night he brought Arabella over.

The doctor smiled, took off his mask, and looked at Jaquan with interest.

Jaquan was puzzled. "What's wrong?"

"I thought you only liked pretty girls." The doctor put on his mask again and went into the emergency room.

Jaquan frowned. After a while, he figured out what that doctor meant and chased after him, "Wait a moment! Did you misunderstand something?"

The door of the emergency room was closed, leaving Jaquan outside. Jaquan scratched his hair, feeling he was crazy. He should have slept in his bed instead of coming here on such a cold and windy night. Armando should be blamed.

Jaquan called Armando. The latter probably knew that Jaquan would settle the score with him, so he turned off!

Jaquan was indescribably angry. The door of the emergency room opened again, and the nurse handed out a stack of money.

It was the money that Armando gave to Jaquan.

Jaquan counted it. Armando was truly rich. He sent an unfamiliar woman to the hospital and directly left 50,000 behind. The Mosby family was indeed wealthy.

Jaquan sat on the chair holding the stack of money and waited for a while. Then he took out his phone and looked at it. Arabella did not call again. His mobile interface was clean. There were no missed calls and no unread text messages on WeChat.

He thought that even though he wasn't comparable to Vincent, he was a successful elite. But in the past few days, reality bit him telling him that he was arrogant and conceited.

He left the work world without causing a stir. His colleagues only talked about him occasionally. For saving Jaquan's face, they asked him, "When will you come back?"

But they finished their work as usual, and no one needed him.

Nobody.

The door to the emergency room suddenly opened. The doctor came out wearing a mask. Noticing that Jaquan's face was ashen, the doctor immediately said, "Hey, hey, she's not dead. Why do you put such an expression?"

Jaquan stood up and said, "No, I was thinking of something else."

"Fill in the patient information." The doctor took off his mask and called for a nurse to push the patient to the common ward.

Jaquan tilted his head and looked at Emma on the hospital bed. When he heard this, he subconsciously replied, "I don't even know her name."

"You didn't even know her name, but you sent her to the hospital?" The doctor was writing the name of the potion that Emma should be given next with his pen. Hearing this, the doctor left a hole in the paper. He couldn't help but look up and down at Jaquan and suspiciously asked, "Are you so kind?"

"..."

Jaquan adjusted his sleeves. He wore a khaki-colored coat, looking handsome. But he had a sharp tongue. "Don't treat me as a masher. Let me tell you. Even if I'm really lustful, I won't choose her. Look at her appearance. Who do you think will suffer the loss if I'm with her?"

The doctor was probably used to his shameless behavior, so he smiled slightly to show his disregard. "Pay the fee first."

"Does she need to be hospitalized?" Jaquan asked.

"Nonsense." The doctor said as he walked, "This woman is really amazing. Does she think that she is invulnerable to all kinds of poisons? If she were taken to the hospital half an hour later, she would be amputated."

Jaquan nodded without saying anything.

As they parted, the doctor said, "The charge office is over there. Where are you going?"

"I'll get a caregiver for her." Jaquan raised his wrist and looked at his watch. "It's so late. I still have to work tomorrow. I'll find a caregiver and go back to sleep."

The doctor took a few steps forward and looked at him suspiciously, "Doesn't you like her?"

"Nonsense! I've been tricked." Jaquan looked up at the lamp on the ceiling with depression.

The doctor shrugged. "Okay."

"What?" Jaquan tensed as he said, "Holy shit. Do you have your eyes on her?"

The doctor only smiled at him with a mysterious expression.

"Don't." Jaquan grabbed his arm. After thinking for a while, he revealed some information about Emma. "She has a three-or- four-year-old son. She lives in the countryside. I don't know if she's married or not. I heard that the child had never seen his father. That's all I know."

The doctor nodded. "She is a single parent. Alright, I know."

Jaquan froze in shock from his reaction. "You're a good young man. If you fancy a single mother, won't your family go crazy?"

The doctor raised his eyebrows at Jaquan. "According to what you said, if I'm interested in all patients, won't the hospital be crazy?"

The doctor was right.

Jaquan took it as a joke. They clapped their hands and parted. He first went to find a caregiver, who asked for five hundred for her all-day service. Jaquan paid her two day's salary in advance and paid the fees for the emergency treatment, hospitalization and the deposit.

When he brought the caregiver back to the ward, the doctor happened to come back after checking the room. Jaquan had the nurse go inside. He stood at the door, intending to greet the doctor before leaving.

However, no sooner did the doctor walk over than he asked, "How are doing with Arabella?"

Jaquan's heart instantly sank.. "Stop talking about it."

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"Just give up." The doctor took off his glasses and pinched his eyebrows. His fingers were exceptionally long and slender, as if he was born to be a doctor. All his movement was extremely pleasing to the eye.

Jaquan frowned in displeasure. "Why?"

The doctor replied, "If I were a woman and you and Vincent were standing in front of me, I would definitely choose Vincent."

Jaquan raised his leg, intending to kick him. "Scram. You are intentionally satirizing me."

"No, I'm analyzing the situation for you. Arabella has been leading a comfortable life for so many years and stayed abroad for four years abroad. But she still can't forget her sweetheart when she comes back. Think about it. How many years have it been?"

Jaquan was silent for a moment.

"I have loved her for many years."

"You're too superficial." The doctor took off his mask, revealing his chin which was covered with stubbles. "Other than her appearance, what else do you like about her? Her soul?"

Before Jaquan could refute, he sneered. "Don't be ridiculous. Arabella is self-willed and spoiled. You don't know how strangely nurses looked at me when I massaged Arabella's foot last time."

...

"Alright, I'm going to make the wards round. Think about it carefully." The doctor patted Jaquan's shoulder and said before he left, "Actually, she is nice. Her voice is quite pleasant."

Jaquan asked blankly, "What do you mean?"

"She let out a cry in pain."

"Collin, you are sick." Jaquan said angrily, "Beast!"

"..."

The doctor looked at Jaquan curiously. "Arabella had been shouting in front of me for such a long time, yet you didn't lose your temper. This single mother groaned in front of me once. You called me a beast."

"..."

Jaquan also felt that he was making a fuss. He coughed softly, "I just feel that you were extremely obscene just now."

The doctor examined Jaquan in disbelief.

Jaquan kicked him. "Get lost."

Jaquan was worried that Collin would fall for Emma. After all, Emma was a little different from other women. She was especially tolerant and cold.

However, Collin liked this type. When he was in school, he liked domineering girls, and he dated this kind of girl. Once his girlfriend changed to be tender, he would be tired of her and dumped her.

It seemed that Collin still was fond of this type of woman.

Jaquan looked at Emma through the ward window. The caregiver stayed by the bed. Emma hadn't woken up with her eyes closed. Jaquan took a look at his watch, finding that it was one o'clock in the second half of the night.

He walked back with the stack of money in his arms and sent a message to Armando via WeChat. "You're doomed."

Halfway through the way, Jaquan received a phone call from the caregiver. He was worried that Emma needed to pay or something, so he left his phone number for the caregiver. He didn't expect that something would happen so soon.

Jaquan pressed the answer button and asked somewhat wearily, "What's wrong?"

"That young lady is gone." The caregiver said hurriedly, "She just woke up. I planned to help her wash up. I just went to pour some water, and she disappeared."

"What?" Jaquan pulled over and massaged his eyebrows. "Go to the bathroom to look for her. Perhaps..."

The caregiver returned, "I just asked nurses. Someone saw that she went out. She should be out of the hospital."

Jaquan got stuck for words, as if a thorn was stuck in his throat. After hanging up, he smashed the steering wheel fiercely. What the hell was going on?

He drove the car back, looking for Emma along the way. It was the middle of the night. He didn't know what was wrong with Emma.

Shit! He saw Emma limping to the side of the road from a distance. It seemed that she wanted to take a taxi, for she was looking at the traffic.

Jaquan parked the car beside her. She probably didn't recognize Jaquan. She bowed and asked, "Hello, may I ask..."

The car window was rolled down, revealing Jaquan's face.

Emma was stunned before she silently retreated back.

Jaquan took out a cigarette from the inner side of his coat and took a deep breath. Then, he threw the cigarette out and got out of the car. He walked up to her and asked, "What's wrong with you?"

Jaquan thought that Emma would ignore him. He didn't expect that after a moment of silence, she would speak. However, her voice was a little hoarse. "I don't want to be hospitalized."

The autumn wind was cold in the evening. With thin clothes, she stood at the intersection, trembling slightly from the wind. Especially the shin of her injured leg was exposed to the air. She didn't wear shoes, and her skin was not particularly fair. But her feet were delicate and her fingernails were pink.

Jaquan shifted his gaze back to her face and asked in a friendly voice, "Then where do you want to sleep so late at night? A hotel?"

Emma shook her head.

Jaquan didn't know what to do. "What do you want? You want to live in my house, don't you?"

Emma thought for a moment and then looked up at him. "Yes, sorry to disturb you."

...

Was this woman crazy?

**

Bigwigs in City Y chose to hold a bachelor's party on the eve of Singles' Day. It was very grandly called a bachelor's party, though in truth it was nothing more than a sex one.

Only the real dandy in City Y could get invitations for this kind of activity, such as Ferne.

The moment he received the invitation, he scolded, "I'm married! How many times do you want me to say it?"

However, when he got off work, he dressed up and wore perfume before going to the party with the invitation.

This was a single villa with three floors in the suburbs. There were security guards and security batons at the entrance. Besides, there was a super large bag that was used to

store mobile phones. Everyone had to turn off their phones and throw them into this bag. Otherwise, they would not be allowed to enter the villa.

Anyone who came in only needed to enjoy it. The organizer of the bachelor party would take care of everything else.

Ferne looked at his watch before turning off his phone. At 12:30 in the morning, most of the people in City Y slept soundly, but the nightlife here had just begun.

Ferne had just entered when he encountered a few acquaintances. They tacitly looked at each other, and then they smiled at each other in unison. They exchanged glances with each other about the reason why they appeared here.

"Hey, I didn't expect to see you here."

"Aren't you here as well?"

"Yes, yes."

"Don't tell my wife."

"Definitely. Keep it as a secret from my wife."

"..."

Many people were married and pretended to be single. However, the organizers did not refuse to allow married men to join. Thus, those married men became even more arrogant. Almost as soon as they entered, they took advantage of the girl standing by the door, regardless of whether or not she was any man's partner.

In their minds, all the females that appeared in this villa tonight could be suppressed beneath their bodies.

Ferne followed behind them and watched as they extended their hands towards the girls one after another. Those girls were somewhat young and charming, but they didn't feel any grievances or sadness after being offended. Seeing this, Ferne sighed deeply.

Somewhat, he had been less and less interested in women lately.

He treated his wife as an ornament. Unless he came home for the New Year, he didn't want to see her face that was full of hyaluronic acid.

Randy and the others had been laughing at him. They wondered if he had gone too far in his early years, so now he suffered from kidney deficiency.

Perhaps Ferne was too boring. He stayed at the hotel day after day and year after year. The novelty wore off quickly, but he was not young anymore. He was not a youth in his early twenties. He did not have patience or energy. He only wanted to keep muddling along. But life was so long, so he couldn't just mess around.

The villa suddenly darkened. Someone turned off the lights. Then a beam of light fell on the second floor. A man stood in the middle of the light. He wore a white vampire mask, leaving his lips and chin visible. He held a microphone in one hand and slowly took a few steps.. Resting the other hand on the railing, he shouted, "Welcome to the bachelor party tonight."

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The people on the first floor cheered and whistled, "Wow—"

The masked man upstairs gestured for silence. Then, he said, "The guest rooms are on the second and third floors. You will find condoms in the drawer. If you are one of the sexual minority, please go to the room at the end of corridor on the third floor...There will be everything you need..."

His words were implicit and provocative, arousing the interest of everyone downstairs. Many of them were screaming and howling with extreme excitement.

"Of course," the masked man added, "I will try my best to satisfy all your needs, including...the special needs. You know what I mean by special..."

The masked man smiled. His teeth were sharp and thin, but they were the dentures of a vampire. The smile vividly made him look like a bloodthirst and greed vampire.

Then the lights went out, and the wall lights in the villa faintly lit up. Everyone heard the clicking of high heels coming from upstairs, and every step was knocking on their hearts.

Ferne followed everyone's gaze and saw a row of hot beauties in bikinis appear where the masked man had been. They stepped down in line and were looted by the men before being downstairs.

“Hey, why are you standing here? Don’t you like them?” A married man next to Ferne jabbed Ferne’s arm. The man said regrettably, “I’m too far away to grab one. I’ll go ask if there’s anyone else. Come with me.”

Ferne smoked and said, “No, you go ahead. I’ll stand here and watch.”

The man looked at Ferne in astonishment, “There must be something wrong with you. Do you like to watch people fool around?”

“ .. ”

Ferne choked on his cigarette and coughed. He then followed behind the man. He wanted to know who was wearing the vampire mask. He was familiar with the earlier organizer of this event in City Y. However, something happened later. He heard that the former organizer was stabbed to death by a woman in bed.

Later, he heard that the organizers were all wearing masks, and they were changed every year.

The current supervision was stricter than before probably in case of the same incident. No matter who you were, as long as you entered this place, you had equal rights and status.

The only difference was gender.

This was a paradise for men and even for women.

Ferne hadn’t participated in this kind of activity for two or three years after he got married. He came here now because a new year was approaching, but his life was still boring and painful.

If he met someone attractive, it was good to have an affair.

As the two of them walked from the hall to upstairs, all sorts of provocative groans could be heard from downstairs. The married man in front stopped for a moment and cursed softly.

Fortunately, there was no one in the corridor on the second floor. People were downstairs. They walked along the corridor for a few steps and saw a room with the door half open and heard some sound from inside. The married man pointed at the room and said to Ferne implicitly, “It seems that they all have special needs.”

Ferne tilted his head and only saw a tall man with sharp nose and thin lips wear a half-silver mask. From Ferne's angle, his lips were slightly lifted, looking a bit sexy.

Sexy?

Ferne slapped his forehead. God, could man's lips be sexy?

That man's lips are indeed sexy.

Ferne's house was flooded with pictures of all shapes of noses, lips and big eyes because his wild wife liked plastic surgery. Ferne looked at those pictures for months and he was so sick of them and moved to the hotel. He definitely knew that the man's lips were natural. The man had never had a plastic surgery.

From a plastic surgeon's view, the lips were indeed sexy.

A waiter was handing out masks downstairs. Ferne randomly grabbed one and wore it when he entered. However, the others could recognize him through the mask. He thought the mask became useless.

Through the door, he could vaguely hear people inside saying, "How many people? They're not very obedient...The price can be negotiated...Don't screw it up..."

The door was suddenly opened by the man wearing a silver mask probably because he was standing too close. The man was next to the door and stared at Ferne, asking, "Who are you?"

Only then did Ferne see that there were seven or eight men inside, each wearing a mask, like a group of cults holding a wrap-up meeting.

He looked around and saw the man who was the organizer in the vampire mask sitting in the center. The man raised his chin and looked through the mask. Before Ferne spoke, the married man beside him pushed his way and said, "Oh, we missed the girls. Is there any...any bikini girl left?"

Those masked men laughed at the same time.

The married man was also a little embarrassed by their laughter, "Give us two girls, we won't disturb you."

The organizer took a puff of his cigarette and said, "There's another group coming in half an hour later. Besides, you can wait for a few minutes downstairs. You'll get one. Don't worry. "

His words were implicit, but everyone laughed. Of course, everyone knew what 'a few minutes' implied. The married man suddenly realized, slapping his forehead and immediately left with Ferne.

The two walked downstairs to the hall on the first floor. The married man waited on the sofa, while Ferne stood a little far away and looked at the third floor. He only saw four men in black patrolling the corridor and two bodyguards in black clothes and shades standing at the staircase.

'If I am correct, the third floor should be...'

'But why are there so many people guarding? Are they afraid of something happening? '

As a policeman, Ferne's intuition was quite accurate. He could keenly sense something unusual.

Half an hour later.

As the organizers said, a new round started. The villa's door was opened, and a group of single men entered. The new girls stepped down from the second floor as usual.

The organizers still made the same remarks under the searchlight, arousing everyone's interest to the climax, and then the lights were out amidst the screams.

This was the beginning of a carnival.

Someone finally went up to the third floor. Ferne noticed that the man wearing the silver mask had also followed behind the organizer to the third floor with seven or eight people. He thought for a moment and followed.

The married man had already shagged and was resting on the sofa. He stretched and tugged at Ferne when seeing him going upstairs, "Hey, what are you doing?"

"I'll go up and take a look." Ferne said and went straight away.

The married man looked exhausted and said, "Such a weirdo. You really enjoy watching people fool around."

“ ”
...

Ferne went straight to the third floor and saw those people standing in front of the man in black.. The man frisked them before letting them go one by one.

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Ferne followed the last one. The man turned around and looked at him, "You like this too?"

Ferne knew what the man was referring to and vaguely replied.

The man thought Ferne was embarrassed, and even laughed at him, "Well, just relax and enjoy yourself. Besides, it's legal here."

The last sentence was said in low voice, but it enlightened Ferne. He had never been to the second floor. There were gambling tables in the past. Normally, he was pulled to join the gambling including dice, mahjong and poker as he came in. He thought it was just a different place to gamble. He had never thought that this place could be illegal.

The man in black frisked slowly. He was so meticulous that he almost touched Ferne's underwear. Ferne was frisked thoroughly. He resignedly looked at the man in black and said, "Man, I almost got hard."

The man in black replied with silence.

The man who spoke to Ferne before patted him, "I just said you were shy. I didn't expect you to be like this. Man, I misjudged you."

“ ”
...

The group followed the organizer forward. The organizer opened a door and seven or eight people poked their heads to peek. Ferne also did that, seeing a naked girl walk back and forth in the room. She was short and seemed to be underdeveloped. She had short hair which just covered her shoulders. She was so thin that her spine was prominent. She looked at the door with fright after hearing the sound. Then, she cowardly squatted in a corner with her hands around her shoulders.

Ferne's eyes turned cold. This girl was forced.

Someone raised his hand, "I want her."

The organizer patted his shoulder and said, "Go."

Then, the organizer opened the second door with the rest of people following, and the scene in this room was the same. The girls were too young to even grow up. Their eyes were filled with fear. One of them was even so scared that she trembled.

However, there were men stayed in the room each time, and the door was closed.

Ferne's heart sank as he walked forward. How many rooms were there on the third floor, and how many girls were there in total? If he took an action now, how many could he save?

When they were in front of the sixth door, only Ferne and the man in silver mask were left. The organizer opened the door and the girl in the room cried. She looked at Ferne and cried for help, "Let me out-please-let me out-"

Ferne was about to speak when he heard the man wearing the silver mask say, "I want her."

Then they came to the next door.

When the organizer took out the key to open the door, he said to Ferne with a faint smile, "I didn't expect you to like it."

Only then did Ferne realize that the organizer recognized him.

"Why are you nervous? I sent you the invitation by myself." The organizer explained.

Ferne asked, "Why?"

"I heard that you and your wife don't get along very well. I thought you might be a kindred spirit." The man opened the door and let Ferne in, "I was right."

The naked girl bent over the window and shouted at him in tears, "Don't come over-"

Before leaving, the organizer said to him, "There's medicine, water and tools on the table...If you can't subdue her, ring the bell. Have a good night."

The organizer smiled at him with his sharp teeth exposed under the vampire mask, and then left with a smile.

Ferne closed the door and said to the girl, "Calm down-"

**

"Here are your clothes." Jaquan Cox took his hoodie outside the bathroom and put it in the bag hanging on the doorknob. "Take a quick shower. Be careful. If you die in my bathroom..."

Before he finished his words, the bathroom door suddenly opened. Emma walked out in a bath towel, took the hoodie in the bag, and sniffed it at the tip of her nose. There was a mild flavor of lavender detergent.

Jaquan Cox noticed that she had a neat figure, like a gymnast. Her limbs had muscles, especially her arms. She exerted her strength a bit and the muscles would come out, which was very beautiful.

This was the first time he saw a woman with muscles, so he was curious, "Did you do workout?"

Emma ignored him, took the hoodie and closed the door. She stood close to the door and changed her clothes. Jaquan Cox forgot to tell her that the bathroom door was translucent and people inside could vaguely be seen.

He turned away. Although Emma was a single mother, he still should show some respect.

Emma changed her clothes and came out. The black hoodie was oversized and covered part of her thigh. She limped out. Jaquan Cox looked at her and said, "Hey, you could be crippled if you keep walking."

Emma did not say anything. She was about to pass him when her stomach rumbled.

"..."

Jaquan Cox glared at her, "You can still eat at this time?"

Emma asked, "Is there any food in the kitchen?"

Jaquan Cox did a facepalm, saying "No. No one cooks here. I'll get delivery. What would you like to eat?"

"Noodles."

Jaquan Cox was speechless. "It's my treat. Don't worry. Order whatever you want."

"With one egg." She held up a finger and said.

"..."

Some takeaways were open as expected, but most of them were barbecue restaurants, fruit shops and 24-hour supermarkets. Jaquan Cox couldn't find a noodle bar, so he ordered some barbecue, and noted noodles with a fried egg. He also noted he would pay additional 100 yuan.

Jaquan Cox tidied up the guest room for Emma. Then, he taught her, "If the courier is arrived, you can press this button to open the door."

He showed her how to do it twice and entered his room to sleep after Emma fully understood and nodded.

He was so sleepy.

Emma sat on the sofa and waited for the delivery, she actually wanted to call Stony, but she thought it was too late to call. Jaquan Cox's room was very clean, just like himself, being unrestrained and wild. There were gorgeous graffiti on the walls with rich colors like black and white, blue and red. The floor was dark brown, the curtains were white, and the wooden coffee table with visible growth rings was embedded with glass in the middle. The design was unique and eye-catching. The sofa was in dark khaki grid. The plain white and black slippers showed a typical male style.

It seemed that no woman had ever slept in this room.

Emma hesitated for a moment when she decided to live here. However, she thought that since Jaquan Cox had permitted her to stay, then the woman she saw last time definitely did not live here, so she felt reassured to stay.

She could not stay in a hospital, let alone a hotel. They would find her...

The doorbell rang. Emma immediately limped to open the door. After the door opened, she was stunned.

Arabella was standing outside.

"Jaquan Cox..." Arabella's face turned red as well as her eyes. The moment the door opened, she took a step inside. As soon as she vaguely saw a pair of slim legs, she was

sober for a moment. After she looked up and saw Emma, she became more sober. She held the door and slowly responded, "Sorry....I, I enter into the wrong room."

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Jaquan hadn't fallen asleep. He was a little worried when he heard the sound outside. When he came out to take a look, he saw Arabella staggered towards the door and said vaguely, "Sorry, I knocked on the wrong door."

Arabella went out of the room in a hurry. But when she saw the decoration of the entrance, she thought that she was in the right room. She turned around, and she happened to see Jaquan coming out of the bedroom. He had the habit of sleeping naked. At this moment, he was only wearing a nightgown with his chest uncovered.

Arabella instantly figured out the situation. After a moment of silence, she said to Jaquan, "Am I interrupting you?"

"No. It is not what you think." From a distance, Jaquan just noticed that it was Arabella who was standing at the door. He immediately regretted bringing Emma back.

Emma limped back onto the sofa so that Arabella and Jaquan can talk.

"I'm sorry." Arabella said. She smelled of alcohol. She was wearing high heels. She stepped back and said, "I'm leaving now."

Jaquan strode to the door and held her arm. He frowned and asked, "Why did you drink so much alcohol?"

"I'm a little unhappy. I just want to talk with you." Arabella smiled. She looked a little simple and cute when she was drunk, "It seems not the time for me to visit."

She turned around and walked out, but Jaquan grabbed her and said, "Wait a moment."

At that time, the delivery guy came in with the takeout. When he saw a man was holding a woman's arm, his voice was getting lower, "Please get your takeout."

Jaquan took the takeout and said to the delivery guy, "Thank you."

Arabella sniffed the takeout. Jaquan noticed her reaction and put the takeout in front of her. "Are you hungry?"

Arabella had a regular daily routine, and she kept early hours. However, she encountered with Britt after back to the city. Arabella felt it was unpleasant. She always drank a bottle of wine and got drunk from time to time.

Today's situation was even worse. She went to the garret and bullied Trevor. When thought of it, her eyes turned red again. She was too embarrassed to go back.

Jaquan saw that she was almost cry. He immediately closed the door and took her to the sofa. He went to pour a cup of hot water and put it on the tea table. After thinking for a moment, he poured another cup of water for Emma.

Emma opened the takeout bag and the cover of the box. The room was full of the fragrance of the noodles and barbecue.

Jaquan placed the barbecue in the middle of the glass of the wooden tea table. He gave some barbecue to Arabella, "Here you are."

Arabella looked at Emma. Emma was lowering her head and focused on eating noodles.

Emma seemed to notice Arabella's gaze. After a while, Emma raised her head and asked, "Do you need me to eat in the guest room?"

Arabella was stunned for a while before she recognized the meaning of the sentence. She stood up at a loss and said, "I..."

Emma pointed at her leg and said, "Wait for two minutes. It's not convenient for me to move."

Arabella hadn't finished her words. She sat down hesitantly. She felt that it was strange. Emma was plain looking, but why did she speak with an invisible powerful aura? Emma seemed to be someone who always gave orders to others.

Emma did not chew slowly, and she did not swallow either. Instead, she stuffed a lot of food into her mouth and chewed like a hamster.

Emma had just washed her hair, and her hair was a little wet. Her hair was long to her shoulders. When she was eating noodles, she probably couldn't find anything to tie her hair. She simply took the disposable chopsticks from the takeout, and she put up her hair with one chopstick. At the time, Jaquan was unable to take his eyes off Emma.

After Emma finished eating, she packed the packing box in the bag, and tied it up. She limped into the guest room.

As soon as Emma closed the door of the guest room, Arabella looked at Jaquan and said, "I called you today, but you didn't answer."

Jaquan knew that she was talking about the phone call at night. He didn't know how to explain it. Arabella then asked, "Who is she?"

It was more difficult to explain.

He said vaguely, "She is just a friend of a friend."

"Ok." Arabella took the cup and drank the water. She put the cup on the tea table and said, "I have to go back."

"It's too late. It's not safe for you to go back alone. You can stay here." Jaquan stood up and said.

Arabella glanced at the guest room. She worried that the Emma could hear her, so she whispered, "The driver is waiting downstairs."

"Then I'll take you downstairs." Jaquan said.

"OK."

Jaquan took his coat and put it over Arabella. He sent Arabella to the car, and turned around after the car started.

Arabella looked at Jaquan from the rearview mirror. She was a little down, and she asked, "Has he also changed his mind?"

"Miss Arabella, Jaquan is a good man." The driver said, "At least he is sincere to you."

Arabella said sadly, "But I like Vincent."

The driver sighed, "You can't just focus on love in your lifetime. You still have a lot of things to do. The Peckers is relying on you."

"I know." Arabella wiped away the tears on her eyelids and took a deep breath. "I won't disappoint everyone."

**

At the same time.

Ferne joined the party for singles in a villa. The villa was on fire!

On the third floor, He was anxiously thinking of a way to save all the girls in the room. But he heard the chaos outside. Somewhere on the first floor was on fire, and the fire started to surge. Everyone on the second floor and the third floor ran out of the room.

Ferne hurriedly came out as well. Others in the room also ran out, and all people were disheveled, except for the man with a silver mask in the next door.

All people hurriedly ran downstairs, but Ferne still remembered to bring the girl out of the room. She was so scared that she didn't let Ferne get close to her. She even bit Ferne's wrist.

Then Ferne said, "I'll save you!"

The girl's eyes finally lit up, and she wiped her snot and tears. She staggered behind Ferne when running downstairs.

The girls in other rooms also ran downstairs. Everyone in the hall on the first floor ran to the lawn outside. The security guards and bodyguards were holding fire extinguishers to put out the fire.

On the second floor, the organizer shouted with the microphone, "Quiet! Everyone, don't panic!"

But no one listened to him. Everyone ran out like headless flies. Then, with a gunshot, the crowd fell silent.

The thick smoke from the fire extinguisher cleared.

The hall fell silent, and the organizer seemed to chuckle through the microphone on the second floor. "There's a rat sneaking in."

"What? What rat?" The crowd in the hall whispered.

"Turn on the lights!" The organizer put the gun in his clothes and said, "Everyone, we need your cooperation. Stay where you are. Crowe, check the number of people."

"Yes, Sir."

The person called Crowe was wearing a long black suit. His face was covered with a black crow mask. He held a list in his hand. Anyone who came in with an invitation card would sign it.

However, those who registered would not see others' signatures. Everyone could only see their own names. Only the organizer had the list, so everyone was at ease.

Now the organizer wanted to check the names in front of everyone. The people in the hall became restless.

"Didn't you say it was confidential?!"

"That's right! At that time, we agreed to keep it a secret! No one can see our names!"

"That's right, that's right!"

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The organizer patted the microphone, which made such a piercing sound that everyone covered their ears. Then his cold voice was heard, "Quiet! ID check one-on-one. No one's name will be revealed. There's a mole among us. I will give you a reasonable explanation after I find him out."

After mumbling a few words, the crowd in the hall followed his words.

Crowe took the list and began to check. People only needed to tell him their registered names, and then they would be allowed to enter the room to wait after Crowe found his or her name on the list and put a tick after it.

Ferne felt his hand tightly held by the girl who had just been brought out. She did not understand why everyone suddenly became so quiet. She was so afraid that at this moment her eyes were filled with fear and uneasiness.

To comfort her, Ferne patted the girl's hand. Somehow that married man discovered Ferne and pushed his way to the front of Ferne. When he saw the girl whose hand was held by Ferne, the man said in a surprised tone, "Damn! No wonder you remained silent. You have such a special taste! "

Ferne couldn't be bothered to talk to the man. He looked around and found that the other little girls had been seized by the bodyguards and taken to a corner. Only the one by his side was not discovered because she hid away in the crowd.

Wait.

If he remembered it correctly, there were seven doors on the third floor. There should be seven girls!

But there were only six, five in the corners and one by his side.

There was one missing!

At the thought of it, Ferne began to search the crowd for the man wearing the silver mask. Due to the fire in the hall, many people were crowded around the sofa, which shadowed the man who stood against the wall. The man could probably feel the eyes and looked up. His eyes met Ferne's and he also glimpsed the girl.

The eyes under the cold mask seemed to reveal a trace of tenderness.

Before Ferne could see it clearly, the organizer said almost immediately, "Send the girl back before you enjoy yourself. You can continue later."

This was aimed at Ferne. The crowd could not escape the organizers' eyes, for the lights were on and he was on the second floor with an excellent view of the downstairs.

The bikini girls were all standing on the stairs, while the little girls were sent back to the room on the first floor by the bodyguards. Ferne held the girl's hand and suddenly whispered to her, "You go with them first. I'll find a way and help you out later."

He brought her to the bodyguards. The people around him couldn't see his face through the mask, so they all bantered with him. They smiled and said, "Your taste is special, bro! Enjoy it?"

Ferne was annoyed, but he managed to restrain himself and smiled at them.

The smile was seen by the girl. She didn't believe that Ferne was serious about his words. He was still one of them. They were all liars, big liars.

She suddenly cried out, "Liars! You're all liars! Let me out! Let me out!"

She fiercely bit the wrist of the bodyguard who controlled her. Due to a moment's inattention, the bodyguard let go of her. She ran away and rushed towards the gate. Ferne stretched out his hand to stop it, but missed her by inches.

A gunshot rang out in midair. The girl was hit against the gate, blood splashing onto Ferne's face.

Ferne lowered his head and looked at his hand in shock. He could still feel the temperature of her blood, and there were traces of the girl's dirty claw prints on his white hands.

He swore a few minutes ago that he would save her.

But the next second, she died in front of him.

"There's another one in hiding. If you don't come out, I'll fire a gun." The organizer's ghostly voice rang out.

Ferne turned around and looked at the second floor. The organizer looked down at the people below, and an evil smile found its home on his face under the vampire mask. He was like a demon high above, looking down at the hell on earth with a bloodthirsty light in his eyes.

Somehow the crowd quieted down. Many people didn't dare to make a sound again. They cooperatively walked over to Crowe and automatically announced their names. Then, they entered the secured room.

Gradually, the people in the hall were fewer and fewer, leaving only a small number of them unchecked. The organizer walked down from the second floor and waved to the bikini girls to let them into the room on the second floor.

He walked down the stairs step by step until he reached the girl's corpse and squatted down. He examined her up and down, then looked at Ferne who was standing beside him and asked, "Do you know when the fire broke out?"

Ferne didn't answer. He just looked at the corpse on the ground and said, "You shouldn't kill her."

The organizer smiled and said, "You're strange."

He stood up from the ground and walked unhurriedly into the remaining crowd, saying, "There's another strange person."

Ferne looked up to see the organizer standing in front of the man wearing the silver mask. He asked the man the same question, "Do you know when the fire broke out?"

"I don't know," said the man.

The organizer asked, "What's your name?"

"Rodney."

Crowe took out the list and found the name. The organizer nodded. But as Rodney was about to leave, he was stopped by the organizer. "Wait a moment."

Rodney stopped but didn't turn around. He tilted his head and asked, "What's the matter?"

The organizer looked at him and said, "I have another question for you. Wait a moment."

Rodney stood there. He waited until everyone was checked and entered their rooms. Only Crowe, the organizer, and Ferne were left.

"Do you know why I kept you here?" The organizer took the list and walked around Ferne.

Ferne still remembered the corpse behind him. He was unwilling to put on any airs and said coldly, "Let's come to the point. Don't beat around the bush!"

The organizer smiled with an air of indifference. He even stroked the vampire mask on his face and said, "When the others came out, their clothes were all untidy. Only the two of you..."

His glanced at Ferne and Rodney. The two of them were neatly dressed, and their hairstyles weren't even messed up. But when the others ran for their lives in panic because of whoring and the fire, they were like drown mice. Some buttoned their shirts wrongly, and some of them even ran out without wearing their shoes.

The organizer walked around the two of them and showed his sharp teeth with a bloodthirsty smile. "I'm curious what are you guys doing in your rooms without enjoying yourselves?"

The penultimate was stressed in his words.

Ferne looked at Rodney. He couldn't figure out what Patrick was thinking through the mask, but he could feel that the man was very calm from beginning to end, as if he had already expected such an outcome.

The organizer stopped in front of Rodney. He was not as tall as Patrick, but he had an aura of authority. He bent to look at Patrick's eyes under the mask. "Or ... you are hiding something?" He said in a voice so low that it was like he was whispering,

Before Ferne uttered a word, there came a voice beside him, "I like men."