

## **Reborn Baby - Chapter 641**

It was after midnight when Noah carried Ferne back to the room.

Noah didn't expect to see bubbles on Ferne's body after a shower, so he had to carry him to the bathroom and pour cold water over his head.

Ferne felt chilly and awakened. He looked up at Noah with drooping eyes, babbling on and on, and his arms randomly swung in the air. So, Noah was almost shoved down to the ground by him.

Ferne fell into Noah's arms as he pushed. Noah moved a few steps back till his back hit the back wall to catch the boozier.

Ferne began to rave again.

Noah nudged him, "Fuck off."

Ferne didn't move, with his arms around Noah's waist tight, and his face was buried in Noah's chest.

Noah said stonily, "Ferne, you're screwed if you dare to pretend to be drunk."

Ferne fell silent.

Noah looked down and saw Ferne's eye closed. 'This guy fell asleep already?'

Noah was going to grab something to wrap Ferne up and bring him back to the room.

Jaquan planned to take a shower after exercise. He muttered a curse when he entered the room and saw Noah holding a naked man in his arms.

'Yuck, my eyes!' Jaquan covered his eyes and immediately turned around. Noah took a deep breath to lift Ferne, ready to wipe him off and wrap him up in a blanket, but he underrated a boozier's weight. Suddenly, Ferne slipped out of his hand to the ground.

Jaquan thought he was rude, 'Maybe he wants to help the naked man take a shower. I just overdid it.' Then he braced himself up to turn around again, but he saw another scene that a curse wasn't enough to express how astonished he was.

He would curse it twice if necessary.

Jaquan opened his mouth in dismay and gestured to Noah.

Noah ignored him.

Jaquan was probably drunk, and his mind was filled with sexual fantasy. He patted Noah on the shoulder and said, "Be gentle."

Noah didn't know how to face the idiot, so he decided to ignore him and carried the naked Ferne on his shoulder.

Noah ran into Kamron, who was strolling around, and the bodyguard Tom who yawned during duty.

Noah wasn't distracted by anything around and banged the door after he carried Ferne into the room. Kamron and Tom almost scared the pants off as they saw this scene. They fixed their eyes on Ferne's fair and smooth butt like two country bumpkins.

Kamron slowly spat out a word, "Fuck..."

Noah threw Ferne onto the bed and covered him casually with a blanket.

Ferne mumbled at midnight because he was thirsty. Noah poured him a cup of tea. Ferne's lips touched Noah's hand when he leaned over to take a sip.

Noah was stiff for a moment and then put the cup's edge to his mouth.

Ferne gulped it down, but he wanted more.

Noah turned around to refill the cup, and Ferne fell without Noah's support. Noah came back, put him back on the bed, filled the cup, and fed him water. Ferne fell asleep again.

Ferne kept talking in his sleep, yelling things like 'Vincent, don't leave me alone' or 'Noah.' Sometimes, he would cry 'bastard' one or two times. It sounded angry and sad.

Ferne was babbling while Noah was leaving, "Noah, don't be upset..."

His husky voice resounded through the house. The whole world seemed to be frozen at that moment, and only Ferne's mumble rang in Noah's ears.

"I love you..."

Noah stood by the bed for a long time. He didn't go to bed until he completely calmed down, but Ferne's voice lingered around his ears once he closed his eyes.

Noah covered his eyes, his fingers slightly trembling

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Pablo returned to the study, smelling like alcohol. He sat there to sober himself up. In a while, he stood up, fumbled a comic book on his bookshelf, and read it on the chair.

A sound came from the door.

"Come in," Pablo said with his eyes fixing on the book.

The door was opened.

Timothy came in with a cup of tea and placed it on the table.

"What keeps you stay up awake?" Pablo looked up at her.

Pablo had partly let his guard down to Timothy and her brother since he found that they had nothing to do with the incident at the Divine Immortal Island. But he kept a distance from them because they were responsible for the countless innocent residents' deaths caused by the war fifteen years ago. Pablo felt guilty about that.

Pablo was in an awkward position due to his origin. The two families made enemies for many years, so it wasn't easy to break the deadlock overnight.

"Are you ... leaving?" Timothy whispered.

She guessed that Eliot planned to leave when he toasted on the banquet. Pablo would follow wherever Eliot went. Timothy didn't know where Pablo would go and when they would meet again.

"Yes." Pablo sipped his tea and flipped through the book with droopy eyelids. "Have you read this?"

He showed Timothy a few pages.

Timothy shook his head.. "I read Crazy in Love with a Bossy CEO."

## **Chapter 642**

Pablo was lost for words.

He gave a little cough and said, "Maybe it's Goddess', and she has accidentally left it here."

"No, I recognize your handwriting on it, and you've made a note." As Timothy spoke, she flipped through the book on the desk looking for a page and showed it to him. "Here, 'The overbearing guy said, woman, don't try to escape from me'."

"What did I write?" Pablo frowned as he grabbed the book and looked at it.

Timothy returned the book to him, but she had memorized it. "You write, 'A man should not be too overbearing when chasing after a woman. He should move her with his sincerity. Only in this way will their love last'."

"You've memorized it?" Pablo looked at her strangely.

"Yes."

"Why?" he asked.

"Where are you going?" Timothy asked instead of answering his question.

"I don't know. After settling down the elders, the High Priest, and the Goddess, I may wander around." Pablo put the book on the desk and drank the tea.

"You need money in the outside world. Do you have any?" Timothy asked.

"Yes, Vincent has given me a lot of money." Pablo took out a bag from the desk drawer. There were all kinds of bank cards and a new mobile phone in it. He had been prepared to leave.

"Are you alone?" Timothy looked down at her feet.

"Of course, oh no, I'm with my falcon." Pablo frowned and thought for a while. "Its wings are injured, but the medical doctor said that there was no need to worry. It is just that it can't fly recently. I don't know if it can be brought into the car. If it can't, I have to try another way."

"Do you mind bringing me with you?" asked Timothy.

Pablo was thinking about his journey when he suddenly heard Timothy's words. "You ... you want to go with me?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes."

"Why?" He looked at her curiously. They had met for less than a week, and she wanted to travel around the world with him.

"I can protect you. I can take care of your falcon. I can also..." Timothy flushed under his eyes but she tried to sell herself to him.

"I can do these myself. I just want to know why you want to follow me." Pablo looked at her seriously.

"I just want to be with you." Timothy's voice softened.

"Are you..." Pablo looked at her for a moment and said, "Are you worried that I will not keep my word, gather the army, and kill you all when you are unprepared?"

Timothy was speechless.

"Don't worry, I won't do that. You and your brother can be assured. As long as you take care of my people and the islanders, I can stay outside all my life." Pablo promised but only to find her strange expression. "What? Do you want me to write it down?"

Timothy gritted her teeth and said, "I like you! I want to be with you no matter where you go! It's not that I'm afraid you will break your word or come back! I just want to be with you!"

Timothy's words dumbfounded Pablo.

Timmy and Paul, who were eavesdropping outside the door, staggered and fell in.

Four people looked at each other for a moment. The expressions on their faces were strange.

"What did you do to my sister?" Timmy asked.

"You, you two ... since when?" Paul asked.

"Anyway, are you going to take me with you or not?" Timothy asked.

Words failed Pablo.

He supposed he wasn't that drunk but what the hell was going on? He thought, 'Vincent, help me!'

Vincent, who was walking on the road, turned his head and sneezed.

Rex, who was behind him, quickly handed over a coat. "Mr. Vincent, it is cold at night, and you have soaked in the lake for so long. You must have caught a cold. I will ask them to cook a bowl of ginger soup for you. Will you go back?"

"I'm fine," Vincent said as he waved his hand.

His biological mother had once walked on this path. From the living room to the front hall, then the courtyard and the barn, he walked slowly where she might have walked, imagining her life.

Rex and the guards did not dare to disturb him. He drank tonight, but he was sober. It seemed that he had never indulged himself to be drunk. Even in front of his closest and most trusted friends, he had never relaxed.

He had been too tense since fourteen years ago. The guards felt it and hated that they could not help him with it. Rex had thought that the little Hulk could make him relaxed, but it was not so.

"Mr. Vincent, why don't you rest for a while?" Rex couldn't help but go forward to persuade him, "The medical doctor said that you can't walk for too long and you've..."

He added in his heart, 'And you've carried the little Hulk on your back for so long and drank wine.'

He didn't dare to say these words, because these were the happy things that Mr. Vincent had always wanted to do. He didn't want to disappoint him.

"It's time." Vincent stopped. The moon above was bright and clear. His face was distinctly outlined in the moonlight.

"What?" Rex asked.

"You can leave. From now on, you are free. You don't have to follow me anymore," Vincent said as he looked at the guards who were hiding in the shadows.

Rex was stunned, "Mr. Vincent..."

The guards all fell silent.

"Take the secondary cards I've given you and divide the money in it with them," Vincent said calmly and glanced at the guards who had their arms in a sling or were limping. "You have followed me for a long time, tonight is the last time."

The guards were silent.

Rex did not speak. They knew that no one could change Vincent's mind, so they remained silent in disagreement.

Vincent didn't say anything. He turned around and left, leaving them standing in the dark for a long time before following him.

When they reached the corner, Harold walked over with a man. The man was trembling in fear. He did not dare to call for help. He just kept pressing his palms together and begging Harold to let him go.

Under the moonlight, Rex recognized him as an attendant of Pablo.

He seemed to have been beaten. His nose was bruised and his eyes swollen. When he was thrown to the ground by Harold, he was about to get up. But when he turned around and saw Vincent standing in front of him, his knees weakened and he took a few steps back. His mouth trembled as he shouted, "It was my fault. Please forgive me, sir."

Vincent stared at him for a moment before asking Harold, "Does Pablo know?"

Harold shook his head. "I don't know. I've waited for Pablo to dismiss the servants before finding him. This is his package and he wants to escape."

As he spoke, Harold threw out a black bag.

There was a stack of cash inside.

"Am I worth so little?" Vincent asked as he glanced at the attendant.

The servant shook his head. "Mr. Vincent, sorry. Please show mercy to me and let me go..."

Vincent curled his lips coldly. "Let you go?" He turned around and looked at the guards in the dark. "Find a car and let him experience a car accident with an explosion."

Only then did the guards realize that the culprit they had been looking for was Pablo's attendant.

They didn't expect that such a meticulous person to be the traitor. He had betrayed Pablo and Mrs. Britt and colluded with the Second Elder. Pablo's plan was advanced and a fake car accident was made true by him. It had almost destroyed them all.

If the location was not near the cemetery and Kamron happened to bump into them, their plan would probably fail and they could not leave the family by faking their death.

However, it had caused unnecessary loss to them. Not only were the guards, but also Rex's face was seriously injured. It took more than three months for him to recover. Harold's entire body, including his face, was eighty percent burned.

The medical doctor even said that it was possible to restore the skin as before, but it would take a long time, and it would be very painful. Planting a new skin needed to remove a layer of skin first. The pain was unbearable.

And now, the culprit was in front of them.

The guards, who had their arms and legs broken, jumped to him and beat him up. Rex also kicked him a few times. Then, he told Harold, "Pull him out and find a car to crash him!"

Harold touched the mask on his face and said to the guards, "I'll leave him to you."

Then he turned and left.

Rex shouted at his back, "Aren't you going back with us?"

Harold stopped for a moment, then said in a low voice, "If there's a chance in the future. Goodbye."

He was gone.

After Rex and the guards watched him walking away, they carried the attendant and went out on the boat overnight.. They were ready to let him experience a car crash in the middle of three cars.

### **Chapter 643**

Early in the morning, Kamron, Tom, Jaquan, Emma, Noah who hadn't slept well last night, and Donna who woke up early but dared not go in to disturb Emily all gathered at the entrance of Emily's room.

Ferne walked out of his room in a daze. He passed through the crowd, bleary-eyed. Everyone was shocked by him.

Noah pulled off his T-shirt and threw it to Ferne.

Ferne was still in a daze. He looked up and saw Noah. He asked in a hoarse voice, "Why aren't you wearing clothes?"

Words failed Noah.

He was the one who didn't wear clothes!

Ferne turned around and saw others there. Maybe he was still not sober. He lowered his head and covered his body with the T-shirt that Noah had just pulled off. He shouted at Jaquan and the others, "Do not look at me!"

Jaquan didn't want to see.

Emma whose eyes were covered was speechless.

Kamron was shocked.

Tom with good vision didn't say anything.

Ferne lowered his head and looked at himself. He was naked.

When he hesitated over whether to say hello or run away, the door of the courtyard was open. Vincent came in with Rex and his guards. Pablo also came, followed by Timmy and Timothy.

It was so embarrassing.

Ferne closed his eyes in despair.

After everyone had a simple breakfast, Emily finally got up. She rubbed her eyes as she came out of her room. Everyone turned to look at her.

Emily glanced at them. When she saw Vincent, her eyes lit up. As everyone was about to relax, they heard her calling Donna, "Mom..."

Everyone was lost for words.

It was so embarrassing.

However, Vincent's expression did not change. He sat on the stone bench and stared at Emily who got into Donna's arms like a bird. She said that she did not want to eat rice, but reluctantly ate an egg and drank a bowl of porridge.

As he saw the rice grains off her lips, he couldn't help reaching out and wiping those grains.

Emily was startled. Then, she smiled at him cautiously and said, "Thank you."

Worried that Vincent would feel sad, Rex comforted him, "Mr. Vincent, don't worry. After we go back, we will contact the best hospital. We'll have the best doctors and Miss Emily will soon be cured."

"No, she is not sick. She just needs someone to accompany her." When Vincent stared at Emily who kept close to Donna and gave a skip and a jump happily, he couldn't help smiling.

"What?" Rex was shocked.

Vincent recalled what Emily had said on her back last night. His expression became gentle.

"Vincent, if I don't remember you when I wake up tomorrow, don't leave me behind," Emily repeated, "Don't leave me behind."

Vincent nodded, "I won't leave you behind."

"Even if I don't like you, do not leave me. I will like you as long as you stay by my side," Emily sounded a little aggrieved.

"Alright, I'll always stay by your side," Vincent said gently.

"I will be fine. I am much better now," she said.

"You will be OK."

"Don't take me to see the doctor. Vincent, I'm not sick. I'm just too scared to be left behind. That's why I'm clingy. Don't hate me, and don't leave me behind," Emily said in a low voice.

Vincent was still patient even though Emily said it over and over again. He promised to her, "I won't leave you behind, nor will I take you to see a doctor. I will accompany you."

"Forever."

Today, Pablo had to go to the Divine Immortal Island for a "peaceful coexistence" ceremony. Thus, after eating breakfast here, he left with Timmy and Timothy.

After a night of rest, Janessa still ached and felt worse. Armando had planned to stay here and rest for a few days before going back, but Janessa refused. She wanted to go home quickly. Thus, Armando could only carry her on his back and go aboard.

Others also simply packed up their luggage and got aboard.

Emily stood on the deck. After the ship set sail, she pointed at the masked man on the city gate and asked Donna, "Mom, why is he standing there?"

"I don't know," Donna shook her head, "Maybe he is seeing his friend off?"

"Friend? Does he know anyone of us?" Emily still looked in that direction.

"Probably," Donna said.

Vincent, who had been staring at Emily, suddenly noticed that someone was standing next to him. He turned his head and found that was Noah.

Noah looked in the direction of Donna and Emily. He lowered his voice and said, "Emily told me that if she accidentally became like this again, she asked me to take her away. Don't let her stay with her mother."

But how could she leave Donna if she was only close to her?

Vincent looked at the sea, lost in thought. Then he said to Noah, "I know."

Noah nodded and left.

Anyway, he told Vincent. It was his decision what to do.

When they arrived at the dock, they saw a cordon around the road. They heard from passers-by that a car accident happened early in the morning. Three cars crashed together. It was strange that the car owners didn't get hurt. But a person who accidentally passed by was smashed into pieces. It was said that his brain burst.

Emily covered her ears and hid in Donna's arms. After they got on the train, she put down her hands and quietly looked outside. For some reason, when she heard "car accident", she got nervous with rapid heartbeats as if she had experienced a car accident.

Again, for no reason, she looked at Vincent who had sat in the wheelchair before. His legs were not all good and he walked with a cane. He dressed like a boss in a big office in her imagination. He looked young and more handsome than other men.

Vincent was sitting on the bed opposite Emily. He was reading a book. Sensing her gaze, he looked over at her.

Emily quickly lowered her head.

After Donna finished packing up, she asked Emily, "Are you thirsty? I'll go and get some water."

Emily wanted to pull her sleeve, but Donna had already taken the cup and left.

Emily felt a little uncomfortable when she and Vincent were left alone. She didn't know why. Maybe she was unfamiliar with him. Or there were other reasons. Anyway, she didn't dare to look at Vincent.

"Do you know how to write your name?" Vincent suddenly asked.

Emily was stunned for a while.. Then she realized that he was talking to her. She nodded and asked in a small voice, "Vincent, why did you come with us?"

## **Chapter 644**

His hair was white. He had worn a hat when he came here, and now he took it off. His silver hair was very eye-catching.

"I'm not your brother." Vincent looked at her with a gentle smile, "You can call me by my name or Mr. Vincent, but you can't call me brother."

Emily felt that he was a little strange, but she obediently called him Mr. Vincent. She didn't even realize why she had chosen to call him Mr. Vincent. She felt like that she had always called him that.

But she had just learnt what his name was.

"Write it down for me. Your name."

As she pondered over it with her head dropping, a slender hand handed a pen and a notebook to her. In beautiful handwriting, 'Vincent' was striking on the paper.

How strange. She clearly did not know this name. However, the moment she saw it, an image flashed into her mind: she was sitting at the table and writing 'Vincent' repeatedly.

She took the pen and wrote down her name under his.

"Emily." Vincent read softly.

Emily nodded, "Yes, this is my name. Mom said that she gave me this name in hope that I might have talent in arts."

"Art? Do you like drawing?" Vincent asked.

"Yes, mom had shown me a lot of albums full of beautiful pictures." Speaking of drawing, she seemed to be cheered up a little bit and put on an innocent and lovely smile.

It was probably because that in the following ten years, her mother had faded from her life, therefore, at the mention of drawing, it was not her mother first that came into her mind.

When Donna came back with the water, she saw Emily sitting at the table, holding a pen in her hand, copying Vincent's name. When she saw Donna, Emily put down the pen and pulled Donna over to have a look.

"Mom, do you think they look alike?"

"What does it look like?" Donna was quite puzzled. How could Emily and Vincent get much closer in such a short time?

Emily pointed at the name on the notebook. "This is written by Mr. Vincent. This is written by me. Do you think them look alike?"

Mr. Vincent?

Donna widened her eyes slightly. Had her memory recovered or not? Why did she call him Mr. Vincent? If she had recovered, why did she still call her mother?

Donna lost in these thoughts for a long time. Emily pulled her arm. "Mom, look, do you think I write it well?"

"Yes, yes." She raised her head to look at Vincent, who was reading a book, with a cup of tea beside. The tea was served by Rex. He lived next door with the guards, only a corridor away from here.

Vincent let them go, but they continued to follow him.

Donna had been looking for a chance to have a good talk with Vincent, but she also worried that Emily would be annoyed at her intervention after she recovered her memory. However, as a mother, she was deeply concerned with her child's happiness. Moreover, Vincent was not an ordinary man, but an outstanding figure. He was ambitious and well-known in City Y. Would such a person be loyal to his daughter for the rest of his life?

Back then, didn't she believe in Maury, which caused her lifelong tragedy?

After Emily fell asleep, Donna thought it over and finally made up her mind to talk to Vincent.

"I believe in your feelings for my daughter, but... no one can guarantee that you will not meet another person you like in the future. I only hope that if you fell in love with someone else, don't hurt my daughter. Please keep her in the dark and send her to me. I will take good care of her."

Vincent closed the book in his hand and turned to Donna, "Mrs. Cater, I can't promise you anything. She is the one who will accompany me in the future. I only need her consent. But as her mother, you will have my respect. Please rest assured that no matter what happens, I will not hurt her."

"I won't live for long. I just hope that she can grow up well and live a happy life." Donna said as she wiped her tears, "I know you are powerful, but you are all kids in my eyes. The future is littered with uncertainty. But... please cherish her. She is a good child. It was my fault to abandon her. I regret it very much..."

"You now have a chance to make up for it." Vincent looked at Emily who was sleeping peacefully, "She's close to you now to make amends for the years you were absent."

Donna was speechless.

"That was the pain of her childhood. Perhaps it was also a source of agony for you," Vincent said as he looked at her.

When the train arrived at the station, Randy led all the team members to welcome them. Everyone wore a festive hat, making them look particularly eye-catching at the exit.

However, when everyone came out, he still did not see Vincent. He anxiously grabbed Ferne's arm and ask, "Where is he? Where is our boss? Where is he?"

Ferne said dejectedly, "He didn't get off the train. He bought the ticket to the terminal."

"What? Will he come back in the future?" Randy quickly responded.

"Maybe he will." Ferne looked at Emily, who was bleary-eyed upon waking up, "Emily is still here. If he doesn't keep an eye on her, what if she ran away with others?"

Randy nodded, then asked, "Do you have his address or any way to contact him? If he doesn't come back, we can go to him!"

"I forgot," said Ferne.

Randy: "..."

When Donna brought Emily to take the car, she saw that she kept looking back and asked, "What's wrong? What are you looking for?"

"Where is that ... person?" Emily glanced back again, "Where is Mr. Vincent who was sitting opposite us? Why hasn't he come out?"

"He went somewhere else," Donna said.

"Oh." Emily waited for a while, but Donna did not continue. So, she had to ask, "Where did he go?"

Donna looked into Emily's eyes and couldn't help but think of what Vincent had said.

"She is unwilling to stay with you, but I won't take her away right now. During this time, please take good care of her. When I settle down, I will send someone to pick you up."

Emily was unwilling to see her.

Donna felt painful but powerless.

Yes, he was right. The past was painful for Emily as well as for her.

It took her more than ten years to walk out of that shadow, but Emily hadn't come out. In comparison, she wasn't worthy of being her mother.

Donna's eyes turned red.

"Mom, why are you crying?" Emily hastily wiped her tears.

"I'm fine. It was because of the wind." Donna was about to close the window when she caught sight of a car outside. The rear window was lowered, revealing the face of Jackson.

He probably just wanted to take a look at her. After nodding at her from a distance, he ordered the driver to drive the car away.

Donna closed her eyes.. She had owed too much to many people in her life.

## **Chapter 645**

When Armando came out with Janessa in his arms, he said goodbye to Randy and took a taxi to the City Hospital. Jaquan also contacted Collin on the way.

Collin had been very busy recently. He hadn't been able to rest for a day in the past two months. He always had patients and other doctors often asked him to cover for them. He finally chose to live in the hospital.

When he heard Jaquan's voice, he felt familiar and greeted Emma.

"Why do you come to the hospital?"

"Who would like to come here? Unless he is sick."

"You can come and do a physical examination even if you are not sick. Maybe you have kidney deficiency or something else. If it is diagnosed early, you can be treated early."

"Go away!"

Jaquan cursed before hanging up. Then he said to Emma, "Don't associate with Collin. If he talks to you, ignore him. Meanwhile, tell Stony don't call him Mr. Collin. Just call him Mr. Kidney Deficiency."

Emma said nothing.

Jaquan restrained his smile and asked, "Am I childish?"

Emma smiled.

"I was just angered by Collin. I'm not like that usually."

Emma said with a smile, "You are usually like this."

Jaquan was awkward.

"But I like it," Emma added.

Jaquan was surprised.

How did it feel to have a wife who was good at flirting? Jaquan could answer it.

When Armando and Janessa arrived at the hospital, Collin was waiting for them. Although he occasionally seemed casual, he was strict with his work.

Collin wore a white coat and gold-rimmed spectacles. He looked professional and strict. In addition to his long, slender and beautiful fingers, he seemed to be born to be a doctor.

They had met each other before. Collin asked about her situation. Then he asked the nurse to move Janessa to the mobile bed and pushed her away. Armando sat in a chair and waited anxiously with her bag in his arms.

The phone in the bag rang many times. Armando looked at his watch. More than half an hour had passed. He opened the bag and took out Janessa's phone.

It was an unfamiliar number. It called more than ten times. Armando recognized the number. It was Warren, whom Janessa loved deeply.

The phone was still ringing.

Armando didn't pick up. Then a text message came in.

"I have dealt with the matters there. Could you give me another chance? I'm coming."

When Collin came out, Armando was still in a daze. As Collin spoke, his ears buzzed with the contents of the text message.

"I have dealt with the matters there. Could you give me another chance? I'm coming."

This was what Janessa wanted and waited for. Now Warren was coming.

Armando had no reason to stay here. But he was unwilling. He liked her very much.

"That's the situation. You can handle the hospitalization procedures first, then find a nursing worker..." After Collin finished, he nodded at Armando and left.

Armando was stunned for a moment and then followed Collin.

Collin had walked to the corner and found that Armando was following him. He stopped, took off his mask, and asked, "Do you have any questions?"

Armando asked, "Sorry, can you repeat what you said?"

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Janessa had laid down in the sick room. She had done a full-body scan but the report would come out half an hour later. However, since Collin could confirm that she had a light spine fracture and soft tissue injury of his waist, he asked Armando to handle the hospitalization procedures and to take the medicine.

Armando ran in the wrong direction several times. So Collin had to accompany him and told him how to deal with these things. Collin said at the medicine window, "Don't worry. She just needed to stay in bed for a few days. Emily's brother was injured so seriously before. But he is fine now."

He thought that the reason why Armando was distracted was that he was worried about Janessa. But actually, Armando was thinking that he now had no reason or opportunity to accompany Janessa since Warren came.

When he returned with the medicine, Janessa was awake. She didn't dare to sleep when she was alone. When she saw Armando, she sighed with relief. "How is it?"

Armando repeated Collin's words.

Seeing that he was unhappy, she asked, "Don't lie to me. Do I have other problems? Cancer? Uterine cancer? Lactic cancer? Or brain cancer?"

Armando said nothing.

"Tell me. I'm strong enough." She patted the edge of the bed with one hand. "Sit down. Tell me the truth. I can accept it."

Armando thought for a moment and then handed over the phone.

"What?" Janessa took the phone in confusion. Then she saw the text message from Warren. She looked at it for a moment and then looked at Armando.

He lowered his head and put the medicine on the table. He wrote down when and how to take the medicine. Then he looked at Janessa and said, "I found a nursing worker. You can call me if anything went wrong."

He put down the bag, poured a glass of water and placed it on the side of the bed. After inserting the straw, he stood there and didn't speak, waiting for Janessa to respond.

Janessa held the phone and her throat was hoarse. She didn't know whether she should explain that she had ended up with Warren, or she should take this opportunity to cut off her connections with Armando.

After a while, she said, "Okay."

Armando stared at her with affection and then left.

He waited for the nursing worker at the door of the sick room. He told her Janessa's preferences and food habits. Then he left.

Not long after Collin finished checking the room, he met Ferne and Noah.

"What happened to your hand?" Collin asked.

"I was bitten by a zombie," Ferne said as he shook his stiff hand.

Collin was stunned.

"Don't you see my Moments?" Ferne opened his phone. "Add me on WeChat. Next time I get bitten by a zombie, I'll tell you firstly."

Collin was puzzled.

Jaquan's friends were so strange!

## **Chapter 646**

"Where are Armando and his aunt?" Ferne asked, "Have you finished? What about the result?"

"He has left." Collin looked at his watch and said, "About five minutes ago."

"Maybe he went to buy food." Ferne was unconcerned.

"No, he found a nurse to take care of the patient, and told me to report to Janessa if there were any problems."

"Tell Janessa?" Ferne was surprised. "Have they had a quarrel?"

"I don't know, but he seems to be a little distracted." Collin looked at Ferne's hand, "Have you stuck the glue on yourself?"

"Do I look that stupid?" Ferne felt insulted.

Collin looked at him as if asking in silence, wasn't he?

Ferne said, "Noah, tell him what have I been through."

Noah looked at Collin and asked, "Can it be cured or do his hands need to be amputated?"

Ferne was shocked by his words.

Collin looked carefully as if he was thinking about where was the best part to amputate.

"It was more poisonous and sticky glue than normal glue," Ferne said timidly.

"I will ask someone to take you for a test of the ingredients." Collin looked at his watch. "I'm going to draw blood, so I won't accompany you."

"Why are you drawing blood?" Ferne asked.

"For donation" Collin took off his watch and put it in his pocket. "You can go, too. Of course, it's all voluntary."

Ferne did not go to donate blood. He was taken away by a nurse and said that she would test on the skin of his hand. Noah went to Janessa's ward to take a look. There were only the nurse and Janessa inside. No one spoke. Janessa was lying on the bed with teary eyes.

It would be improper to go in and bother her, so he only looked through the window and went away. When she came back and told Ferne, Ferne was so shocked that he almost jumped up.

"She cried? Is the wound so painful? Well, I think it must be for this reason. Think about it, falling from a horse."

Words failed Noah.

Ferne was always more stupid than he expected.

Noah told Ferne about his supposition, but Ferne answered disdainfully, "Impossible, Janessa wants Armando to leave. How could she cry just because he left? This is impossible."

Noah gave up communicating with Ferne. He watched the nurse who took out a blade aiming at Ferne's hand. Ferne grabbed Noah's arm, "Why did you take such a big blade! Didn't we agree to take just a little piece of skin? You are going to cut my major artery! Stop!"

Noah covered Ferne's mouth and smiled at the nurse, "Please hurry up."

The nurse, "Okay."

Ferne struggled and shouted.

On the other side, Collin arrived at the blood donation station. It was not the first time for him to donate blood, and there was a record in the certificate. This time, the nurse affixed a seal and asked him to lie down to draw blood.

Looking at the blood flowing into the thin tubes from his body, Collin was about to close his eyes and take a nap when he saw the person beside. She was wearing a long black dress. Her face was half-covered with black-rimmed glasses. Her eyes were closed and she seemed to have fallen asleep. He looked at the bag above her head and it was half-filled.

It had been more than a month since he last saw her, she had lost some weight. Although the long black dress was loose and fat, her arm was slender and fragile. She was also donating blood. She looked so beautiful.

Collin called the nurse over. He wanted to say that this woman drank coffee and ate instant noodles. Her diet was irregular and her blood might not be healthy. However, she was donating after all, so he remained silent.

However, the nurse had already come to him. Collin asked softly, "How many times has she come here?"

He could find her blood bag later and do a blood test to see if it was healthy.

The nurse looked at the woman beside Collin and lowered her voice. "She has been here many times. She has donated a lot, about 8,000 milliliters, I think."

A woman should have about 3,500 to 4,500 ml of blood. She was 50 kilo. According to her weight, she should have about 4,000 milliliters of blood.

However, she had donated eight thousand milliliters by now.

It impressed him.

Collin donated no more than four hundred milliliters at a time, and he came once every two months. According to the record, she must have started the donation two or three years ago.

The nurse probably went to check her record on the computer. She came back in a little surprise. "Doctor Mueller, she had donated more than that. There are records from other hospitals on the computer."

Collin was about to take the blood bag and look for her name. But she woke up.

Collin did not know what experiences could let a person have such empty eyes. She looked blankly at the light above her head, and then the blood bag above her head. It was not full yet, she closed her eyes again to continue her nap. As if she had sensed something, she suddenly turned her head to look at him.

Collin's gaze met hers. Before he could make a sound, she had already turned back and closed her eyes, as if she had not seen him at all.

For some reason, Collin felt suffocated.

The stack of money she had left in his arms the last time they met was still on his coffee table, constantly reminding himself that it was not him who had enjoyed her service, but she had enjoyed his.

She tipped more generous than him.

A few minutes later, several young nurses brought the nutritious ginseng soup to Collin. "Doctor Mueller, how often you come here."

Collin pressed his temples, somewhat regretting not having worn a mask or taken off his white coat.

Last month at a dinner party, someone said that he was still single, then a group of nurses started to chase after him. Collin had received all kinds of desserts and coffee every day, and even bento.

"Thank you." He took a sip, and said to the other nurses, "There are still several donators here. Please give them."

Although they were reluctant, they were also unwilling to be petty in front of Collin. They quickly pass the soup out. Seeing that only Roxy had not received the soup, Collin felt a little anxious. He said to a young nurse standing in front of him, "She is missed out.. Give her some."

## **Chapter 647**

The nurse quickly nodded and sent it over. As Roxy's eyes were closed, the nurse said softly, "Madam, this is for nourishing blood. Drink it while it's hot."

Hearing the voice, Roxy opened her eyes, but she glanced at Collin somehow and then thanked the nurse.

Her voice was soft, cajoling, and alluring.

"You're welcome," the nurse said with a smile and greeted Collin before leaving with the other nurses.

The blood transfusion bag was soon full. After the nurse pulled out the needle, she asked her to lie down for a while more. Roxy did not refuse, and she narrowed her eyes on the chair for another ten minutes. When she felt better, she tried to stand up, but soon, she sat down again.

Even when Collin finished blood drawing and stood up, she was still sitting on the chair. She probably had not recovered yet. She usually did not exercise, and her diet was even irregular. However, she donated four hundred milliliters of blood at once. It didn't matter for a man, but women were prone to fainting from anemia. Her physique was obviously not suitable for donating blood. Collin did not know why she donated blood and even offered so much.

"Do you want me to help you get a taxi?" Collin asked.

Out of the professionalism of a doctor, even if it would not be Roxy, he would have also asked this out of courtesy and concern. After all, the other party was here to donate blood. He would respect anyone who had such selfless dedication. Moreover, she had one night love with him.

Roxy opened her eyes and looked at him for a while. Her eyes were emotionless, as if she was looking at someone through Collin.

"... Thank you," she said after a while. Her voice was a little weak but charming. Collin felt his eardrums jump.

He was particularly sensitive to sound. At this moment, he had to admit that Roxy was the only person that captivated him just by voice ever.

However, it was a pity ... that they were incompatible.

When he helped Roxy up, he touched her thin arm and could feel her body was a little cold through the thin dress probably because the air conditioner temperature was too low. And the moment Collin touched her, he felt that it was quite comfortable. He had helped many patients of different ages and genders, but there was no one like Roxy really putting all her weight on him. She was really weak. Probably because of anemia, her lips were a little pale, and she looked not good.

"Go home and have some red date porridge to nourish your blood, and eat some pig liver. You..." He sent her to the door of the hospital. Just as he reached out to call out the taxi, he suddenly remembered that the kitchen in her house had almost never been used. She probably wouldn't have red dates as well as pig livers.

The taxi arrived. Roxy forced herself to stand up straight from his arms. The moment she got into the back seat, she whispered, "Thank you."

Collin was touched by something, and then he followed her into the car.

Roxy was confused. Collin told the driver the address. It was the neighborhood where she lived.

It had been almost four months, yet he still remembered her neighborhood clearly. Instantly, he felt a little regretful because he acted as if he cared a lot about her.

When the car drove out, Collin called the hospital and asked a leave. He said that he would go back later. Roxy leaned against the back seat motionlessly. Her eyes were slightly closed, but her eyelashes trembled slightly.

Twenty minutes later, the car stopped in the neighborhood. Collin paid the fare, opened the car door and helped Roxy get off.

Roxy stood there and looked at him. Collin waved to the driver, which indicated that he wanted to go upstairs with her.

"I'm ... a little tired today. I'm afraid I can't." Roxy withdrew from his hand and said to him, "Another day."

"Am I that kind of person?" Collin gritted his teeth.

Before Roxy could respond, he took her into his arms. He went up the stairs and entered the elevator through the corridor. A middle-aged woman came down from the elevator and happened to see them. She was curious and somewhat gossipy.

Roxy seemed to experience this for the first time, and she was somewhat shocked and dazed.

Her eyes were not emotionless any more.

Collin pressed the elevator button, but he did not let her down. Roxy seemed to have forgotten to come down. She just nestled in his arms, and looked at him from his chin to eyes.

Collin was gentle and refined, like elite. The gold-rimmed glasses made his eyes narrow and long. He wore a white coat, shaping him perfect elite.

However, it was a pity that he should not have been here.

The door was equipped with a fingerprint lock. Roxy used her pinky to activate the lock and opened the door.

Collin looked at the closed door and said, "Most people like to use their thumbs. Why do you prefer your pinky?"

"I'm not an ordinary person," Roxy said as she changed her shoes and walked into the room.

Collin, "..."

Undoubtedly, she is Roxy.

He walked into the kitchen. He was sure enough that it was same as what he saw last time.

Roxy took a bottle of water from the fridge and unscrewed it. "Drink some warm water," Collin said as he took the water away from her.

Roxy looked at him without a word.

The water dispenser did not connect to power. She probably used it only in winter. Collin walked over and connected it to power. He said to her, "Wait two minutes."

Roxy said nothing. She walked to the sofa from the kitchen, sat down, and asked him, "What are you doing?"

"Wait until the water boils." Collin looked at his mobile phone. A colleague asked him what had happened via WeChat because the colleague saw him taking a taxi and leaving. Collin just replied few words.

"Why are you boiling water?" Roxy asked.

"Didn't you want to drink water?" Collin looked at her.

Their eyes met, and Collin finally understood that he didn't get the point.

She rubbed the sofa cushion, her eyes emotionless. "Doctor Mueller, we don't match."

"I know. I don't intend to date you either. I was worried that you would faint on the way, so I sent you back," Collin said with a faint smile.

Roxy looked at him and said, "I'm fine now. Thank you."

Roxy was implicitly asking him to leave.

"Wait for a few minutes." Just as Collin finished speaking, there was a knock on the door. He walked over to open the door and thanked the delivery guy at the door. Then, he placed the items on the tea table. "I ordered red date porridge and pig liver for you."

Then, he went to the water dispenser and got a cup of warm water, placing it on the tea table, "The temperature is just right, drink it."

"Come find me on Saturday night," Roxy said after looking at him for a while.

Collin glanced at her curiously. She thought that he did all this for sex.

He laughed a little, but said nothing. He walked to change his shoes, then walked out and closed the door. Recently, he had been so busy that he had almost never thought about sex. After being reminded by her, he remembered that it had been almost four months since that night with her. Up until now, it had not happened.

In front of the sofa, Roxy looked at the red date porridge on the table and gently picked up a spoon to dig a spoonful and put it into her mouth. The particularly sweet and greasy taste filled her mouth. She picked up the water on the side and took a sip.

The handle of the cup was still warm because Collin held it.. She stared at the cup for a while and finally picked up the spoon to continue eating the red date porridge.

## **Chapter 648**

...

"What is this about? I can't understand," Ferne asked as he walked out with a report in his hand.

Noah took over the report and read it. He did not understand too because there was so much jargon.

"Where is Collin?" Ferne asked, "Hasn't he finished his blood test?"

"He could have gone rest after that. Let's consult the other doctors," Noah said as he put away the report.

"That works too." Ferne followed.

They had to register again. Looking at Ferne who was operating the machine with one hand, Noah took out his vibrating phone and answered, "Hello..."

It was Christy. She heard that Noah was back and wanted to invite him for dinner.

Noah nodded and said a few words. Ferne didn't catch that. He only knew that it was a female voice. When he saw Noah returning with a hint of a smile on his face. He asked suspiciously, "Who was that?"

Noah picked up the registration form printed from the machine and looked at it. Then he looked at Ferne and asked, "Proctology department? Do you have hemorrhoids?"

Ferne, "..."

Just now, he was thinking about who Noah was talking to, so he didn't focus on it. He did not expect that he chose the proctology department.

Of course, he would not admit that he had accidentally chosen it to eavesdrop on Noah's call. He coughed lightly and made some sort of feeble excuse, "This doctor's name is good."

Noah looked down at the name of the expert on the registration list, "Zimbalist."

Ferne took a deep breath and said, "Forget it. I was not myself. I'd better register again."

They spent one hour in the hospital. After they came out of the hospital, Ferne was angry. "That doctor knows nothing. I said that it was caused by sticky glue, but he agreed with it. Fuck. If I said that it was stained with shit, he would nod and agree that was the shit."

Sitting in the taxi, Ferne imitated the tone of the doctor. The driver laughed and asked him what happened.

"The situation at that time was very dangerous. The wolf was only three centimeters away from me, and I was holding the single-pronged halberd..." Ferne said to the driver, trying to show a distance between him and the wolf.

He was dramatic, but the driver listened with relish. Sometimes, the driver was shocked by his words. They chatted all the way. When Noah and Ferne got off the car, the driver and Ferne regretted that they couldn't meet each other earlier.

Noah never knew that Ferne could be so enthusiastic as if all the strangers in the world could become his friends. He was open-minded and enthusiastic. With his handsome face, he could impress others with a single smile. In addition to his silver tongue, people close to him would be infected by his enthusiasm. They all liked him. Before getting off of the car, the driver asked Ferne if he was married and wanted to introduce his daughter to him...

"What are you doing at the greengrocer?" Ferne paid and touched his lips. He had talked too much and was a little thirsty now, but there was no water selling at the entrance of the greengrocer.

Noah went straight in, picked a watermelon from a fruit stall, weighed it, and asked the stall owner to give him a spoon. Then, with a strike, the watermelon was split into two. He handed one to Ferne and then carried the other half inside.

Ferne tasted a spoonful. It was so delicious.

"How can you know which watermelon tastes good? I knock and hear each one as I pick it out. But every time the watermelon I buy is either overripe or raw. It tastes terrible..." Ferne dug a spoonful and brought it to Noah's mouth. He said, "Have a taste. This one is particularly sweet and watery."

The greengrocer was bustling with people. They stood in the middle of the road. Ferne dug out a spoonful of red pulp inside and then brought it to Noah's mouth, his face full of joy.

Probably because Noah was silent for a long time, Ferne finally realized where they were. People were coming and going around, and they had attracted attention.

He retracted his hand in embarrassment. Just as he was halfway through his action, the spoon in his hand was pressed down by Noah and brought to his mouth.

"Well, not bad." Noah loosened his hand after eating and continued to walk forward.

Ferne looked at the spoon in his hand. After a while, a smile appeared on his face. "Pick two more melons for me later. I can give them to my mother to taste."

"No problem," Noah answered.

Ferne held the melon in his hand all the way. He ate and strolled around the greengrocer. When he saw vegetables he wanted to eat, he pointed at them. He was like a young master. Of course, he was.

Later, when he saw that Noah had more and more items in his hands, he finally finished the melon in his hand in a hurry. He spared one hand to help him. The knuckles of his right hand were still stiff. He could only hold the things and could not bend his fingers. He had to put them all in his left hand.

"Who did you call when you were in the hospital? I was just asking. I saw that you were in a good mood after answering the call."

"I forgot." Noah paused for a moment.

Ferne, "..."

He had only answered a call. However, he had forgotten it.

"I heard a woman's voice," he reminded.

Noah pondered for a moment and said, "Yes."

Ferne, "..."

He was wondering if Noah did it on purpose.

Noah stopped a taxi and put the watermelons in it. He gave the driver the address and one hundred, then photographed the plate number and closed the door.

"Aren't we going to get in the car?" Ferne asked with confusion.

He thought that Noah was going home to cook. But unexpectedly, Noah stopped a car and put the watermelons in it, then closed the door.

Thinking of the watermelons, Ferne quickly took out his phone, "I have to message my mother. If she can't receive the watermelons, I will ask her to call the police."

Noah, "..."

He picked up all the groceries on the ground and walked along the road.

"We walk there? Where is it?" Ferne followed him.

Ever since Trevor and Christy lived together, only the Pecks and Noah had been there, and Ferne had never come.

Ferne suddenly felt a little nervous when he stood at the door and saw Christy smiling as she said, "Please come in."

No one had seen Trevor's face.

During their childhood, they could remember nothing. They had never seen Trevor's face since they could remember. They had been in and out the garret many times, but they were separated by a curtain.

For many years, every time Ferne thought of Trevor, he only remembered the thick curtains, little robots on the carpet, and the roses sealed in glass bottles in the corner.

## **Chapter 649**

The light in the living room was a little dim. Someone did it on purpose. Ferne held his breath and changed his shoes. He gently put the things down and then looked around. He looked like a thief who had entered the room and robbed.

Noah entered the kitchen directly. Christy followed him in. She couldn't help but laugh as she leaned on Noah's shoulder and asked, "What is he doing?"

"No one has seen your boyfriend's face. You are the first one. Are you satisfied with this answer?" Noah put the food in the kitchen sink with a naughty smile.

"Very satisfied. What are you going to cook?" Christy laughed and gave him a pat.

She asked on purpose. She had already seen the cabbage and beef. She knew that it was Mr. Ferne's favorite, but she still asked him.

"Go ask your boyfriend what he wants to eat. I'll make it for him," Noah said as he placed the watermelon in the kitchen sink, washed it clean, and handed it to her.

"That's more like it." Christy took the watermelon and cut a few pieces. After greeting Mr. Ferne, she took a piece of watermelon and placed it on the plate before bringing it into the room.

Although Trevor had expressed more than once that he wanted to marry her, she still refused on the grounds that they had just met and were not familiar with each other, and agreed to register their marriage if their relationship was still stable after a year.

Originally, she just wanted to be a roommate with Trevor. She did not want to fall in love. Until one day, Trevor looked at her and asked, "We have kissed. So what are we?"

At that moment, Christy was speechless.

She kissed him, but how was she going to explain that kiss?

Was it a pity kiss?

It was not.

She didn't even understand it. There were many ways to get Trevor out of that sad memory, but she just offered her kiss.

She didn't know if it was a coincidence or if she wanted it too.

Christy admitted that she liked Trevor, but she couldn't guarantee that she would be able to be with him all the time. However, she remembered that Noah had told her a long time ago, "Enjoy every moment."

She really fulfilled it.

Since she liked him, why weren't they together?

So she said to Trevor, "Trevor, let's be together."

Trevor said "OK."

As a matter of course, they became a couple from roommates.

"My brother is here. He asked what you want to eat. Do you want to eat watermelon?" Christy handed over the plate in her hand when they arrived at the bedroom.

Trevor looked at the teeth marks in the middle of the watermelon and smiled, "yes."

Christy liked to mark everything that she owned. In psychology, this personality was caused by the lack of material in her childhood, which caused her to have strong possessiveness.

But Trevor didn't care.

Every time he looked at the things she brought, apples or bananas, they were all bitten. He took them without any hesitation and ate them.

Christy would be smiling like a child.

Like a child who got satisfaction.

"Mr. Ferne is here too. Do you want to see him later?" Christy took a tissue and placed it in his hand.

Trevor nodded.

He ate very politely and slowly. He wouldn't drop seeds or juice all over the ground even if he ate watermelons.

When Christy saw that he had finished eating the watermelon and was about to carry the plate out, she saw him stand up. He was originally sitting on the bed, but when he stood up, he cast a shadow like a giant.

He got off the bed and stepped on the floor barefooted. He took the plate from Christy and placed it on the table. Then, he pressed both of her hands against the wall and kissed her lips.

There was the sweet scent of watermelon between her lips and teeth.

Christy had gotten used to his sudden kiss recently, but there were still guests outside, and Noah was also there. Noah would notice that. Once he saw that her lips were swollen, he might know it.

At that time, she wouldn't even be able to explain it clearly.

Trevor stopped and leaned against her shoulder to catch his breath. Christy quickly pushed him away and ran out. "I'll go greet the guests."

She even forgot to take the plate.

Ferne was helping out in the kitchen when he saw Christy coming out of the room with a flushed face. "What's with your face? Are you drunken?"

Christy was blushed.

Mr. Ferne was so innocent. Was he really married?

Noah picked up the spring onion and knocked on Ferne's head, "Keep cooking."

"Oh." Ferne quickly went to flip the wok with his left hand.

Noah glanced at Christy's lips.

Christy showed it to him openly. She even raised her eyebrows and winked at Ferne's back. Her meaning was clear, "I am in love here and will get married soon. What about you?"

Noah was upset.

Christy made a face and ran off to clean up the dining table.

Half an hour later, the dining table was full of dishes. Christy turned off the lights, leaving only a few slightly hazy chandeliers on the top. Then she entered the room and shouted, "Trevor, dinner."

Trevor walked out.

"Is that okay?" Christy asked in surprise as she looked at his new clothes.

Trevor nodded his head.

Ferne sat on the dining table, nervously looking around, and from time to time he would use a spoon to check his face.

"Do you think you're here for a blind date?" Noah put down his chopsticks before sitting down.

Ferne took a deep breath. "I don't know why, but I'm so nervous. I do much better than a blind date."

While the two were talking, Christy had already brought Trevor over. To Noah's surprise, Trevor was not wearing the hooded clothes today.

He was wearing a white shirt and black trousers. He was white and thin, his eyes are clear, and his long hair was cut, revealing his full forehead.

Ferne stood up in shock and only said after a long while, "Why are you even more handsome than me?"

Noah didn't know what to say.

Trevor walked to the table and pulled up a chair. After Christy sat down, he sat down next to Christy and called out to Ferne, "Mr. Ferne."

Ferne almost cried. "You were so good-looking. Why are you hiding here every day? Vincent, Jaquan, Randy are worried about you. Everyone cares about you. Do you know that?"

After he finished speaking, he realized that the atmosphere was not right. He suddenly realized that he had said something wrong and immediately added, "I don't mean to blame you. I am just too excited. I don't know what I said. Come, I'll punish myself with a cup of wine."

Noah could not stop him, and Ferne had already drunk a glass of red wine.

Trevor reached for the wine in front of him and did not say anything. He drank it. It was his first time drinking. He was a little anxious and almost choked. However, he still drank it all. He said to Ferne, "Ferne, don't apologize. I know what you mean."

"That's good." Ferne nodded.

Christy picked up some food and placed it on the Trevor plate, then said softly, "Her you are."

He had just eaten the watermelon, and now he drank red wine. It was not good for his stomach.

"Yes. I forgot you can't drink. Eat some food first," said Ferne.

As he spoke, he picked up the cabbage, beef, and passed it to Trevor's plate.

## **Chapter 650**

"This is my favorite dish." Ferne laughed.

Noah was lost for words.

'Why he serves others his favorite food?'

Words failed Christy.

She really couldn't understand why Noah would make friends with an idiot.

Trevor pursed his lips, but there was a smile on his lips. "Thank you, Ferne," he said.

After that, he ate all the dishes on the plate.

Ferne was also happy to see him eat. He even unconsciously ate more food. In the beginning, their conversation might not go smoothly. After all, in a face-to-face situation, it was difficult for him not to look at Trevor. Looking at Trevor's height, he suddenly felt a sense of envy. For a moment, he no longer cared about the friendship but roared to ask Trevor to share half of his leg with him.

At eleven o'clock in the evening, Ferne was still sitting at the dining table. Noah and Christy went to the kitchen to clean up the dishes. He was chatting with Trevor and counting what had happened these days.

"By the way, Vincent is fine. Do you know? We were going to find him this time. He was on an island. What is it called? I forgot. Anyway, it is an island. There are wolves on that island. The people there have white hair..."

"Randy is selected for the National Championship. I heard that the championship would be held in October. You can go with us to watch the championship. By the way, do you have a passport? When the time comes, you will have to go abroad. If you don't have a passport, apply for one now..."

"Jaquan's son is growing. He's especially cute. And he looks the same as he was a baby. Oh, I have photos of him. Look, he's so cute, isn't he? You can have a baby..."

Trevor sat there with a blushed face. It was unknown if he heard it or not. In short, he was very drunk, but he could still sit there straight.

Ferne was probably drunk. He did not realize that Trevor was drunk, and he kept talking. When he was pulled out of the door, he grasped the doorframe and said, "Trevor, give me a hug. I'm leaving."

...

Christy was dumbfounded.

Ferne had known how crazy Ferne was when he was drunken. So when they left the district, he carried Ferne on his back, in case the latter would do a striptease in the middle of the road later.

At this point in time, there were many taxis, but Noah was a little drunk and did not want to take a car. Therefore, he carried Ferne walking along the road for a moment.

"Why are you carrying me on your back?" Ferne quieted down asked Noah.

Before Noah could reply, he giggled, "I feel like I'm a woman on your back. No, you should have the woman in your arms."

"I'll send you back to the hotel," said Noah and he stopped a taxi.

"No. I want to go to your place. I'll go back to the hotel tomorrow," said Ferne reluctantly.

Noah said nothing and put him in.

The lights in the back carriage were off. After the driver asked about their address, he began to chat. Noah did not like to talk, and the driver was sensible and stopped talking.

Ferne couldn't help but squint his eyes at Noah and said in a loud voice, "You are so cold to him."

Driver was lost for words.

Noah didn't know what to say.

Ferne let out a silly laugh and said in a voice that was comparable to a loudspeaker, "Well done, I don't like you being enthusiastic about others."

Driver was dumbfounded.

Words failed Noah.

On the other side, Christy had run the bath water and was about to call Trevor in to take a bath, but she saw that he had fallen asleep on the sofa.

"Trevor, it's time to take a bath. It won't take much time," she said softly.

Trevor opened his eyes slightly and answered vaguely.

"Let's go. I'll take you to the bathroom." Christy helped him up.

Trevor was extremely drunk. He could stand still and pressed on Christy. It was impossible for him to stand alone under the shower alone. Christy had to stand with him under the shower for a while. Her clothes were drenched.

Trevor was washed by the warm water and he sobered up a little. He looked down at Christy's moist lips and kissed her instinctively.

Although he was drunk, he was very patient. Christy couldn't help but relax. She had never been happy about intimacy. She thought it would be the same this time, but she didn't expect that she was wrong.

Although Trevor was a newbie to kissing, he was skillful. It was the first time that Christy, who had a lot of love experience, showed fear in front of him.

He was gentle and careful, soothing her restless soul. It seemed that he was kissing on the tip of her heart, making her heart tremble.

...

This time, Armando came back directly to the shop. Not long after, he received a call from his family. They asked him to go back. He supposed they wanted to ask about the situation of his aunt.

Armando did not tell his family that he went with Janessa this time. He came and went freely. He often left home for about half a month and his family was not worried about him. After all, he had been like this for the past few years. His family could not control him.

However, they were worried about Janessa. She came back but then left for more than half a month. They were a little anxious as they could not contact her, so they had to find Armando and ask about the situation.

Armando called Janessa and wanted to make a good statement with her so as not to be exposed.

But there has been no answer from Janessa. He guessed that she was busy doing something with Warren.

What was she busy doing?

Armando unconsciously clenched his fists. When he thought that Janessa and Warren were lovey-dovey, his eyes turned red.

He could do nothing. He could not hurt Warren, who was loved by Janessa.

The only thing he could do was to stay away from her and watch her get together with that man in a blessed land.

When he got out of the car, Armando was gloomy. The driver took the money and quickly drove away, afraid that if he stayed a second longer, he would be beaten by Armando.

Armando lowered his head and was about to enter the Mosby's residence when he saw a person walk out from the shadows of the tree at the door. The man asked, "Are you Armando?"

Because the man was against the light, Armando could not see his appearance clearly. "Who are you?"

The other party stretched out his hand and smiled at him in a friendly manner, "I am Warren. Nice to meet you. I am your aunt's .... boyfriend."