

Billionaire's Reborn Baby

Chapter 1069 Roxy Copper Ten (1)

Everything returned to the beginning.

She changed her job and the house.

She was reluctant to move because a stranger in this city had shown her kindness.

She wanted to express her gratitude and return the favor.

But she did not have any money.

For the first time, she yenned for money so that she could be confident to stand in front of the man, return him the money, and express her sincere gratitude to him.

At night, she looked at the sky outside the window, so that she would leave all the troubles behind, forget her stepfather, forget the days in prison, forget her first boyfriend, and forget all the pain she had experienced.

She went to the library, reading books. She went to the park for a walk for a month or two, watching the other parents playing merrily with their children.

She would go to the hospital to donate blood every three months.

Her body was given to her parents.

She didn't want it.

She couldn't kill herself.

Then, she didn't want the soulless body.

Coincidentally, she met her editor, Vivian.

That day when she was reading in the library, she happened to meet the editor and the author talking. Their conversation was decipherable to her.

"The story must have ups and downs. It can be in line with the real-life story, dreary. But you must set two twists to arouse the audience's sympathy with the protagonists and to touch them. The platitudinous love stories must be rewritten. There are too many sweet love romances now. Your story has to be sad with twists and turns." The man who held a pen in his hand and kept writing was the editor.

"Then I have to change the ending part?" The frowning woman was the author.

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Roxanne waited for them to finish chatting before catching up to the editor. "Hello."

"Hello?" The male editor turned around, a bit feminine. It was not that he looked like a woman, but he behaved like a girl. He carried a bag, sprayed perfume, and wore light-colored lipstick. There was also an earring on his ear.

This was Roxanne's first impression of him.

"Hello, I ... I'm very interested in your work. Can you teach me?" Roxanne squeezed out a very big smile.

She was dressed in black, short-haired, and agreeable-looking. With no accessories on her, one could smell the smell of instant noodles on her. All in all, she looked impoverished.

This was the first impression the editor had of Roxanne.

Then they cooperated.

Roxanne was very talented, with the editor's assistance, her first work appeared, and although the response wasn't so good. But it was the first time she wrote a novel, the editor expressed great encouragement and support to her.

"To be honest, I still don't believe that you haven't finished your junior high school, for your writing is better than the two authors I have here. They have all graduated from college. One of them has been working for three years, while his life experience is not as rich as yours."

Roxanne didn't say anything but pursed her lips to reveal a faint smile.

"What day is your birthday? I'll give you a big cake when the time comes." The editor said.

Roxanne shook his head.

"You don't know? You don't know your birthday?" the editor asked curiously.

Roxanne chuckled. "No need for trouble. I haven't celebrated my birthday for many years."

"How old are you? How many years? How many years? Tell me." The editor teased.

"Twelve years."

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The editor was stunned. "Well, it has indeed been many years."

Roxanne began to write with all her might. The money she earned from writing was only enough to cover her rent and living expenses, and not enough to pay off her debts. The unremitting writing forced her to be addicted to cigarettes and coffee.

She would still stand at the window at night, looking at the sky, forgetting all her troubles. A gentle and smiling face would quietly appear in her mind.

Her life would be full of vitality again.

Such a person was someone she would never have the courage to approach.

After writing the fifth book, she took twenty thousand to the hospital.

He was already a doctor, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles.

He was very handsome. Along the way, some people nodded to him and greeted him. Many voices called him warmly, "Doctor Mueller."

Roxanne whispered his name and had the very mind to call him that.

She did not dare to face him, worried that he would see the pity in his eyes after recognizing that he was the girl who committed suicide three years ago.

She stuffed the money into the donation box in the hospital.

Now she no longer owed him any favor.

Her fifth book sold well and went popular among the readers, but her sixth book had not come out because of the exhaustible inspiration.

The editor suggested she find someone to observe.

She thought of Doctor Mueller in the first place.

However, she did not go to the hospital. She went to the coffee shop. People were hustling and bustling there every day. She paid attention to good-looking boys. If she could, she would pay him. Then she followed him to his house, feeling his life and understanding his work as well as daily life, which could help her create a more detailed characterization.

She would occasionally pass by the hospital and stand in the hall for a while. Sometimes, she was lucky to see Doctor Mueller. Sometimes, she would wait for a long time without meeting him once. She was confident enough to stand in front of him and express her thanks for a generous offer he did a few years ago, but she never took that step.

The editor had introduced a good boy to her, and she tried to get along, but there was no spark between the two.

Love was a wonderful thing. When one did not have it, one would yearn for it, but when one had it, he would feel empty and lonely.

The two of them often had no topics to talk about when they were together. They had slept together, but they could not be considered to have loved each other. When they broke up, they openly said goodbye and hugged each other. It could be considered a love worthy of remembering in her life.

Later when the editor introduced another boy to her, she refused.

The reason was very explicit. "I would rather have a lustful relationship in that they could sleep with each other but no need to be responsible for each other. Anyway, love won't last long."

She said that she loved this world, but this world didn't do the same.

The sentence later became her motto.

Once she had a fever, she went to the hospital to queue up to register. Being groggy, she accidentally fell asleep in a chair. A hand was on her forehead when she opened her eyes and saw the missing face.

He said something, probably saying that she had a fever, and then said something to the nurse behind him. Then he lowered his head and asked her.

Roxanne looked at his face up close, and for the first time, she had a desire.

She wanted to hug him.

He must be very warm and cozy.

It was so warm that when he got so close, she was all teary.

"Doctor Mueller is too handsome. I wonder if he has a girlfriend..." She lay on the chair in a daze and heard the little nurse chatting.

"Don't even think about it. He has a good family. I heard that his father is an attorney, and his mother is also a bigwig. His parents all want their future daughter-in-law to be well-matched. He hasn't even taken a fancy to our principal's daughter. Don't even think about a nurse like us. He would not fancy us."

"Well, I wonder which woman will be so lucky to be his girlfriend."

"No matter who it is, it won't be us."