Billionaire's Reborn Baby –
Chapter 16 – Moon –

Vincent had typical slanted eyes, which were gorgeous. Besides, he had prominent brow bones and thick eyelashes, and his eyes became darker and sharper with his brows knitted. People would feel pressured under his gaze.

He looked icy and distant, radiating a frightening aura. However, Emily wasn't afraid of him, because he was a good guy and had saved her twice.

'What...?' She touched her itchy neck.

Vincent looked down at her and said in a low voice, 'You smell good.'

Emily lowered her head and sniffed, 'It's the smell of shampoo. If you like it, I can give you one.'

This was the first time someone had given Vincent a shampoo as a gift.

He raised his eyebrows slightly, 'Alright.'

Eliot's worried voice suddenly came from outside the door, 'Emily, are you alright?'

Then the light was turned on and the room lit up. Emily hastily stood up and walked back to the room. 'Eliot, I'm here....'

She was looking for an excuse to explain why Vincent was in her room.

Eliot strode over and asked, 'Where is Vincent?'

'What?'

'Isn't he right behind me?'

Emily swung around and found that Vincent was already gone.

She dashed to the balcony and looked down, discovering that Vincent was standing upright in the crowd. He was extremely handsome in the black suit. But in the meantime, he also looked even colder in his stiff-collared black shirt.

He was indifferent to the people around him, completely different from the guy that pinched Emily's cheek.

Someone in the crowd asked, 'Mr. Vincent, why are you upstairs? When did you get there?'

'Why was Mr. Vincent there?' another wondered.

Vincent adjusted his cuff links and said calmly, 'To see the moon.'

Everyone was confused.

They looked up but saw nothing.

After a moment of silence, someone abruptly clapped his hands and exclaimed, 'Mr. Vincent, you're really classy!'

The others also flattered, 'That's right! Mr. Vincent indeed has impeccable taste!'

Emily gradually lost her patience and wanted to say something. However, she suddenly thought of Eliot and turned around, only to see

that he was staring at her suspiciously. Thus, she had no choice but to play the fool and explain, 'I heard some noises, so I came out to have a look. Is there something going on?'

Eliot touched her head and said, 'No, everything is fine. Do you want some cake?'

Of course, Emily wanted it.

But she didn't want to go out.

Eliot noticed her hesitation and said, 'I'll ask the servants to bring it in.'

'Thank you, Eliot.'

Downstairs, Vincent was surrounded and complimented by the crowd. Elsie squeezed in and said in a charming voice, 'Thank you for coming to my birthday party, Mr. Vincent. And thank you for your gift. I like it a lot.'

This succinct remark fired people's imagination. 'Did Mr. Vincent go to the wrong room? Was he actually looking for Miss Elsie?'

Vincent frowned slightly, and then his assistant Rex stepped forward to explain, 'Sorry, Miss Elsie. Perhaps your servants heard it wrong. That gift is not for you but for Matthew. It's his favorite tea.'

The crowd couldn't help but laugh.

Elsie's face turned pale and green. She managed to hold her temper and forced a smile, 'Oh, I see. Then I'd like to say thank you on behalf of my grandfather.'

Rex replied politely, 'You're welcome.'

Seeing that Elsie made a fool of herself, Beverly didn't dare to act rashly and only smiled, 'Guys, let's get in. It's time to cut the cake. Elsie, come on.'

Then Vincent walked in, surrounded by a group of people.

Elsie suppressed her jealousy and anger, managing a weak smile and shouting to the second floor, 'Emily, what are you doing? I'm going to cut the cake. Don't you like cakes the best? Come down! I'm waiting for you!'

On the second floor, Emily heard it clearly and opened the closet with a sneer. 'Don't blame me.. You ask for it.'