

# Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 121 - 130

Eliot was carried out by two policemen. It was late at night, but the hospital hall was still packed with people. It was raining heavily outside. Eliot looked up at the dark sky. The sound of the rain was mixed with thunder. Lightning tore a hole in the sky, leaving the people below looking so pale.

Previously, Eliot was certain that Marquise was taking revenge on him. Eliot now had a second thought. Marquise had been injured by him. Even if he wanted to take revenge, he needed to recover from his injuries. How could he be so impatient? However, the police said that Marquise had been seriously injured. Eliot suspected that Marquise was acting. Marquise might ask his own people to seriously beat him so as to send Eliot into the police station.

Eliot couldn't figure it out.

He looked out of the window. Under the thunder and lightning, he saw something flying through the rain from afar. He was somewhat surprised to see it carefully, but it was so fast that it disappeared without a trace in the blink of an eye.

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At eleven o'clock in the night, the little robot flew back to the garret and charged itself.

Trevor got up and got off the bed barefoot. Because he had not seen the sun for a long time, his skin was morbid pale. He was slender. When he squatted down, one could see his backbone bulge.

He touched the little robot's head, and a burst of light flashed across the wall. Then, a series of images appeared.

It was afternoon.

Noah probably went out, and Christy was alone in the room. Wearing glasses, she was tapping on the computer. She leant on the chair and waited for a while. Then paper came out from the printer.

She took off her glasses, picked up a picture and blew it. Then, she walked to a wall and torn off a poster on it, revealing the pictures and colorful markings underneath. Then, she took out a pen and re-circled a name, Ferne.

She then pinned Ferne's picture to the wall.

After everything was done, Christy lay on the sofa and involuntarily fell asleep. In the afternoon, she fell into a nightmare. She revealed fear on her face and she went into convulsion as she straightened up. Then, she randomly grabbed something beside her. Having reached a cup on the coffee table, she smashed it onto the ground. The glass let out a crisp sound. She finally woke up with tears.

She trembled and walked to the computer. She picked up a cigarette and a lighter. After taking a puff of the cigarette, she seemed to be freed from her nightmare. She opened the window and bathed herself in the afternoon sunlight.

Her beautiful eyes were filled with many emotions, such as despair, sadness, hesitation and confusion.

Suddenly, she glanced at the little robot in the room. She probably didn't know why there was such a doll in this place, but she didn't care. She just glanced at it casually and took a few more puffs of cigarettes. After the smoke dissipated, she closed the window.

Noah came in with some food. Having found the broken glass in the trash can, he swept gazes over the coffee table and saw that the cup on it was missing. Then he went to check his cigarette case and found that a cigarette was missing as well. He walked up to Christy and asked, "Did you have a nightmare?"

Christy did not deny it.

"Have something." Noah took out the food and placed it on the coffee table.

Christy did not move.

Noah sighed and walked over to hug her. "It's fine. It's over."

Trevor heard a noise and pressed the pause button.

"Mr. Trevor, are you hungry? I am here to serve you some food." A voice came from the door. A crack appeared at the side corner of the door. A tray was sent in. It was filled with all kinds of nutritious meals.

Before the servant left, he added, "It's raining outside. It's cool at night. Tuck in yourself and don't get a cold."

Trevor played the video again. Christy started to eat with a smile on her face. The action was frozen as the little robot looked up at Trevor.

Although Trevor and the little robot did not communicate, Trevor understood.

Trevor walked over to the tray and placed it on the bed. He looked at the girl who was eating with a big smile on the screen. He dug out a mouthful of rice with a spoon and stuffed it into his mouth.

The little robot on the ground automatically played the picture of Christy's eating. She was more beautiful than Arabella. But she did not eat like a fair lady. The picture gave people a good appetite.

When Trevor put down the spoon in his hand, the rice in the tray had been eaten up.

This was the first time he ate so much.

He put the tray back where it was and then went back to bed. The information on the computer was changing non-stop. He copied the information and then located it. Later, he typed in keywords to find more information. After screening it, he copied it, located it and sent it.

In the middle of the night, the siren of the police car mixed with the sound of the rain.

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Emily had another nightmare that night. Beverly embezzled public funds, Eliot was injured and hospitalized, her father and Harold died in a car accident, the Britt Group went bankrupt, and her house was mortgaged. In the end, she was stabbed to death by Elsie.

She opened her eyes, panting heavily at three o'clock in the morning.

She could not sit idly by and wait for death. She had to let Christy take the initiative to cooperate.

Thus, at three in the morning, she sent a message to Harold.

"Find an opportunity to kidnap Noah or Christy."

Harold, who had been woken up by the text message, looked at it silently.

'Is Miss Emily dreaming?'

"Go to the Dalton Hotel and wait for him." Emily added.

Harold was certain that Emily was serious.

"Keep an eye out for highly skilled doctors." Another message was sent over.

Harold looked at it for a long time and failed to understand it. He only replied, "Alright."

The rain outside the window had stopped. Emily lay back on the bed, but she was no longer sleepy. What the guards said rang in her mind. Finally, she got off the bed barefoot, opened the door, and walked through the corridor to the opposite of the study.

She twisted the handle gently.

The door opened.

The air was hot and dry. The curtains were completely drawn. It was pitch black all around, and Emily could not see her fingers. She carefully closed the door and stepped into the endless darkness.

She groped forward and finally reached the bed. She continued to touch the quilt, and then the long arms which were placed outside. Emily held Vincent's wide, slightly cocooned hand and felt his body temperature. Then she gently pressed her face against it.

In her nightmare, she dreamed that Vincent was dead for the first time.

Emily didn't know that the owner of this hand was watching all of this with his eyes open.

After Emily confirmed that Vincent was still alive, she turned around and walked out. Halfway through, she was held back and carried onto the bed.

Emily covered her mouth and did not make a sound. Vincent carried her into his arms and tucked her in. Then, he did not make any other movements. Emily pillowed on his long arm, and his aura surged into her nose.

After realizing that he was awake, she silently turned to face him. However, the room was too dark for her to see his face. She could only feel his breathing on her face. It was so hot.

She stretched out her hands gently and wrapped them around his neck.

Vincent stiffened slightly. In the next moment, he grabbed her back.

It was unknown how much time had passed. Vincent heard the sound of even breathing and realized that Emily had fallen asleep with her arms around his neck.

Vincent chuckled and tilted his head to kiss her earlobe.

What an adorable woman!

## Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 122

When Emily woke up, she was the only one left on the bed. She quickly washed up and had breakfast. When she entered the training room, she saw Vincent standing on the arena.

After observing, she discovered that Vincent did not use his legs very often.

Previously, she only knew that Vincent died after drinking traditional Chinese medicine, but she didn't know why Vincent took it.

Only now did Emily understand that Vincent had injured his leg, and the pain would be unbearable on a rainy day.

"Come up." Vincent threw a towel at her.

Emily subconsciously caught it. Then, she went up and wiped his sweat with the towel. The guards at the side looked at them embarrassedly while rounding their eyes wide open.

Emily looked at Vincent with only one thought in her mind. She could not watch him die.

After Emily wiped away his sweat, she stared fixedly at him. Because she was short, she had to look up at him.

Men always liked to wear black clothes. Vincent was in black, setting off his distinctly outlined face. Under his eyebrows, there was a pair of beautiful eyes. His eyelids slightly drooped and the outer corner of his eyes slightly raised. When he narrowed his eyes

slightly, he looked extremely dangerous and charming. His nose was tall and straight. His boldly nasal bone extended to his thin cut lips, as if it were carved.

Due to the sweat on his forehead, he loosened his collar slightly, revealing his exquisite collarbone and Adam's apple. He looked so manly.

Since Emily stared at Vincent for a long time, he couldn't help but ask curiously, "What's wrong?"

Emily said softly, "Vincent."

"What?"

"I slept you last night. I will be responsible for you." Emily stared at him and said seriously, "You are mine. You can't date other women, and you can't betray me."

The guards were shocked.

God! What was Emily going to do?

Rex was thrown into great shock.

Given the situation last night, how could Vincent be so horny?

Vincent said with a smile, "Alright."

The guards were in astonishment.

Vincent's and Emily's roles were reversed! 'Vincent, be tough!'

Vincent put his chin on Emily's shoulder and said in a husky voice, "Support me in the future."

Everyone present was overwhelmed by shock.

"Alright." Emily returned seriously, "I'll hold the purse strings. You should be more careful with money."

Vincent smiled, "Yes, madam."

The guards were startled.

Rex had a look of surprise.

Vincent must have been possessed.

The butler shouted outside the door, "Someone wants to talk with Miss Emily."

A bad premonition flashed through Emily's mind. Before she left, she held Vincent's hand and whispered, "Vincent, don't interfere in my business."

She was talking about her family's affairs.

Vincent understood her concerns and nodded.

They had just arrived downstairs when they saw Elsie, who seemed to be on the verge of tears. As Elsie saw Emily, her eyes turned red. "Emily! Eliot has been taken by the police!"

Rolando sat on the sofa and interrupted with some confusion, "Your brother has been taken away, and you should turn to your parents. What can Emily do for you?"

Elsie instantly turned pale.

Of course, she wanted to use this opportunity to test whether Emily was really retarded. Eliot had been hospitalized for so many days, but Emily did not pay a visit. She obviously didn't know that Eliot was hospitalized. Now that she heard that Eliot had been captured by the police, Elsie wanted to see how Emily would react. Moreover, Elsie wondered about Vincent's reaction. She couldn't believe that Vincent had allowed Emily to stay in the Scavo's for so many days.

Emily noticed that Elsie wore delicate makeup. After the rain, the weather had already turned cold. She was in a thin coat with knee-high boots, revealing a small part of her fair thighs.

Seeing Emily, Elsie said again anxiously, "Last night, a group of policemen rushed to the hospital and directly took Eliot away. Dad and mom went to the police station early this morning, but the police had to verify it before releasing Eliot."

Emily rounded her big eyes, as if she was frightened. She did not move for a long time.

Elsie didn't see her react and took another step forward, "Emily, follow me to the police station. We'll go home...."

Emily suddenly moved. She hid behind Vincent, as if she was especially afraid of Elsie.

The guards were impressed by Emily's act.

Elsie awkwardly stretched out her hand and smiled embarrassedly. "Emily?"

This scene was too familiar. Elsie vaguely remembered that Emily hid behind Vincent at the family banquet held by the Scavos.

However, Vincent, who was not close to women, did not throw Emily out. Vincent was surrounded by guards and his assistant. It seemed that this group of people had invisibly formed a barrier and put Emily under their protection.

But how could this be possible? How could Vincent protect Emily?

Rex went forward and said to Elsie, "You have scared Miss Emily. Please go back."

Elsie glared at Emily. "Emily, Eliot is so kind to you. You won't just sit there and watch him suffer, right?"

If Elsie weren't worried that she would give Vincent a bad impression, she would have pointed at Emily's nose and asked her, "Are you acting?"

Rolando was a little angry. "You are obviously older than my girl. As her elder sister, why don't you think of a way to solve the problem? Instead, you try to call your sister back. What ability does my girl have to save your brother from the prison?"

It took Elsie a long time to understand that Rolando referred to Emily as 'my girl'.

Elsie flushed red and she could not refute. She could only hurriedly say, "Sorry for my interruption. I'm going back first. I shouldn't have been so anxious."

As soon as Elsie left, Emily came out from behind Vincent. She frowned as she pondered. She thought that if the Buckleys were behind it, they would take revenge. However, she never expected that the Buckleys would take the most disgusting method—to call the police.

Marquise was beaten up in the hospital.

Emily almost forgot that Eliot definitely wouldn't be so impatient to payback. In other words, a third party got involved. This one beat up Marquise and framed Eliot.

They framed Eliot so as to send Eliot into the police station. What was their purpose?



To punish Eliot?

No, no, no.

Emily thought she must have missed something. There must be something more important than this. Otherwise, the other party would not have implemented this plan at such a tight time.

Rolando suddenly interrupted her thoughts. "Emily, if you don't like your sister, we won't let her in."

"I'm fine." Emily came back to her senses and said, "Thank you, Grandpa."

Rolando could tell at a glance that Emily just pretended to be scared in front of her sister. It had been a long time since Rolando met such a funny child. He waved his hand and said, "Don't worry, Emily. As long as you enter my house, you are my family. The Scavos will protect you. If you get into trouble, go home. Grandpa will protect you!"

Emily smiled at him. "Alright. I'm so happy that you will protect me."

She turned around and walked upstairs. After she entered the bathroom, she was about to call when she saw Vincent next to her. She raised her eyebrows in surprise. "Vincent, why..."

Vincent's kiss stopped her from saying anything else.

After they separated, she whispered, "Haven't you left yet?"

Vincent threw his wallet to her and said, "I have been waiting for you to give me loose change."

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Emily took his wallet seriously and flipped through it. She took out a hundred-dollar bill and handed it over. Then she muttered, "Don't waste money."

Vincent let out a chuckle. "Alright."

He left with the hundred-dollar bill.

On the way, Rex noticed that Vincent was in a good mood and asked, "Mr. Vincent, why are you so happy?"

"I received my living expenses." Vincent raised his eyebrows.

"Where?" Rex looked everywhere.

Vincent shook the hundred-dollar bill at his hands in the wind.

Rex was greatly shocked.

He watched Vincent carefully folded the hundred-dollar bill and put it into his lining pocket. Finally, he patted it lightly.

Feeling like jelly, Rex took a few steps and then cried while supporting the wall, "Please save him!"

## Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 123

Emily called Harold in the bathroom. "Beverly is about to make a move."

Harold was surprised, "How did you know?"

Emily exhaled, "I've been wondering why the mastermind was anxious to put Eliot in jail, and now I figure it out. That guy must be in league with the person behind Beverly and Christy. If I guess right, they're probably the same person!"

Harold was shocked, "Then what should I do?"

"I'm not going to stop Beverly, but I want to trick her into transferring the money to my account." Emily stared at herself in the mirror, her eyes shining with determination, "So we have to go after Noah and Christy now."

"Miss Emily," Harold suddenly said in amazement.

"What's up?"

Harold said, "Nothing. I just want to say you are awesome."

Emily asked, "What?"

Harold lowered his voice, "Noah really comes to the Dalton Hotel."

Emily whispered, "Stall him. I'll be right there."

"Alright."

After hanging up, Emily quickly changed her clothes. These days, she had been in her room and seldom went out. Thus, the winter clothes that Rex sent to her were just lying idle. Now they came in very handy. Emily threw some clothes on and walked out.

She remembered something halfway and said to the guard behind her, "I might not be back this afternoon. Ask the three teachers to take a day off."

The three men were all old, so Emily would like to call them teachers.

The guard nodded, "OK."

Emily wore a mask and told Rolando that she had to go out before leaving the villa.

By a happy coincidence, a taxi just stopped at the gate. Emily jumped into the car. Luckily, the guard was agile enough to catch up with her. Otherwise, he had to run after her in the cold winter.

Emily stared at him, "Why are you following me?"

The guard answered, "Mr. Vincent told me to protect you."

Emily nodded and didn't ask again.

The guard felt it strange that her vibe totally changed after she left the villa. She turned frosty and radiated coldness. It was like she involuntarily armed herself with indifference when she was out, preventing others from seeing her tenderness.

She was exactly the same as Vincent in this respect.

Emily got off the car and dashed to the Dalton Hotel, leaving the guard to pay the bill. Worrying that he couldn't catch up with Emily, the guard threw the driver a hundred yuan and said, "Let me use your car when we meet next time. This is the fare."

The driver smiled, "Alright."

However, he didn't believe that he would meet the two people again in such a large city.

Upon arrival at the hotel, Emily headed straight for the back door to meet Harold. They greeted each other and directly went down through the corridor to the lobby.

Noah was here to dine with his client. Last time, Noah had taken off his mask and showed Ferne his face. Thus, Ferne recognized Noah when passing the lobby. However, he didn't step up to say hi but just instructed the waiter to serve them some dessert.

It was only nine o'clock in the morning. Noah's client was probably staying in the Dalton Hotel, so he made an appointment with Noah to have breakfast there. They were eating and chatting, seeming to have a good time.

Emily frowned and was trying to think of a way, "You deceive him into the private room and tie him up."

Harold was startled. He didn't dare to say that Emily was a cute and simple girl anymore.

"Take a cloth with you in case he shouts." Something just occurred to Emily, "Can you defeat him?"

Harold shook his head, "I don't know, but I'll try my best."

A voice suddenly sounded, "Just knock him out when he's not looking."

Emily and Harold turned around.

Ferne smiled, "Hi, Emily."

Emily was surprised.

She didn't expect that Ferne could recognize her.

Today she was in a coat with a pure white sweater and pencil pants. However, she covered her face with a scarf, so how could Ferne recognize her without efforts?

It was because Ferne recognized Harold. He had seen Harold standing at the back door, so he guessed that Emily would come over too. He was right, but he didn't expect her target to be Noah.

He squatted down and stared at Noah, hiding the doubt in his eyes and asking, "You want to tie him up? It's simple."

Emily eyed him dubiously.

Harold asked, "Mr. Ferne, what do you got?"

Ferne fixed his hair and said, "It's a piece of cake." Then he stood up and gestured to them, "Look."

He walked a few steps to Noah and asked if he and his client enjoyed the breakfast. Then he stared at Noah and said in shock, "It turns out that you're a regular customer here. Hope you like our food. Well, I've got a nice bottle of red wine. Do you want to have a try? I'll be in the private room. Just come to me later."

Noah politely nodded with a smile.

Ferne walked straight to the private room without looking at Emily and Harold. Emily silently gave him a thumbs up and appreciated his wits.

Not long after, Noah got up and walked towards the private room. After he entered the room and closed the door, Emily stood up and went through the lobby to the private room with Harold. As she put her hand on the doorknob, the door was open and Noah was lying on the ground.

Emily was thunderstruck.

She goggled at Ferne with admiration.

Ferne coughed, "I'm not bragging. I'm far better at Sanda than my friends."

Harold respectfully said to him, "Let's have a friendly competition later."

Ferne said, "You'd better not. I'm afraid that you'll get injured."

Harold replied, "It's fine. I can bear it."

They quickly entered the private room and closed the door. Harold squatted down to check Noah's belongings and confiscated his phone, wallet and ID card.

Ferne swallowed his saliva and changed the topic. "Why do you kidnap him? I won't do anything illegal."

"We won't do illegal things."

"Is there a basement?"

Harold and Emily said at the same time. Ferne was silent for a moment and glanced at Harold, who was astounded. Then he turned to look at Emily, finding that she remained cool and calm.

“You want to keep him in the basement? Hold him ... prisoner?” Ferne scanned Emily suspiciously and finally couldn’t help but say, “Emily, Vincent is nice to you. You can’t do this behind his back. Although this guy looks handsome and has a good figure, but....”

Emily interrupted him, “Not as handsome as Vincent. Actually, Vincent is in better shape.”

Ferne was confused.

He suddenly regretted having helped Emily, and now he couldn’t stay out of it. He nerved himself to ask, “Then what are you...?”

“I want you to lock him up for a few days,” Emily said.

“Me?” Ferne pointed at his nose in surprise.

“Yes, it’s safer to let you do this.”

Ferne waved, “No, it’s not okay. People will misunderstand me.”

“Misunderstand what?” Emily looked up at him.

Ferne didn’t know how to explain it.

After a while, he said, “If my wife finds out....”

Emily said, “Then you can take the chance to divorce her.”

Ferne was astonished.

He was at a loss for words now.

## Billionaire’s Reborn Baby Chapter 124

After checking Noah’s belongings and taking his phone and wallet, Harold gave those things to Emily and then searched further. However, he found nothing more.

Emily took the phone and unlocked it with Noah's fingerprint. Then she deleted the code on the phone and decisively put it into her pocket.

Ferne was dumbfounded as he watched her do that dexterously.

He almost couldn't help but ask whether Emily was so experienced.

"Are you sure you can lick him?" Emily asked again before leaving, "How did you knock him out?"

Ferne was embarrassed to answer that.

Just now, he quickly held Noah and struck him as soon as Noah came over and opened the door.

Ferne hit him fast, hard and accurately.

That was the key to win a fight.

Although his behavior was shameful, he had no choice in that he seemed to be weaker than Noah. When Noah fell on the ground, it made a loud sound. This meant that Noah was strong, though he looked thin. Ferne felt that he couldn't hang on for very long if he really fought with Noah.

Seeing that Ferne kept silent, Emily didn't ask again but instructed Harold to get a rope. Afterwards, she asked, "Ferne, is there a basement?"

Ferne sighed, "Yes, there is a wine cellar."

"It's okay, as long as no one goes there," Emily said.

"..."

Ferne couldn't help but ask, "Emily, what are you trying to do? Do you have a grudge against him? Just tell me your plan. I can lock him here, but I don't know how to treat him."

"It's up to you. But remember not to let him get away." Emily looked down at Noah and then gazed at Ferne, "I don't think you can beat him even with a stick."

She could tell from Noah's broken eyebrows that he wasn't a pushover. Moreover, she had seen his sturdy chest when Harold searched Noah's inner pocket.

On cue, Harold whispered to Emily, "It looks like Noah works out every day. He is muscular."

Ferne felt hurt.

He silently looked at his flabby tummy and took a deep breath, holding his stomach in. He tried to get himself some abs, but in vain.

Finally, he gave up.

Harold found a rope and tied Noah's hands and feet. Then Ferne got a serving cart and put Noah at the bottom, transporting him to the cellar.

Before leaving, Emily looked around and took a picture of Noah who had been tied. She saved the picture and said to Ferne, "I'll come to take him away a week later at the latest."

Ferne was disappointed.

He regretted having asked her that question just now!

After Emily and Harold left, Ferne sat in the cellar and looked at the red wines gloomily. "Damn it! How should I explain to him if he suddenly wakes up?"

"How do you want to explain?" A voice came from behind.

Ferne slowly turned around and found Noah waking up and sitting on the floor. Even though his hands and feet were tied, he was still graceful and handsome. He was smiling with a dimple in his cheek. But in the meantime, he raised his broken brows and looked a little aggressive.

He had been thinking about how to trap Ferne in the past few days, but he didn't expect himself to be kidnapped by Ferne now.

Good.

Very good.

Ferne didn't speak.

He suddenly had a bad feeling.



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After Emily came out, the guard hiding in the shadows followed her again.

"I'll go to the police station. You can go back now," Emily said to Harold.

Harold nodded and quickly disappeared.

Soon, the guard got a taxi. When the taxi stopped, Emily and the driver sitting in the back seat looked at each other in shock.

The guard sat behind the wheel and smiled at the driver through the rearview mirror, "Hello, what a coincidence!"

The driver was speechless with anger.

He was the one who had sent Emily to the Dalton Hotel just now. The driver had been avoiding to get close to the hotel, but he saw a man in white standing at the entrance and waving at him for several times. However, he couldn't find that guy every time he drove over.

Just now, the driver finally found the man in white, but then he discovered that the guy was actually in black after taking off his coat.

The driver was mad.

Soon, they arrived at the police station. Emily didn't get off and said to the guard, "You go in and check on my brother. His name is Eliot."

Then the guard walked in.

Although he was just a guard, many people in City Y had seen their uniforms. Thus, people could tell that he was from the Scavo family with a glance at his clothes.

The moment he entered the police station, everyone turned to look at him.

An incoming policeman didn't know him and wanted to shout at him, but a senior policeman quickly stopped the new police. Then, the captain came over and asked, "May I help you?"

"I want to see Eliot," the guard said.

The policemen looked at each other and then pointed at a large cell full of people. The guard walked over and found Eliot sitting on the ground. Eliot was probably a little tired and was sleeping with his eyes closed.

The guard took a picture with his phone.

The policemen got nervous, "What is he doing? Why would Mr. Vincent interfere with it?"

After all, the Britt family was going under. That was why the policemen dared to snub Eliot. Now that Vincent sent his guard to visit Eliot, the policemen all became nervous and uneasy.

The police chief immediately instructed, "Give Eliot a private cell with a bed."

Then Eliot was woken up in a daze and felt himself lifted onto a bed.

He looked at the policeman in puzzlement and asked, "What's happening? When can I leave?"

The policeman thought that Eliot asked the question just on purpose, for Eliot should know the answer.

Even so, the policeman still answered seriously, "After we investigate it and make sure you have an alibi."

Eliot closed his eyes again.

The guard gave the phone back to Emily. She took a look at the photo and said, "Let's go home."

The guard was a little confused.

Emily looked fragile, but sometimes she was stronger than anyone else. She was more mature and stable than people at her age.

The guard sat in the driver's seat and drove to the Scavo's. When he got off the car, he looked at the meter and saw that the fare was sixty.

Before he could speak, the driver hastened to give him twenty yuan, "Here is your change. Goodbye."

With that, he got into his car and sped away.

'Damn it! I've heard that one of my colleagues was robbed of the car and was stuffed into the trunk. The robber was in black and gave him fifty yuan in the end.'

Cool but stingy.

The driver thought about it and felt the person he had just met was the same as the robber.

What a bastard! That guy even tricked a little girl into helping him deceive people! Damn it!

Emily looked at the guard in confusion and asked hesitantly, "Why did the driver look at me with a strange expression?"

The guard answered, "Maybe he is just dazzled by your beauty."

"..."

Emily said, "But I feel he's scared..."

"There is a saying that the prettier a woman is, the more dangerous she is. So his fear is understandable," the guard lied and complimented Emily calmly.

Emily was startled.

## Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 125

Rolando was waiting for Emily at the door. When he saw she was back, he immediately turned around and walked towards the hall, "I'll go check if lunch is ready."

Emily didn't know how to react.

The butler whispered, "Mr. Rolando has been waiting for you at the door since the moment you left. He's worried that you won't come back after getting out."

In Emily's memory, Matthew never waited for her to come home, nor did he try to make her laugh when he saw her.

He only talked to her on New Year's Day like doing his job, "Here's your lucky money."

She learned everything about emotions from her mother and Eliot, as well as her father, and even Sydnee and Kamron that she knew later. But then Kamron tricked her, and Sydnee passed away. Eliot had to be hospitalized, and her father also died.

All those things happened one after another.

In the end, her feelings were completely taken away when Elsie stabbed a knife into her chest.

“He has lost both his son and daughter.” The butler sighed, “He has almost lost Mr. Vincent, too. It took Mr. Rolando half of his life to get Mr. Vincent back.”

This was the first time Emily had heard of Vincent’s childhood. However, the butler realized that he had said too much. He patted his lips and said, “I also heard about it from others. The previous butler died when I came here. I heard that he had worked for Mr. Rolando for half his life.”

Emily did not say anything. She nodded and walked into the hall.

Rolando waved to her, “Come here, Emily. We’ll have crabs for lunch today.”

“That’s great.” Emily smiled at him at a distance.

Rolando was Vincent’s last family, so he was also her family.

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In the President’s Office of the Scavo Corp.

Rex came in and asked, “Mr. Vincent, should I order food from that hotel like usual?”

Vincent, who was sitting in front of the computer, replied without raising his head, “No.”

“Then what do you want to eat today?” Rex took out a tablet, “There are only five hotels in City Y which you have given five stars. You have ordered food from four of them in the past few days, so there is only one left today.”

After typing on the computer, Vincent tilted his head and asked, “Can you find meals that are fifteen each?”

Rex was confused.

He suspected that he had got it wrong. He even picked his ears.

Vincent was reluctant to take out the one-hundred banknote from his chest, "Give me one of those."

Rex was even more confused.

Mr. Vincent! Was that really necessary?

"My wallet." Vincent held out his hand and Rex quickly handed over the wallet to him. And then he watched as Vincent took out a one-hundred banknote and handed it over to him, "I'll lend you a hundred."

Rex was confused again.

"I have to save up." Vincent rubbed the bridge of his nose, smiling with his eyes narrowed, "After all, I will have to rely on her to support us in the future."

Rex thought he was going to die as he heard that.

So Rex, the special assistant to the president of the Scavo Corp went downstairs with the one-hundred banknote in his hand. On the way down, he met a lot of employees of the company. All of them greeted him and asked, "Rex, are you going for lunch now? Where are you going?"

Rex smiled and asked, "Could you please tell me where I can get a meal that only costs fifteen?"

All the employees were shocked.

They all wondered whether their company was going to go bankrupt, since Rex could only afford to eat a meal for fifteen now!

An employee showed him the way and told him, "There is a small food stall there. They probably offer inexpensive meals, but takeout costs extra money. A box costs two."

Rex frowned, "Two for a box. That's over budget." Because Vincent's budget was fifteen.

The employee was speechless with surprise.

Rex couldn't even afford a meal that only costs fifteen! The employee thought it was going to be the end of the world and that she was going to be jobless soon.

Hoping to accomplish the mission, Rex ran to the food stall with a sad face. The decoration of the food stall was no match for other restaurants at all. Rex hesitated for a long time before getting closer.

The lady owner was a perceptive woman. When she saw that the white-collar man was wearing a nice suit, a tie, and a pair of leather shoes, she knew he was definitely an elite in the CBD. And judging from his appearance, he must be a member of a middle or upper management team. The way he glanced through the menu also showed that he was rich.

The lady owner hurriedly came up to Rex and said, "Young man, what can I get you? We have all sorts of food here, but it's cheaper than outside. Their food is more expensive, but their food is not better than ours. So, what would you like to have?"

Rex pointed at the menu, "Stir-fried noodles." He whispered, "Can you make it cheaper without shredded meat?"

The lady owner went blank.

She thought the young man must have just been fired.

"Can I just pay one for the box?" Rex asked, trying not to blush.

The lady owner was dumbfounded.

She thought the young man's company must have gone bankrupt!

When Rex went back with the box of stir-fried noodles without shredded meat, he felt he didn't have the courage to face the other employees there. He went to the entrance of the building.

A group of employees were sticking their noses on the glass wall, "Hey, what's this on the wall? Why can't I wipe the stain away?"

They were peeking at the meal box in Rex's hand while pretending they were cleaning the wall. They were convinced that Rex had gone to the small food stall!

A receptionist had just returned from lunch when she saw Rex, so she asked casually, "Rex, where did you buy this meal box? Quite expensive, isn't it?"

Good Heavens! She was so good at flattering Rex. She asked that question without even looking at the meal box.

Rex adjusted his collar, trying to make himself look like an elite, "It costs fifteen."

The receptionist was stunned.

So did all the employees who had been peeking.

They wondered whether the company was going to reduce the staff.

Rex carried the meal box to the President's Office, put the box and the change on the desk, "Eighty-five left."

As he turned around, he saw a few hairy crabs and a food box on the tea table.

A guard was taking out the dishes in the food box one by one, "Miss Emily said she will be responsible for Mr. Vincent's three meals in the future because he doesn't have a lot of living expenses. She also said that you can only eat half of a crab. She had got the meat out and put it in a bowl. The other crabs are for your assistant, Rex."

Rex was overjoyed, but then he saw Vincent point at the stir-fried noodles that he had bought and heard him say, "Don't waste the food. You can have my noodles."

"What about those crabs for me ..." Rex wanted to tell Vincent that he should let him eat the crabs first, since Emily said those were only for him.

"Oh," Vincent said, "you can have them after you finish eating the noodles."

Rex didn't know how to react.

A heated discussion was going on in the internal WeChat group of the Scavo Corp's.

"Big news! Poor Rex is hiding in the tea room eating 15-buck stir-fried noodles alone with a said face!"

A photo was uploaded.

In the photo, Rex was sitting in the tea room, eating stir-fried noodles in despair. He looked occasionally back in the direction of the office. As he thought about the crabs, he couldn't help but slobber. But when he looked at the stir-fried noodles, he regretted not asking the owner of the food stall to add some eggs for extra money. The fried noodles didn't even have shredded meat in it...

"Sobbing. Is Rex going to be sacked?"

“Our president is really too ruthless! I’m crying.”

“It’s so difficult to be in the president’s company. Sigh. I felt sorry for Rex!”

When Rex returned to his seat with a face full of despair after eating the stir-fried noodles, he discovered that there was a lot of food on his desk, including bread, nuts, other snacks, and even a cup of coffee. And there were a few sticky notes on his computer.

“Rex! It’ll be okay!”

“A red heart for you! Rex! Eat well!”

“Hang in there! We will always back you!”

Rex felt confused once again.

## Billionaire’s Reborn Baby Chapter 126

Noah did not return or send a message even in the afternoon.

Christy turned on her phone to check where he was. Only then did she find out that Noah’s phone was not located in the Dalton Hotel, but in.... Two words, “the Scavo’s”, were shown on the screen.

The Scavo’s?

He was at the Scavo’s?

No, if he changed his plan temporarily, he would have told her in advance for sure. Why would he go to the Scavo’s without saying a word?

Christy immediately prepared herself for the worst. Noah might be under someone’s control. That person took away Noah’s phone and was waiting for her to contact him.

Noah had never failed in so many years. It seemed that he had encountered a strong rival this time.

The “strong rival”, Ferne Dalton, was cursing in his heart while trying to maintain the smile on his face.



He looked at Noah and said, "It's not me that caught you and took you here."

Noah smiled sinisterly, "Oh?"

Ferne didn't know what to say.

Well, it seemed that the misunderstanding would remain.

He sat on a wooden bench by their side and said, "You should have seen it in the news."

The organizer of the bachelors' party had already been sent to a trial. Since the materials of the case were submitted in time and Ferne had been helping them, that organizer would be convicted for sure. People behind him had probably abandoned him, too. However, he still refused to withdraw his previous remarks or admit his guilt. He still pretended that he did not know about the girl who had died and been founded in the trunk of his car, even when both witnesses and material evidence were there.

The police had worked hard for several days, but they only caught a scapegoat who refused to admit his guilt in the end.

The guests who had gone to the party also covered for each other, saying that with everyone wearing masks, they did not know who the organizer was, who the other guests were, or what had happened to the girl in the trunk.

In their words, "Everyone comes here to have fun. Who cares who the others are? We just want to enjoy ourselves!"

The girl's death was also like a joke. No one knew why a girl had died there, or what it had to do with them. Most of them repeated the same sentence in the police station, "Why on earth would I know?"

In order to avoid causing an unnecessary panic, in the news the group of people arrested in the middle of the night were described as gamblers.

The world always preached beauty and wrapped ugliness and dirt under a beautiful cover. As a result, people were tricked by the beautiful appearance and then fell into an abyss all the time.

Noah didn't say anything, because all of those were within his expectations.

There were bugs all over the world. They crowded together and flourished by reproduction like maggots in a cesspool.

What the police had destroyed was just one of their dwellings. But the police didn't know that their dwellings were everywhere in the world.

Ferne turned to look at him. "I know what you're thinking, but if you really know something, I hope you won't act alone. I hope you can trust us this time."

"Trust you?" Noah curled up his lips slightly, smiling ironically, "Are you also a police officer?"

"I used to be."

"Why are you not now?"

Ferne didn't answer. He wanted to say that he quit because he went home to get married and to inherit his family's property, but he knew that was just an excuse. In his heart, that was not the real reason.

Noah suddenly said, "Three years ago, in the Fortune Jewelry case, a robber escaped through the back door. The captain chased him because he was too eager to get a reward. But he was taken hostage by another robber hiding at the back door in the end."

Ferne glared at him with his eyes widened, clenching his fists subconsciously.

"Letting the two robbers run away was no big deal, but you didn't want to give up that opportunity to seize them. In the fight, your team member sacrificed himself to save you." Noah raised his eyebrows with a cut slightly, and his rough gaze was cast on Ferne's pale face, "And you, out of anger, shot four bullets into a robber's head."

Ferne suddenly exploded and punched Noah, "You did that on purpose!"

Noah dodged his punch by a few millimeters, but right after that, Ferne's second punch came, "You could have warned me that night, but you didn't! That girl could have lived!"

The second punch was landed exactly on Noah's face. As his arms and legs were tied up, Noah couldn't dodge the second punch at all.

Ferne rode on Noah's body to punch his face with all his strength as he roared, "But you want that girl dead, so you can provoke me! Is that right?"

"So that I would willingly send that trash to prison!"

"So that I would go all out to dig out their hiding place guiltily!"

"Is that right?"

His eyes were bloodshot, and tears almost welled up. Lying on the floor, Noah pressed the tip of his tongue against his cheek. Although his boldly outlined face and straight eyebrows made him look upright, his eyes were filled with disdain. As if he was trying to provoke Ferne, he said something irritating again, "I thought it would take you some time to realize that."

"You bastard!" Ferne punched him again, "Bastard! That's a life!"

"I know that's a life!" Noah's hit Ferne on the forehead with his head, "But many people have lost their lives and you didn't even notice them!"

Ferne was knocked dizzy. He was not knocked over only because he had immediately grabbed Noah's collar tightly.

Noah swept his teeth with the tip of his tongue and he tasted blood. His cut eyebrow was raised high and his eyes were filled with violent rage as he said, "You want a fight? Untie the ropes and let's have a fight!"

The two of them did not notice that the door of the wine cellar was opened. A waitress walked down from outside and saw them after a few steps.

The eyes of the three of them met.

Ferne was silent.

So was Noah.

And so was the waitress.

The waitress hurriedly lowered her head and headed out, and then she closed the door again tightly. A waiter who was waiting for her outside asked, "Where is the wine the guest wants? Why didn't you bring it out?"

The waitress hemmed and hawed with her head lowered. The waiter sighed, "Forget it. I'll go get it myself."

"No, there're people inside."

"So what?"

The waitress blushed and didn't know how to explain.

The waiter suddenly thought of something. He could tell there was gossip, "What did you see?"

"I saw our boss."

"With a girl?" The waiter was convinced that their boss didn't like his wife and was hiding a mysterious mistress somewhere, but he could never have thought that their boss would hide his mistress in the wine cellar! How exciting!

"With a man." The waitress recalled the scene she had just seen and blushed again.

The waiter was dumbfounded as if he had eaten something disgusting, "What?"

"Our boss is riding on a man."

The waiter was shocked as he thought that was some kind of game in sex.

"That man is tied up. He can't move, and he seems to be struggling."

The waiter's jaw dropped.

He could never have thought that their boss was a player!

"Untie the ropes. Let's have a good fight." Lying on his back, Noah felt his neck was stiff because he had been raising his head for a long time. He lay back on the floor and said angrily, as if his voice was also stained with blood, "Untie them."

"Do you really think I'm that stupid?" Ferne stood up and looked down at him, "How can I be any match for you?"

Noah didn't know what to say.

Ferne took a photo of Noah's face and then walked out with his phone.

"Hey! Aren't you afraid that others will come in and find me?" Veins appeared on Noah's forehead as he knitted his brows. At that moment, the rough outline of his face was somewhat frightening, and he was surrounded in an aura of anger and hostility.

Ferne nodded, "You do have a point."

He found a lock from the cabinet and smiled at Noah, "Don't worry, no one will find you now."

Noah kept quiet.

He pressed the tip of his tongue against his cheeks again as he watched the door of the wine cellar close. He only had one thought in his mind.

If he could caught Ferne in the future, he would teach him a lesson.

After Ferne got out of the wine cellar, he immediately made a call, "Help me look up a guy. The name is Rodney Patrick. It might be a fake name. I have sent his photo to you on WeChat. See if you can get his file. Also, erase the record. Don't let anyone discover that we are looking for his file. And don't tell anyone, including the captain."

Not long after, Ferne got the information.

Ferne could tell at a glance that the information was fake. Fortunately, at least he knew his real name was Noah Sachs.

After saying thank you and his warning to the informant again, Ferne went to the garage, got out his car and headed straight for the Pecker's.

It seemed like he must ask Trevor for help.

## Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 127

At exactly four o'clock in the afternoon, Trevor got out of bed barefooted. The heating in his room was on all the time since it was fall. The temperature in the room was kept constant all year round, and the humidity there was controlled by a humidifier.

He looked at his computer and saw a location sent by Eleven. Christy had left for the Dalton Hotel. She probably didn't find Noah, so she went back.

He clicked on the video and the video was projected onto the wall. Christy was eating on the sofa. It was a bun which she had probably bought on the way. She took one bite and the stuffing was exposed. The bun was a little too hot, so she blew on it. She ate it while staring at the location information on her phone. She saw that Noah's phone was still shown to be at the Scavo's.

Somehow, Trevor felt hungry as he watched her eat. There were snacks in his room. If the servants did not bring him food in time, he could eat those snacks or ring a bell to remind the servants. But he had never rang the bell.

Christy bought five buns with different stuffing in total. She had eaten three, and put aside the rest two. And then she made herself a hot drink and curled up on the sofa, holding the cup.

When she was in a trance, she could just sit there for a whole afternoon, looking quietly at the curtains. Even though she lived in a high-end villa, she still didn't dare to open the windows at any time for fear of being discovered.

It was as if she was living in a gorgeous palace. Everything around her was perfect except that she herself was rotten.

Noah had lost contact with her, but she had to wait. Perhaps he had just lost his phone, so she shouldn't panic now.

Waiting was her strongest suit.

She picked up the unfinished buns and ate them up bite by bite.

The servants at the Pecker's heard the sound of the bell for the first time. Many of them crowded under the garret in surprise, "This means ... Mr. Trevor is hungry?"

Another servant was overjoyed as he ran down from the garret, "Hurry up! Mr. Trevor wants to eat steamed buns!"

"I'll go buy some! Let me go! What kind of stuffing does he want?"

"I'll go too!"

The butler rushed over. When he figured out what was going on, he immediately asked, "Wait a moment. How did you know that Mr. Trevor wants to eat steamed buns?"

The servant immediately took out a piece of paper and said, "I took this out from the garret. That's Mr. Trevor's handwriting. This is the first time Mr. Trevor has ever said he wants to eat something! What are you all waiting for! Hurry up! Go and buy steamed buns!"

The note was passed through the hands of more than a dozen servants and was finally passed to Mr. and Mrs. Peck. Mrs. Peck cried as she held the note.

“Our son has written something! He wants to eat steamed buns!”

“This is a good thing. Stop crying.” Mr. Peck tried to comfort her.

“Hurry up and buy some buns!” After Mrs. Peck saying that to the servants, she cried again as she read the note carefully again, “I wonder how delicious those buns are.”

Mr. Peck was not sure what to say.

When Ferne arrived at the Pecker’s, he saw a group of servants waiting under the garret, chattering about something.

“He ate it! He ate it!” Suddenly, a voice came from above, “Mr. Trevor likes custard buns!”

Ferne was confused.

Only then did those servants see him and invite him up hurriedly, “Are you here to see Mr. Trevor? He is eating at the moment.”

Ferne nodded and waited there for about ten minutes as he was told before knocking on the door.

The garret was still filled with the smell of steamed buns. Normally, Ferne would definitely joke about it, but he was not in the mood at all today. He spoke as soon as he entered the garret, “Trevor, I would like to ask you to look up someone for me.”

As soon as he pushed the door open, he saw a pile of paper on the carpet.

That was exactly Noah Sachs’s information.

“Holy shit, you’re amazing! How did you know I want his information?” Ferne was shocked. He picked up the paper and looked around nervously, “Don’t scare me.”

Although it was afternoon, it was dark in the garret since the curtains there were completely closed and light could only get in from the door. And Trevor snuggled in his bed in the dark, motionless.

Ferne took a few steps towards the bed, “Why don’t you speak?” He glanced around, “Where’s Eleven?”

Trevor remained silent, so Ferne could only put down the two boxes of chocolates he had brought with him, took the pile of paper and turned around to leave.

Apart from Vincent, and perhaps Arabella as well, no one dared to lift the curtain in Trevor's room.

Trevor's eyes were fixed on the computer screen. In the pictures transmitted back by Eleven, Christy had a nightmare again. She covered her neck with her hands painfully, kicked her legs with her eyes shut. She grimaced as she almost suffocated in her own dream.

It had lasted for 30 seconds.

If she didn't wake up, she would die in her dream.

Trevor took over the control of the robot temporarily by typing on his keyboard. He typed in a series of codes, and on the computer screen, the little robot began to climb onto the tea table. And then it picked up the cup of hot drink and threw it to the floor.

There was a loud bang.

Christy, who was lying on the sofa, finally woke up from her dream. She panted and coughed for a long time while covering her neck with her hands. When she finally calmed herself down, she raised her hand to wipe the sweat off her forehead and stared blankly at the broken cup on the floor.

She couldn't remember if she had smashed the cup herself.

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Ferne took the pile of paper and headed straight back to the hotel.

But something happened in the hotel. A guest had left his valuables in the pocket of his clothes, but they were gone when his clothes were sent back from a dry cleaner.

Those clothes had gone through six people's hands, even excluding Ferne's hotel's own staff. The dry cleaner was just their cooperative partner, so it was not situated inside the hotel. Ferne checked surveillance cameras' footage, interrogated the waiters, and then communicated with the guest.

He didn't remember that he hadn't read the information until he finally sat down for dinner.

However, as soon as he began to read the information and saw Noah's name, he clapped his hand on his thigh and said, "Damn, I forgot about him."



From morning to night, Noah had not drunk anything, let alone having any food.

Ferne hurried to the wine cellar.

As expected, Noah was lying on the floor with his eyes closed when Ferne opened the door.

Harold was a veteran, and the ropes he had used were field ropes which were extremely difficult to untie. Noah could not untie the ropes after trying for a whole afternoon. He had grazed his wrists, and the ropes were soaked in blood.

Ferne brought in a tray with food and a hot drink on it. He had to walk down the stairs, but he staggered because he missed one step. He could only rush down, but the cup on the tray tipped over. He was anxious to mend his way, but the hot drink was spilled at a speed faster than he could walk.

“Holy shit!”

Noah opened his eyes and squinted at Ferne. Noah’s voice was filled with anger, “It wasn’t spilled on you. Why are you shouting?”

Ferne didn’t know how to react.

He hurriedly put the tray down and turned around to wipe the water off Noah’s chest with a wiping cloth, and then he pulled him up from the floor, “Come on. Eat something.”

The way Ferne had treated Noah made him so annoyed that he even wanted to kill Ferne. But Noah cooled off a bit and squinted at Ferne when he heard his words, “How should I eat?”

Ferne looked at his bleeding wrists and said, “I won’t release you in any case. You can find a way to eat by yourself.”

The wine cellar was filled with an intoxicating smell. Noah had been lying there for a long time, so he felt dizzy and drowsy. When he was pulled up, he couldn’t help but asked Ferne while leaning against the stone wall beside him, “You should at least tell me why you tie me up, right?”

But Ferne really couldn’t tell him it was Emily’s idea.

“You want money or my life?” Noah looked at him disdainfully and said, “Don’t tell me you’ve taken a fancy to me and want my body.”

Ferne was dumbfounded.

## Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 128

Ferne rolled his eyes at Noah and got up to leave.

Noah frowned as he saw the dishes on the ground. Feeling thirsty, he could not help shouting, "Come back!"

However, Ferne left without turning back.

Noah was so angry that he imagined strangling him again and again.

After a few minutes, Ferne returned with a pair of scissors and handcuffs in his hand.

Noah said nothing but silently closed his legs tight.

Seeing that, Ferne smiled, "Hey, you need to show some respect, otherwise..." He threatened by taking the scissors to Noah's crotch.

Noah glared at Ferne immediately, which seemed like he would chop him if Ferne dared.

Ferne snorted. He handcuffed Noah's arms and legs, and then cut the rope with a pair of scissors.

"Just stay here! I will bring you food and drinks."

Ferne looked at the time. It was time for him to go back to audit and check the reports. There was no time to waste.

When he returned, he could no longer find Noah's information and even forgot where to put it. Checking the security video, he found that his information was lying on the table and a cleaning lady accidentally knocked over those papers into the cleaning bucket, so she poured them into the sewer...

Ferne was speechless.

He held his head in agony.

If he asked Trevor for information again, would he ignore him?

Meanwhile, Christy received a picture message. There was Noah lying on the ground with his eyes closed, not knowing whether he was alive or dead.

From: Emily Britt.

She called right away, "What do you mean?"

Emily had just finished bathing. Now, she was standing in the bathroom, wrapping a towel around herself and saying, "I told you before that I want to cooperate with you."

"Where is he? Let me hear his voice first." Christy put out the cigarette and walked into the living room in bare feet. However, her foot was hurt by shards of a wine glass that she broke and did not clean up in the afternoon. She took out the shards with pain, turned on the light, and then walked to the computer.

The location of Noah's Phone was still at the Scavo's.

Emily was living in the Scavo's, so what was her relationship with Vincent?

"Christy, I hope you know my purpose." Emily said huskily. She drew this afternoon as usual. After dinner, she had classes and reviewed, and then studied finance with Vincent at nine o'clock. When she returned to her room, she continued to do a series of exercises, which got her sweaty and consumed a lot of energy. So, she seemed a little tired. "I won't harm you. I am just looking for your cooperation."

"Miss Emily, I have seen many ways to cooperate except in this special way." Christy calmly looked for tissues and wiped off the blood from the soles of her feet.

You still have time to consider it." Emily said.

Christy shouted, "Wait! Are you sure he's fine?"

"I'm sure. He is living in a nice place with food, drinks and air conditioning. He is enjoying."

"What should I do?" Christy asked.

Emily said, "Tomorrow at 10:00 am, stay away from the people behind you and come see me alone."

After hanging up, Emily walked out of the bathroom. A cold chill went down her neck as her body was not dry enough, which reminded her that Noah was staying at the wine cellar now, and Ferne was perhaps taking good care of him.

Only at midnight did Ferne remember and awaken. "Hell, I forgot to get him a quilt!"

Noah, who was crouching in a corner to keep warm, carved seventeen Ferne's names in handcuffs on the wall, and every name has followed the DEATH.

Ferne, who was running towards the wine cellar with the quilt in his arms, rubbed the back of his neck and confused that why did he always feel chilly?

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The Britt's house.

Elsie quietly entered Beverly's room. "Mom, what do you want to talk to me about so late?"

Recently, Maury has always been worried for Eliot. He didn't sleep in the company tonight, but in the study. Now that the lights of the study were off, so he should be asleep. Only after that, Elsie dared to come out because Beverly told her in the message, "Don't let your father see you."

After Elsie closed the door, she saw Beverly took out a card.

She said in surprise, "Mom, where did you get it? It can't be five million, right?"

"It is from the company, and we can use it to invest in two months." Beverly said. "I have calculated that this project will start in at least three months later, so I withdrew that funds first."

Eliot was detained, so the company was in a blind panic. Also, Maury was always distracted and kept contacting lawyers to see if he could bail Eliot out. Since yesterday, he has hardly had a rest.

Therefore, the company became Beverly's world.

In the chaos of the company, she ordered the Finance Department to take a few days off, and then got the money orders from the finance supervisor to transfer the funds. As long as the account book remained unchanged, who would check where this money had gone?

Uncovering the mask, Beverly said, "we can invest a bit less now, but once the company has more clients and funds, then mom can get you money for anything you want to invest."

"Mom! That is awesome!" Elsie hugged her and said, "I will go to find Christy tomorrow."

Beverly walked to a chair and sat down. She began to apply lotions and essence. "Oh, you just visited the Scavo's today and what did you find?"

"That retard was scared to death when heard me say Eliot had been detained." Elsie curled her lips with some embarrassment. "Rolando was on her side and kept mocking me. I can't stand it anymore, so I came out."

"What's the attitude of Vincent?" Beverly stopped and turned to look at her. "What did he say?" She asked.

Elsie frowned as she recalled, "Vincent... He said nothing."

Beverly also got lost in her thought with a concentrated face.

"Mom, do you know what he means?" Elsie asked.

Beverly thought for a moment and said, "Rolando should be drawn to the retard and Vincent will not care about her."

"You're right." Elsie suddenly became happy again.

Although she was with Marquise before, she still dreamed of getting married to Vincent. If she could, she would have no more regrets in life.

"I don't know why that retard was so lucky. She can live in the Scavo's in so many days!" Elsie said bitterly.

She would never know that the retard that she was talking about was sitting at the table reading and taking notes.

Rex sent a cup of coffee to the study and came out. He found the lights in the little Hulk's room still on. In the corridor, only the lights in the study and her room were on.

Although the little Hulk was younger than Miss Arabella, she could be steadier than a man. Even more, she demanded more of herself than Arabella did. They have not known each other for a long time, but he could feel that magic accountability of hers.

She never pretended to cry out when injured in the arena, and even never fawn on Vincent for getting something. She seemed to have known what she wants, so Vincent was just like a passer-by in her life and she just stopped to admire him.

Wait, it looked like Vincent always clung to her.

But that seemed to be true. Rex shuddered and thought why he would think so. Vincent was handsome, even without his status, his appearance alone could make at least 90% of women in city Y fall in love with him.

When he was analyzing why the little Hulk would fall for Vincent step by step, he saw the door of Emily's room being opened. Emily slightly bent over and looked at him, "That..."

Rex confused.

Emily said, "Do you have tampons?"

Rex was in shock.

'Isn't this only for women? Does the little Hulk also have it?!

## Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 129

Emily had a menstrual disorder. If she drank cold water, she would have an amenorrhea. Her next period would last for two months or three months. It was very serious. It might be because she often ate ice cream during her period.

Every time she was in her period and didn't feel well, Eliot asked the doctor to give her an analgesic. Thus, she hadn't suffered from the pain.

This time, Emily was squatting on the ground. Her face twisted in pain slightly. She almost forgot how painful it was....

When Rex returned with two large bags of tampons, Emily was wasn't in her room.

Rex walked to the study room and didn't see Emily. Then he went to the bedroom where Vincent moved into, but Emily wasn't there either!

A guard walked out of the shadows, pointed to the bathroom, and hid again.

Rex understood the guard's meaning, knocked on the bathroom door, put down the things and left. He was curious. "Does Mr. Vincent know how to use it? No! Does the little Hulk know how to use it?"

In the bathroom.

Vincent walked over with two large bags, took out a box, opened it, and put it in his hand to study.

Emily was in the wooden bucket and only revealed her head. Seeing this scene, she smiled.

Vincent raised his eyebrows. "Why are you so happy? Do you feel much better?"

Fortunately, he took a look. She trembled with cold and almost lay on the floor.

Emily nodded. He fed her painkillers and she was in warm water. She felt much warmer.

She stood up and stretched out her arm to get the towel.

But the towel was taken over by Vincent. He wrapped her up and toweled her dry. Then he helped her put on clothes.

As the towel fell, she was naked in front of him. His gaze was calm and frank.

Emily looked into his eyes and reached out to cover them suddenly.

Vincent smiled, pulled another dry towel to wrap her up and carried her to the bed. The heating had been turned on outside.

Rex brought in a glass of brown sugar water.

Emily had drunk this. Eliot had asked someone to cook it for her.

She took it and took a sip. It was a little hot and she hissed.

Vincent took the brown sugar water and blew on it. His eyelashes were very long. When he lowered his head, his eyelashes cast a shadow on the water. His lips were very thin. Emily still remembered his burning thin lips when they kissed.

She licked her lips.

After it was not that hot, Vincent handed it to her. She drank it all in one gulp.

Then she changed her clothes under the blanket, occasionally stuck her head up and commanded Vincent, "Pass that to me."

Vincent gave it to her.

Emily stuck her head up again after changing clothes. She drank the brown sugar water and stayed under the blanket for a long time, so she broke out in a sweat. She lay on the bed and looked at the watch on the table. It was twelve o'clock.

Vincent stood up and went to the bathroom to take a shower. Then he walked out and threw back the blanket, but he did not approach her. After he warmed up, he reached out and covered Emily's belly. He pressed his palm against her belly.

Emily turned around and hugged his neck.

"Mr. Vincent, may I have a kiss?"

She turned Vincent on and his voice suddenly became a bit hoarse. "Why?"

Emily kissed his lips lightly, leaned against him and closed her eyes contentedly.

Vincent was disappointed.

Was that all?

He turned around to give her a French kiss and sucked her tongue. She breathed so heavily. He held her soft waist tightly and almost broke it.

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The next day, Emily woke up and her waist hurt badly. When she examined herself in the bathroom mirror, she found that her waist was covered with his fingerprints. The bruises on her fair skin were very eye-catching.

She thought for a while and blamed herself.

When she brushed her teeth, her lips hurt. Her lower lip was split.

She kept silent for a moment. It was still her fault.



This morning, Vincent canceled Emily's Sanda class, but she still took the class. She only trained her upper body and did not move her legs. She finished the class and left.

After Vincent changed his clothes, he came out and met Emily. Only then did Emily realize that Vincent also had split lips.

...

She felt shy and was about to leave.

Vincent chuckled and grabbed her collar, "Why are you hiding?"

He held the medicine in his hand. "Open your mouth."

Emily opened her mouth meekly. Vincent sprayed the medicine on her lower lip wound. "You will have to fast for a while."

"OK."

They walked out together. Emily heard Vincent's husky voice coming from above. "Don't be naughty. Otherwise, I will finish what I haven't done."

Emily shook her head firmly. She wouldn't have the guts to do so anymore. She was scared.

When they went downstairs, Emily saw Arabella unexpectedly. Arabella wore autumn clothes and sat on the sofa demurely in the living room. When Arabella saw Emily, Arabella revealed a friendly smile.

"Good morning."

Emily also greeted her, "Good morning."

Recently, Emily was very hungry after she finished practicing. Thus, the cook would make a nutritious breakfast for her again. Normally, Rex would bring it to her, but she would like to go downstairs and have breakfast with Rolando.

It was pitiful for Rolando to eat alone in such a big house.

Although her lower lip was split and she needed to fast temporarily, she still went downstairs because she would like to see Vincent out.

Rolando sat on the sofa and stood up when he saw them. "Come here. Enjoy yourselves. I'm old and have different hobbies with you. I'll get out of your hair."

Rolando was very satisfied with Arabella before. Later, when he noticed that Vincent didn't have any feelings for Arabella, Rolando didn't express his thoughts. If Vincent and Arabella didn't get married, they would be very embarrassed.

As expected, Vincent didn't like Arabella. Even so, she was pretty. But she wasn't as beautiful as Emily.

After comparison, Rolando felt that Vincent had a good taste and went to feed the fish happily.

"Vincent, what's the matter with your lips?" Arabella didn't care about Emily. When Emily and Vincent went downstairs, Arabella only stared at Vincent. She noticed that his lips seemed to be split and approached him to take a closer look.

Vincent said casually, "A kitten bit me."

Emily was embarrassed.

She looked down and covered her mouth in case Arabella saw it.

However, when Arabella turned around and saw Emily covering her mouth, Arabella guessed what had happened.

Arabella became awkward and realized that she was wrong. Her previous guess was totally wrong. If Vincent regarded Emily as someone's substitute, why did Vincent kiss Emily?

She was deluding herself.

Arabella forced a smile, "Vincent, Randy won the race and invited us to climb mountain this Sunday. He asked me to invite you."

Vincent frowned slightly. "Tell him, we won't go."

"Why?" Arabella was surprised.

If Randy came to invite Vincent, Vincent would go. Arabella hadn't seen Vincent for many days, so she found an excuse to visit him and Emily.

'It's impossible for Mr. Rolando to accept Emily. He liked me very much, but I find that he also likes Emily very much. When I chat with him, he mentions Emily many times. He says, "Although Emily is young, she is sensible and considerate. She always brings lunch to Vincent. Oh, youth!"'

When Arabella saw Emily and Vincent going downstairs together, Arabella was heartbroken.

'Randy is right. I'm here for an insult. I shouldn't have come.'

She just wanted to see it clearly so that she could completely give up.

However, it had been fifteen years. It was not fifteen minutes or fifteen days. It was fifteen years!

What could she do to forget Vincent?

Emily looked up at Vincent and felt confused. Randy won. They should celebrate for him. Why did Vincent refuse?

After thinking about it, Emily thought that it might be because she didn't feel well.

She whispered to Vincent, "Go."

Vincent saw Emily pouting and puffing out her cheeks like a goldfish. She was so cute.

He touched his forehead and said, "OK. Let's go."

Arabella was staring at Emily all the time. Vincent, who never changed his mind, changed his mind when Emily said "go".

Did Arabella feel Jealous?

Arabella almost lost her cool. She strained to make small talk and left in a hurry.

Vincent walked to the dining table and stroked Emily's chubby face. "Today, be good and stay at home."

He knew all about her schedule.

Emily had to go out today, but she didn't want him to worry, so she nodded.

Vincent noticed that she was hesitating. He looked down and said, "Be careful."

Emily reached out and touched his face, "You too."

Vincent held her hand and said, "Courageous."

Emily said, "You too."

This was what Vincent had said when they met for the second time.

Vincent had a big grin on his face.

"I have to go." He stood up and took a few steps. Then he walked back and kissed her lips.

Emily covered her mouth and clarified, "You kissed me. Everyone saw it. I didn't touch you."

Vincent was awkward.

The guards were confused.

Rex was also confused.

## Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 130

The Dalton Hotel was located in the best location of City Y. To its left was the CBD and to the right side was a street of real estate companies. There was a large water park nearby. Next to its location were the famous commercial streets of City Y.

Occupying such a good location, Dalton Hotel had been growing steadily since its opening. The hotel's service system and culture had been steadily developing toward standardization.

But the hotel's owner, who never missed a morning meeting, didn't show up today. The staff waited for five minutes quietly. But no one came out from the elevator.

Was he go home last night?

The lobby manager went upstairs to the Ferne's room and saw the door open, the air conditioner on, but there was no one on the bed.

So, he immediately gathered all the employees for an emergency meeting.

"Mr. Ferne is gone! The air conditioner in his room is on. If he goes out, he will never forget to turn off it. Moreover, the lights are on. This means that he is planning to come back, but he is unable to do it!"

"What? Was he kidnapped?" The employees were frightened.

The lobby manager said with a serious expression, "I guess that he is being locked at home by his wife."

The employees felt they were fooled.

After all, Mr. Ferne stayed in the hotel almost every day. They were used to it. So, they were a little worried about his absence.

A female staff member asked softly, "Then what should we do? Should we go to his house and have a look?"

The lobby manager immediately responded, "Then you go."

She regretted asking the question.

She'd better not go.

The lobby manager said again with a serious face, "Although Mr. Ferne is not here, we should work hard as usual. Don't be lazy. Alright, the meeting is over."

Only then did the staff go back to work.

A round-faced staff member A dragged the other long-faced staff member B to the entrance of the wine cellar.

"What are you doing?" staff member B asked.

Staff member A stared at the cellar door and whispered, "I'm afraid that Mr. Ferne didn't go home."

They looked at the cellar at the same time. They both knew that Ferne was with a man in the wine cellar yesterday. Staff member B was excited for a while, and she pointed at the door, "But the door is locked."

"Right. Mr. Ferne won't lock himself in." Staff member A pondered.

At this moment, a 60-year-old man came over with a key. He lived nearby and was in charge of looking after the wine cellar. Normally, he was only responsible for opening and locking the door. Yesterday, Mr. Ferne told him not to bother about it, so he didn't come. But when he got up in the late night and went to the bathroom, he saw that the door was opened, and he locked it.

He was thinking about to report to Mr. Ferne today. If anything happened when the door was opened, who would be responsible for the loss?

However, Mr. Ferne was not in the hotel today, so he could only wait for him to come.

When staff member A saw him, she immediately greeted, "Mr. Hartman, are you going to open the door?"

Mr. Hartman was a little deaf. People should raise their volume when talking to him.

"Any guest orders wine in the morning?" Mr. Hartman asked.

Staff member A nodded, "Yes, a foreign guest."

Staff member B looked at her and then at Mr. Hartman, "Yes, a foreigner."

Hartman answered and took out the key to open the door. As he opened it, he said, "You guys go in and get it. I'll lock it when you come out. Last night, I came out and saw that the wine cellar door was still opened."

Hartman kind of lost the two girls. Their eyes wandered to the cellar and they went downstairs, but suddenly stopped before they reached the last step.

On the ground right in front of them, two men snuggled tightly together. They were covered with blankets and sleeping soundly. But one of them opened his eyes vigilantly the moment he heard the sound.

Then, he raised his head and saw two little girls on the stairs.

"....."

“.....”

“.....”

What a familiar scene. They looked at each other.

Noah lowered his head and looked at Ferne, who was sleeping in his arms.

Then he lifted his arm and pushed Ferne out.

Ferne was shivering from the cold air, and opened his eyes and looked around. He then moved towards Noah and curled up in Noah's arms.

He had to sleep for six hours a day or he would be sleepy the next day. In the latter half of the night, he was kind enough to bring blankets to Noah. But before he could leave, the door was locked. Hartman could not hear his shouts coming from the other door, either.

In the late night, the two men fought for the quilt. Though Noah was restrained by handcuffs, he was on par with Ferne. At last, they decided to share a quilt because they were both sleepy and tired.

Noah kicked Ferne and said in a hoarse voice, “They are coming for you.”

“Who?” Ferne opened his eyes in a daze. He looked at the door. But the sun light was too strong, he couldn't open his eyes fully for a while.

Mr. Hartman also came down, “Hurry up, girls. There haven't been cleaned for several days.”

Before he could finish his sentence, the 60-year-old man trembled. Perhaps the scene was too much for this old man. He couldn't finish speaking for a long time, so he could only turn around and climb upstairs quickly. He even staggered halfway, and he finally remembered to pull the two girls out as well.

Ferne finally looked recognized Hartman and shouted, “Wait!”

However, the three of them ran even faster when they heard him. In the blink of an eye, they disappeared from the door. One of them closed the door thoughtfully. This time, they did not lock it.

Ferne was relieved.

He turned around and felt that something was wrong, "Gosh, why are you in my arms?"

Noah glanced at him coldly and said, "Are you blind?"

Ferne lowered his head and saw that he was the one who slept in other's arms.

He quietly distanced from Noah, tidied up, and wanted to leave.

Noah leaned on his right arm and gazed at Ferne, "Give me a room, I won't escape. But if you still lock me up here, your employees will misunderstand."

Ferne had just woken up, and he couldn't think clearly yet. Hearing this, he subconsciously retorted, "We are both men, what will they misunderstand?"

Noah sneered and closed his eyes.

Outside the wine cellar, Hartman's hands couldn't stop trembling. He knew that some rich people had some disgraceful habits and secrets. He didn't expect that he would see such a scene just now.

His expression was not good. First, he was afraid; second, that scene was too startling; third, he was worried that he would lose the job. Fourth, he still hadn't recovered from that shock. As he walked out, he warned the girls, "Remember, you didn't see anything. Don't say a word when you go back!"

The two girls nodded repeatedly.

Hartman hurriedly returned to his small room. He turned around anxiously. There was only a picture of his wife in his room. He usually talked to this picture when he had nothing to do. At this moment, he completely lost his mind. Holding the picture in his hand, he said, "Oh my God, why would I see such a scene? Will Mr. Ferne fire me? My dear, what should I do? Maybe I'll pretend I didn't see him, I didn't know that Mr. Ferne likes men, I didn't see him sleeping with a man in the wine cellar."

Ferne, who had just arrived at the door, was completely stupefied.