

Billionaire's Reborn Baby novel Chapter 1121

The Seven Young Masters became the champion.

The first thing Chase said to Skylar when he came down was, "I didn't lie to you, right?"

Skylar gave him a thumbs up.

"Chase!" The members of the Seven Young Masters all ran over. When they saw Skylar, they asked, "Is this your girlfriend?"

"No, no, don't joke around." Chase waved his hand.

The others smiled at Skylar.

"Do you want to go back with me or with them?" Skylar waved at them and asked Chase.

"Wait for me over there. I will go back with you later." Chase said.

Skylar walked to the side.

Many people in team uniforms walked out of the venue. Different colors of uniforms of different teams dazzled Skylar. She preferred Chase's team uniform. It had a golden edge and a white bottom. There were seven words on his back, black and red. His pants were black and red, and he looked cool from afar.

"Hi." Suddenly, a boy in a blue uniform greeted her, "I saw fire came from your fingers just now. How did you do that?"

His eyes were shining as he spoke, and his hair was dyed in gray. He was wearing an ear stud on one ear.

Skylar reached out to wipe his ear, and a fire burst out from her finger.

The boy called his companion over in surprise, "Wow! Look, guys."

"We have a performance tomorrow, you can come and watch." Skylar handed over the business card of the Magic group.

"Sure, sure. Will you perform on stage?" The earring man asked.

"Yes." Skylar nodded.

"What is your name?" The boy suddenly asked, "Can I add you on WeChat?"

Chase had a conversation with his teammate and came out only to find Skylar surrounded by the Shark Team. He walked straight over and got in between Skylar and the earring man.

"What is it?" she asked, holding Skylar by the shoulder.

The earring man looked at his hand and smiled, "What? Is she your girlfriend, Mr. Chase?"

"Yes, she is my girlfriend." Chase looked at him. "So, stay away from her."

Chase had bumped into the members of the Shark Team last time in the competition. The members had told him that the man with ear studs liked to fool his fans into sleeping with him.

Chase hated this kind of man the most. If he dared to provoke Skylar, Chase wouldn't let him off.

"Mr. Chase, you have a unique taste." The earring man laughed, "Didn't you like to wear women's clothes? Are you wearing like a boy for your girlfriend? Or, are you guys in couples' outfits now?"

Chase suddenly thought of Zoey, who had made herself look ugly to prevent being noticed.

For the same purpose, Skylar cut her hair, dressed like a man.

"Skylar." Chase looked at her and said, "I'll give you some money. You can live the life that you want. You don't have to wander around. You don't have to worry about tomorrow."

"How do you know that being homeless is not the life I want?" Skylar suddenly smiled.

Chase was speechless.

"Let's go. I'm hungry and want to eat." Skylar walked forward without looking back. Her back was straight and her hands were unconsciously snapping their fingers. Every time she rubbed them, flames would come out of her fingertips. She was already used to her current life. How could she leave the magic arts group she was familiar with for money?

She had treated her teammates like family.

The second day, on the magic show, the Shark Team came.

Chase sat below the stage and looked at them unhappily. Skylar's senior was injured, so everybody's performance was longer than planned.

Skylar added a magic show during the performance and she invited an audience to do it with her.

Chase guessed that the earring man would raise his hand. Chase had raised his hand high. However, Skylar did not choose Chase but instead chose the earring man.

Chase was pissed off.

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On the stage, the earring man stood close to Skylar. He said something but Chase couldn't hear it because of the distance. He smiled in a flirting way.

Skylar smiled the whole time. She pushed the earring man into the black box.

She inserted four swords into the box, and then blood ran out from the bottom of the box.

The audience was frightened. Someone stood up, shouting, "Blood!"

Skylar calmly pushed the box around and then pulled out the sword. After the box was opened, the earring man walked out intact.

Skylar reached out and snapped her fingers in his ear. Then a rose appeared in her hand and she gave it to the man.

The earring man sniffed the rose and said to Skylar, "Thank you. I will take care of it."

After the performance.

"Didn't you see me raising my hand?" Chase pulled Skylar into the room.

"I did."

"Then why did you choose him?" Chase was exasperated.

"He is an audience," Skylar said.

"Am I not?" Chase pointed at himself in shock.

"Nope," Skylar said.

Chase took a deep breath, "Alright, I'm not." He slowed down and asked, "Then answer me, why did you give him a rose in the end?"

Skylar frowned and looked at him as if she was looking at an unreasonable child, "This is the process. Every audience who goes on stage will get a flower."

"Then what did he tell you in the end?" Chase asked.

"Nothing," Skylar said and was about to leave.

Chase grabbed her and said, "Skylar!" He held her shoulder and looked straight into her eyes, "He is a playboy! If you are deceived by him, you are finished!"

"He did not lie to me," Skylar said calmly. "And I won't like him."

Chase sighed, "Alright, I've worried for nothing."

The performance only lasted two days, and after the performance, they set off for another city.

For some reason, Chase felt that Skylar's attitude towards him had changed.

In the past, she occasionally come to his room to perform magic for him, but now, she avoided him while walking and did not greet him when they met.

Every time they changed to a city, they would reserve a courtyard with dozens of rooms. Normally, two shared one room, if there wasn't enough space, three would do too.

It rained when they got out of the car, they didn't find a place to go, Chase suggested that they go to the nearest hotel.

There were fifteen rooms left in the hotel, some people had to share one room with 2 roommates.

Chase had always been living alone in one room. When he heard that there weren't enough rooms, he said he could share the room with someone else. Skylar's seniors all liked him very much and wanted to live with him. But Chase pointed at Skylar, "Skylar, you can join me."

The entire magic team was silent.

Skylar looked at Chase like she was looking at a lunatic.

Chase entered the bathroom.

Skylar opened the door and walked out.

Her seniors were visiting in the corridor. It was the first time they had stayed in such a luxurious hotel. Chase had paid for it. The master came over asking Skylar to calculate the cost. They would pay Chase later.

Skylar was absent-minded.

Her master knocked on her head, "What are you thinking about?"

Skylar did not say a word.

"Chase and you are not the same kinds of people." Her master said thoughtfully. "You must remember who you are."

"I will," Skylar said in a low voice.

Dinner was in the hall downstairs.

Chase came out of the shower and got changed. When he arrived downstairs, he saw Skylar and a few seniors sitting at the round table, talking and laughing.

He didn't know what they were talking about, but Skylar was smiling happily.

It was the first time that he noticed her dimples.

Chase walked over and sat next to a senior.

Skylar was listening to her senior without even looking at Chase.

It turned out that these seniors were telling jokes.

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After a while, the waiter came to serve the dishes. Chase asked for the menu and ordered two more dishes.

It was the two dishes that Skylar had ordered the day he had a competition.

Skylar, who was picking food, was stunned for a moment when she heard what he ordered. She looked at him.

Chase smiled at her. Skylar lowered her head to eat.

"It's for Skylar right?" A senior smiled at Chase and asked.

Chase nodded.

Several seniors began to tease him, asking why he did that.

Master came over and coughed. The group of people quickly shut up to eat.

Chase felt a bit weird. He looked at Skylar and found she was eating without any expression. Her smile had disappeared.

Returning to the room, Chase started playing games. Skylar only returned after ten o'clock. She came in and took her luggage, saying she had booked a room in a hotel nearby.

Chase took off his headphones and grabbed her wrist before she opened the door.

"Which hotel next door? What's the room number?" he asked.

"I didn't pay attention to the name of the hotel. The room number is 3032."

"Alright, if you did, I'll send you there. But if you lie to me..." Before Chase could finish his sentence, Skylar threw the luggage on the ground. "What will you do if I lied to you?"

Chase was silent.

Tears rolled down Skylar's face.

"Why are you crying?" Chase was at a loss.

"It's none of your business." Skylar lowered her head and picked up her luggage. Chase grabbed her waist and blocked the door. "You are not going out if you don't tell me."

"Okay, what do you want to hear?" Skylar looked up at him.

"Why did you cry?" Chase reached out and wiped her tears. "Is it because of something I did?"

Skylar retreated to avoid his hand. She wiped her tears with the back of her hand. "Nope."

"Then why?" Chase asked.

"I cry whenever I want to," Skylar said.

"Alright." "Why are you avoiding me recently?" Chase asked.

Skylar did not speak.

"Where are you going? Are you moving to your senior's room?" Chase lowered his head and looked into her eyes. "Do you hate me that much?"

"I don't hate you," said Skylar.

"What is it then?" Chase asked.

"I like you too much," Skylar said.

"What do you mean?" Chase did not understand.

"I said I found I like you little recently, so you better stay away from me." Skylar looked at him, her eyes turning red.

Chase was stunned.

Skylar went to open the door.

"Go back to the competition. We'll be back to City Y in a month. We'll see each other by then" Skylar was in the car and it was noisy around her.

"Skylar." Chase saw his face on the metal door of the elevator. He frowned, his expression solemn and lonely. "You shouldn't have left me behind."

"I didn't leave you behind. I will come back, but I don't know if you will wait for me." Skylar found a quiet place. Her voice was very clear, with the wind and a hint of expectation.

"Alright, I'll wait for you in City Y," Chase said.

Skylar laughed softly on the other side of the line.

"Skylar," Chase called her name.

"Yes?"

Chase said in a low voice, "What I said at the entrance of the Shanghai Tournament Hall that day was not a joke."

The call ended.

Skylar recalled what Chase said on the day of the competition.

She finally remembered what he meant.

"Yes, she is my girlfriend."

"So, stay away from her."

She stretched her hand out of the window and snapped her fingers.

Fire sparkled within her fingers.

People beside her exclaimed. She faced the window and laughed, shallow dimples appearing on her cheeks.

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Bart had been a devil since she was young.

Unlike Bart, her brother Haiden grew up by her mother's side and returned to the Alberton family at the age of five. He had been kidnapped twice, so Deon had educated him at home.

After Bart was born, Deon was worried about her safety. So he took Allen, Felice, Jaquan, and Emma to the Alberton's.

Dean had arranged some bodyguards for Bart before she could walk. Even if Jaquan and Emma were present, the bodyguards would stay half a meter away from Bart, vigilant and careful.

The entire Alberton family loved Bart very much. Deon even carried her on his shoulders and run around the courtyard like a child, although he was pretty old.

Bart had been spoiled.

Korbin often carried her in his arms, although he seldom did so with his own children. Bart was very pretty. She had big eyes, long eyelashes, and pale skin.

Dorothy and Roger adored Bart too. Whenever they found something fun, they brought it to her.

Bernice had sent Bart a box of jade bracelets when she was born. She could wear them when she was older.

Therefore, Bart was spoiled.

Emma discovered saw the traits of the Albertons on Bart when she was two. Bart was violent, domineering, and arrogant. She started bullying other kids when she was only two years old.

At the age of three, she went to the kindergarten, where she often fought with other boys and made them bleed.

Emma worried that Bart would be more violent when she got older, so she suggested taking Bart back to City Y. But Deon didn't agree. He didn't want to part with Bart.

Neither did Bernice.

Emma proposed to take Bart back to the Alberton family every half month and spent the rest of the time in City Y.

Thus, Bart spent her childhood between City Y and City Q. Occasionally, she would go to Happisland City.

Yet she didn't become less violent. She became more arrogant every time she went back to the Alberton's. Deon spoiled her too much.

Emma was aware that violence was in Bart's nature because she was an Alberton.

Fortunately, Stony had grown up like a good boy. Emma got to put all her energy and time on Bart.

Bart studied hard in class, but she always made trouble after class. She fought for her friend, and sometimes, she fought just because she wanted to.

Anyway, she had tons of reasons to fight.

In order to correct Bart, Emma sent her to the training field of the Alberton family and asked the group of martial artists to fight with her. Stony went there when he was seven years old, and Bart, at the age of four.

"Alright, let's go buy another cup," Emma agreed.

"I need to go the bathroom," Bart said obediently.

Emma nodded. After telling the bodyguards in the dark to follow Bart, she carried her bag and entered the store.

As soon as Emma left, Bart changed directions and chased after the man who knocked on Emma.

There was someone on the phone with someone besides the wall. Bart walked over and stared at him.

The man smiled at her when he saw that she was pretty.

Bart also smiled back, a very beautiful smile. The next second, she kicked the man's crotch. The moment he bent over in pain, she grabbed his collar and kicked his face with her knee.

When Emma returned with orange juice, Bart was wiping the blood on her skirt with a tissue.

"Where did this blood come from?" Emma noticed at a glance.

Bart pointed at her nose. "I had a bleeding nose just now."

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Emma did not believe it and walked around the road a few times. Finally, she found the man who had run into her before by the trash can.

The man's face was covered with blood, and he was lying unconscious in the garbage.

"Gosh. What's wrong with him?" Bart pretended to be surprised.

Emma looked back at her and warned, "Bart, don't even think about going out."

Bart rolled her eyes.

Since every time Bart went to a school, she would leave a record of beating people, Emma had helped her transfer to another school several times. Later, Emma even had to hire a teacher who had learned martial arts and required him to fight back against Bart if she continue to look for trouble.

And then ... That male teacher was beaten up by Bart.

Bart had been notorious throughout City Y, City Q, as well as several other schools in Happisland City. So Emma simply sent her abroad directly. Out of sight, out of mind.

After all, Bart was good at fighting. Emma was not afraid of her suffering abroad.

While Bart had only studied abroad for two years. The reason for her return was still fighting.

Later, Deon simply built a problematic youth school in City Q. Only then did Bart finally find a "home". At the very least, she would not be expelled from this school because of fighting.

But Bart found it very boring staying in this school. It was boring both in class and with the other students, who were even more troublesome than she did. Some of them had explosive disorders, some were hyperactive, and some would even talk to themselves. In short, there were lots of abnormal people in this school.

Bart began to skip class. She used to get good grades, but after skipping class a few times, her grades had completely fallen.

Her deskmate changed one after another, and every one of them wouldn't stay long beside her, because Bart had a lot of bad habits and liked to sleep on other people's desks. At the same time, she also liked to put her things in her deskmates' drawers.

During the first year of high school, a male classmate was assigned to sit beside her. The teacher said that he had heart disease and thus he could neither attend physical education class nor have fierce quarrels with others. Therefore, the teacher had specially warned Bart not to hit him.

Hearing that, Bart had rolled her eyes at her seat.

Meantime as her gaze swept across the male classmate's face, she couldn't help but think that compare to Kaden, the arrogant and stupid guy in Bart's eyes, the male classmate was much quieter and more acceptable.

The classes in the first year of high school were not as tense as that in the third year. Many students would secretly eat snacks and watched comics as well as play games in class. This day, because it was raining

outside, Bart didn't skip class as she always did. She sat quietly in her seat with her eyes looking at the blackboard, her mind wandering.

Deon hadn't been in good health recently. Korbin and Roger had taken turns to take care of him. A lot of affairs had piled up and Haiden had to deal with them. Fortunately, Haiden could now take care of all the important things, unlike his two uncles who loved to deal with problems with violence.

Haiden was six years older than Bart. When Bart was in kindergarten, he had already learned to help his family deal with simple things. When Bart was in first grade, Haiden had already learned to make accounts and read financial reports.

In Bart's memories, Haiden had always been calm like an adult. She had thought that when she got along with Haiden, they wouldn't get along well with each other. However, Haiden was very sensible and always gave in to her. No matter what she wanted, he would just give it to her.

Read what?

Bart looked around blankly.

It was an English class.

The blackboard was filled with English, on which there was a paragraph. Bart wondered if it was the content that the teacher asked her to read.

Bart was about to say something when she saw her deskmate lift his arm and gently move his book to her desk, pointing to a line of English.

"You're like a sun, gave me the great semi-decadent people hope." Bart stared at his finger and read out the English sentence softly.

The teacher nodded. "What does this sentence mean?"

"You're like a ray of sunlight, give me..." Just as Bart was hesitating, her deskmate had quickly written the meaning. "His handwriting is so beautiful!" Bart thought.

"You are like a ray of sunlight, giving me, a half-decadent person, great hope," Bart read it out.

The teacher praised and took the lead to applaud. Although there were not many people listening to the class, the other students would be excited when they met applause. Thus the applause was thunderous.

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As Bart sat down, she glanced at her deskmate.

He had already continued to take notes.

The sunlight outside the window fell on the side of his face, making his eyebrows dark. His skin was very pale and faint blood vessels could be vaguely seen.

Seeing from the side, his eyelashes were very long and perky.

His lips were a little dry.

Bart wanted to take a drink from the drawer. She searched for a long time but failed to find it. She suddenly remembered that she might have left it in his drawer, so she stretched out her hand towards his drawer.

Her movement caught the notice of the deskmate. He stopped taking notes and looked down.

Bart suddenly felt that her behavior was a little wretched.

She took out the drink and placed it on his desk. "Drink it."

The deskmate glanced at her, probably guessing her intentions.

Bart pointed at her lips and then pointed at his. "Your lips are very dry."

The deskmate didn't say a word.

He stopped looking at her and turned to look at the blackboard.

Bart let out a sneer. If not for the fact that he had just helped her, she would never give him the drink.

She stared at the blackboard in a bad mood. Suddenly, her deskmate pushed over the notebook he was writing.

"I don't want to read your notes, OK?" Bart thought.

Bart was just about to push it back when she saw that there was a blank page on the notebook, which was supposed to be filled with notes. There was a line in beautiful handwriting.

[I can't drink it. Thank you.]

He couldn't?

Bart tilted her head and glanced at him. He kept staring at the blackboard intently. Only his eyelashes gently blinked from time to time.

Under her persistent stare for a long time, he finally turned his head to her.

His bangs were slightly long. Some of them had covered his eyebrows, which made the eyebrows look even darker. It was like there were broken light in his eyes, as if they were smiling when one gazed at his face.

Bart could not describe what kind of emotion was contained in those eyes. She suddenly recalled the English sentence she had just read.

"You are like a ray of sunlight, giving me, a half-decadent person, great hope."

"Are you tired from the class today?" Haiden asked as soon as Bart got in the car.

Bart threw her school bag into the back seat and laid down on the seat.
"Tired. Very tired."

"What do you want to eat tonight?" Haiden asked.

"Are we going out to eat today?" Bart asked.

"Nope." Haiden glanced at her through the rearview mirror. "Only I am going out to eat, but I'll get you something to eat when I get back."

"Don't talk nonsense at home." Haiden continued to ignore her.

After getting out of the car, Bart was so angry that she kicked his car door. "You! You stinky men only know to break up with girls!"

Haiden felt quite speechless.

Haiden had a girlfriend when he was in college. That girl was very educated and gentle. Moreover, she had a similar personality to Emma. She was a calm and dignified girl, neither arrogant nor impatient when she was in trouble.

They had dated for a year. When they graduated, Deon gave Haiden an offer, asking him whether he was willing to work for the Alberton family. If he did, he would get the entire Alberton family business in the future.

Haiden was about to explain his relationship with the Alberton family to his girlfriend at that time, but he simply saw her get in a car of a man who was apparently born with a silver spoon.

During his three years in college, Haiden hadn't lived in the dorm. In order to keep a low profile, he had worn very cheap clothes. Because once people found out he was one of the Albertons, the students in college might see him with different eyes.

This was something that he did not want to see.

But he did not expect that such a disguise would allow him to see the people around him clearly.

His girlfriend, the girl who kept saying that she would accompany him to start a business and build a family with him, gave him a real lesson that night.

He stood on the street and watched her get into the car of the rich guy. When he saw her shy face receiving the gift from the rich guy, whom she then kissed, Haiden just turned around and lit up a cigarette under the tree.

Then, he called Deon.

"I have made the decision."

"Leave it to me in the future. You can rest assured and retire," he said.

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Bart returned to the Alberton's and entered the training field.

The training field was very large. There were boxing rings, sandbags, and wooden targets.

She went straight to the martial arts field. Then Bart threw her bag away and got on the stage to fight.

When Deon and Bernice arrived, Bart had already knocked down two rivals.

"Why are you so angry at midnight? Who made our little sweetheart unhappy?" Bernice asked.

Deon turned to look at the bodyguard.

The bodyguards all shook their heads. They did not know what happened.

Compared to Deon, they were more afraid of Bart.

"Go and get some water, "Bernice ordered the servants. She turned around and called Bart on the stage, "it's time for dinner. Come here."

After that, Bart jumped up and kicked one of her rivals on the stage. Bart didn't pause until her rival had no way to fight back.

"Bart, I thought I was going to be beaten to death by you," her rival kept his face covered until Bart stopped.

Bart smiled at him and jumped off the stage.

Bernice brought Bart water for a drink and a towel to wipe her sweat. Bernice asked gently, "What's wrong?"

"It's nothing," Bart took a sip of water, "it's too boring to go to school."

"Well," sighed Bernice, "I thought something bad had happened. You can stay at home."

Deon nodded. "Yes, where do you want to go? Let's leave for it tomorrow."

When Emma heard this, she frowned. "She has already grown up. Don't spoil her anymore."

"I'm hungry." Bart made a face.

"Come on, let's have dinner." Bernice tried to pull Bart.

"Wait a minute," Emma replied, "mom, I have words for Bart."

"Don't blame her for what she did," said Bernice in a low voice.

Emma was speechless.

Deon also came over and said angrily, "Bart hasn't caused any trouble recently. You can tell her anything you want. I would never agree with it if you punish Bart."

Emma kept silent.

After a few of them left, Bart stood there and asked, "What should I do?"

Emma asked her, "We're going to choose the major in high school soon. Have you decided which major to choose?"

"No. I prefer nothing," Bart said honestly.

Bart had already stood up. As if she felt it, Bart suddenly turned around and looked up, just in time to run into her deskmate's eyes.

Bart raised her eyebrows slightly, then turned around and left without looking back.

What she didn't know was that at that moment, a young man admired her a lot because she was confident and determined.

Half a month later, the classes were divided again according to different majors.

Bart entered a classroom with her school bag in her hands. Just as she entered, she saw the boy sitting by the window.

"Hello, nice to meet you, my deskmate." Bart directly threw her schoolbag over. Her deskmate reached out to catch it and helped her hang it on the chair.

There were a lot of unfamiliar faces in the classroom. Bart looked at them and felt boring. Suddenly she seemed to remember something and asked, "My deskmate, I don't know your name yet."

Bart's deskmate was reading his notes and opened the first page of his notebook to show her his signature.

Kael.

"Kael?" Bart stared at him and asked, "what does it mean? I think it's normal. Why did your parents choose this name?"

Kael shook his head but kept silent.

Bart had been sitting at the same table with him for so long, but she always found him silent.

There was no difference in which class Bart was. The classroom was always busy and noisy. Those who wanted to study would quietly sit in class while those who didn't want to go to class were all gathered in the back row of the classroom.

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Although Bart did not like to attend classes, she never bothered others. She skipped classes almost every day and her exam results were naturally a mess.

In the final exam, Bart was the last one on the list. The class teacher took the rank list and asked everyone to adjust their seats. Bart watched helplessly as another girl sat in her original seat next to her former deskmate.

Yes, Kael was her favorite deskmate recently.

Bart appreciated Kael because he always kept silent. Moreover, he was also good-looking. At least when Bart was boring, she could still enjoy the good-looking Kael.

However, now someone had taken place of her.

After regaining the seats, Bart discussed with the girl and asked her to sit somewhere else because Bart did not want to change her seats. But the girl hesitated and said, "But, I was asked to choose a new seat by our teacher."

Bart stood there and stared at her.

The girl tidied up the table and didn't dare to look at her.

Kael was reading a book. He gave a glimpse at Bart and lowered his head to continue reading.

"Why are you so unhappy today?" Haiden asked before they got into the car.

Bart frowned and said, "Someone took my seat."

"You mean someone would replace you to sit by your former good-looking and quiet deskmate?" Haiden asked.

Bart threw her school bag into the back seat. "Yes, I'm so angry. I indeed want to teach her a lesson."

"Who?" Haiden took a hot chestnut from the passenger seat and handed it to her.

Bart was unhappy and refused it, "Of course, I mean the girl! I don't want to have it for food, I'm not in that mood."

"He's just a desk-mate. Why don't you wait for the next turn to sit by him?" Haiden started the car.

"It's based on our exam results." Bart frowned even deeper.

"Then you should do well in your exams next time," Haiden advised, "listen carefully in class and don't skip any class. You'll be able to do well in your exams next time. Then you can continue to be his deskmate."

"Our classes are too boring." Bart leaned against the window, her eyes sweeping through the window.

"How is your current deskmate?" Haiden asked.

Bart's face immediately turned dark. "He is ugly and his skin is not fair."

"In that case, you have to bear it," Haiden smiled, "you need to compete for good things, just like your deskmate. Since he is good-looking and quiet, and he studies well. Many of your classmates certainly want to be his deskmate."

Bart had never thought about it. With Haiden's reminder, she remembered that Kael's table box was always filled with snacks and various fruits. At first, Bart thought that he had bought them himself. Now that she realized they must have been sent by other girls after Bart skipped classes.

Yes, Kael was so good-looking and easy-going. There was no reason for girls not to like him.

In the end, Haiden invited Chase's mother, Lord Top, to teach Bart. Bart did not expect that Haiden could play a trick on her. When she held the bread in her mouth and kicked open the office door with her feet arrogantly, she saw Lord Top sitting on the sofa.

It was weird.

Bart felt embarrassed.

Bart could only pretend that nothing had happened just now. She walked into the office and said at ease, "Good morning, Haiden seems not to be here. Are you looking for him?"

"I'm looking for you." Lord Top smiled.

"What?" Bart was puzzled.

Lord Top gestured to ask Bart to sit down and then opened the book on the coffee table. "He asked me to come over and help you with your lessons."

Bart was speechless.

"But aren't you busy?" Bart had not been taught lessons by the elders she knew, but she was indeed a little embarrassed at the moment.

"I'm not that busy," Lord Top looked at her with a smile, "I used to love reading books, but now I've almost forgotten all about it. When Haiden asked me, I thought that I could help myself review it, so I came. Shall we start from the beginning?"

Bart kept silent.

Lord Top taught Bart for two months, so Bart was unable to go to class for two whole months.

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Bart studied every day. In the end, she had nearly forgotten the reason.

Until one day, when she was fighting with someone at the back door of the bar, she met Kael.

For the past two whole months, Bart was reading books and doing exercises every day. Even when she was having dinner, her mind was busy calculating the formula.

Everyone in the Alberton family was grateful for Lord Top's hard work to teach Bart. No one asked about Bart's feelings at this moment.

Bart felt like she was about to lose her mind.

She must find someone for a fight.

Therefore, Bart went to the bar. She drank two glasses of wine, and someone put a hand on her shoulder. Bart shook off his hand, he even put his arm around her waist. He was too silly to do it.

Bart knew that she was talented in fighting.

As well as her family members.

Bart pressed the boy to the ground and beat him until his face was covered in blood. At that moment, Bart heard someone calling her.

"Bart?"

She looked up and saw Kael, who was standing not far away.

Bart had not seen him for two months. Kael seemed to have grown taller. Perhaps it was because Bart sat on the ground now.

It was the first time Bart looked up at Kael and saw him walking over.

Bart stood up, her right hand covered in blood. She found the tap at the back door and washed her right hand.

Kael stood at the spot where the boy was lying down and looked at him carefully. Then, Bart placed her finger under his nose.

"He is not dead," Bart said at ease, "he just fainted."

She wiped her hand on the sweater and asked, "Why are you here?"

Kael lowered his head and said, "I saw you enter the bar."

"Are you worried about me?" Bart seemed to put on a faint smile.

"Why are you fond of beating others?" Kael looked at her and asked.

Bart's smile gradually disappeared.

"Damn it! She is here!" the back door was suddenly knocked open.

Two tall and strong men suddenly rushed in and pointed at Bart. They shouted, "The damn girl is here! Beat her!"

As the two men spoke, they rushed over. Bart raised her foot and kicked them.

One of them accidentally bumped into Kael.

Just as he was about to get up, he saw Kael, "Are you here to help her?"

The man grabbed Kael by the neck.

Kael didn't have much strength in his hands. He was grabbed by his neck and lifted into the air. Kael's face quickly turned from pale white to purple.

Bart saw it and shouted, "Let him go!"

"Come over here and let us slap you!" the man shouted.

"Stop your nonsense!" Bart fiercely punched the face of the man in front of her. Then, she held tight her fists and raised her ring finger. Bart fiercely hit the other man's head. At the critical moment, she suddenly withdrew some strength and knocked him out before turning around and rushing to another strong man.

Bart asked nervously, "Do you need two pills? Or should I take you to the hospital?"

Bart wiped the water off Kael's mouth and pulled him up again. Bart helped Kael comfort himself and wished that the pills would quickly take effect.

Kael twitched for a second and then fainted.

Bart slapped him hard on the face. "Kael! Don't die! Don't scare me!"

The bodyguards just drove the car over, and they carried Kael to the hospital.

Bart stayed in the hospital for a long time and didn't feel relieved until she heard the doctor say that there was nothing serious with Kael.

Bart stood outside and saw Kael's parents rushing over to the hospital bed. Kael had just woken up. His face was very pale.

Bart did not go in to bother them.

Bart was thinking about bringing some snacks for Kael as an apology gift when she went to school.

She didn't know Kael would run into this accident since he got a heart illness.

Perhaps, Bart had always treated Kael as an ordinary healthy person.

Kael didn't come to school on the day Bart went to class.

He was off school for a few days.

Later, the class teacher came in and announced that Kael had applied to drop out of school due to physical reasons.

Bart got shocked and the pen in Bart's hand was accidentally broken into two pieces by her.

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Bart did not see Kael again until she entered university.

Before she graduated, she had entered the Alberton's business and helped Haiden share the work.

Although not fond of studying, Bart learned very quickly in terms of work. Everyone in the Alberton family was a good manager but they asked the two younger ones to be in charge of their business. They said that they were training Bart and Haiden. Bart knew they just wanted to leave their work alone to Bart and Haiden.

Of course, the bonus at the end of the year was relatively considerable.

Bart still liked fighting with others.

However, Bart didn't go to a place like a bar where people often caused trouble. She would go to all sorts of boxing rings to fight with others and battle with others.

Bart was beautiful and had good martial arts skills. Many boys liked her. Even in the boxing rings field, many men sent flowers and invited her to dinner every day. They wanted to pursue her.

Bart had been in a love relationship when she was in university. Her ex-boyfriend was very good-looking. he was fair and clean, and most importantly, he was quiet and gentle.

Bart didn't want to admit that she found a boyfriend sharing the same appearance as Kael. But her ex-boyfriend was similar to Kael, except that he was stronger than Kael.

Before they graduated, they had already broken up.

Bart would easily lose her temper, even on a little matter. Her ex-boyfriend had always been tolerant of her. Later, in public, Bart showed no respect for him. And he left without a word.

They broke up.

Bart didn't feel sad at all. She was not upset. She just felt at loss.

Life was too boring, she thought. She felt her life boring no matter when she was young or when she grew up.

She helped Haiden share the work because she needed something to do to spend her boring time.

When it was almost the new year, her previous high school classmates organized a class gathering party and invited her. Bart refused it. She was not familiar with those classmates.

At ten o'clock that night, Bart saw a photo on Moments sent by a classmate. In it was a familiar yet strange face kept in Bart's mind.

She enlarged the photo and looked at it carefully. Her shining eyes showed off her feelings.

Bart grabbed the car key and ran out. When she got into the car, she called the female classmate, "Where are you?"

"What?" the female student was at a loss.

"Where is your party?" Bart tried hard to hold back her anger.

"Well, the party is over. Everyone has gone back now."

"Have you all left?" Bart didn't want to give up.

"Yes, we all have left."

After hanging up the phone, Bart searched for the messages and found the address of the party, She stepped on the accelerator and drove the car out.

It was useless for Bart to go there because everyone gathered had left.

When Bart arrived at the box, the waiter was cleaning the dining table. She stood at the door and watched quietly. Bart thought that Kael must be sitting by the window. Who would sit next to him?

Did he come alone?

Or did he bring his girlfriend?

"Whose glasses is it?" the waiter suddenly asked.

Kael caught up with Bart at the door and slowed down. He had heart illness and could not run fast.

Bart stopped at the entrance of the hotel.

"I didn't expect you to come," Kael said.

Bart tilted her head and glanced at Kael. Time seemed to forget about Kael. He looked the same as before. He was still gentle and warm. His eyes were still shining.

"Do you have a girlfriend?" Bart asked.

"No," Kael replied after a second and felt embarrassed.

"You are so good-looking. Why don't you have a girlfriend?" Bart asked.

"What about you? Do you have a boyfriend?" Kael asked.

"No."

"Then why don't you have a boyfriend since you are so good-looking?" Kael smiled.

Bart smiled gently and walked forward.

"Where are you going?" Kael had to catch up with Bart.

"Get in the car." Bart stopped in front of her car.

"Where are we going?" Kael asked.

"Nowhere," Bart answered and sat in the driver's seat.

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Kael seemed to smile outside the car, then opened the door of the passenger seat and sat in it.

Bart was worried that driving fast would cause discomfort in his body and deliberately drove very slowly.

"Do you have a schedule tomorrow?" Bart asked.

"Not for the time being. I have been resting for the past week. You haven't changed at all from when you were in high school," Kael said as he tilted his head to look at her.

"You changed. You talk too much," Bart said.

When it was a red light, she looked him up and down and said, "There are more smiles on your face."

Kael looked at her gently.

Bart bit her lip and drove the car slightly faster.

After parking the car, she went to the convenience store at the entrance of the community to buy something and stuffed it into her pocket. Then she took Kael to the elevator.

"This is... your home?" Kael asked. He was still a little confused. "You took me to your home...?"

This was a house that Bart bought herself. Usually, she would not come over to live. When she was studying at a university, if she worked late after work, she would come over here for a night, but she would usually go back to the Alberton's.

After the door was opened, Bart threw the stuff in her pocket on the sofa and then went to the bathroom to take a shower.

Kael looked at the box on the sofa and fell silent.

"Do you want a bath?" A few minutes later, Bart came out in a nightgown and asked.

Kael still wore his coat, standing in the living room at a loss.

Bart sized him up, her gaze straightforward and wanton.

"Bart, I..." He adjusted his glasses and said, "I should go back."

Bart walked over. He was much taller than her, but his eyes were still very gentle in her memory.

"You're like a sun, gave me the great semi-decadent people hope. Translate it," she whispered, placing her index finger on his lips.

"You are like a ray of sunlight, giving me great hope." Kael translated it obediently.

As soon as he finished speaking, Bart untied her robe and tiptoed to kiss his lips.

After so many years, Bart had forgotten much that she had learned from school. Only this English phrase was deeply remembered by her.

There was a loud sound.

It was Kael's heartbeat.

Kael suddenly pushed her away, then covered his chest and panted.

Bart then remembered that she seemed to have forgotten something.

"Are you alright? Where is the medicine? Have you brought it?"

But Bart actually understood it.

So Kael was so reluctant, could it be that he thought she regarded him as a partner to have sex with?

Bart stood up and walked towards him step by step, asking, "Why did you suddenly drop out of high school? Is it because of me?"

"No. I'm not in good health. My family sent me abroad to recuperate," Kael explained.

"Then what should I do?" Bart looked into his eyes.

"What do you mean?" Kael was forced to take a step back by her burning gaze.

"I am suppressed by that damn sense of guilt. Every year, I miss you..." As she spoke, she got closer to him again, the tip of her nose almost touching him.

"I wanted to have sex with you the moment I saw you. Kael, give me a word. If you agree, stay tonight. If you don't agree, leave now. I won't disturb you in the future. After tonight, we won't have any disputes in the future."

After she finished speaking, she seemed to have thought of something and frowned slightly, "Are you unable to have sex with others due to your physical condition?" She took a step back, "If that's the case, then forget it."

"No," Kael said with a flushed face.

"No? But your heart is beating very fast," Bart said as she placed her hand on his chest.

She took off his glasses.

"I don't like you wearing glasses." She said.