

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 111 - 120

The organizer was surprised, "What?"

Rodney seemed to be vexed, "I thought the special services you provided were for gays like me. But later, I saw there were all girls on the third floor. However, I had to choose one since everyone else did."

"I thought I'd talk to you later, but the fire broke out." He spread out his hands and his fingers were very clean. And there was a ring on his ring finger. He might be a married man like Ferne.

"You said you like men?" The organizer looked at him doubtfully and asked after a while, "What type?"

Rodney laughed and pointed at Ferne, "Like him."

Ferne had nothing to say.

"Alright, it's our fault for mistaking the guests' needs." Although the organizer was dubious about what Rodney just said, he managed to restrain his fierce-looking and asked sharply, "But, can you tell me why the girl in your room disappeared?"

"I don't know. I ran out after the fire was on." Rodney said nonchalantly, giving people time to think. He behaved like a gentleman, "Besides, how can you be sure that it is the girl in my room who disappeared?"

Of course, the organizer wasn't sure. He just bluffed, but Rodney didn't fall for the trap.

A moment later, Crowe went back with the list. He whispered in the organizer's ear, "The number of people is exactly as the list, but..."

He hesitated.

The organizer was a little impatient, "But what?"

"It's just that ... one of our bodyguards is missing." Crowe said in a low voice. Not surprisingly, the organizer slapped him fiercely. After that, he turned around and said hurriedly, "Let the guests leave quickly. If the other party was here for that girl, they won't meddle our business. But if..."

Before he could finish, a sound of the police car came from outside.

"Who called the police!" The organizer's face turned ashen with anger. "Are you sure about the list?!"

The crowd hurriedly handed over the list. "I checked them all. There are no moles."

"The list is correct, but who knows the person under that mask?" The organizer took the list and stared at Rodney, then at Ferne Dalton.

Crowe asked, "Then what should I do? Shall I go to check now?"

"No!" The organizer kicked Crowe and said, "Take the girls and run from the secret tunnels right now!"

"Yes!"

When Ferne turned around, the girl's body had disappeared. The bodyguards were cleaning the door, some were doing their works in order as if they all got used to this situation. People in the room also went out and danced to the blasting music in the hall, as if they were having a party.

If Ferne hadn't witnessed a girl die in front of him, he would have almost been fooled by this scene.

The policeman knocked on the door and kicked it, and shouted loudly. But nobody answered.

It was not illegal to have a party. Besides, would they get caught if they ignored the police?

Absolutely no.

The police shot at the lock and finally opened the door. A group of armed policemen came in, and some of them went straightly to the third floor. However, there was nothing there. They carefully checked everywhere and found nothing. They returned downstairs with guns and made a gesture.

The captain still stayed calm. He raised his hand again and the group of policemen immediately rushed to the second floor to continue searching. The result was the same. There was nothing.

Ferne was thinking that it was so much difficult to take a kid away from the third floor when the fire was burning. The organizer was on the second floor, and he could see even the slightest movement on the first floor. Moreover, there were four bodyguards on the third floor. Even if all of them went down to put out the fire, how could he avoid the guards outside the door? It was even harder when he took a child with him.

Ferne had an even bolder guess. If the arsonist was with Rodney, and if they wanted to save the seven children, then the perfect plan was let the police to find one of them.

The people in the hall looked at each other for a moment, then continued to dance. The music was wildly ringing, and the captain shouted, "Turn off the music!"

But nobody cared about him.

It was the police on the second floor who found the stereo and turned it off.

The music was off. But the people below were not quiet. A man smoked and said to the police, "What? It's against the law to have a party? Do you want to arrest us? Sir?"

As he spoke, he raised his hands as if he surrendered, which made others laugh out loudly.

"Who is in charge of this event?" Asked the policeman.

"Me." The organizer walked out of the crowd. He was dressed in a white suit and was quite conspicuous in the crowd. "I am the organizer. May I ask what law we violated by singing and dancing here, which bring you here in the late night?"

"I received an anonymous report that something illegal happened here." The policeman answered righteously.

"Illegal?" The organizer laughed, "You're really funny. The people who come here are all decent men. They just come over to enjoy themselves. Is that illegal?"

The police might realize that this person is a sophisticate, so he handed him over to the other police officers to record his statements. Then the police went to ask other people who were attending the party.

Other policemen didn't give up, either. They were searching around the second floor and third floor. Some of them even knocked on the wall. They probably trusted the anonymous informant very much, and they firmly believed that there was something happened. Therefore, they were all searching the ground inch-by-inch.

A moment later, a policeman shouted at the bathroom, "Captain!"

All the policemen headed to there, and Ferne was very nervous. He saw the organizer's face darken, and he turned around to run. Ferne didn't think too much, he just pushed the policeman in front of him and shouted in a loud voice, "Freeze!"

Only then did the police react and arrested the organizer immediately.

The policemen in the bathroom finally came out. One of the policemen was holding a girl in his arms. She was blackened by smoke and covered her nose and mouth with a wet cloth. She was unconscious. The policemen checked her pulse and said in relief, "She is still alive."

Ferne opened his eyes wide in disbelief. The bathroom was the place where the fire broke out.

The man who made the plan was simply too bold.

It was undeniable that sometimes the most dangerous place was also the safest one. So, the arsonist set fire and sent the child to the bathroom when smoke was billowing. But what if the child died halfway?

He couldn't even imagine.

He even had a premonition that the person who made the plan had thought of the consequences as well, but he still did it. Why?

He wanted to use this plan to exterminate this organization.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 112

"Where are the other kids?" The police pressed the organizer to the ground and asked angrily, "Where are the other kids?"

The organizer pretended to be innocent, and said, "What are you talking about? And who brought that child here? I have said that, children shouldn't be brought to the party."

A policeman couldn't help but punch him. "Bastard!"

The organizer's mask was shattered, and a feminine face was revealed. He had white skin and bloody red eye shadow. He looked like a vampire. He shouted, "How dare you hit me! What did I do? You hit me before I was convicted. I must file a complaint against you!"

What if the children had been transferred to other places?

What if the organizer refused to admit the crime? If the police investigated for half a month and found nothing, this matter would be left unresolved, and this person would still be released in the end!

Ferne was extremely anxious, and he saw a man who wore a silver mask following the policemen out of the bathroom. The man leaned against the wall and lit up a cigarette.

Suddenly, a policeman rushed in. "Captain! There is an accident in the front three cars, and in the back carriages of the two cars are girls." He gasped heavily and finally finished his sentence.

The organizer looked terrible. He couldn't suppress his anger, and his face was extremely ferocious. He struggled to get up, but was pinned to the ground by the police.

Ferne immediately looked at the man who was leaning against the wall and smoking. He leaned his head against the wall and slowly spat out a mouthful of white mist. In a trance, Ferne saw him laughing.

"No one is allowed to leave!" The policeman shouted, "Follow me to the police station to take a statement!"

This was a big case in City Y. It was related with several cases of girl's disappearance. If this case could lead to the resolutions of a series of unresolved cases, then it was really worth it for them to stay up for most of the night.

Ferne walked to the side and made a gesture to the captain. It was an internal gesture of the police, which was invented by Ferne.

The captain glanced at him and then said coldly, "You! Stop! What's your name?"

He walked to Ferne and looked him up and down. Ferne said, "It's me, Ferne Dalton."

The captain's expression changed. He asked the police seriously to take other people away. Then, he said to Ferne, "What's going on? Why are you here?"

"It's hard to explain. You guys leave the person wearing the silver mask here." Ferne looked obedient, but he said very quickly, "A girl has died. Please check if there is any new soil outside."

"Who?" The captain was shocked. He looked around and ordered, "Hurry up! Or you can't have breakfast!"

"The one leaning against the wall and smoking a cigarette."

The captain looked around again and finally found the person. After he withdrew his gaze, he lowered his voice and said, "Please tell me something so that I can leave him for you. What if he is an important witness?"

"If I'm not mistaken, he was the mastermind who set the fire and called the police. He was the one who saved others." Ferne lowered his head and said very quickly, "If someone finds out the truth, do you think he will live?"

"What if he knows something else..." The captain didn't want to leave the man behind. If the man was really the planner, then he might know more. Perhaps the captain could dig out the entire industrial chain with the help from this man.

Ferne knew what he was thinking and said, "Leave him to me and I will ask him."

The captain pondered for a moment. Then he pointed at Rodney and shouted angrily, "You! Come here! What's your name?"

Rodney slowly finished smoking. He walked over unsteadily, as if he was drunk.

Most of the people were taken away, leaving only Ferne and Rodney in the hall, as well as the other police officers and the captain who were still searching.

The captain handcuffed Ferne and Rodney, and then ordered a policeman, "Get them out!" He whispered something to the policeman cautiously. The policeman immediately looked up at Ferne, and then lowered his head to accept the order. He even pretended to push Ferne fiercely and said, "Get in the car quickly!"

When Ferne came out, he saw that the group of people had been taken away by the car. The policeman even lectured them in the car.

Ferne saw the car had gone. He turned around and pressed down on the policeman. He took the key and uncuffed himself and Rodney.

Rodney didn't expect that, so he raised his eyes to look at Ferne in surprise, "What ... are you doing?"

A policeman's voice came from behind the villa, "Captain! I found them!"

Ferne stopped there and looked in the direction. He thought about the girl's last glance at him, and his heart tightened. He took off his mask, fell silent for a moment, and bowed in that direction.

"Follow me." He threw the handcuffs to the policeman, shouted at Rodney, and then walked towards his car.

Rodney hesitated for a moment and followed him.

"How much do you know?" As soon as they got in the car, Ferne looked at Rodney and said, "Tell me and we leave."

Rodney sat in the passenger seat. His legs were too long to stretch out, so he bent his legs slightly. When he heard Ferne's words, he turned his head and said, "What if I don't tell you?"

"It doesn't matter." Ferne shrugged, "If you don't tell me, more girls will die next time."

Rodney sneered, and said bluntly under the mask, "That girl died because of you."

Ferne looked terrible because Rodney was right, and he couldn't refute it.

"If you just left her squatting in the corner with that group of people, she wouldn't have died." "But you made the stupidest decision. You took her with you."

Ferne looked straight ahead, and Rodney continued, "You didn't save her, but sent her to the hell!"

Ferne exhaled. This was the first time he realized all the explanations were in vain. He could not apologize to the dead girl.

"Who are you?" After a long time, Ferne asked in a hoarse voice.

Rodney took off his mask, then slowly took off the ring on his hand and said to Ferne, "Start the car."

This was the first time that Ferne had been ordered in a commanding tone by a man of the same age other than Vincent. He was a little unhappy, but he obediently started the car and drove out.

He glanced at Rodney every once in a while and felt as if he had seen Rodney somewhere before. As a hotel owner, he saw countless people every day and kept them in his mind. However, at this moment, he couldn't remember where he had seen Rodney.

At three in the morning, it was still dark. The lights in the carriage shone on that person's face, making him look young and tough. His eyebrows were thick. He was handsome and manly. He tilted his head, and the broken eyebrows on his right showed some sharpness.

If Emily was here, she would definitely recognize this person. His name was not Rodney, but Noah.

"Focus on the road! I don't want to die yet." He said in a low voice.

Ferne immediately looked at the road ahead. After a moment, he finally couldn't help but say, "I have another question."

Before Noah spoke, Ferne hurriedly asked, "Was the girl unconscious or awake when she was taken to the bathroom?"

He knew that if the girl was in a coma, it would be noticeable if an adult carried her inside. However, if the girl ran in spontaneously, then ... another person would even have a chance to run out.

Could a girl run in spontaneously?

Was this possible?

Noah gave him the answer in the next second as if to confirm the possibility.

"She was awake."

Ferne frowned and asked, "If she couldn't help but run out, wouldn't your plan be a failure? Were you so relieved to do that?"

Noah knitted his eyebrows and said, "Our entire plan was for her."

"What?" Ferne opened his mouth and was shocked.

“Goodbye.” Noah looked at Ferne. His lips curled up slightly, and a dimple appeared on his cheek.

Before Ferne could figure out what he wanted to do, he opened the door and jumped out of the car in front of Ferne.

Ferne stopped his car, got off and took a look. It was dark, and there was no sound other than the bird’s cry.

When he returned to the car, there was a silver mask on the passenger seat, as if to remind him that the person who had just jumped off the car was not Iron Man or Spider-Man, but an ordinary person wearing a mask.

Billionaire’s Reborn Baby Chapter 113

The first sunlight shone through the curtains.

Emily was sweating heavily on the arena. She was dressed in a white martial arts uniform, and she can pose very standard gestures now. The strength and angle of her punches were also quite accurate. She also learned to use her own advantages to carry out perpetual or instant attacks.

When the Guards fought against her, they only circled around and occasionally punched by her as sandbags. But when Rex fought with Emily, he helped her with practicing attack and defense. After all, Rex was a rigorous man, who wouldn’t flatter her.

The Guards thought they were sneered at.

However, when Vincent came to join them, things tended more interesting.

Vincent stood behind Emily, bent down and pressed his back against her. He wrapped her fist and punched at Rex quickly and accurately.

Rex was at loss for what to say.

They were simply teasing at him.

“Stand firmly, tighten your waist and abdomen.” Vincent’s hands put on her body. Emily was a little bit distracted, thinking that the warmth of his hands almost melted her.

“What are you thinking about?”

Vincent said closely to her ears. Emily felt a tingle shuddered through her body. She trembled and shrugged her shoulders. His breath made her ears itched, but she couldn't scratch as her hands were held by Vincent. She could only look at him with her big wet deer-like eyes. But as she turned her head, her lips touched his cheek slightly.

They were so close, and their breaths were mixed together.

The Guards at the side covered their eyes and opened their fingers to see secretly. But Rex turned around very gentlemanly. Seeing that the Guards were still watching, he even kicked them for reminding.

Vincent held her head and turned it around. He patted her hair lightly and said, “Focus.”

“Alright.” Emily obediently looked ahead and posed an attacking gesture.

However, Vincent saw that her ears were as red as blood. He chuckled and kneaded her earlobes, “If someone attacks you from behind, what would you do?”

He said as if he was doing something serious. The Guards couldn't stay anymore, and Rex even got off of the stage hurriedly.

At first, Emily was still itching and wanted to dodge. But as long as she heard that it was a test, she immediately held one of his arms with both hands and knocked him fiercely with her elbow. Vincent bent down with her movements. Emily then lifted him up and prepared to give him a shoulder throw. However, Vincent stood so firmly that she could not move him at all. She could only give a low kick to his underparts.

Emily almost kicked him. After dodging, he asked with a dark face, “Who taught you this?”

Emily blinked and said, “Rex.”

At that moment, Rex was drinking water. Hearing this, he spat out all the water he had just drunk.

He thought, ‘What? It was the little Hulk who taught herself, okay?’

The little robot stood in the outer circle and transferred everything it saw to Trevor.

Emily finished bathing and changed her clothes. She was a little hungry after exercise, so she went downstairs to find something to eat. She happened to see Mr. Rolando sitting in the garden feeding the goldfishes.

There was an embedded fish pond at the entrance of the Scavo's. People could walk on it, and the fish were swimming under the glass. There was only a little exit in the garden for people to feed the fish. Mr. Rolando was nest on the soft sofa. He was enjoying the sunshine, listening to music, and sprinkling bread crumbs in his hands.

The butler also held up a sun umbrella and placed sunflower seeds and tea on the table.

Seeing this, Emily only wanted to sigh, 'When I get old, I will live a leisure life like this!'

"Hey, Emily, come here," Rolando looked up and saw her, then he immediately waved to her, "Are you hungry?"

Emily nodded embarrassedly.

Rolando was very happy to have a chance feed her. He said to the butler, "Let the maids cook black-bone chicken soup for Emily, and mutton for Vincent."

Emily said, "Thank you Rolando, but I'll just have a piece of bread."

It just so happened that there were some pieces of bread on the table. Emily took two slices and left without looking back though Rolando was calling.

Rolando sighed, "The bread is for the fish. Will she like it?"

Emily, who had just taken a big bite of bread, was frozen.

She immediately spat it out.

And the little robot besides her stretched out to take a napkin from somewhere, and carefully handed it to Emily.

Emily took the napkin and thanked it, then she asked, "How could I send you there?"

The robot didn't say anything, just tilted its head and looked at her, as if it was trying to understand the meaning of her words.

At this moment, Harold called. Emily walked to the bathroom and answered, "What happened?"

"Beverly went to the company." Harold said.

Emily paused for a moment and said, "Not surprisingly. Now, just keep an eye on Christy. Beverly will definitely contact her to talk about investment. Also, the people behind Christy have not shown up. It's best to keep an eye on her."

"Okay."

The little robot suddenly said, "Photo, address."

Emily was stunned for a while before realizing that it was the answer to her last question. She immediately said to Harold, "Send me Christy's photo and address."

"Do you want to arrange others to keep an eye on her?" Harold asked.

Emily lowered her head to look at the robot and smiled, "Yes, it's a little guy."

Not long after hanging up the phone, Harold sent over the address and photo. Emily put the photo and address in front of the little robot, then read the address again.

"Do you remember? Trevor." She asked softly.

The little robot spoke after a long time, and its voice was still that of a young boy. "It's called Eleven. It's my eleventh work."

Emily squatted down in surprise. "If you can talk to me through the robot, does that mean you can see me?"

The robot nodded slowly.

"Then please help me keep an eye on someone. It's the girl in the photo. If she wants to go out, please remind me." After she finished speaking, she also rubbed the little robot's head like Vincent did.

The little robot dodged her stiffly. Its mechanical fingers scratched its head. Later, the young boy said, "I ... am elder than you."

"Really? I didn't see you before. I thought you were younger than me."

Emily only wanted to let him to say more, but the little robot stopped talking after she finished. After a while, he said, "Positioning succeeds, let's go."

Emily watched as the little robot shrank its legs and arms. Then, it flew up and flew out of the window.

She stood there and watched for a while, then walked into the room next to study room. It was time to study next. She had to grow up quickly so that she could have enough power to protect her family.

Rex and Vincent were in the study room.

Rex closed the curtains and asked, "Mr. Vincent, Eleven flew away. Shall I let someone follow it?"

"No." Vincent looked at the screen, "If it is caught, it will activate the self-destruct function."

"Then Mr. Trevor's efforts will be ruined." Rex said with regret.

Vincent paused for a moment, then raised his head to glance at Rex, "At present, its disguise and tracking tasks never failed."

Rex was surprised, "Then I'll borrow one from Mr. Trevor another day."

Vincent took a small round mirror on the table and threw it into Rex's hand, and let him to look in the mirror.

Rex was confused.

What?

What happened to his handsome face? Rex looked in the mirror, didn't understand what Vincent meant.

The Guards were shocked and thought, 'How brazen Mr. Vincent is!'

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 114

Things happened in the Britt Group.

Beverly was dressed like an office lady, walking into the hall with her head held high. The receptionist was new here, and had never seen Beverly before. She stopped Beverly and asked, "Excuse me, may I ask who you are looking for? Do you have an appointment?"

Beverly looked at her badge and said, "Linda, right? You're fired."

"Why?" The receptionist was dumbfounded.

"I'm Mr. Britt's wife. You can call me Mrs. Britt, or Ms. Beverly. Anyway. None of these matters." Beverly put on her sunglasses, "Because you are fired."

Tears rolled down Linda's cheeks. She just worked here for several days. When the general manager interviewed her, he praised her for having a friendly smile and being very suitable for this position. She was also very satisfied with her salary. Adding on the fact that the company was close to her rented apartment, she thought that she could settle down. However, she was fired just because she did not recognize the boss's wife. Those few days of work would definitely not count as her salary. Thinking about this, she cried out in grievance.

Maury didn't go home last night. Beverly cooked porridge and asked Susan to cook a lot of dishes, and packed them in food boxes and brought over. In the office, Maury had gotten up. He was calling the factory to confirm the progress. He then called the customer and promised that he would complete all the orders on time.

After hanging up, he didn't even have time to greet Beverly. The phone in his office rang. Maury was about to answer when he saw Beverly pick up the phone. Although she hadn't come to the company for a long time, she still remembered what she learned. It was the director of the marketing department called to ask when the new product would be shipped, because the customer waited to see the sample.

Beverly replied calmly, "Tell him that the sample that just came out has been took by other customers who booked it in advance. Tell him to wait for a moment."

In fact, the factory had just delivered the goods, but Maury did not say anything. From another perspective, what Beverly said would stimulate the customers' desire to buy, rather than repeatedly explaining that the goods were already on the way. If the customers were to be impatient, they might lose an order.

Beverly put down the phone and put the food box on the table. She opened the box and placed it on the table. Then, she poured out a bowl of soup and said to Maury, "Go wash your hands and have your meal."

Maury was exhausted. Since there was delicious food for him, he sat down immediately without washing his hands. He took a big sip of the soup and exhaled, "It's been a long time since I've eaten a good meal last time."

Beverly walked behind him and massaged his shoulders, "Don't be too tired. The whole family is still counting on you."

Maury enjoyed himself comfortably for a moment, and his disgust towards Beverly decreased. She was just a woman stay at home. It was unavoidable that she would be short-sighted and do something wrong. He should leave the past in the past.

After he finished, Beverly pushed Maury to the inner room to rest. "Go rest for a while. I'll take care of the rest."

Maury was still a little worried. He watched as Beverly answered the phone with ease. Then, the assistant came in with the list to check. She also looked carefully. There were some mistakes that Maury did not notice, but she picked them up.

Until noon, Maury finally couldn't hold on and went into the inner room to rest.

Beverly asked Susan to cook and send the dishes to the company. Then, she brought the food into the Finance Department and greeted the accountants and assistants here.

As soon as she went back to the CEO's Office, Maury asked her with a cold face, "What are you doing in the Finance Department?"

Beverly was stunned for a moment, and then she smiled and said, "Don't be so scary. Susan brought some fruits. I gave some to the employees, and I casually walked around and went in since there were employees. I didn't notice that I entered the Finance Department."

Maury saw bananas and apples on the tables of the marketing department through the surveillance cameras. His expression became better slightly, "Don't run around. A general manager's wife shouldn't go to the employees' office."

"What the company needs the most now is humanistic care. If you don't care about the employees, why would they want to work for you? Who would be so devoted to you and the company? Isn't it because of their affection for the company?" Beverly said reasonably and put the lunch on the table, "Take a break and go have your lunch."

Maury was pushed onto the sofa by her. Seeing that Beverly had taken over the work he was doing just now, he stood up and said, "Come and eat together."

Beverly looked at the document, "No need, you eat first. I'll eat after you finish."

Maury looked at Beverly while eating. He suddenly remembered that he was attracted by Beverly's earnest work at that time. Now, after so many years, she didn't change at all. Once it came to work, she would work hard to complete it.

Beverly sensed his gaze and sneered in her heart.

From the morning till now, the documents she had seen did not contain the subsidiary agreement that the man wanted. This meant that Eliot had signed the agreement. The two parties had reached an agreement, and the contract immediately came into effect. There was no way they could change it anymore.

There was another weird thing.

Logically speaking, the company should go through a very difficult time, but instead of producing the goods according to the order quantity, the factory was working around the clock producing twice the quantity exceeding the order quantity.

Was someone else also wants the goods?

But why it was not reported in the account?

Just now, she went to the Finance Department and she hurriedly glanced at the Financial Controller's computer screen. She saw that there was a new remittance record on it. The remittance amount was relatively large, and it was sorted as income. The Financial Controller also marked it red and bold.

Because it was too conspicuous, Beverly noticed it at a glance. But she did not have time to look at the remitter. She only confirmed that the money belonged to the company's income, and immediately looked other side.

At this moment, she was staring at the new market research report, but her mind was distracted. That remittance amounted to 30 million yuan. The Britt Group never had such a large order.

Moreover, the factory did not add larger orders. What was the purpose of this remittance?

Beverly frowned and pondered. Maury looked at her from afar and felt even more relieved. He only felt that although Beverly treated Emily a little badly, she was still useful.

If Beverly knew what Maury was thinking about, she would probably laugh out loud.

After Maury finished his meal, he felt he was unusually sleepy. He fell asleep on the sofa in a daze. He was probably too tired, he thought.

**

Jaquan had only slept for three hours before he was woken up by the alarm clock. Although he really wanted to stay in bed, he still remembered that he had said yesterday afternoon that he would go back to the company.

He had to get up and went into the bathroom to wash up.

After wiping his face clean, he turned around and saw a person sitting on the toilet.

The two of them looked at each other for a moment. Jaquan remembered that there was a stranger at his home. He looked quickly away and said in panic, "Damn, are you a ghost? Why aren't you making a sound?"

Emma didn't want to explain. Seeing Jaquan enter with his eyes closed, she thought that he was sleepwalking and didn't dare to make a sound.

Jaquan walked out of the bathroom hurriedly, his heart still beating violently. He patted his chest and exhaled.. Gosh, it almost killed him just now.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 115

With this shock, his drowsiness completely disappeared.

He changed his clothes and put on his wristwatch. Then, he thought of something, "You..."

It is rude for him to ask her what she wanted for breakfast outside the bathroom, but he didn't know when she was going to leave, so he took out 200 and put it on the table. "I'm leaving, the breakfast, it is up to you. Close the door on your way out," said he.

There was no sound coming from the bathroom. Jaquan knocked on the bathroom door worriedly. "Hey, make a sound. Are you still alive?"

Emma answered and added, "I heard you."

Before Jaquan closed the door, he thought silently. If he didn't look at that face, just listening to her voice it was indeed quite pleasant, especially the sound just now...

Jaquan suddenly and fiercely hit the wall, causing his palm to hurt. Only then did he stop thinking like a lunatic just now. He must be insane.

'If that idiot Collin knew about this, he must mock me.'

Thinking of that, Jaquan immediately gathered his spirits, scratched his hair, and left home, putting on the most handsome face in the world.

Emma came out when she heard the door closed. Having been lame and irregular period, she was almost paralyzed on the toilet.

The wall supported her and she walked back to the guest room step by step. She thought about sleeping for a while, calling Stony, and then taking a taxi back...

Then she fell asleep.

By the time she woke up, it was already at noon. She was almost bouncing up, but she seemed to have remembered that her leg was lame, so she failed and tumbled off heavily on the bed.

She got off the bed barefoot and did not realize that there was a trace of blood left on the bed until she was about to fold the quilt.

She frowned as she looked at the bed, and remove the sheets and quilt covet with lame leg, then she limped to the washing machine with the sheets and quilt cover.

However, just as she unfolded the sheets, wanting to scrub the blood-stained piece alone, Emma dully sensed the presence of another person at home. She looked up and saw a well-maintained middle-aged woman in an apron looking at her with a smile.

"Are you awake?"

Emma nodded, "Yes, good day."

Was this a cleaner? Jaquan seemed to have said something before he left. At that time, she could not hear it clearly. Now that she thought about it, Jaquan might have called a lady to cook for her?

The lady quickly walked over and took the sheets from Emma's hands. "Put them here, let me wash them."

Seeing the blood stains on the bed sheet, the lady more brightly.

Emma smiled at her a bit awkwardly, "Thank you."

She did not like to smile, so every time she smiled, it was sincere.

The lady's eyes were filled with joy. She discovered that Emma's leg was bandaged, "Oh, what happened to your leg?"

"Nothing, a slight injury." said Emma casually. She glanced at the coffee table and saw two hundred yuan. It should be the taxi fare Jaquan had left her.

"Oh, don't move if you're injured," the very warm-hearted lady directly helped Emma onto the sofa and asked, "Are you tired?"

Emma was a little confused, "Huh?"

The lady immediately patted her lips and said with a smile, "Oh no, I mean, are you hungry?"

Emma found it a little strange, and she always felt that this lady was too being too kind.

She looked at the clothes hanging on the balcony. It should be dry, so she said, "I'll just eat out."

"Why eat out," said the lady with some dissatisfaction, and smiled at Emma again. "I came here today to cook for you and Jaquan."

She took a few steps to the kitchen and opened the double-door refrigerator. "Look, the refrigerator is full. I'll cook anything you want."

It was indeed a lady for cooking.

Emma was relieved.

"What would you like to eat?" The lady asked, "do you like fish soup? I made it."

Emma nodded, "OK. Anything is fine."

Emma limped to the bathroom and changed the towel used for the period. Then, she packed up the garbage, brought it to the doorway, and decided to take it away when she left. When the lady saw that, she smiled and said, "Just leave it there. I'll do it."

Emma did not say anything. She only politely smiled with a closed lip at the lady. She felt there was no need to trouble a nanny for such a trivial matter.

When Emma sat on the dining table, she realized that beside the soup, the lady had prepared a hearty meal. There were a total of ten dishes.

"Have a sip of soup first." The lady handed a large bowl of soup to Emma and said, "it's a little scalding."

Emma took it over. "Thank you."

"Oh, you're quite welcome," The lady joyfully looked at her and said "how does it taste?"

"Delicious." Emma was indeed thirsty. She drank more than half a bowl in one sip. The soup was boiling hot, and it just happened to warm her cold belly. She drank almost up in one sip. Before she put down the bowl, the lady took over her bowl. "Drink more if you like it. All this is yours."

Emma, "..."

Afterwards, auntie picked up for her, "Eat more of this dish, it's to supplement iron."

Emma nodded, "Thank you, you may eat too and leave me alone."

Emma was not the kind of person who would flatter others, so it might be felt whether she was sincere or hypocritical. The lady had a more favorable impression on her.

The lady wanted to ask something, but she didn't dare to ask anymore. She could only keep picking up the dishes and then ask, "Is it delicious?"

After obtaining Emma's positive answer, the lady could be happy for a long time, and she didn't take the food.

Emma hesitated to pick up the food for her. The lady ate with a smile and stuffed a large mouthful of rice.

After they finished their meal, Jaquan returned home. Seeing that Emma hadn't left, he asked, "You are still here?"

"Brat, what are you talking about?" The lady stood up and tugged at Jaquan's arm, pretending to be angry. In fact, she was beaming as she said, "Good job! No one found out! You are truly my good son!"

Jaquan, "???"

He looked back at Emma blankly, then at his mother, a little confused, "Mom, what are you saying?"

Just as Emma heard Jaquan called the lady as mother, Emma, who was drinking water over there, choked.

She should have known that.

Mrs. Cox hurriedly walked over to Emma and patted her shoulder, "Be careful."

Emma drank another mouthful of water and moistened her throat before saying, "Mrs. Cox, you misunderstood. I'm just here to crash."

"Crash?" Mrs. Cox looked at her in confusion.

Emma took the opportunity to explain, "My leg is injured. Your son kindly took me in. Actually, he doesn't know me."

"Bring you back when he doesn't know you?" Mrs. Cox looked at her son suspiciously, "Is he so kind?"

Jaquan, "..."

What the hell! Why did they think like that?!

Mrs. Cox still didn't believe it and grabbed Jaquan to the washing machine. "Then, how to explain the blood?"

"What blood?" Jaquan looked blank.

Mrs. Cox directly pressed Jaquan's head against the sheet and said, "That's it! Don't you want to be responsible after sleeping with the girl? I warn you, Jaquan, there's never been anyone like you in our family. If you dare to bully a little girl. I will beat the shit out of you!"

Jaquan was very confused, "???"

Jaquan limped over and weakly interrupted, "That ... it is my period blood."

Mrs. Cox, "..."

Jaquan, "..."

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 116

The three of them sat down at the dining table again.

"So you're not his girlfriend?" Mrs. Cox asked sullenly.

Lowering her head, Emma answered, "I'm sorry."

She had no idea about why she had to apologize, but she felt guilty when confronting Mrs. Cox.

Jaquan was literally speechless when he got everything clear. "Mom, are you serious? How much do you want me to have a girlfriend!"

"Shut up." Mrs. Cox was furious. After packing up, she took the key and turned around to leave. Walking through the hallway, she saw the garbage bag that Emma had packed. Mrs. Cox thought Emma was really the best girl she had met in the recent years. Thus she turned around to look at Emma. "Miss, if you want to have fish soup, welcome to come here. I would like to cook for you."

It might be hard for anyone else to refuse Mrs. Cox's kind hospitality.

But Emma shook her head and said, "Sorry to disturb you. I won't make you trouble again."

Jaquan poked her in the elbow and said, "Can't you just say yes? She would go away once you said yes. Now she'll start to preach at us."

Emma's honesty impressed Mrs. Cox even more. She glowered at her son and then went away closing the door.

Jaquan asked in surprise, "Has she left?"

Emma limped to the balcony to take her clothes that she had hung out last night. It was cold now, so the clothes hadn't dried last night. Before Jaquan left this morning, he put her clothes on the top of the clothes horse.

Emma could not reach it with one foot, so Jaquan came over to help. In order to avoid him, Emma moved to one side. Jaquan also stood farther from her so that he wouldn't touch her. But they moved to the same direction simultaneously and as a result, Jaquan stepped on Emma's foot. With the other foot injured, Emma fell backwards. At the same time, Jaquan was about to fall onto her. Emma cried.

Jaquan hurriedly propped himself up on his hands and protected her head at the same time. He didn't hit into her for his shoulders were braced.

They met each other's gaze like they survived from some disaster.

At the moment, Mrs. Cox happened to come back inside for taking the garbage bag. She just could see them from where she stood.

She saw her son almost kiss on Emma's lips.

Mrs. Cox didn't say anything.

Taking the garbage bag with her, she closed the door and left.

Jaquan didn't get any opportunity to explain.

Holy shit! Mom, it's not what you saw! No—

Emma pushed him and said, "Get up."

Jaquan got up and sat on the side helplessly. Then he looked Emma up and down. "Why did she think you are my girlfriend?"

Emma did not respond. She took the rack to get her clothes. Jaquan stood up from the ground and jumped up to help her. The edge of his shirt floated up, revealing the four packs underneath which looked charming.

He took off her clothes and handed it to her, "Here you are."

Emma said yes and went to the bathroom to change her clothes. When she came out, Jaquan had already had his meal. They walked to the entrance together.

Instead of doing the dishes, Jaquan just left them in the sink. Emma looked at them but forced herself to ignore. She didn't have any shoes. Jaquan found a pair of socks for her and gave her a pair of sneakers. She sat on the small stool and put on the shoes. When she limped out of the room, Jaquan was still standing at the door.

"Are you leaving now?" He asked.

Emma nodded.

Jaquan looked at her and said, "I have a golf club at home. Do you want to use it as a cane?"

"No, thanks." Emma leaned against the wall and said, "I take the two hundred yuan on the table."

"Then? Nothing?" Jaquan looked at her strangely. "I thought you would say you will give it back later."

"I'll return it to Mr. Armando."

"Holy shit, why?" They walked to the elevator and Jaquan pressed the button. When he heard that, he was outraged immediately. "He left you to me after he sent you to the hospital. You ate in my house and now you wear my socks and sneakers. And the 200 is also mine. So why do you want to give him the money? Plus you even dirtied my bed sheets!"

As soon as the elevator came down and the door opened. There were four or five people standing in the elevator. Hearing this, they couldn't help but look Emma and Jaquan up and down with a curious look.

Emma was stunned.

She turned around.

It was the first time Jaquan saw Emma give in to him. He supported her shoulders and pushed her into the elevator. "Don't be embarrassed, come in."

Emma was speechless.

As the elevator went down, the people in the elevator still stared at Emma and Jaquan. Emma was so embarrassed that she wanted to cover their eyes with cloth.

Jaquan gave a smug smile.

Then an old lady entered the elevator. Jaquan took a few steps back, but Emma didn't move. The old lady walked in and stood beside her. She looked at Emma and turned to see Jaquan. As she knew him, so she smiled and asked, "Go to work?"

Jaquan nodded, "Yes, where are you going?"

The old lady answered, "I am going to the park and doing some exercises."

Almost everyone else in the elevator knew each other. They all greeted to the lady. Emma was the only one that the old lady didn't know. She asked her, "Which floor are you on?"

Emma did not respond. She looked at Jaquan.

Jaquan was nervous.

What did she mean?

It seemed like the old lady understood. "Are you on the same floor with Jaquan? Are you new? I know all people on that floor. Which room do you live?"

Emma still turned to look at Jaquan.

Jaquan was stunned.

The old lady understood. She laughed and said, "Do you live together? No wonder you have stood together. You are a perfect match for each other."

Jaquan was awkward, "I'm just joking. I don't even know her."

The others in the elevator gazed at Jaquan at once.

Jaquan was so helpless.

He almost forgot, they saw them come down together!

The elevator finally stopped on the first floor. Emma limped forward. The old lady reached out to help her, but she rejected. "Take care of yourself. I'm okay with this."

She smiled and said, "That's right. You have Jaquan with you"

Jaquan had no way but to help Emma.

He was obliged to support her out of the elevator. It was at noon, so many office workers had witnessed the scene. They talked to him, "Congratulations."

Jaquan didn't understand.

Were they blind? It was nothing deserved congratulations.

Finally, he helped her to the side of the road and hailed a taxi. Then, he pushed her into the car and waved his hand. "Toodles!"

Emma called him.

Jaquan clicked his tongue and turned around to say, "There's no need to say thank you. I know I'm a good man. I always help others."

Emma stretched out her hand from the back window and said. "It was the money. The driver said it will cost 300 yuan. Just lend me another 100 yuan."

Jaquan was annoyed.

He never wanted to meet this woman again in his life.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 117

"Ouch..." Noah pulled back his arm. "Be gentle, Christy."

Christy pressed the disinfectant cotton ball on his forearm, "You deserve it! What were you thinking? You think you're a Superman? You jumped out of the car! The person in the car didn't hurt you, why did you jump out of the car?"

"Weren't I worried that he fell in love with me and took me home?" Noah blew his arm, because when he jumped out of the car, his arm acted as a cushion, but was hurt by a rock and a large piece of skin was rubbed off.

"I'm so worried, but you still have the mood to joke!" Christy patted him angrily.

"Alright, alright. Didn't I come back safe and sound?" Noah opened his arms to her. His other forearm was injured, so he just raised it up and said, "Come here, and give me a hug."

Christy avoided his injured forearm and hugged his neck. "We did it."

Noah was silent for a moment and he said, "No, one person died."

"What I'm talking about is this." Christy let go of him and took out her mobile phone. On the front page of the news, there was a breaking news-Shocking! People in a Party in City Y Were Arrested! What Happened?

After clicking on it, one could see that this news was only a gossip. The author did not know the real situation and listed all the reasons for his suspicion of them being arrested. However, in the comments, there was a revelation: There was*****. One had to pay to watch it.

Almost every minute, three to five people clicked on it. Christy also paid for it. She indifferently looked at it. "This is the second time. Can the police dig out where they live?"

"Who knows?" Noah took a puff of his cigarette and lay on the sofa. He stared at the crystal chandelier on the ceiling and thought absentmindedly.

"Don't think too much. If we hadn't gone, none of them would have been saved." Christy continued to pick up ointment and apply it on his forearm. Then, she took out a bandage and wrapped it around his forearm gently.

"I was just thinking that that person might interfere." Noah exhaled white smoke, his broken eyebrows were twisted, and Ferne's face appeared in his mind.

"You mean the owner of the Dalton Hotel?" Christy looked at him unhappily, "So, why are you taking off your mask?"

Noah flicked his cigarette butt and said, "I am thinking that if I go to his hotel next time, I will get a free treat."

"Get lost." Christy left.

Noah didn't let her participate in this thing, even though she was already a perfect Christy.

She knew that he was afraid what happened ten years ago would again.

Noah walked over and rubbed her head with his uninjured arm. "I know you want to catch all of them in one go. Don't worry, I'm just thinking of a plan to kill two birds with one stone so that we won't take the risk."

"You mean..." Christy looked at him in confusion, "That person?"

"Yes." Noah snapped his fingers, "Ferne, our next target."

A gray leaf had fallen from the room. The leaf was firmly stuck to the wall and hidden under the curtains. If one looked carefully, one could tell that it was not a leaf, but a small robot in the shape of a leaf.

The little robot transmitted everything it saw to the other side of the pavilion because it had turned on the phone with Emily earlier. As a result, Noah's conversation was transmitted to Trevor's computer word for word.

Trevor raised his head from the blanket and felt at a loss when he heard a familiar name. He saved all the pictures and voices he had just received, and then clicked the button of playback.

For some reason, he seemed to be stunned for a moment, and then he turned up the female voice he heard.

He seemed to have heard this voice before...

**

Before Emily could confirm whether it was the the Buckleys who attacked his eldest brother, she heard the news that Marquise had been punched-Marquise was in the hospital. Someone had lured away the bodyguard at the entrance and punched Marquise who was heavily injured again, which sent him into the ICU.

At this time, Emily also got the surveillance video of Eliot being beaten up.

At that time, all the surveillance cameras were destroyed. There was only a remote surveillance camera that recorded the entire process of Eliot getting off the car and being beaten. Of course, it also included the scene of Kamron dragging him into a car.

History repeated itself.

When Kamron went to take Eliot away, he was mistaken for a black-clothed man, so he got a heavy punch. When Kamron brought Eliot to Emily, he got another straight punch.

It was already evening two days later when Emily saw the surveillance video.

She had just come out of the studio. Every time when the three old men came in, they forgot to teach their students. Instead, they were immersed in debates and thoughts. They often expressed their opinions and had fierce arguments from time to time.

At this time, Emily was always very quiet. She sat there quietly and remembered all the words the three old men had argued about. Regardless of whether they were useful or not, she remembered them first. She would think about them at the quiet night.

Today, she had handed in her "homework". The three old men asked for a picture to be drawn while listening in class. Today, Emily painted Mr. Rolando sitting in the garden feeding fish.

The three old men was jealous of him in the painting.

"Rolando is so good at enjoying himself!"

"There are fruits and melon seeds on the table! He's not afraid that his blood sugar gets raised!"

"He doesn't have diabetes..."

"I'm so angry! Look at him in the picture, he is so arrogant!"

"He is still so young in your painting. Is his skin so good recently?"

"It seems that he is indeed aging best among three of us..."

"He swims every day. Of course, his skin is good..."

While the three old people were discussing again, Emily took her phone to the bathroom and saw a video sent by Harold. Not long after her WeChat account was registered, only Harold and Sydnee were added to her contacts.

After watching the surveillance video, Harold sent another message-should I send Eliot home?

Emily called him, "No, this will only be more suspicious. You just need to let the bodyguards protect him secretly. If the Buckleys dare to cause trouble, just ask the bodyguards to call the hospital security."

"OK."

Emily said, "Is there anything ok with the company?"

Harold: "No. Recently, Mr. Vincent has been off work early. He would occasionally come to the hospital and stay for a while."

Emily: "What about Elsie?"

Harold: "There's nothing wrong with her lately. She goes to school as usual. She has not attended any parties. She goes home on time every day."

"That is wrong." Emily raised her head and looked at the mirror in front of the washstand. Her clothes were stained with some water colors. She wiped them with water, and her voice mixed with the sound of water. "Pay attention to her."

"OK."

"How is Sydnee doing?" She asked.

"Very well." Harold thought for a moment and then said, "It's getting cold. Emily, take care of yourself. Don't catch a cold."

Emily finally smiled, "Thank you, you too."

After hanging up the phone, she leaned on the washstand and washed her clothes. She didn't bring anything when she came over. The clothes were all sent by Rex, and they fit very well. And some of the clothes' styles and colors were the same with Vincent's clothes.

Thinking of Vincent, she suddenly remembered what Rex whispered in her ear at the end of today's class, "Vincent's birthday is coming soon."

His birthday, what gift would she give him?

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 118

Recently, Vincent was buried in the company's affairs and rarely showed up at home. Emily only saw him on the arena in the morning. Every time she came in, he had finished practicing, covered in sweat. When he saw her, he would always land his big palm on her head.

She would dodge and then attacked the back of his neck. Vincent seemed to see through her and managed to dodge away. Then, he stretched out his long arm and held her in his arms. Emily's sneak attack had never succeeded since she kicked his balls.

Emily raised her foot and tried to step on his feet. While he was moving, she twisted her body, and slashed her palm like a knife. Of course, these were all fake moves to divert attention. The real move was to directly hit his neck artery with her other hand.

Vincent was delighted to see her movements. He struck down her wrist with one hand, then grabbed her other hand and pressed her body against the wall. He lowered his head and stared into her eyes.

The guards chose not to see this.

Rex remained silent.

"Not bad huh, that's some progress." Vincent pinched Emily's earlobe. His palm was extremely hot, and everywhere he touched was all burning with heat.

Emily touched her hot earlobe and thought to herself, 'He's got some nice lips.'

They were so close that their breath intertwined.

She felt that what she was breathing the air he exhaled. It was cold and unique, with a mint and faint nicotine flavor, filling her entire body to form his unique aura.

Therefore she couldn't help but stare at his lips, and it made her thinking the scene of the two people kissing. She got shy. Every time Vincent reached out to pinch her earlobe, she only found that her earlobe was burning like fire. Later, she realized that Vincent should be making fun of her. Therefore, before Vincent could reach out to pinch her earlobe this time, she dared to stand on tiptoe to pinch his earlobe.

"Well, that makes two of us." she said arrogantly.

Vincent was amused and immediately chuckled, "What?"

As he smiled, his rolling Adam's apple and slender neck in a straight collar made her spellbound. He tilted his head slightly, revealing his sexy curved lower jaw and thin sliced lips.

Emily had probably been being with the guards for too long these days and thought that all men looked very ordinary, but after seeing Vincent, she felt that he was the most handsome guy in the world.

Not even Eliot. (Sorry Eliot)

"Keep practicing and I'll check tonight." This time, instead of touching her head, he lowered his head and dipped her lips. His voice was a little hoarse, "And stop looking at me like that."

Her hand was still on his earlobe, a posture that looked like two people snuggling in a corner and kissing each other to their heart's content.

Emily was stunned for a moment before letting go. Then, when Vincent turned around, he gently touched his lips.

Strangely, she seemed to be looking forward to his touch.

...

'What was I thinking.'

Emily shook her head. Ah, yes, Vincent's birthday. What birthday present was she going to get him?

Vincent didn't need anything, what can she get him?

"Miss Emily." Outside the door came Rex's voice, "There is a game tonight, are you coming to observe?"

Emily replied, "Sure."

What game?

Competition?

She rushed to the arena, and saw no one. When she walked towards the study, she saw a few guards and Rex sitting in a projection room.

They sat upright in their seats with 3-D glasses on their faces.

Seeing Emily enter, the guard waved to her, "Come, this is reserved for you."

Emily looked at the remaining dozen or so empty sofas and smiled awkwardly, "Appreciated."

She found a seat to sit down, Rex handed her a pair of glasses, the guard brought milk tea and popcorn over.

Emily, "..."

She went to the cinema once. Eliot took her, he brought milk tea and popcorn as well. She was sitting at the front. That night, she almost cried her tears dry. After she came out, she cried out that she would never go to the cinema again.

However, this was not a movie.

"It's on! It's on!" The guards said excitedly.

The big screen in front of them was playing the match. Emily looked at it for a while and finally found someone familiar. It was Randy, Vincent's brother. He was wearing a white team uniform and was sitting in front of a row of computers with other members. The camera pulled in front of him several times, and it could be seen that his expression was very serious.

A few of his team members were also very serious. It seemed that one of them wasn't particularly serious. He was rotating a pen and occasionally looking out of the arena. Finally, a staff member came out of the arena with a cup of milk tea. In the crowd's astonished gaze, the person in Randy's team who wasn't particularly serious stood up and took it.

"..."

After a few seconds of silence, the barrage went crazy.

"Holy crap! This is a competition! Why are you drinking the dam milk tea! It's already picking heroes! You bastard!"

"Do you think it's in your house?! Do you know how much we bet on your team?! Pull yourself together!"

“Forget about milk tea. Just tell me if you can win tonight.”

“If you lose, then you’re finished.”

“If you lose, stop drinking milk tea, drink my urine!”

“That bastard must be bribed!”

“If they lose this game, that bastard must be fired.”

“???”

Because it was a live broadcast, after a few rolling comments, filthy comments were handled. And the camera was switch back to Randy’ team and their opponent.

Both sides were choosing heroes, but the team on this side was well-prepared. There was almost no dialogue. Each of them knew which lane they were going, so they chose heroes without hesitate. Then, they calmly waited for the other side to choose.

When the camera sliced into Randy’s team, it was unknown if the cameraman was deliberately targeting the teammate who drank milk tea. The entire camera shot locked at him. As he drank milk tea, he muttered something. The subtitles were followed up in real time below.

“I’m hungry, and I want to eat a chicken wing...”

The barrage exploded again.

“Holy crap! What the hell did you do before the game?!”

“F*****!!!”

“Calm down, don’t get excited. He’s new. Besides, the other old members are here. He should be a support.”

“I hope he doesn’t drag Randy down.”

“I hope so.”

One of Randy’s team chose to go top. When it came to Randy to pick, he looked at the one drinking milk tea and sighed as he chose a support.

The barrage went crazy again.

“Damn it! Damn it! Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!”

“WTF? What did Randy pick?!”

” ... support.”

“The captain picked a support?! What the hell are they doing?!”

“I don’t care. I’m going to refund the money! I’m out. I want my money back.”

After the opponent had finished picking, it was finally the last member of Randy’s team, Milk Tea Bro, to pick a hero. There were already a top, an AD Carry, a mid and a support.

Logically speaking, that Milk Tea Bro ought to play jungle. However, this bro seemed to be blind. He picked an AD Carry which couldn’t take much damage. (Female role)

Randy’s team was famous for not playing female roles, but he seemed to exist specifically to defeat this team.

Randy probably didn’t expect it, and he was chocked. He even glared fiercely at Milk Tea Bro. Who knew that he would still turn the pen in his hand and occasionally lower his head to suck a mouthful of milk tea? How comfortable for him.

The barrage went insane.

“ .. ”

“ .. ”

“Kill me.”

Billionaire’s Reborn Baby Chapter 119

Emily was at a loss. Rex beside her explained in real time. Plus the comments from the guards, she came to realize that this was a professional competition. Randy would participate in this competition. As long as he won the first place, he would receive a prize of five million yuan.

Wow, five million.

But the money was not as important as reputation.

“Why are they making these faces?” Emily asked.

Rex frowned and said, “There are usually five players on a team, who are allocated into three paths. The top, mid and bot paths have been selected by three players. The rest two players play jungle and support. It’s all set. But they don’t have a jungle.”

To make it easier for Emily, the guards added, “It’s just that there’s an extra bot player but no jungle.”

Emily said vaguely, “Then just let one bot player go jungle, is that ok?”

The others nodded heavily, “This is the only way.”

“However, this person is new.” Rex added, “We don’t know his style, and I bet he has not fit in the team yet. The most important thing is teamwork, and few people dare to have a rookie to play professional games...”

Only then did Emily feel the tension here. The game had begun. As expected, Milk Tea Bro controlled his female Martial God and directly ran towards the rival’s jungle. Alone!

The screen was bombarded with exclamation points, and the audiences were nervous.

“!!!!!!!”

“!!!!!!!”

“!!!!!!!”

“Damn it! I’m having a heart attack!”

On the other hand, their rival’s jungle had his own support with him, while Randy followed his AD Carry. He did not follow this unreliable Milk Tea Bro. But Milk Tea Bro was alone in the enemy’s jungle area. The support was probably worried that he would be slayed, so he finally decided to follow him.

However, before he could get there, he heard ‘first blood’. Then, they found that Milk Tea Bro had already slain two enemies.

“ ”
...

The barrage was filled with a series of ellipses. Rex and guards' eyes widened. After all, the camera was fixed on the support which Randy was playing, and they didn't see Milk Tea Bro. At this time, the host replayed the scene just now.

Everyone saw that the rival jungle and support was killing a creep, and was just about to take it down. Then Milk Tea Bro showed up and took it down before they could.

Then he hit level 2. Afterwards, he kept shooting at the rival jungle, who fought back together with his support. But he did not hold on for a few moments before dying. When the support saw that the situation was going wrong, he immediately turned around but was still slayed by Milk Tea Bro.

Milk Tea Bro bit the straw and smiled. Then, he swung his mouse, went to the bot lane and took all the line. Then, he flew to the mid lane and took all the line too. After successfully hitting level 4, he entered the enemies' jungle and killed all the creeps.

The mid and bot couldn't go to the jungle with him. However, Milk Tea Bro met the rival jungle and his support in the enemy's jungle. This time, the rival jungle didn't dare to fight him head-on. He just harassed Milk Tea Bro a few times before leaving. Thus, he watched as his own creeps were taken down by this shameless man. Before leaving, he attacked Milk Tea Bro.

As a person who didn't understand anything, Emily could only watch Rex and the guards' reactions and judge what was going on in the game.

Then she saw the guards and Rex went like this, "Damn it! What the!"

Emily didn't know what was going on.

Were they losing?

Although she didn't understand the game, she still hoped that Randy would win because he was Vincent's brother.

She involuntarily took a sip of milk tea, then, someone suddenly grabbed her hand. She was so shocked that she trembled. She turned around and saw that it was Vincent. He was dressed in a pure black suit and walked in from the darkness. His sharp face slowly emerged from the darkness. His slender eyebrows slightly twisted above his cold eyes. He had just come back, and his body still carried a bit of coldness. The temperature of

his palms was suitable. The screen light divided his face into two sides, one half dark and the other half light.

He sat beside Emily and looked at the screen before asking her, "Can you understand?"

Emily shook her head, "Not really."

Vincent chuckled. His slightly curved lips could be seen in the dim light. "I'll teach you."

Emily nodded, "Alright."

The two of them sat there, Rex and the guards moved to the front row silently, afraid that the existence of the two would affect them watching the game.

Emily lowered her head and took another sip of milk tea. She saw that Milk Tea Bro had been controlling his champion and knew that he didn't die. She said, "That guy's got something. He hasn't died."

Vincent didn't care about others. He tilted his head and asked her, "What are you drinking?"

"Milk tea."

"Let me try some." Vincent reached out to her.

Emily handed the milk tea over. Who knew that the big hand did not take her milk tea, but instead pulled her arm to the front and took off her glasses. He kissed her on the lips.

"Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!" The guards were screaming.

Emily heard heart beating wildly, she didn't know whose heart it was. She clenched the cup of milk tea in her hand tightly and her heart trembled when Vincent stuck his tongue between her teeth.

The lights were turned on.

The game was over.

"Mr. Randy won! OMG! That guy is awesome!" Emily was led out of his seat blankly, and she heard the guards shouting in her ears. "I almost had a heart arrest when I saw the last scene. That guy went alone against 5 enemies!"

"Yeah, I thought they were gonna lose. All four of them are dead. Only he survived. I can't believe it! He did it! No, I want his autograph. What's his name again?!"

"Lord Top."

"I remember that Mr. Randy's ID was Top of the Tops?"

"Oh, I smell affair."

"..."

Emily was brought to the dining table downstairs before she regained her senses from the kiss she had with Vincent.

"Emily, what are you holding in your hand?" Mr. Rolando smiled as he looked at the two holding hands. His grandson was not an outgoing boy, and he never thought that he had the chance to see his kid get married in his lifetime. And now, here they were.

Mr. Rolando was relieved.

Emily lowered her head and saw that the milk tea in her hand had already been squashed. Fortunately, she had almost drunk it up.

Seeing the milk tea, she remembered the kiss in the shadows.

It was a lustful kiss.

It was hard to believe, but, indeed, she could truly feel Vincent's desire from that kiss, his red eyes, his burning aura, and...

"Eat." A voice interrupted her thoughts.

A small rib fell into her bowl, and Vincent's voice was hoarse and magnetic, just like the whisper he had made when he had just kissed her.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 120

Emily couldn't help but look up at the other side.

When Vincent ate and worked, his expression was somewhat indifferent. She observed him and occasionally felt that he was a little cold. But these days, she saw him busy in the study, often working until the latter half of the night. He only slept two hours before getting up. Immediately, she felt that his other kinds of expression had been exhausted by work. Perhaps indifference was the most suitable expression for him.

Probably sensing her gaze, Vincent suddenly looked up at her. His eyes showed an inexplicable surge of emotions.

Emily immediately regained her senses. She picked up a pork rib with chopsticks. Her lips were still stained with his aura. She reached out and wiped her lips with all her strength before biting the rib.

The sound of gnawing on the ribs coincided with the sucking sound coming from her cochlea, forming a duet. From time to time, the duet rang in her mind and her ears gradually turned red.

When Vincent saw her blush scarlet, a faint smile lifted the corner of his mouth.

Rex considerably turned on the phone calendar and handed it to Vincent.

Vincent didn't know what he meant.

Rex pointed to New Year's Eve and then to the current date. He showed the number with his fingers. "There are 73 days left. Mr. Vincent, hold on."

"Get lost."

Before Rex left, he showed Vincent the rainstorm warning on his phone.

"Mr. Vincent, there will be a rainstorm tonight."

Vincent nodded and looked at Emily calmly. Emily was chewing on her ribs with her pink lips stained with oil. She looked up, thinking that Vincent had something to say to her. Her big eyes were clear, as if they were filled with boundless galaxies and sparkling stars.

Emily waited for a long time. But Vincent reached out and wiped the corners of her lips with a tissue.

Then he went into the bedroom on the third floor and never came out.

A sudden heavy rain fell during the night. Emily listened to the sound on the window and was somewhat distracted. She thought that it would be very beautiful to draw the rain.

Rex came in with milk and said to her, "Mr. Vincent should go to bed early tonight. Miss Emily, good night. Don't stay up too late after reading."

"Alright."

Emily looked at the chock, finding that it was nine o'clock in the evening.

After she finished her homework, she did some research on stocks and noted down the recent gains and losses of the two stocks. Then, she turned off her computer and walked out of the study.

Three guards stood outside Vincent's room. They were holding blankets and medicine boxes in their hands. It looked like they were about to enter.

Emily asked in surprise, "What happened to Vincent?"

The guards replied in unison, "Nothing."

Emily suspiciously wanted to follow, but the door was closed by the guards who filed in.

Just as she was about to go inside, she saw the door was opened and Rex was standing by it.

She asked, "What's wrong with Vincent? Why did you take the medicine chest? Is he hurt?"

"No, Mr. Vincent just has a cold. He's afraid he'll infect you. After taking the medicine, he's gone to bed." Rex said.

"Got it."

Emily left doubtfully.

Why did Vincent suddenly catch a cold? He was fine during the meal.

Emily touched her lips. If he was afraid of infection, why did he kiss her so violently today?

After confirming that Emily left without looking back, Rex closed the door. The room was in total darkness, and the guards stood in the dark, blending into the night. Something in their hands emitted an ice-cold light.

Vincent was lying on the bed. The veins on his forehead and neck bulged, as if he was enduring great pain. His voice was hoarse. "Retreat!"

"Miss Emily has left." Rex whispered, "Mr. Vincent, take an injection. You're in too much pain."

"Take it away!" Vincent's expression was ferocious.

Rex had no choice but to wave at the guards. They looked at each other and finally left with the medicine chest in their arms.

The guards' hearts sank. On every rainy day, that scene would be on. They put the things back into the warehouse, stood there in a dull manner, and sighed.

Guard B said, "We should have let Emily in."

Guard A replied, "What are you talking about?"

Guard D said, "Mr. Vincent has his reason for being unwilling to take the injection. Doctors have said that relying on painkillers for a long time will produce side effects. Over time, he may lose his right leg."

Guard B returned, "But he took the injection readily on last rainy day. And last time at Tea Manor..."

Guard C explained, "He just came back from abroad at that time and he was in a hurry to see Emily."

Guard B said, "If we had allowed Emily to go to his room this time, he would definitely get an injection."

Guard C retorted, "Can you catch us? It's not good to get an injection!"

Guard B said, "Then do we have to watch him suffer like this?"

...

They fell silent.

A moment later, one of them said, "Wait, that TCM doctor had been making up his prescription."

"Is it true that Emily said that Mr. Vincent would die?" Guard B asked again.

No one answered him.

The crackling sound of the heavy rain falling on the windowpanes mixed with the rolling thunder in the distance. They seemed to be beating drums constantly so that people got irritated and felt uneasy.

At the corner, Emily stood there barefooted, staring blankly at the ground. Only when the thunder rang did she turn around and walk to her room, thinking of the night when Vincent came back.

Sitting beside the bed, he stared at her and asked, "Where's my present?"

However, it turned out that he had to pay a price for his appearance.

**

Hospital.

Eliot was reading on the hospital bed.

Elsie whispered, "Eliot, do you want some fruit?"

Eliot didn't say anything, so Elsie didn't disturb him anymore. She just sat quietly beside him.

She came over to talk to Eliot after class these few days. Then, she would stay until night and wait for Maury to take her home.

However, today, her father didn't come but some policemen did.

"Who is Eliot?" A policeman pushed the door open and came in, looking at the person on the bed first.

Eliot closed the book. "I am."

The policeman winked at the person behind him. Two policemen went forward and cuffed Eliot on the hospital bed. Elsie shouted, "Why are you arresting him? Let go of my brother!"

"Stop shouting." The policeman brushed off the rain on the brim of the hat. "Someone reported that you were suspected of intentional assault. He provided a diagnosis certificate issued by the hospital. It suggested he was seriously injured. We need to take you to the police station. Please cooperate."

"Intentional assault?" Eliot laughed and said self-deprecatingly, "I want to ask. Who else can I hurt given my current condition?"

Eliot had a splint on his neck, and his face was bruised. When he got out of bed, he seemed to be unable to stand normally and he needed to lean against the wall.

The policeman glanced at him and said, "We only believe in evidence. The other party reported you and provided all kinds of evidence against you. No matter what, you have to go with us and cooperate with the investigation."

"Alright." Eliot said to Elsie, "I'm fine. Tell Mom and Dad not to worry about me."

Elsie was extremely anxious. "Eliot!"