

Billionaire's Reborn Baby Chapter 131 - 140

When Emily arrived at the Dalton Hotel, Christy had been in the private room for a long time. Different from when Emily saw her last time, she dressed down in a dark grey hat and a light grey coat. Besides, she tied a grey scarf around her neck.

Hearing the door open, Christy looked up. With an exquisite makeup, she looked extremely beautiful.

Emily closed the door and politely said, "Sorry that I'm late."

Christy cut to the chase, "How do you want this to happen?"

Emily said without hesitation, "Elsie will invest in you and you need to transfer the money to my account."

Christy thought of the rumors on the Internet and figured out what Emily was going to do, but....

Christy picked up the black tea in front of her and took a sip of it gracefully, "You can only have 30%. I will transfer the money to your account after you release Noah."

Emily suddenly said, "One more question. Who is behind you?"

Christy replied without hesitation, "No one."

"You'd better reconsider my offer. As for Noah, I can't let him go for the time being," Emily stood up and said.

Christy said in a cold voice, "Elsie is on her way here. If you want our deal to go well, then let Noah go. Otherwise, you won't get anything in the end."

Emily said indifferently, "No, I got Noah."

"...."

Christy did not expect that Emily would be not easy to fool and all her methods didn't work. Emily was calm and steady, not like most of her peers.

"Emily," Christy frowned slightly and said, "This 30% is from me, because Elsie's money won't end up in our hands."

Emily asked again, "Who is behind you?"

"Let Noah go and I'll tell you." Only then did Christy realize that Emily didn't want money, nor wanted to put Elsie into trouble. She merely wanted to know the person behind her.

"OK."

As Christy expected, Emily agreed without hesitation.

This time, Christy was the hesitant one because she had never seen that person before.

"I have no idea who it is. I don't know if he's a man or a woman either," Christy pondered for a moment and told Emily all she knew, "I report to an assistant on the phone, and the assistant used voice changer. I haven't seen the assistant, let alone that person."

Emily had thought that she could get some useful information from Christy. However, to her surprise, Christy indeed didn't know anything.

As Emily looked disappointed, Christy considered for a while and continued, "If you want to know more about that person, you can ask Noah for help. He is well-connected, so he probably could help you."

"You are partners. Why haven't you tried to check that person out?" Emily asked.

Christy said, "No. It's Noah's idea. He is afraid that person would stop cooperating with us. We don't want to lose the good business."

That sounded reasonable.

Emily pondered for a moment before asking, "Will Elsie transfer her money to that person's business account?"

"Yes."

"Christy, you have to transfer the money to my account," As Emily spoke, she stared at Christy with determination, "I will ensure the safety of you and Noah."

Christy knew what she planned to do and asked, "Is that your trick?"

Emily didn't hide the truth from her and said, "Yes."

Christy looked at Emily with her pretty and cold eyes, "You shouldn't put us into danger. We still have things to do and we can't die."

Emily served herself a cup of hot tea and gently stroked the teacup to get warm, "Do you think you can stay away after destroying the Britts? You and Noah will become the scapegoats of that person and be responsible for the loss of the family. You will be put into prison. That person must have thought of it, and therefore you have never seen that person before."

She looked up at Christy and finally changed her expression, "Christy, I come to work with you because I want to save you and Noah."

...

After leaving the private room, Emily accidentally bumped into a waitress. The waitress apologized and then hurriedly walked forward with a phone in her hand. She said on the phone, "Do you know what happened in the wine cellar? Our boss hid a man there...."

As soon as Emily heard the waitress mention the wine cellar, she followed the waitress and listened to her words hard.

The waitress let out a sigh and said, "I never thought that he is a gay. No wonder he has never thought of sleeping with us for so many years. Many woman wanted to have sex with him, but he rejected them and kicked them out of his room. It turns out that the boss doesn't like women at all. Everyone was shocked at the news. However, half an hour later, I see all men have their hairs sprayed.... What's wrong with them? Even if the boss goes insane, he won't sleep with them! They are ugly! I heard that the man in the wine cellar is handsome ... Hello, how may I help you?"

After speaking for a while, the waitress turned around and saw Emily. She hung up in horror and asked what Emily wanted in a respectful and friendly manner. She couldn't help but wonder whether or not Emily had heard her words.

Emily asked, "Where's your boss?"

The waitress didn't say anything.

With her shoulders hanging down, she pointed in one direction.

After Emily left, she continued to talk on the phone with a sad expression, "I made a mistake...."

When Emily arrived at the private room where Ferne was, she saw him looking in the mirror. He had bruises on the corners of the mouth and eyes. Besides, he had dark circles under his eyes. Obviously, it was a remarkable night last night.

Emily asked in surprise, "Did he run away?"

With a snort, Ferne said, "How is that possible?"

"Then what's wrong with your face?" Emily felt bitter when seeing the bruises on the corner of his mouth.

In fact, Ferne got injured because of having a fight with Noah for the quilt. And Noah was handcuffed and only had one free hand and foot. Ferne hid the truth from Emily and bandaged his wounds, "I accidentally had a fall last night and hit the corner of the table."

Emily remained silent.

She could tell at a glance that he got a punch in the face.

Ferne ignored her gaze and cleared his throat before saying, "Mrs. Scavo, what happened? Do you want to see Noah?"

"Yes."

"OK. Follow me."

Just as they walked out of the room, they saw Kamron. In an instant, Emily frowned. Ferne noticed her expression and asked, "Do you have a conflict with him?"

"No."

"Then why...?" Ferne wanted to ask her why she looked at Kamron in disgust.

Before he finished speaking, Emily said, "He is ugly."

Ferne was puzzled, "Is he ugly? Then how about me?"

Emily glanced at him and said, "You look much better than him."

Instantly, Ferne became happy. He even sent a message in the group chat, "Mrs. Scavo said I'm good-looking."

Because of what had happened before, Kamron learned the importance of protecting his testes and even bought insurance for them. His underwear could also protect him. However, he was afraid of getting hurt again and unconsciously walked in a strange way. He looked around and made sure there was no one suddenly appearing and giving him a kick.

Then, Kamron saw Emily.

She went out of the private room with Ferne. When seeing him, Emily frowned and quickly looked away from him, as if she didn't want to see him at all.

It seemed that Ferne was asking her something about him. Kamron took a few steps forward and heard Emily's merciless words.

"He is ugly."

Kamron was shocked and stood immobile for a long time with his hand on his chest.

He didn't regain his senses until his assistant came over and asked, "Mr. Kamron, are you alright?"

"Am I ugly?" Kamron asked hesitantly.

The assistant did a double take before saying, "You are handsome."

Kamron became increasingly desperate and shouted, "Nonsense! She said I'm ugly! I'm wondering why she hit me every time she saw me.... It's because I'm ugly! What the hell?"

The assistant didn't know how to reply.

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Emily and Ferne walked towards the wine cellar together. Many workers gathered at the entrance. When they saw Ferne coming, they immediately ran away.

Before they disappeared, a few of them even turned to look at Ferne, then moved their gaze at his crotch.

Feeling their gaze, Ferne was confused.

He wanted to know why they looked at him like that.

Ferne unlocked the door of the wine cellar. He walked in and stepped down along the stairs, only to see lots of broken red wine bottles on the ground. Noah was holding a broken bottle and peeing at it.

When Ferne saw this, his eyes turned red because of anger. He roared as he came at Noah, "Holy shit! You bastard! What did you do to my wine?"

Noah dodged his attack. He lifted his chin towards the wine bottles on the ground and said indifferently, "The mouth of the bottle is too small."

Noah was furious.

The wines on the ground were not cheap, some of which were even treasures that could not be bought. Ferne stepped on an empty wine bottle. When he recognized what wine it was, his eyes sparked with fury, "Damn you!"

He raised the bottle and shouted, "Why don't you smash Lafite? This is Screaming Eagle!"

"I know," Noah answered as he glanced at him calmly.

Noah threw away the wine bottle and rushed forward, grabbing Ferne's collar and roaring, "Bastard!"

"You want to beat me? Are you sure?" Noah looked at him mockingly as he challenged, "I only use one arm and one leg. Come and fight with me." As he spoke, he put his face in front of Ferne.

Ferne took a deep breath.

He restrained his anger and yelled, "Piss off!"

If it weren't for the fact that Noah had saved many children, he would definitely beat him up!

Noah caught a glimpse of someone standing at the door, but he couldn't see clearly who he was since the man stood in his own light. Noah extended his left hand to Ferne and said, "Untie me."

Noah took out a key and released him. Then, he squatted on the ground and looked at his wine sprinkled all over the floor. He felt that his heart was bleeding. Next, half a bottle of yellow liquid attracted his attention. Ferne went crazy.

That bastard used the bottle of Cheval Blanc to piss!

Ferne really wanted to kill him!

But the wound on his face kept reminding him that he couldn't.

He could only imagine that he had pressed Noah to the ground and forced him to drink his urine.

After Ferne removed the handcuff, Noah waved his wrists to relax his muscle. Then he zipped up his trousers and washed his face and mouth with another bottle of wine. After that, he walked up the stairs.

Only then did he recognize the person standing at the door was Emily.

"It's you." Noah didn't feel surprised to see her.

"Christy is waiting for you at the back door." Emily said as she handed him something, "This is your phone."

"What did you ask her to do?" Noah took the phone and turned it on.

Emily looked petite standing in front of him, but she was perfectly composed. "You know what I want," she said.

Hearing this, Noah smiled. But his smile was rather cold. "We have underestimated you."

Emily didn't say anything more. She just watched him walk out. Though Noah experienced being imprisoned in the wine cellar, he didn't look scruffy. Instead, he walked with a stride, keeping his back straight. He was just like a warrior who held eternal faith and would never submit to failure.

Emily turned around and saw Ferne go upstairs with a miserable expression. She asked, "How did you knock him out?"

Ferne was overwhelmed by the question.

He replied, "Emily, didn't you see the wound on his face? He was hurt more seriously than me, okay?"

"Didn't you beat him while his hands and feet were tied?" Emily asked with a surprised expression. Then she added, "Could it be that you hurt him when he only used one arm and one leg to fight you? If so, you are indeed powerful."

Ferne was lost for words.

He didn't think she was praising him.

**

Elsie sat in a coffee shop next to the Dalton Hotel. When she raised her head, she saw the signboard of the hotel. She sat by a window and saw workers wearing clothes printed with "Dalton Hotel" occasionally came out to take out the garbage.

Because of the last incident, Elsie didn't want to have anything to do with the Dalton Hotel any more. Christy probably had considered this, so she chose the coffee shop next to the Dalton Hotel.

After Elsie waited for a while, Christy finally arrived. Her clothes looked common, but Elsie knew that they were not cheap. Even the scarf on her neck was limited worth tens of thousands.

After Christy sat down, she waved to the waiter and ordered two cups of hot milk. She then said to Elsie, "It's a little cold these days. Drink some hot milk. By the way, your skin looks so good."

When Elsie heard this, she was complacent. But she pretended to be surprised and asked, "Really?"

After some polite greetings, Elsie said, "Christy, I can only make this investment for two months. My family needs the money for something else."

"Sure." Christy smiled. As they talked, a waiter came over to serve the hot milk. Christy gracefully thanked him. "But of course, the longer you invest, the more profit you would get."

Elsie looked at her, wondering how she could become such an elegant woman.

"I wanted to, but something came up recently," she explained.

"Alright, I understand. It's up to you," Christy said with a smile. Her smile became even brighter. She was a knockout in the coffee shop. The waiters coming and going couldn't help but secretly take a look at her.

Elsie noticed those gazes. She thought that meeting Christy was the luckiest thing in her life. She sincerely said to her, "Thank you."

Christy took a sip of hot milk and uttered, "Don't mention it. In fact, I should thank you because you were willing to pay for me when you didn't even know me."

Elsie covered her mouth and smiled, "It was a long time ago. And it was just a small case."

"To me, that wasn't a small case."

"Anyway, aren't you helping me now? I'm also grateful to you. So we're even now," Elsie said with relaxation. She took out something in her bag and handed it to Christy. "Here, this is the card."

"Tomorrow, I'll ask my assistant to give you a simple contract. You can sign it after you check it." Christy didn't take the card, she just added, "You may pay it after we go to the company tomorrow."

"It doesn't matter. I trust you." Although Elsie said that, she withdrew the card. Then she asked, "Where's your brother?"

"He is busy recently and he barely has time to go out." After Christy answered, she teasingly asked, "Do you have a crush on him?"

"No, don't talk nonsense." Elsie's face suddenly blushed.

Christy had heard the tidbits about Elsie. Not to mention other people, there was already lots of newspaper about her and that playboy Marquise.

She sighed for Noah. Then she said to Elsie, "If you indeed have a crush on him, it's not impossible for you to marry him."

"Stop! Stop!" Elsie was embarrassed by her words. She looked at her watch and said, "I'm pressed for time. We'll talk next time."

"Alright."

After Elsie left, the smile vanished from Christy's face. She took a sip of the hot milk before she stood up and left. A group of waiters beside her watched her leave along the way.

She was so beautiful that people didn't dare to approach her. The waiters were all ashamed of themselves and they could only stand at the side and watch her from afar.

They saw the goddess walk to the back door of the Dalton Hotel. Not long after, a man came out. They hugged each other for a brief moment before walking out side by side.

The waiters thought their goddess had an eye for men. First of all, he was tall. Second, though they couldn't see his face clearly as his head lowered and the suit on his body was wrinkled, his fine presence made him unusual.

As they walked forward, the man suddenly smashed his fist towards the wall of the Dalton Hotel. The waiters were shocked. Luckily, the wall didn't fall down.

Later, when the waiters had a break in the noon, they walked to the wall and found four marks on it. The blood had dried up and the surface smashed by that man sank one centimeter. The wall was made of marbles.

The waiters were horrified. They wondered, 'Does he have an iron arm?'

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It was noon when Emily returned home. After having a simple meal, she filled the food box. She asked the guard to send it to the company before returning to the studio.

Although she was a little tired, she didn't want to stop. Time was running out, so she had to hurry.

When the three old men entered, they saw Emily sitting in the middle surrounded by the easels. Her long hair was tied up high, revealing a small face. Her pair of big eyes was focused on the painting in front of her. Hearing the footsteps, she turned around and smiled, "Good morning."

The three old men were stunned for a moment at the same time before they stammered, "Hey, kid, you came so early today."

Emily stood up and prepared them three stools, a plate of sugar-free biscuits, and three cups of hot tea. Then, she sat down in front of the easel and continued her unfinished painting.

The three old men did not argue like usual. Emily noticed that they seemed to have something on their mind, so she stopped painting and said to them, "I'm a little tired today. I'll go take a rest first. Goodbye."

"Alright."

After Emily left, the three old men sat there and stared at her painting.

Finally, one of them opened his mouth.

"If that child is still alive, she should be about the same age as Emily."

"Older than her. That child is only two years younger than Arabella." Aaron Peck said.

Carl Geller said, "That child is very talented. It's a pity."

Benson Mosby used to be a soldier, and he was straightforward. Hearing this, he frowned, "It's been so long. Don't mention that anymore."

Aaron looked at the seat where Emily had just sat and sighed, "As soon as I entered, I felt like I saw that child again."

"Yeah, I feel the same way."

Although Benson did not say anything, his expression showed that he thought the same.

"I thought that Vincent invited us to teach her drawing. I was wrong. He wanted us to get over the past." Carl stood up and pointed at the painting on the easel. "Although Emily hadn't been trained before, she is talented. I thought that the one I met in my life with great talent was that little girl from the Scavos. I didn't expect that I would meet the second one in my lifetime..."

Emily did not know what the old men were talking about. She went to the bathroom and drank a cup of water after returning. Then she sat at the table and began to read and take notes.

She was now very sure that the person behind Christy and Noah was trying to use Elsie and Beverly to destroy the Britt family.

Although she had reached an agreement with Christy, it was possible that Christy cheated on her and kept working for the person behind her. Emily couldn't stop her if Christy did so because there was only one chance to kidnap Noah, and she had already used it.

This man would never come to the Dalton Hotel again.

**

"How dare she!" Only after returning to the villa did Christy burst out, "How dare she hit you! What a bi..."

"Not her." Noah walked straight into the bathroom and turned on the tap of the bathtub. Then, he came out and looked in the mirror. He looked at the injuries on his face and hands, licked the corners of his injured mouth, and said, "It's Ferne Dalton."

"Why?" Christy asked in confusion, "Didn't he..."

Noah interrupted her, "It's fine. Don't worry about it."

He went into the bathroom and closed the door.

Christy no longer asked. Then, she went into the kitchen and began to cook. Not long after, Noah came out wearing a bathrobe. He took the vegetables in Christy's hand and started to cook.

They cooked a few dishes together and ate them up.

Christy tidied up the table as she asked, "Then ... can we go to him for that matter in the future?"

"Don't worry. I'll find another way." Noah lit a cigarette and held it in his mouth. As he spoke, the cigarette was obediently clamped to his lips without the slightest tendency to fall off.

"Alright." Christy no longer asked.

When she returned from washing her hands, Noah sat in front of the computer and asked, "Did you tell her?"

Christy knew what he was referring to and nodded, "Yes."

Noah put the cigarette butt in the ashtray, his voice somewhat exhausted. "It was my negligence."

"Didn't you go to the Dalton Hotel? Why did you run into Emily?" Christy asked. She couldn't believe that Noah would be captured. If it weren't for the fact that the GPS showed that he was at the Scavo's and Emily threatened her with the photo of him, she probably wouldn't believe it.

Noah thought of Ferne's face and ground his teeth. "I didn't expect that I would be plotted."

It was the afternoon after Ferne finished cleaning up the mess in the wine cellar. He finally had time to check his WeChat and wanted to vent his miserable mood in the group. However, he was moved out of the group again!

For God's Sake!

Ferne angrily sent a message to Randy and questioned, "What did I do? Why did you move me out of the group again?"

Randy sent over a screenshot not long after, and Ferne clicked on the big picture.

"Mrs. Scavo says that I'm good-looking!"

In front of the message box was Ferne's portrait.

"..."

Ferne hugged himself with heartache.

**

Eliot was released at 4 p.m. Strangely enough when Marquise was beaten, Eliot had just entered the washroom of the ward. Because the surveillance of the ward could only take pictures of the bed and room, the washroom was a blind area. Therefore, the police searched for his alibi with some difficulty.

The Buckleys, on the other hand, unanimously believed that Eliot had beaten up their son!

Eliot's injuries made people feel that he could not retaliate. It was just a cover. Marquise had indeed been beaten by Eliot!

However, the police had already found a certificate from Eliot's attending physician. Eliot could not beat people and walk for such a long distance. The testing result of the fibers from Marquise's body had also come out and showed that the person was not Eliot.

No matter what, Eliot had been released, but the Buckleys hated the Britts since then.

Beverly and Maury were busy dealing with the company's affairs, so when Eliot left the police station, there was only Elsie at the entrance.

"Eliot, are you alright?" When Elsie saw him, she supported his arm and thanked the policeman who had escorted him out.

The policeman waved his hand and went in again.

Even though she was dissatisfied with her brother, Eliot beat Marquise for her. Elsie supported him and couldn't help but cry, "Eliot, I'm sorry. It's all my fault..."

Eliot still had wounds on his body. He struggled down the stairs and said, "Why are you crying? I'm already out."

He's hurt in his chest, lungs, and ribs. He needed a lot of time to recover. He had never thought that he would receive preferential treatment when he entered, but for some reason, he was taken to a private room with a bed, air conditioning, and a desk.

He maliciously thought that Marquise wanted to prevent him from recovering. However, it seemed that Marquise wasn't that vicious.

But who showed up and gave him preferential treatment?

If he stayed in the cold holding cell for an entire night, he probably wouldn't be able to stand up at this moment.

"Eliot, I went to find Emily and asked her to find Mr. Vincent for help, but she ignored me..." Elsie complained, "Why are you treating her so well? She is an ungrateful and vicious person. If something happens to you, she will only shrink back in fear and won't be able to help at all!"

"You went to the Scavo's?" Eliot suddenly stopped.

Elsie suddenly regretted saying those words. It seemed that Eliot still wanted to protect Emily. She felt indignant, "Yes. I was worried about you. I wanted to save you, but I couldn't do anything. I just wanted to beg Mr. Vincent..."

"I know." Eliot nodded.

It turned out to be Mr. Vincent. It made sense.

Elsie's eyes widened. "Eliot, what do you know? That retard is now enjoying her life, not caring about your life at all! She doesn't want to come back from the Scavo's anymore!"

"Mr. Rolando likes her and treats her like his own granddaughter. Of course she likes it there." Eliot glanced at Elsie and said, "How did you treat her? Why does she want to come back?"

"Eliot, I..."

Elsie wanted to say something else, but she was interrupted impatiently by Eliot, "Alright. Stop it. Let's go home."

Elsie lowered her head in displeasure.. In Eliot's heart, Emily could do nothing wrong. She must let him know that Emily was indeed a retard!

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When Emily opened her eyes, the sky was gray. She fell asleep while reading the book. Probably afraid of waking her up, someone put a blanket on her body.

She took off the blanket and moved her numb legs and arms. Then she put on her coat and went out. The study room and the bedroom were all empty. Vincent had not returned yet.

She wanted to go into the training room to hit sandbags.

As soon as she got to the door of the training room, she heard a few guards chatting inside.

"Mr. Vincent is indeed very charming!"

"That girl sends him 99 red roses every month. So romantic..."

"Who is she exactly?"

"She is the daughter of the president of Zayne Science and Technology. She is a real beauty."

"I've seen her before. She's about 173 cm in height. She looked pretty cool in high heels when she's with Mr. Vincent."

"It's all Mr. Vincent's fault. He dated her last month and now told her he had a girlfriend already. How could she believe it? That's why she chased after him now. People always say that it's the easiest thing for a woman to chase after a man. But I guess she would never know that she was defeated by the little Hulk!"

Emily didn't know who the little Hulk was while someone answered her question.

"I think the little Hulk and Mr. Vincent are a perfect match. When I went out with her, I discovered that she was as cold as Mr. Vincent when she was outside. People wouldn't dare to get close to her."

"Don't you think that when they were in the study room, handling their own business, the scene was beautiful?"

"They also match up on the arena! The height difference between them is quite cute, isn't it?"

"Also, in that battle with Miss Arabella, the little Hulk was so cool! I love her so much!"

Emily didn't know what to say.

Now she knew that the little Hulk was her.

"Mr. Vincent came out barefoot every day because he didn't want to wake her up..."

Emily was a little touched. Her phone vibrated, she walked to the bathroom on the side of the corridor and answered it.

"Mr. Eliot is now released," Harold said.

"Okay."

"Beverly is in charge of the company's account books."

Emily turned on the faucet and stretched out her hands under the cold water, making her mind clear. "Let her."

It was also at this moment that she suddenly had a bold idea. If the Britt Group went bankrupt as that person behind had expected, would that person show up?

But no, she couldn't risk the company.

Harold said, "The price offered by the decoration company is quite high. Sydnee said that she would look for a few more to compare them with. She also asked her classmates from the design institute to help design the room. It's gonna take a few more days to finish the draft."

Emily rejected the thought in her mind and whispered, "It's fine. Just let her decide." After thinking for a while, she said, "I'll contact the decoration company."

"OK."

Before hanging up, Harold said, "Miss Emily, take care of yourself."

"Thank you. You too."

When Emily went downstairs, Vincent had just returned home. When the car entered, Emily saw another red sports car at the door with two high-beam lights. Then, the engine rumbled, and after a beautiful drift around the door, it drove away.

When Vincent got of the car, he saw Emily expressionlessly staring at the door, so he took a few steps to her and looked at her with deep eyes, "Upset?"

In the past, many women secretly followed him to the house or blocked him at the entrance of the company. All of them were thrown out by the guards and no longer dared to follow him anymore. This woman was the daughter of Zayne's president and Vincent didn't want to ruin their cooperation. However, if Emily was not happy about that, he would draft a contract tonight to dissolve the partnership with Zayne.

However, Emily looked at him in confusion, "You are very outstanding. Many people like you. Why would I be upset?"

"Why do you trust me this much?" Vincent leaned against the door with one hand, enveloping her under his arm. He deliberately teased her, "No sense of danger?"

"I will try my best to be outstanding." Emily hugged his neck with one hand.

Vincent was surprised.

Emily whispered in Vincent's ears, like the latter always did, "So other women won't dare to get close to you."

The girl's warm breath was sprayed to his ears. Vincent's body stiffened as expected. By the time he realized what had happened, Emily had already drilled out of his arm and raised her eyebrows at him provocatively.

This girl was getting bolder.

**

The next morning at ten o'clock, when Emily was still reading a book, she received a picture from Harold. It was a screenshot of the receipt information. Five million.

Christy had transferred the money into her card.

Emily exhaled a sigh of relief. Very good. This meant that Christy was willing to cooperate with her, and Noah was also willing to help her investigate the person behind them.

She was aware of the risks involved.

But she never thought that the risk would come so quickly that she was almost caught off guard.

Emily was reading in the bedroom at night when she received an unfamiliar phone call. She hesitated for a moment and pressed the answer button. However, no one spoke on the other end of the phone. She felt strange and suddenly asked, "Trevor?"

The phone was hung up, and then two text messages were sent to her phone using the same phone number.

One was the address, the other was, "Save her."

She almost forgot that the little robot was still following Christy, and she also forgot to tell Trevor that he didn't need to follow her anymore, so this message was...

She immediately called Noah. She had written down his number while confiscating his phone.

But no one answered.

Emily prepared for the worst. Noah had been captured by the person behind him, and the little robot happened to see the scene of Christy being captured, so it tipped off Trevor.

Emily immediately forwarded the address to Harold and then called him, "Bring a few people over. Christy might encounter an accident. Quickly go save her. I promised her. Harold, I can't go back on my word."

"Understood!"

Emily hurriedly called the unfamiliar number again. A moment later, the phone finally went through. Emily immediately asked, "Are you Trevor? If so, just knock on anything beside you."

A knock sounded. The dull sound of the wood chilled Emily.

"Did something happen to Christy?" She asked.

There was another knock.

"The address you sent me. Is that where they took her? Can we find her when we get there?"

There was a knock on the other end.

Emily immediately walked out and said, "Alright, thank you, Trevor. I understand. If anything else comes up, please call me."

After a final knock, the phone was hung up.

Vincent came out of the study and asked her with a frown, "What happened?"

Emily did not know how to explain to him, just saying, "I'm going out."

Vincent did not ask further. He took the coat from the guard and draped it over her. He hugged her and said, "I'll go with you."

Noticed that she was nervous and anxious, Vincent held her and walked down the elevator. The guards had already jumped out of the window and drove the car out downstairs. They also turned on the heating and opened the car door.

While they were rushing to that place, Christy was being chased where they were heading.

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This was an underground warehouse.

She went shopping at the supermarket at night, and on the way back, she was watched by this group of people. Taking advantage of the dark night, they pulled her into the car and brought her here.

When she came down, Christy recognized them. There were always workers in charge of cleaning the entrance of the high-end villa, and they were obvious the group of garbage cleaners. They were all around forty or fifty years old and had the faces of outsiders.

Christy had been living here for half a year. She saw them a lot and even sometimes greeted them and smiled at them. She never thought that they would bring her here.

It went without saying what they wanted to do.

Christy was in a light coffee coat, with a pair of slender heels and a silver handbag.

Worried she would run into previous clients, she would dress delicately even when she was just out for the market. The market was 10 minutes away from home and the security guards at the entrance were very professional. Every five minutes, a group of security guards would come out to patrol. However, she did not expect that she staggered the patrol time when she returned. For some reason, a street lamp was off and those people watching here hid in the darkness. When she came out, they rushed forward and covered her nose and mouth, bringing her into the car.

Christy was beautiful, so beautiful that no one dared to look at her for too long.

She was taken to the warehouse. There was no expression of fear on her face, only a mocking smile that penetrated everyone else's mind. She was too calm, so calm that no one dared to speak for a while.

Seven or eight men stood in front of this beautiful woman, yet no one dared to step forward for a moment.

Christy was not in a hurry either. She slowly looked at the warehouse beside her and reached into her pocket to send Noah her location with her phone.

Finally, a man couldn't wait. He stood up and said, "Why did you smile to us?"

Another person continued to ask, "Do you look down on us?"

These words seemed to ignite the anger of the crowd. They all started to accuse Christy.

"You're dressed beautifully and don't need to work every day, but we have to clean up and pick up endless trash!"

"It's all garbage created by you people! Why don't you throw it in the garbage can! You never stop littering even if living in such a luxurious villa!"

"And dogs! You guys never put a leash on your dogs! The last time I was bit by a stupid dog and there's no apology! The owner just threw his dirty money on me like I'm a beggar!"

"We are humans too! Why do you think of us like this?"

"We don't have money but everyone is equal! Why don't you treat us like humans?"

"Without us cleaning up, how could you live such a nice life?"

"You are all hypocritical!"

"Especially you. You don't like us, yet you smile at us!"

"Yes!"

Christy nods, "I'm sorry to treat you like that. I'm sorry. I won't next time."

Those people were so shocked by her attitude. They lowered their head and didn't dare to accept her apology. They stammered, "You..."

However, they couldn't complete the whole sentence.

"I have no money." Christy suddenly opened her mouth with a perfect smile.

The workers were completely shocked at her words.

"Then how did you get your money?" Someone couldn't help but ask.

...

When Emily and Vincent hurriedly arrived at the warehouse, they saw Christy sitting on a plastic bucket of the warehouse. There seemed to be a male worker's coat on the bucket, and seven or eight middle-aged men sat around to listen carefully.

Someone would raise his hand and ask a question. That's when Christy would toss out a sentence, "Good question."

"..."

Harold had just arrived with quite a few bodyguards behind him. Everyone rushed over with a fierce look on their faces. However, when they arrived at the door, they were confused seeing this scene. Harold looked at Emily blankly as well.

Didn't she supposed to be in danger?

Emily stroked her forehead and didn't understand what was going on. However, everyone in the warehouse noticed them at the entrance and immediately stood up nervously.

Christy stood up and raised her eyebrows in surprise, "I didn't expect you to come first."

At first glance, she noticed Vincent in the crowd. This fierce-looking man stood out amongst the bodyguards. He was more handsome in person than in magazines. Although his facial features were gorgeous, they carried a freezing coldness that sent out an unapproachable aura.

Christy nodded at him. Noah said that it was best not to get close to Vincent unless she wanted to die.

However, she had to. It was obvious that this man fell in love with a little retard, as the gossip magazine had said.

However, the news magazine made a mistake. Emily wasn't actually a retard.

Although Emily was standing beside Mr. Vincent, she wasn't nervous or uncomfortable at all. On the contrary, she was calm, as if that she was born to stand there.

After confirming that Christy was fine, Emily waved her hand in one direction and a small robot flew from the shadows to her palm.

Christy found it familiar and asked, "Is this yours?"

"It's not mine."

Emily touched the little robot's head and said, "Trevor, thank you. She's fine."

The little robot obediently sat on her shoulder. The workers in front of her stood there uneasily, "We.... We just...."

Without waiting for them to explain, Christy waved her hand and said, "Goodbye, I hope what I said just now is useful to you."

"That's it?" Emily asked.

Christy's identity was special, and she couldn't call the police. That's why Emily brought a group of people to deal with it, but she didn't expect things would go beyond her expectations.

Christy looked calm, "It's fine. They didn't do anything to me."

Emily looked at the group of people again and left with them.

The workers stood there in panic, thinking, 'Goodness. Fortunately, I didn't do anything bad just now. Who are they? Those men in black looked so terrifying, especially the handsome man at the front...

Christy grabbed the robot on Emily's shoulder. She stared at it with her beautiful eyes for a while, then looked into the robot's eyes and asked, "Can you hear me?"

On the other side, Trevor, who was in the attic, pushed the computer away in an instant and fell from the bed onto the carpet.

When the servants heard the sound, they all panicked and asked,

"Mr. Trevor, what happened?"

"What was that sound just now? Did you fall?"

The yellow light in the pavilion was on. Servants knew that it meant Trevor was okay, so they did not continue to ask.

Trevor climbed back to the bed from the ground. The suddenly enlarged lips on the computer screen were now in a distance.. Only a pair of beautiful eyes would occasionally look over, revealing the curiosity of a young girl.

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"Noah, don't come back tonight. I'm going to stay somewhere else tonight." Christy called Noah.

Noah seemed to have just noticed the location she had sent. He soon figured what was going on, so he didn't ask any further and just said, "Send me the location when you're there."

"Okay."

Hanging up, Christy asked, "Where do I live?"

Emily said, "The Scavo's."

Christy looked at the cold-faced man in the back seat through the rear-view mirror and asked, "Do I have any other choice?"

Emily asked, "Where do you want to live?"

"His place." Christy pointed at the robot in her palm.

"..."

Emily refused, "No."

"Alright then." Christy sat in her seat, her eyes gently closed after she looked out the window at the pitch-black streets illuminated by the lights.

The little robot sat obediently in her palm, tilting its head as if it was looking at her sleeping face.

On the other side.

Noah hung up the phone. He was half lying on the ground, his back against the wall. He kicked the person beside him and asked, "Did you call the police?"

Ferne, who was half lying on the side, blew on his skin and bloody joints and replied exhaustively, "Yes."

More than twenty people were lying in front of them. They didn't die but all fainted. Some of them woke up because of the pain. Unfortunately, they couldn't walk. They could only drag their broken legs and crawl forward.

An hour ago.

Noah spent the entire afternoon in front of the computer. He kept the remittance bill, from Elsie to a company. It was a fake company and he used his own card. Afterwards, the money was transferred to Emily. He also kept the second remittance bill. He erased the transaction record on the computer and sent a message to that person.

"It's done."

Previously, he and Christy had fabricated a financial company, an online transaction, and a complete set of online product introductions using a computer to earn some money. Christy was responsible for contacting all male clients and Noah captured the hearts of all female clients. If the product lost money, no client would be unhappy if they made a phone call.

However, most of the customers only invested 40,000 to 50,000. Few would invest more than 100,000 or fewer than 10,000.

One day, he received a phone call.

"Five million down payment. There will be another five million after this is done."

The other party did not say anything but arranged for Christy and him to stay in a luxury villa. The wardrobe was filled with high-end clothes, followed by business cards, the company, and a stack of photos of Elsie.

It wasn't difficult to deal with Elsie, but it was the first time they made such a big deal. If they were caught, he knew how many years he would be sentenced for this crime. Therefore, the moment he accepted this deal, he had already prepared for the worst.

However, if the Britts did not call the police, they would be able to avoid a calamity.

If the person behind him wanted to kill them after the thing was done, he had to take precautions in advance. He planned to take the money invested by Elsie for himself, but he didn't expect that Emily would come out halfway. He underestimated the little girl, and he didn't expect that there was such a strong backer behind her, Mr. Vincent.

He would rather cooperate with the Scavos than contend against them.

Moreover, he guessed that the person behind this was trying to destroy the Britts. He didn't care about the five million. After all, that person paid a commission of ten million, and as a mercenary, whether he could survive and get that money was also a problem.

However, as long as the Britts did not discover, he and Christy were both safe. If that person found out that the card in the company account was empty and the money had already been transferred... that man could only endure because Noah and Christy could not die yet. If it happened, he would remember it such a stuffy loss.

Of course, if he asked, Noah had the right to speak. After all, there would be five million after the thing was done.

Noah copied all the important information on the computer, then formatted the computer, pulled out the USB drive, and walked out with his wallet and phone.

He had to hide the USB drive.

Coincidentally, he saw Ferne almost as soon as he finished hiding the USB drive and was about to go to the Dalton Hotel to "negotiate" with him.

At dawn, Ferne appeared in a dark alley of a bar street. He held a cigarette in his mouth and watched quietly as a group of hooligans forced a little girl wearing a long sweater skirt to a corner and asked her to hand over her phone and wallet.

"If you're men, rob a man. Don't bully women. All of you have mothers, right?" As soon as Ferne opened his mouth, the group of hooligans stopped moving and turned back.

The punk-look man didn't understand what he was talking about. He could only show the knife in his hand and shout to him, "Give me your wallet!"

"That's right. That's how you should behave." Ferne slowly took out his wallet.

The punk-look man still didn't understand. He tilted his head and asked. His brother heroically repeated, "He praised you for being good."

"Holy shit!" The punk-look man angrily slapped his brother in the face.

"It's not me. It's him. He said it!"

Ferne looked up blankly, "What? What did I say?"

Noah said, "..."

The punk-look man walked towards Ferne with his brothers and snorted coldly, "You like this girl, right? Do you want to save her?"

The little girl was frightened to death. Suddenly, she saw Ferne's handsome face that looked like a good person. She immediately hugged his arm and shouted in fear, "Help me..."

Ferne had just pulled out his wallet. Before the punk-look man took his wallet, Ferne changed his wallet into another hand and showed everyone his ring finger. "Sorry, I'm married."

"Who wants to know if you're married or not!" The punk-look man reached out impatiently to snatch his wallet. "Give me the wallet!"

"Wait a moment." Ferne stuffed his wallet back into his pocket. He carefully took off his ring and said to them, "Take off all the things on your hands."

The punk-look man was confused.

As well as his brothers.

Ferne took off his ring and put it in his pocket. Then, he pushed the little girl stuck to his arm and said, "Wait by the side."

The little girl didn't know whether she was frightened or not, but when she heard this, she became even closer to Ferne.

Ferne sighed helplessly and said towards Noah, who had been standing across the street for a while. "What are you looking at? Why don't you come over and help?"

Noah said, "..."

What a joke. Ferne should thank him for not beating him up with those men. Why should he help?

Noah bit the filter tip of the cigarette. Although he was reluctant, he came over step by step. His face was stinky and cold. It seemed that he was not here to help Ferne but to chop him down.

The little girl nestled in Ferne's arms raised her head and saw Noah. In contrast, Noah made people feel more secure. Furthermore, he looked stronger than the man beside her. She immediately relaxed her grip on his arms and ran towards Noah anxiously.

Ferne was wordless.

Holy shit!

Noah changed his cold expression as he comforted the woman gently, "It's fine. Don't be afraid."

Ferne was wordless again.

Holy shit!!

The punk-look man was on guard while seeing that Noah brought that girl to the side and waved at them, "You guys continue."

Ferne said, "..."

The punk-look man said, "..."

Although he didn't know what the hell was going on between them, at this moment, it was many-for-one. The punk-look man looked at Ferne arrogantly and said, "Hurry up and hand over your wallet!" After thinking for a while, he said to Noah, "And you! Hand over your wallets!"

There was only a dim yellow lamp in the dark alley. The autumn wind was bleak and the shadows were hazy.

Almost at the moment when the punk-look man turned to look at Noah, a younger brother beside him suddenly fell to the ground without any warning.

"What's going on?!" the punk-look man pulled out a knife and looked around, guarding against both Noah and Ferne.

A younger man behind him pointed at Ferne with trembling eyes and said, "It's him. He's too fast, I can't see him..."

Noah's expression changed.

Damn it. The move this guy used was the one that ambushed him in the hotel last time.

Ferne recalled something after he had finished fighting. He shone eight teeth at Noah as if he was going to endorse Colgate in the next second. His fair teeth shone brightly in the dim light.

The punk-look man moved his brother to the side, kicked another brother beside him, "Go!"

Many of his brothers surrounded Ferne. Although Ferne had indeed slacked off a lot in the past two years and hadn't trained much, he was still more than enough to deal with this group of hooligans ... My hat!

The six of them clamped down on his hands and feet, pressing him against the wall in a large shape. The punk-look man walked over with his knife. He smiled sinisterly and said, "Go on!"

Ferne was now aware of the feeling of being unable to move. He couldn't help but look at Noah, "What are you looking at! Hurry up and save me!"

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With this shout, the punk-look man defensively glared at Noah as well.

Noah said in a loose tone with a cigarette in his mouth, "Don't you want to protect women?"

Ferne was embarrassed. No one liked to be exposed as a weak mouse while showing off. Let alone he said it so straightforward.

Life is already hard, so don't expose the truth!

Time was running out. The punk-look man's knife was almost at his neck. Ferne closed his eyes and shouted, "OK! I'm pretentious!"

It was indeed a bit humiliating. However, Noah didn't want to stop at the right place. He just wanted to be insatiable.

"I'm a vengeful person," he said with a long tone.

Ferne's eyes were burning, "You broke my wine! It's worth millions of!"

Noah lowered his head and lit a cigarette. "You guys continue."

The punk-look man approached Ferne's neck with the knife and took out his wallet.

Ferne struggled hard, but he didn't break free. He could only shout at Noah, "OK! OK! OK! I was wrong! You can do whatever you want with me, ok?! Can you save me now?"

Noah took a sip of his cigarette and raised his brows. His smile revealed his evil nature. "Deal."

"I'm warning you. Don't come over. As soon as you come over, I'll ..." The punk-look man held his knife pointing at him.

Before he could finish his sentence, he was kicked away by Noah and hit Ferne's body, knocking out three people who were clamping down on Ferne.

Ferne almost spat out blood. As he slid down the wall, he desperately wondered if this bastard had deliberately used so much strength!

Afterwards, Noah pressed down on the heads of two men who rushed over and knocked them down. They fainted on the ground. There was still one who shouted at Noah with a knife in his hand, "You, you, you... Don't come over. I, I, I, I..."

Noah still had a cigarette in his mouth. He raised his eyebrows and grinned at the man. There's a dimple on his cheek. It was a resolute and upright face. However, this man was full of banditry's aura. He was wearing a suit and calmly maintained himself like a social elite, but when fighting, he was better than a street gangster!

He walked towards the man with the knife and took away his knife. Then, he flipped his fingertips and used the knife to give him a haircut. Then, he handed the knife over and smiled. "Fifty."

That man was stunned, "What?"

"I said, the cost of cutting your hair," Noah patiently repeated, "Is Fifty."

The man took out the money from his pocket trembling and pressed it flat before handing it over. He didn't dare to imagine how he looked like. He only saw the shadow on the ground. The knife almost circled around the man's hand and he didn't dare to move. He was afraid that his neck would be cut in the next second.

The punk-look man had already stood up again. He quickly took out Ferne's wallet and approached Noah. "I was wrong. Here's your wallet."

At this moment, the little girl suddenly rushed over and hugged Noah's arm, "Help me! I'm so scared..."

She hadn't even rushed forward when Noah grabbed her chin and lifted her face.

"You came to this place alone at night, dressed like this," he said, glancing indifferently at her face, the corners of his mouth curved, the dimples on his cheeks shallow, and his eyes full of ridicule. "Put on makeup and sprayed cheap perfume..."

With a change of tone, he turned to look at Ferne and said, "It's a trap. You are so foolish to save her." Noah raised his eyes to glance at the punk-look man and said in a light tone, "They're from the same group."

The girl's expression changed as expected. She instantly retreated into the encirclement. At this moment, a new batch of hoodlums surged in from outside.

The dim yellow street lamp illuminated this dark alley that no one had noticed. For a moment, they could only see the vast crowd. They walked over to the punk-look man and shouted at the little girl who had just pretended to be weak and afraid, "Karen, we're coming!"

Ferne got up from the ground. Only now did he realize the truth. He, a policeman, was not as perceptive as Noah. He glared at the little girl called Karen and asked, "You're the one who took the lead?"

Just as Karen was about to reply, Noah suddenly said with a faint smile, "I won't hit a woman."

Ferne turned his head to look at him and saw Noah suddenly jumped up. He punched out, and the moment his waist bent down, he suddenly bounced out again. The second punch went in the opposite direction. His punch was fierce and accurate, and the person who was hit almost couldn't stand up in an instant. Ferne immediately joined the battle.

A group fight with more than twenty people which should have been chaotic was turned into a one-sided crushing battle by Noah. The anger and dissatisfaction of being detained by Ferne in the wine cellar were all vented on this group of people.

Until the end, when everyone fell to the ground, Ferne stretched out his hand and pulled him. He was also smashed by Noah's fist. Fortunately, Ferne dodged quickly and Noah's strength was almost exhausted. That punch wasn't too heavy either, and it missed. Noah frowned and felt unhappy. He changed the hand and prepared to launch a second attack.

"Holy shit! You fool! It's me!" Ferne pushed him. Noah was pushed so hard that he staggered and sat down beside the wall. He leaned against the wall and looked up at the sky. A few stars were flashing in the dark sky.

Ferne sat beside him and gasped heavily.

Just my luck to have this happen!

It was not easy to show off himself while being exposed in front of so many people. It was not easy to save a beauty like a hero, while the hero was almost beaten to death. The weak little girl even turned out to be the big boss!

Ferne almost had a myocardial infarction.

Noah picked up the phone after a while. It was Christy. "Noah, don't come back tonight. I'm going to live somewhere else."

Noah frowned as he looked at the location she had sent him. He immediately understood that he couldn't go back and live there anymore.

Did they attack so quickly?

He hung up the phone and looked at the punk-look man lying all over the place. He then looked at Karen who was tied up motionlessly and asked, "Did you call the police?"

"Yes."

Noah finally stood up. There was nothing else for him to do next.

"What are you doing?" Ferne grabbed his leg.

Noah glanced at him. He was a little cold, but more tired. "Find a hotel to sleep in."

"Go to my place. For free." Ferne patted his butt and stood up. His back was aching now. It was as if he had been hit by someone on the ground. His entire body hurt. He took a step and grinned. Fortunately, he was pretentious enough and didn't change his expression at all.

Just as he took a step forward, he saw Noah ripple with a smile, revealing a dimple on his cheek, "My face finally came in handy."

Ferne was speechless.

Such a poker face...

Noah knew what Ferne was thinking. He stared straight at Ferne as if he would kill Ferne if he dared to say it out.

After all, Noah saved him, so he gave him a thumbs-up unconsciously, "Good-looking! Handsome!"

Such a pretentious man had succumbed to another man's force.

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After taking a bath, Christy casually put on a bathrobe and went in the guest room. The room was heated. On the table were a bowl of porridge and hot milk. Beside them on the sofa was a large bag of snacks she had bought in the supermarket.

She opened a bag of potato chips and tossed one into her mouth.

When she turned around, she saw the little robot standing there, charging itself. It stood upright and looked ahead, similar to a doll in size. But Christy felt it was special. She believed that it was conscious, able to think and communicate.

She changed the band-aid on the sole of her foot, then walked to it. She squatted down to asked, "Why are you here?"

Emily forgot to tell Trevor that he didn't need to follow Christy anymore. Probably, its program hadn't been changed yet. Now that it was discovered, it naturally stayed in situ.

The robot stared at Christy for a long time before it suddenly turned its head.

Christy felt it strange, "What's wrong?"

She forced it to turn back and smiled at it, "Emily said that it is you that told her my address, so you can speak, right?"

This time, the little robot lowered its head, as if it was bowing down, its head pressing against its legs.

Christy raised her eyebrow and then put it on the bed.

Just as she sat on the bed, she realized when she was squatting there, the bathrobe could barely cover her body. She folded her arms and remembered she didn't wear anything but this bathrobe.

"You saw it?" Christy didn't care. She just picked another photo chip and tossed it into her mouth, "It's okay. I don't care."

The little robot hesitated and raised its head. But it only raised a little, seemingly doubt the truth of it. Christy was amused, "You really can get my words."

However, Christy didn't know that it was not that this little robot could understand her words. It was the man on the garret that could hear her. The little robot was under the control and could transmit images to the computer on the garret.

So, Trevor was shocked to see her sexy appearance and fell off the bed again.

The servants quickly ran out, "What's wrong? What happened to Mr. Trevor?"

"He seemed to have fall down! Does he hurt?"

"The yellow light is on. It's fine."

"How could this be? Mr. Trevor had fallen down twice. Did he get a fright?"

"I guess so."

There were clamors under the garret while the young man in the garret groped onto the bed and operated the computer with his eyes closed. Then, he saw that beautiful woman lying on her side, talking with potato chips in her hand. Though it was an image on the screen, he felt her gaze seemingly landing on his face.

Finally, Christy received a call from Noah.

She briefly recounted what happened in the warehouse and then continued after a pause, "The workers told me that they had seen a man lingering on the corner for a long while. And he left after they noticed him."

"You should not go back now. It's safe of you to stay in the Scavo's." Noah said.

Christy asked, "What about you?"

"I'm in the Dalton Hotel."

"I remember Ferne had...?" Ferne had set him up. The two of them were reconciled again? She did not believe it. With Noah's vengeful nature, it was more likely for Ferne to be dismembered.

A miserable cry came from the other end of the phone. Then, seemingly someone had been punched while his mouth was covered. His shrieks got muffled. Only then did Noah's voice come.

"My face helped."

Christy was confused.

But Noah just hung up.

He took a glance at Ferne, who was tied up with his mouth covered. Then, he curled his lips, "Good night."

He took a sip of the wine, clapped his hands to turn off the lights, and then lay down on the king size bed with pleasure.

Ferne stared at him with anger.

He wished he had been robbed that those punks!

**

"Miss Emily, we might have to stay there for a few days. I've already prepared clothes and other daily necessities for you. Do you need anything else? I'll pack them."

Early in the morning, just as Emily finished her breakfast, Rex showed her two large suitcases.

In one suitcase were two black suits and in the other were sweaters, sneakers, toothpaste, a toothbrush, a towel, a comb, slippers and so on.

Emily was confused, "We are going climbing, right?"

"Yes."

Emily felt it strange.

Why should they bring so many things while going climbing?

Rex was putting a USB cable and a charger into a sealed bag. He explained with his head lowered, "There is only a guest house on the foot of the mountain. And it has only one bed. We need to get prepared."

"I got it." Emily nodded. She took her sketchbook and a few pencils from the desk and then put them in the suitcase. "Done."

Rex nodded and took the two large suitcases downstairs.

Emily walked to Christy's room and knocked twice. But no one responded. She opened the door and saw Christy sleeping on the bed. Lacking sense of security, she was facing the door with her arm tightly folded. In her arms was that little robot.

Emily had wanted to give the robot back to Trevor, but now she changed her idea and said, "We're going out for two days."

Christy opened her eyes and gave a slight nod before falling asleep again.

Maybe she didn't sleep well in new surroundings. Emily walked out and gently closed the door. She said to the guard, "Keep her safe."

"Yes!"

Meanwhile, Christy got up, took off the bathrobe and began to change her clothes. But the little robot stayed motionless. She walked over and stoked its face, smiling, "Are you still sleeping?"

Her voice was somewhat husky since she had just woken up.

And her husky voice was transmitted into Trevor's ears through the loudspeaker.

Trevor, who usually slept till the afternoon, was wakened. He opened his eyes in a daze and met Christy's pretty face.

Her smile was bright.

**

Phoenix Mountain was in State Z. When they arrived, it was already two o'clock in the afternoon. The moment they reached there, Emily was overwhelmed by the fresh air.

There were lush plants on the foot of the mountain. And three houses with black bricks and tiles were surrounded by bamboo forest. A wooden board was hung there. It read "Mount Phoenix Guest House".

But they were surrounded the moment they got out of the car.

Randy, in a white sweatshirt with an image of a pretty girl, came over. He wore a wireless headset around his neck and held a folding fan in one hand. As he opened the fan, there were showy words on it: Top of the Tops. He cried, "Vincent, you're finally here!"

Then, he turned to Emily, "Emily's here, too. It's been a long journey.. You must be tired."

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Emily replied with a smile.

Behind Randy were those eight players in casual clothes. They followed and extended their greetings one by one. But Emily only noticed one of them. He was that Milk Tea Bro. He was in a loose black fleece and wore a cap. Fixed his eyes on the phone, he seemed to be playing the games. And he only followed the others and didn't notice what they are saying. He just murmured "hello" and didn't even raise his head.

From afar, Emily could only see his long eyelashes. He ... really looked like a girl.

"What are you looking at?" When she regained her senses, they had left for the guest house. Vincent stood in front of her, blocking the warm sunlight.

Emily looked up and saw the man standing backlighting. He was tall and straight as the shadow on his face highlighted his handsome features. He tilted his head slightly, and his straight and dark eyebrows were under the sunlight. His strong profile was laid over with golden light. And needless to say, his lips must be tense, like a blade.

"The guest house." Emily pointed at the guest house built by black bricks, "I've never seen a house like this before."

Vincent slightly bent down and met her gaze. Just as he was about to say something, a voice came, "Vincent!"

It was Arabella.

She had headed for them as soon as she got off the car. However, even the knockings of the high heels didn't make her noticed. Vincent was always staring at Emily. It was so long that Arabella even suspected if he was going to kiss her in public....

Therefore, she immediately called him. Then, she strode over. She was taller than Emily and with high heels, she was now much taller. It stirred up her confidence and she stood up straighter.

She stood beside Vincent and smiled, "Vincent, I didn't expect you to come so early."

Vincent nodded.

However, he glanced over Arabella and gazed at Jaquan, who had just got off.

Jaquan opened the trunk, took out two suitcases and pushed them over, joking, "Mr. and Mrs. Scavo."

Arabella immediately shot him a glare.

How dare he call Emily Mrs. Scavo? They didn't marry yet! How old was the little retard? She didn't deserve it at all!

Randy happened to run out since he had finished allotting the rooms. He shouted at Jaquan, "Hurry up! Everyone is waiting for you!"

Jaquan looked around and asked, "Where is Ferne?"

Randy glanced at his phone, "I don't know. He didn't answer the phone. I guess he's busy."

Just as they talked, another car arrived. Armando got out of the car and opened the rear door gallantly. Janessa, Emma and Stony got off one by one.

Jaquan slightly frowned at Emma. Thinking of the calls from his mother these past few days, he felt annoyed.

Randy whistled in amazement, "Holy shit, Armando, what did you do? Is he your child? He's so grown up!"

"Stop talking nonsense." Armando blushed. He stole a glance at Janessa, and then turned to Emma, "This is my neighbor who lives in the Tea Manor. Her name is Emma." He then pointed at Stony and said, "This is her son, Stony."

Stony was dressed in a child's waterproof jacket, his eyes brimming with radiating vigor. He greeted everyone present with his cute little voice. Annoyed as Arabella was, she couldn't help but relax and put on a smile.

However, she felt Emma familiar. After thinking for a moment, it hit her that she was exactly the one she had met in the Cox's.

So she had married and had a child.

Randy observed Stony for a while and poked Jaquan in the ribs with his elbow. "Holy shit. It's far-fetched to say he's Armando's son. But I'll be convinced if you tell me he's your son. Look. He looks quite like you."

"As handsome as me." Jaquan nodded.

Randy closed his fan and hit his arm, "Scram."

Emma hadn't seen Emily. She nodded at her and then smiled at everyone.

Emily replied with a smile.

Janessa headed to Vincent and asked with curiosity, "I heard you've made a girlfriend?"

She directly ignored Arabella and turned to the shorter Emily. Emily wore black coat and blue trousers. Her face was small and her eyes were clean and bright. She didn't need to pretend to be lovely for she herself was lovable enough. She also was calm and aloof. When she looked at someone, they wouldn't even feel it.

As a tour guide, Janessa had seen all kinds of people. This was the first time she had seen a girl like her. She was quite different. If Emily were a middle-aged woman, Janessa wouldn't be surprised at her gaze and aura. However, Emily was obviously a few years younger than Arabella.

Thinking of Arabella, Janessa took a glance at her and then compared the two of them. Although Arabella was more outstanding and prominent, Janessa didn't like her. She was a typical spoiled girl. Though Janessa herself was raised in a rich family, she went against wealthy ladies like herself.

According to the position in the family hierarchy, Arabella should call her aunt.

But Arabella didn't greet her. Instead, she turned a cold shoulder to Janessa. As her elder, Janessa had long since she heard that Arabella would marry Vincent sooner or later. But she didn't think so.

Besides, she once said that if Vincent was really a superficial man, then the marriage of them would be a heaven-made match....

Unexpectedly, Vincent had got himself Emily. Anyway, her first impression of Emily was quite good.

Ignored by others, Armando opened the trunk and took suitcases out. Stony went to help him and took a small backpack. Emma walked over as well. Her leg was not recovered yet, but she was in a much better condition than before. At least, now she could walk steadily.

She took her own suitcase and pushed it over with a limp.

Armando had carried two suitcases, his and Janessa's, so he couldn't spare a hand to help her. Except women, there were only Randy and Vincent who were free. Randy immediately strode to Emma, "I'll carry it."

Janessa had observed Emily for long, but Emily just remained calm. She stood there, quietly and frankly accepting her gaze. Emily only reached to Vincent's shoulder, but she didn't appear inferior or shy at all. The moment their gazes met, Emily gave Janessa a decent nod, "Hello, I'm Emily."

"My name is Janessa." Janessa blinked at Emily before she left. "You're special.. No wonder Vincent likes you."

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Hearing Janessa's words, Arabella clutched her bag tightly.

Vincent gave a rare smile. His smile was so imperceptible that Janessa thought it was just her illusion.

"Let's go." Vincent held Emily away and walked to the guest house.

They looked like a perfect match and the height difference between was quite cute. Janessa opened the camera hanging on her chest and shot a photo for them.

Arabella's face darkened for she was ignored by them. After people took their luggage and went to the guest house, she finally followed in her high heels.

There weren't many rooms. Two people had to share a room. As soon as Arabella walked in, she saw Emily and Vincent went in the end room. She looked at Randy with confusion and asked, "How can you put them together? What if...?"

Before Arabella could finish her words, Randy shrugged his shoulder and said, "It's Vincent's decision and none of my business."

Hearing this, Arabella went silent.

Jaquan didn't know what to say. He just handed Arabella the key and said, "Take it. Yours is the single-room. I've put down your luggage."

"Thank you." Arabella smiled again.

Jaquan nodded and then walked towards Armando's room with his luggage.

Armando was stunned, "Aren't you gonna sleep with Arabella tonight?"

Jaquan glared at him. "I'm gonna sleep with you tonight."

Armando, "..."

He didn't mean that.

Armando tried to explain, "I mean..."

"When you and Janessa... Damn!" Before Jaquan could finish his words, Armando stopped him by covering his mouth. Jaquan patted Armando's hand disdainfully, "Why do your hands smell so disgusting? What did you put you on?"

Armando smelled his hand and then looked to the ground, "The suitcase."

"Well." Jaquan sighed with relief.

Armando hesitated a while and said, "But on the tire...."

Jaquan kicked him off and said, "Get out of here."

Armando dodged him nimbly. Then he had the reason to go to the washroom and to see if Janessa needed any help.

Randy planned to stay overnight at the guest house and then climbed the mountain the next day. Therefore, his team members all stayed in their rooms and played mobile games.

Armando passed by several rooms. His teammates were all playing games. Finally, he walked to Janessa's room. The door was closed.

He raised his hand and knocked.

Janessa didn't open the door. She probably knew it was him and shouted, "Go and hang out with your friends. Leave me alone."

"Fine." Armando felt depressed and was about to leave.

Janessa sighed helplessly. She opened the door and said, "Come in."

Then, Armando immediately walked in with pleasure.

Janessa took the camera and adjusted the focus. After shooting some pictures, she adjusted the brightness and color saturation. Armando was standing beside her quietly. They enjoyed the scenery together.

There were two beds in the room. Emma was making the bed. Stony took out the slippers in the suitcase and put them in order. Then, he took out a cup. "Mom, I'll go to get a glass of water."

"Ask someone to help you. Don't touch the hot water switch by yourself." Emma instructed.

"I know." Stony replied and ran out with the cup in his hand.

After making the bed, Emma saw Janessa and Armando standing by the window. Although she knew their relationship, she still left quietly.

There was a resting area in the hall of the guest house. She slowly walked to the hall and sat down. It was already the middle of November, but the weather was just right. The breeze brought her the fresh air of the trees.

Jaquan saw Emma after washing his hands in the bathroom. He was curious about her appearance here.

No one was at the front desk, nor in the corridor. Jaquan walked over and sat on the chair opposite Emma and asked, "Why are you here?"

"Enjoy the hot tub." Emma said concisely. Then she took out three hundred yuan from her pocket and placed it on the table.

Jaquan had forgotten about the thing. He was stunned about Emma's action and asked, "What do you mean?"

"The fare that I borrow last time." Emma looked at him helplessly.

"..."

'This woman is really annoying.' Jaquan thought.

Stony came out with the thermos. After seeing Jaquan, he said, "Mr. Jaquan"

Jaquan thought Stony was not that close to him now. He didn't know if this was his illusion. Although they hadn't been that close in the past, Stony should be more familiar with him than with the others. But now the way Stony treated him was not different.

After greeting Jaquan, Stony walked to Emma. He put the thermos cup on the table and whispered, "Mom, can I go watch they play games?"

Emma caressed his head and said, "Sure, but don't disturb them."

"I see." Stony left happily.

The resting area fell quiet again. Jaquan also left. Armando didn't come back yet and Arabella was not in her room. He walked a few more steps and heard Arabella's voice from the end room.

"Vincent, it turns out that the public-interest ad of RH Company is our joint project. I watched the video yesterday and felt that something was missing. I recorded it on my phone. Just have a look of this..."

The door was open. Jaquan could see that Arabella was standing beside Vincent. They got so close to each other. Emily was playing her phone on the bed. She seemed to totally ignore such a scene.

After backing to the resting area, Jaquan found that Emily was not there. Randy and his teammates were playing mobile games. He couldn't find Armando and Ferne didn't answer his call. As for Vincent...

Jaquan sighed and walked out. He saw Emily and the owner of the guest house chatting at the mountain foot. The owner was a man in his forties with whiskers, dark skin and red cheeks. He smiled plainly and pointed at the mountain, "It will take you an hour. It's too late for you to go now and it will be dark two hours later. Go there tomorrow. It's really dangerous at night since there has no lights."

Emily thanked him and then looked at the mountain in front of her.

Jaquan walked out and followed her gaze. Then he asked, "What do you want to do?"

Emily didn't answer him. The owner was still there. After seeing Jaquan, he smiled and said, "She wants to see the Dragon Spring. It's halfway up the mountain. You can enjoy the spring there if it's summer. The water is so clean that you can even drink it after you take a bath in it. But I heard that she is injured. It's dark now. You'd better go tomorrow."

After saying this, the owner left gladly.

Jaquan held his shoulders and looked at Emily strangely, "Are you going to take a bath?"

Emily didn't want to answer him. However, she couldn't help correcting him, "A foot bath."

Jaquan looked at her injured leg and suddenly realized it, "So it gonna help you recover?"

"No."

Jaquan was confused.

He finally drew a conclusion, "You came all the way here for a foot bath?"

"Yes." Emily looked at him as if what she did was completely normal.

"..."

Jaquan didn't want to talk to her anymore. He'd rather be bored to death.

He found a bamboo stool at the entrance of the guest house and sat down. Then he called Ferne.

Still nobody answered.. Jaquan felt very bored and hung up the phone. Then he thought, "Could it be that Ferne is kidnapped?"