

# Billionaire's Reborn Baby

## Chapter 1070 Roxy Copper Ten (2)

He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He came from a rich family and graduated from a famous school. He was a young and promising doctor in the City Hospital. He was a handsome and modest gentleman.

Roxanne recognized one thing from the information he obtained.

She and that there would never be any intersection between them.

During that time, she was addicted to smoking and often couldn't sleep at night. The editor was her true friend and asked her why she was troubled. She shook her head and said nothing.

She fell in love with a man.

A man who would never have anything to do with her for the rest of his life.

Half a year later, she put her focus back on her writing work. Even if she was sick, she would write while having an intravenous drip.

It was her first time communicating with him.

He was a very gentle person, really gentle.

He gently reminded her that there was a free spot over there.

Roxanne didn't receive much care from strangers in this city. Only this person gave her warmth and care at her most vulnerable moment many times, even if he might not remember what he did and said.

But it didn't matter, as long as she remembered.

Roxanne thought that was the end, and she never expected that it was only the beginning.

When they met in the coffee shop, he saw the scene of her being humiliated and was urged by his colleague to come over and ask for her number.

At first, Roxanne only thought that the person standing in front of him who had been looking at her for a long time was a doctor, and when she looked up and saw his face, he recognized it was him.

It was not his style to ask a woman for her phone number, but he really asked for her number out of courtesy or to not hurt her pride.

Roxanne didn't want to miss this opportunity, so she passed her phone over and said to him, "Here you are."

His fingers were very beautiful and slender. She never knew that a man's hand could be so beautiful that she couldn't help but want to hold it.

He was really gentle. He told her which shop to fix the computer and where it was.

"What is your family name?" she asked.

He replied, "My family name is Mueller."

Collin, I know you.

Roxanne looked at him. She yearned to embrace this person.

"Vivian, a man wants my number. I like him," Roxanne said, sitting on the sofa after taking a shower.

Vivian replied, "If you like him, then go ahead."

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"He didn't call me," Roxanne explained, "It was his friend who urged him to come to ask for my number."

"That's fine. Men will not refuse the women who offer to get close to them." Vivian looked like he understood the man thoroughly, "They like the kind of women who are serious outside, but sex at home."

"He's not that kind of person," Roxanne said with a frown.

"Have a try. Call him and seduce him. If he comes, don't talk nonsense and send me a red packet."

"... Alright."

Vivian was right.

Collin arrived.

Roxanne did not know how to be sex, so she could only take a box of condoms that he had bought before and put it on the table.

She was not shy about that kind of thing. She had experienced a lot of bad things, knew how to make herself happy, and would not refuse this happiness.

But the first time she truly enjoyed this happiness, it was Collin who had brought it to her.

Perhaps it was because she had different feelings for him.

She did not dare to kiss him.

It was said that only lovers could be like this.

She was afraid of falling in love with him.

But she had fallen in love with him.

But she did not think that when she woke up the next day, Collin was gone, leaving 2, 000 yuan.

She didn't want to use the money as money for prostitution, but there seemed to be no other explanation.

This kind of cognition made her feel humiliated.

Ann's existence constantly reminded her that she was a lowly person.

Taking the initiative to seduce a man home and get 2, 000 yuan, wasn't she just asking for it?

It was over.

She had hugged that warmth.

And now, it was over.

She tried her best to avoid going to the City Hospital and to avoid seeing him.

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Later, during the gathering, they accidentally bumped into each other.

She was unwilling to be humiliated by him like that.

She asked Vivian for a stack of cash and threw it directly into Collin's hand. "I forgot to give it to you last time. You did well."

This way, she would feel better.

She was not the same as Ann.

It was purely an accident to meet him at the Blood Donation Station. She did not expect to meet him, nor did she expect him to send her back.

No, to be precise, he carried her back.

In her memory, no one had carried her like this.

Being so close to him, she could observe his face closely.

Collin's face was handsome, but she preferred to use the word gentle to describe him.

However, Collin, who was wearing a white coat, had the aura of an elite man. The temperament he had was something that poor students could not learn in their entire lives. It was an innate nobility.

Only rich families could raise them.

Roxanne noticed the distance between him and her once again.

But he was too gentle. Roxanne several times to drive him away, but he smiled slightly, boiled water for her, and ordered takeout for her.

He was so gentle.

Even Vivian only came to take care of her once in a while because she has an interest in the matter.

Why was he so good to her?

They had only had one night stand.

Why was he being so good to her?

It was so good that she could not refuse.

"Come to me on Saturday night," she said.

One time was no different from a hundred times.

Just wait until he doesn't like her.

Their relationship might only last for two or three months.

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She thought secretly. However, even if she could only spend those two or three months with him, she would be happy.

But she did not expect that her happiness would disappear soon.

Ann had personally shattered her dream.

In her entire life, the darkest, ugliest, and most unbearable scar had been unveiled just like that, revealing it to Collin she loved the most.

Roxanne suddenly came to a realization.

Two or three months was a luxury for her.

She was not worthy of Collin.

It was not because she had a mother like Ann, but because she had such an unbearable past.

Those dirty things would drag Collin and her into the abyss.

His white coat would be stained.

Could Roxanne see Collin stained by her?

Roxanne was desperate.

She did not blame this world and did not blame anyone.

She had loved and had happiness.

Now, it was a good time to end.

She had hurt Collin's self-esteem.

When he turned around to leave, she suddenly shivered in cold.

For the first time, she chased out and used all her strength and courage to wrap her arms around his waist and ask in a begging manner, "Please don't go, okay?"

Collin was really angry. He did not detect her trembling body and just looked at her mockingly and asked, "Roxy, what do you think I am?"

What was he?

Roxanne kissed his lips passionately.

If the kiss could make a sound, then the kiss must be saying,

Doctor Mueller.

I love you.

Goodbye.