

Billionaire's Reborn Baby novel Chapter 1018

His arm was grabbed. He turned back. Stephanie grabbed his arm and pushed him hard.

Stephanie used all her strength, hitting Harold in the chest with her head. He was knocked down on the sofa.

Harold was afraid of hurting her, so he stayed on the sofa. He did not know if Stephanie was drunk or not.

Stephanie knelt on his lap.

"Wendy, are you drunk?" Harold stiffened.

Stephanie wiped her tears and looked at Harold, "Can you kiss me?"

Harold kept silent.

He silently refused.

Stephanie sighed, "Forget it, I'll go out and find one..."

"Anyone?" Harold asked.

Stephanie nodded and covered her teary face. "Am I very depraved? ... But I don't want to think about him anymore..."

Harold gently kissed her lips.

He tasted her salty tears.

It was just the gentle touch of lips.

Stephanie could not help but laugh, "It feels a little..."

Before she could say the word "strange", Harold kissed her with his tongue.

It was a strange feeling.

Stephanie trembled. For the first time, she felt Harold's strength. She was pushed back onto the sofa, only to hear her heart thumping.

"Wendy, don't move." Harold held Stephanie's hands.

Stephanie stood up. She locked the door, turned off the light, and walked over step by step. Her voice came with the scent of wine.

"I won't tell anyone."

"Harold."

"Don't reject me."

"Okay?"

As the last word fell, her hand touched Harold's heart.

"No. You're drunk." Harold stood up.

His voice was clear.

He reminded Stephanie that he had no other thoughts.

Stephanie felt sorrow. She did not understand why no men liked her. John and Harold...

She couldn't figure it out.

She said numbly, "If you leave tonight, I could die."

Harold looked at her in the darkness and did not speak.

"Don't go, okay?" Stephanie stretched out her hand, grabbing anything.

She curled herself up on the sofa, letting tears crawl all over her face.

'It's alright, I will get better tomorrow.'

'It's alright.'

It was only early September, but she was so cold that she shivered until someone pulled her into his arms.

Only then did Stephanie cry out, "I'm sorry..."

"Go take a shower. I won't leave tonight." Harold said.

Stephanie was sober after taking a shower. She felt a little embarrassed when she thought about how she kissed Harold. She did not dare to look at Harold's face.

Harold sat quietly on the sofa and watched a whole comedy movie with her.

At midnight, she lay in bed and asked Harold, "Are you coming over to sleep with me?"

Harold kept silent.

"Nothing will happen." Stephanie covered her face with the quilt. She did not know why she suddenly blushed. "The sofa is narrow for you. Come and sleep in the bed."

Harold had always slept when he was sitting. He was used to being vigilant.

He took a shower, changed into the clean bathrobe, sat in a position against the bed, and said to Stephanie, "Go to sleep. I will be fine here."

"Come here, I want to chat with you." Stephanie patted the bed.

Harold thought about it and lay on the bed.

"Talk about what?" he asked.

"You..." Stephanie said carefully, "You ... haven't you kissed anyone before? Didn't lie to me? Why did you just act so skilled?"

Harold paused.

"I didn't lie to you," he coughed.

'Could it be that he saw too much, so he naturally knows?'

"Well." Stephanie stopped talking.

They were embarrassed.

"Sleep," Harold said.

"Good night," Stephanie said in a muffled voice.

"Good night," Harold said.

Half an hour later, Stephanie was still awake. She remembered the days when she was with John. She liked to hug him when she was sleeping.

She liked John giving her a good night kiss.

But now, only Harold was sleeping next to her.

"Still not asleep?" Harold noticed, "I'll go down."

Stephanie reached out and grabbed his arm. "Harold..."

"Huh?"

"Good night kiss, okay?" Stephanie asked in a soft voice.

There was only silence.

After a long time, Stephanie felt that Harold was approaching. Then her face was held up, followed by a small kiss.

"Good night kiss is not like this..." Stephanie was a little dissatisfied.

Harold paused for a moment, then gave her a French kiss.

Stephanie wrapped her arms around him.

Harold had strong stiff muscles, with sinewy hands, wide shoulders, and scars-covered skin ... His chest and back. was full of scars, like roots wrapped around a big tree.

She suddenly felt an inexplicable pain and gently kissed the ugly scar.

Harold stopped.

Stephanie looked up at him. In the darkness, they could see nothing, but they could feel each other's breathing.

"There is one in the drawer." Stephanie looked at him and said.

Harold did not move.

"I'll go get it." Stephanie climbed out of bed and opened the drawer to take out something.

"Wendy, you're drunk. You don't know what you're doing."

"I know what I'm doing." Stephanie looked at him in the darkness and said, "I'm not drunk. I'm very sober."

"When you meet someone you love, you will regret this." Harold's voice was slightly hoarse.

"What if you are the person I love?" Stephanie asked.

Harold did not answer.

Nothing happened to them in the end.

Stephanie knew that they would not fall in love with each other.

She just wanted to seek solace with the excuse of alcohol. Harold had already given her a good night kiss. She could not ask for too much.

After all, she had already taken his first kiss.

A first kiss.

Stephanie thought about this and closed her eyes, entering a deep slumber.

For Harold, it was a sleepless night.