

## Reborn Baby

### Chapter 801

The guards took out a lace-like thing from the case. They took a look at the thing and put it back. At the same time, guard D noticed another object and took it out from the case. It looked like a furry rabbit tail.

"What is this for?" guard D asked.

Rex took a photo of the furry thing and searched it on the Internet. Then Rex blushed immediately and showed the web page to guard D.

Everyone blushed after seeing the web page, but no one commented.

Rex and the guards remained silent after coming out of the bedroom.

"Is everything okay?" Emily asked.

The guards immediately walked away when they saw Emily.

Emily was confused by the guards' reactions.

"We didn't sell the Dahongpao tea, as you said. So we barely get any profit from selling tea. The money we have now can only afford the rent after paying the workers' salary." Sydnee handed the money to Emily and noted it on the bill book.

Emily and Sydnee were handling the bills in the bedroom while everyone else was chatting on the couch.

"I like your room. It is well-decorated. My house still needs some decoration," Sydnee said.

Sydnee moved to her new home after engaging with Eliot. Since it was a brand new house, Sydnee wanted to decorate it nicely.

Let me know if you need help," Emily said while putting the money into the drawer. Then she noticed the case on the floor was opened. Emily bent down and opened the case.

"Are you okay? You seem a little surprised. What's in the box?" Sydnee asked.

Emily shook her head awkwardly. "I'm alright. There's nothing special. The guards should put this case in the warehouse." Then she carried the case and walked out of the room.

However, Vincent blocked Emily's way at the door.

Emily looked at Vincent without saying anything.

"Excuse me," Sydnee said and left with a smile.

Emily looked at Sydnee and intended to ask for help. But Sydnee rushed to the crowd before Emily started to speak.

"Mr. Vincent, this case is supposed to be in the warehouse," Emily said while holding the case against the door frame.

"What is it?" Vincent asked.

"It's nothing special," Emily answered awkwardly.

Vincent opened the case and took out the lace underwear. "Nothing special. Are you sure?" he asked.

Emily blushed.

"Fight or flight?" Emily wondered. After thinking for a while, Emily chose to fly. She was ready to run away, but Vincent blocked her way again.

Vincent took out the furry tail from the case. Then both of them froze at the door.

Vincent looked at the furry tail for a while and smiled. "Go take a shower. I'll send the guests off." He took the case from Emily and gently kissed her chin.

Emily didn't respond.

Ferne went home and got a call from Armando. "Is Vincent alright?" Armando asked.

"What do you mean? He is good. Everything is fine," Ferne replied.

"Vincent didn't pick up my call. I just want to say happy birthday to him, and I will give him the gift in person," Armando said.

"The birthday party is over" Ferne sighed and lied on the couch.

"The party is over?" Armando looked at the clock and said, "It was only nine o'clock."

"Yeah, Vincent ends the party early and turns off his phone. You can guess what he's going to do," Ferne giggled.

At the same time, Noah threw a towel to Ferne and said, "Go take a shower."

Ferne slowly got up from the couch while playing with the towel. "Anyway, you'd better call Vincent tomorrow at noon. Today is his birthday. I am sure he has something to do until midnight," Ferne said to Armando.

After finishing the call, Ferne asked Noah, "Do you know what's in the case?"

"Go take your shower," Noah said.

"I know. You say that many times." Ferne finally dragged his legs to the bathroom.

Then Noah went to tidy up the couch and worked out for a while.

"Can you guess what's in the case?" Ferne asked when he walked out of the bathroom.

Noah was jogging on the treadmill with his headphones on and didn't respond.

Ferne was blaming Noah in the living since Noah couldn't hear anything.

A few moments later, Christy and Trevor came to visit. However, Ferne's hands and legs were tied up already when they came in.

"Sorry. We come to the wrong place." Christy and Trevor walked away immediately.

Noah kept working out and didn't say anything.

Ferne didn't respond either.

Even though Randy's new house wasn't fully renovated, it was still a nice place to live. So, Jaquan would stay at Randy's home since he was drunk.

The guests were supposed to stay at Vincent's house. But Rex asked them to give more private time to Vincent and Emily.

The guests immediately got Rex's idea.

They understood that private time with Emily would be the best birthday gift for Vincent.

Since Randy invited people to visit his home, the guests left the party early.

## **Chapter 802**

Randy liked inviting people to his home. He enjoyed gathering with friends. Since Emma and Sydnee were used to doing chores, they helped Randy clean up the house once they arrived.

Then Emma carried Jaquan to the guest room.

Eliot went to his room after the shower. He discussed some work with his assistant over the phone. So, he still had work to do at night.

Sydnee and Emma knew each other before because they used to live in Tea Manor. Sydnee was happy to hear about Sydnee's engagement. However, Emma felt a little bit sorry that she didn't attend Sydnee's engagement ceremony.

"You should let us know early, then more people can attend your engagement ceremony," Emma said.

"Don't worry. I'll definitely invite you guys to our wedding," Sydnee responded with a smile.

"Great!" Emma nodded.

Christy wasn't sure if the rooms were enough upstairs, so she went up to take a look. Then she met Emma and Sydnee and joined in their conversation.

The three women chatted until midnight. Eliot had come out a few times, but Sydnee didn't say a word to him. Christy patted Sydnee's shoulder and said, "Your husband wants to sleep with you. Don't chat with us. Go to stay with Eliot."

Sydnee didn't notice that Eliot had come out several times without Christy's reminder.

Sydnee blushed and said, "No, we haven't..."

Christy and Emma couldn't believe what they heard.

Sydnee paused for a second.

Then she nodded.

"How come? Aren't you guys engaged?" Christy asked.

"Doesn't he take the initiative?" Emma asked Sydnee while looking at Eliot, who was drinking water in the kitchen.

"What?" Sydnee almost choked on her saliva.

"No. That's not what I meant. We haven't held our wedding ceremony yet." Sydnee blushed again.

Christy was surprised and said, "I didn't get married either."

"I gave birth to my child before I got married," Emma said.

"My mom said I can't get pregnant before marriage," Sydnee said.

Then Christy whispered something to Sydnee.

"I need to go to bed now." Sydnee was embarrassed and walked away.

Eliot was reading his working materials after returning to the bedroom. Sydnee wore the pajama that Christy gave her after the shower and went back to the bedroom.

Sydnee was very sexy in that pajama. She wasn't used to dressing like that and used a towel to cover her pajama.

"Are you cold?" Eliot adjusted the room temperature when he saw Sydnee.

"No. I'm not cold." Sydnee took off the towel with hesitation.

Eliot was surprised. He couldn't remove his eyes from Sydnee.

Sydnee walked to the bed while holding herself.

Then Eliot moved closer to Sydnee.

"What's wrong?" Sydnee asked.

"Why do you dress like this? What do you want to do?" Eliot asked. Now, Sydnee could feel his breath.

Sydnee was surprised and said, "No, I..."

Eliot kissed her before she finished her sentence.

Eliot hugged Sydnee and kept kissing her. After a while, Eliot said, "Let's go to sleep."

Sydnee was confused. That was not what she expected.

"Are we really going to bed?" Sydnee wondered.

"Are you..." Sydnee hesitated and stopped talking.

"What?" Eliot didn't get what Sydnee said.

"Nothing." Sydnee shook her head.

At the same time, Eliot immediately grabbed Sydnee's hand and pushed her on the bed.

Sydnee blushed and closed her eyes. "I am sleepy. I need to go to bed," she said.

"You have to dress like this after going back to our home," Eliot whispered to Sydnee.

But Sydnee covered her ears.

Christy and Emma kept chatting until Trevor came to pick Christy up.

Then Christy went home with Trevor.

"Did you look at the gift I prepared for Vincent?" Christy asked.

Trevor shook his head.

"Guess what I gave him."

Trevor smiled and didn't reply to Christy.

"Just give it a try. I can give you three chances to guess. If you're right, I'll do whatever you want me to do," Christy said.

Meanwhile, Christy and Trevor arrived at their home. Then Trevor whispered something to Christy.

"You peeked at my web page?" Christy was shocked.

Trevor denied.

"That's impossible. How do you know?" Christy couldn't believe that Trevor knew what she had given to Vincent.

"Someone saw it. I can guess based on their reactions," Trevor said.

"No way!" Christy said while changing to her slippers.

"Trust me," Trevor said and held Christy's ankle.

Christy leaned on the shoe cabinet and said, "Okay. What do you want me to do then?"

Trevor blushed while looking at Christy.

Christy was nervous when she had eye contact with Trevor.

At the same time, Emma was having a video call with Stony at Randy's home. Then Emma took a shower and went back to her bedroom. Jaquan was saying something while lying on the bed.

Emma walked over and tried to listen to what Jaquan was saying. "Baby, it's me. I'm your husband," Jaquan said.

Emma was surprised by what she heard.

## **Chapter 803**

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After Armando went to the cake shop to pick some sweets, he drove back to his house.

After the door opened, Cynthia asked, "Why are you so late? Have you eaten?"

Armando had been busy with the museum recently and often came back very late. He wanted to call Vincent to say happy birthday after work, but it was unexpected that Vincent turned off his phone.

"Not yet." "What about her? Did you finish?" Armando asked as he walked in with the bag.

"No, she loses her appetite. She doesn't want to eat anything and can't smell the smell of oil." Cynthia said softly, "Go and see her."

"Alright."

When he found out that Janessa was pregnant, Armando secretly took her to the hospital in Happendland City for an examination. The ultrasound showed that she was early pregnant. Moreover, it had been more than a month. Janessa was a little stunned, and more than that, she was flustered.

Since Armando had briefly explained Janessa's situation to the doctor, the doctor also thought that she had the symptom of threatened abortion. The doctor asked her to do a blood test first to see if we need to keep the child. Then, Armando asked Janessa, "Have you taken any medicine recently?" Janessa answered in panic, and her fingers nervously stiffened.

"It's fine, don't be afraid." Armando was holding her hand.

She was still trembling in fear, "What should I do? I have smoked and drunk..."

After she was stunned first, now she was in an endless panic.

She was afraid that something would happen to the child.

Fortunately, the blood test results were good. The doctor said, "Progesterone was low. First, you have to eat some Folicacid, then take some Biophytumsessile. We will check it next week. Don't forget to do a general examination in the later stage."

Janessa did not hear anything but held the ultrasonic sheet and looked at the dark mass. She could not see the child's appearance at all. The doctor said that the bean-sized mass was her baby.

After coming back from the hospital, Janessa had been crying. It was useless for Armando to comfort her. Finally, he said helplessly, "The mood of a pregnant woman will affect the child. If you cry, the child will cry too."

It was only then that Janessa stopped crying.

Her mind was really in chaos, and she was afraid and worried.

"Don't be afraid, I'm here." Armando hugged and comforted her.

He found a driver to drive them back to City Y overnight.

In the Mosby family, Cynthia was the first person to know about this.

The next morning, Armando called Cynthia and asked her to come. Then, she came with an uneasy mood. Janessa sat on the sofa with red and swollen eyes and did not say a word. Armando stood in the living room. Cynthia's heart was thumped when she saw this.

After Armando finished speaking, Cynthia stared at Janessa's stomach in shock.

She wanted her son to get married early and give birth to a grandchild for her. Although it was different from what she had expected, this was Armando's child. She said a lot to Janessa with guilt, and then she began to find a maternity matron to serve Janessa.

After talking for a long time, she realized that something was wrong.

The smile on Cynthia's face became stiffened. She looked at Janessa in disbelief and asked, "Don't you want this baby...?"

Janessa lowered her head and kept silent.

Cynthia walked over and held her hand, "Janessa? What are you thinking?"

Janessa suddenly collapsed, hugged Cynthia, and cried, "I'm ... very scared."

"I'm sorry." Cynthia couldn't help but cry.

Armando went over to wipe their tears and lowered his head to kiss Janessa's forehead.

He looked at Cynthia and said, "Mom, how can she have children without position?"

It was only then that Cynthia remembered that she had forgotten an important matter. She hurriedly got up and wiped her tears, "Yes, I will do this. Janessa's household register has been moved out, and now it has been synchronized in the security system. You can legally get married. I will go back and discuss it with Master Mosby. You don't have to worry about it. You take good care of the baby and don't work. Leave it to me..."

Cynthia was in a mess. When she reached the door, she almost fell. After leaving for a long time, she remembered that she had forgotten to take her bag. Then, she came back and took it. However, when she went out, she forgot that her car was parked at the door. After she got home, she rambled in her statement.

"Baby ... baby! Janessa! baby!"

Roman did not understand at all. Instead, he asked angrily, "Did Armando go to find Janessa again?"

Benson took the whip from the wall, "I think that bastard is looking for trouble!"

Cynthia was so anxious that she drank the tea on the table. Then, she looked at them and said, "Baby! Janessa is pregnant with a baby!"

The whip in Benson's hand fell to the ground.

Roman looked at Cynthia in amazement.

"It's Armando's child, and it belongs to the Mosby family," Cynthia said with tears.

Benson was confused for a long time before he called Janessa.

The two chatted on the phone for a long time before Benson finally said, "You have your life. Don't give up your great life for such a thing."

Roman and Cynthia listened on the side. When Benson hung up, they asked, "What did she say?"

Benson sat on the sofa and sighed without speaking.

Cynthia anxiously returned to her room with Roman. Sometimes, she wanted to find a maternity matron, and sometimes, she wanted to pack her things and serve them herself. She was so busy, which made Roman dizzy.

"You don't have to get involved. Let them get along more. Maybe Janessa will love him in the future."

Cynthia stopped, "In fact, I think Janessa should love Armando as well." She recalled, "She came back to play with Armando. Moreover, if something like this happened in the past, she should have gone to have an abortion without hesitance ... But she didn't. Instead, she told Armando about this. What does this mean? She wants to give birth to the child."

"I think so. We can see the result on Master Mosby's face." Roman replied.

Cynthia remembered Benson's worried face and nodded, "This time, we have wronged her."

Janessa was lying on the bed with guilt. When she thought of Armando's plan, Benson's guilty words, and Cynthia's tears, she felt very uncomfortable.

"I know you don't feel good. But, believe me. If this happened in any other way, neither of us would be able to be together." Armando hugged her on the shoulder.

"I know." Janessa closed her eyes and a drop of tear rolled down.

"I'm going to work. My mom will come and take care of you in the future. We will get closer during this period time." Armando kissed on her tear.

Janessa nodded.

Twenty days later.

In Cynthia's opinion, although they could not make a spurt of progress in the relationship, they were much closer than before. Whenever Janessa could not eat, Armando hugged her to the sofa and fed her. When Cynthia saw this scene, she could not help but wipe her tears.

Her son had finally grown up and knew how to love and take care of people.

He was going to have his first child, while Cynthia would eventually grow old.

#### **Chapter 804**

"Here are some strawberry pies, pineapple pies, and chocolate cups," Armando placed snacks beside the bed and helped Janessa up, "Which do you want to eat?"

Janessa lost her appetite. She was hungry but didn't want to eat anything. If forced to eat food, she would immediately spit out. Moreover, she had to lie in bed almost every day, and she was in poor health.

"Strawberry," Janessa said weakly.

"Okay." Armando brought over the strawberry pies and chocolate cups and fed her.



Janessa ate a little, but she felt nauseous. Armando had already brought the trash can over. She tilted her head and spit acid saliva.

Then, her face was full of tears. She gasped and lay back on the bed. Armando took warm water for her to rinse her mouth. She was very weak and wanted to sleep.

Armando coaxed her to eat food, but she just said tiredly, "No, I will vomit."

Armando contacted a gynecologist through Collin before and asked the doctor to prescribe for her to prevent morning sickness. And she also injected nutrition needles. However, it would not work if she didn't take medicine. Janessa firmly opposed taking medicine and thought that it was harmful to the child.

Armando could only give up persuading her to take medicine and accompany her to massage her arms and calves.

He was busy with work and could only stay with Janessa in the morning and night, but Janessa could sleep well because staying with him, she was very relieved.

Armando had planned to resign and concentrate on accompanying her, but Janessa did not agree. He was proud and would not rely on the Mosby family. Janessa would not allow him to ask his parents for money because of her.

After Janessa fell asleep, Armando personally cooked noodles for her. He had tried many times, but Janessa couldn't eat anything. She only had some porridge without any seasoning.

Armando brought the noodles to Janessa's room and closed the door.

He chewed the noodles and fed them to Janessa. Janessa swallowed the food in a daze. She could not open her eyes and she was fed a whole bowl of noodles by him.

When Armando came out with an empty bowl, Cynthia still asked in disbelief, "Do you eat it all?"

"No." Armando smiled and gave her the empty bowl.

"Didn't she vomit?" Cynthia asked.

"Mom, cook for me. I'm hungry," Armando coughed.

"Okay." Cynthia walked into the kitchen.

Armando sent a message to Collin:

[Doctor Mueller, please help me register. I will take her to check tomorrow.]

Collin, who was exercising, ignored it. He knew that the call was from Jaquan, his colleagues, or his mother.

However, he was still expectant.

Perhaps it was a message from Roxanne.

He stopped and used towels to wipe the sweat, then he picked up his phone.

Indeed, it was not her.

He had gotten used to typing with his left hand. Collin replied with the word [Good] and then put down his phone to check the time. It was 10:30.

Roxy never came back since his mother came here.

As for him, he never visited her again.

They began the 'cold war' that Collin thought of.

How long can he stay out of contact with the person he was familiar with?

Collin could stay out of contact with his classmates for two years, but he had not contacted Roxy for less than a month.

He had already started to miss her.

Sleep eluded him.

The plaster on his right hand could be removed one month later. Collin took a shower before returning to his room.

Every time he walked into this room, he would remember that Roxy stood by the window and smoked. She was wearing his white coat and standing in front of the dressing mirror. She was dazed.

There was no new message on his phone.

Collin closed his eyes.

The next day, after helping Armando make an appointment, he ran into a woman.

She was Emma's sister, Dorothy.

"Hi! What a coincidence!" Dorothy greeted him with a smile. It was cold, she was wearing a cheongsam. As she walked, the patients and doctors all looked back to admire her slender legs.

"What a coincidence," Collin looked at her, "What are you doing in the hospital?"

"Visit a patient," Dorothy stared at his hand and asked, "What happened to your hand?"

"I accidentally got hurt." Then Collin waved at her, "I'll go the rounds of the wards first."

"Shall we have lunch together?" Dorothy asked.

Collin looked at her and said, "We may not be suitable."

"What are you thinking about? I like Noah," Dorothy looked at him.

Collin fell into silence.

"And Mr. Vincent." Dorothy added, "By the way, when will they divorce? Tell me."

Collin didn't respond.

Collin chose here. They sat down in the hall. Dorothy ordered a few dishes and then handed the menu to Collin, "Order some special dishes. I have inherited a hotel and I'm tired of the dishes over there. You can order more and help me taste them."

It was the first time that Collin had heard her had "inherited" a hotel.

Dorothy and Emma were different. Emma was careful and sensitive while Dorothy was bold and unrestrained. She dared to say anything and do anything. Of course, she could act innocent to get others' attention.

Dorothy glanced at the waiters and stared at Collin for a moment, "As a doctor, you have a better figure than them."

Collin smiled.

However, he couldn't laugh the next second.

Roxy and a man came out of the private room inside. Collin had seen the man before. He was her editor.

When they passed by the hall, the editor noticed Collin and touched Roxy's arm. Then, she looked at him.

Collin looked at her and heard Dorothy ask, "Is this dish delicious? Do you want it?"

He turned back and stared at the dishes, "Okay, order it."

Dorothy called the waiter again and ordered a few more dishes.

Later, several waiters came over with dishes.

"Is he on a blind date?" the editor asked Roxy.

Roxy turned her head lightly, "Let's go."

The editor gave Collin a hateful look and cursed in a low voice, "You are so shameless!"

Collin was speechless.

"Do you know her?" Dorothy asked.

She looked at the woman again and asked Collin uncertainly, "Could she be your girlfriend? Aren't you a bachelor?"

Collin shook his head but did not explain.

"This woman looks very strange.." Dorothy looked at Roxy again.

## **Chapter 805**

"Why is it so strange?" Collin asked.

"She looks very strange. Her eyes are filled with despair." Dorothy pinched her earring and pressed it. Then, she took out her phone, sent the photo she had just taken to her employee. She then sent another message: [Help me check this woman out.]

"Despair?" This was the first time Collin had heard such an evaluation for Roxy. He couldn't help but glance at Roxy's back again. She was wearing a black feather coat, covering her thin figure.

"Can't you see?" Dorothy picked up her chopsticks and ate food, "She has experienced traumas. However, she has friends. At the very least, she won't suffer from depression. Even if she is depressed, she won't die alone."

She had experienced traumas...

Collin nodded, but he was surprised that Dorothy could tell that Roxy had experienced traumas in the past.

The Alberton family was not simple.

"Were you taking photos just now?" Collin looked at her earring and asked.

"You mean this?" Dorothy pinched her earring. It was a black strip. When she pressed it, a red dot would flash in the middle and a photo was kept in her phone.

"locator, it can take pictures and send signals," she said faintly, "It can be considered a protective measure for us when we go out."

Collin was about to ask her to delete the photo of Roxy when he saw the phone on the table vibrate. It was Cora.

Collin raised his head to look elsewhere but did not see Cora. Only then did he heave a sigh of relief and answer the phone.

Cora asked, "Where are you?"

"Eating food."

"I know," Cora asked with a smile, "Who are you eating with? Where are you eating?"

Collin looked around suspiciously, "I'm having dinner with my colleague."

"A colleague?" Cora asked, "A new nurse?"

"Mom, come straight to the point," Collin frowned.

"My friend told me that you are eating with a very beautiful girl." Cora said, "I think you don't want to have a girlfriend. But you just don't want to tell me. It's okay. Anyway, bring her back in the Spring Festival."

"I'll go back and tell you." Collin did not say anything in front of Dorothy and hung up the phone.

Dorothy was tasting the dishes on the table. She did not ask any questions after Collin hung up the phone. It seemed that she only wanted to invite Collin to come out for a meal.

Collin still had a plaster on his right hand. He had to rely on his left hand to eat food. The dishes that Dorothy ordered were all used with forks, so it helped him.

After dinner, they returned to the hospital. Many doctors and nurses came to ask him that if the woman was his girlfriend. Collin shook his head, but the others did not believe it. Some doctors happily told him not to forget to share the wedding candy, while the nurses left sadly.

After work, Collin called Cora to explain. Then he was inevitably scolded by her. After hanging up the phone, he remembered Roxy he met in the restaurant today. He called her after hesitating for a long time.

She didn't answer the phone the first time.

Collin called her again, and she didn't answer the phone until the last second.

"Hey..."

It had been a long time since he had heard her voice.

Collin could not help but calculate the time in his heart. It had only been less than a month.

"Doctor Mueller?" She asked in a cracked voice.

"Yes," Collin responded in a low voice.

"What's up?" she asked.

She asked coldly as if they were strangers.

Collin took a deep breath, "It's fine."

"Good night," she said.

Without waiting for Collin to respond, the phone was hung up.

Collin looked at the phone interface and became upset.

After running back, the phone kept ringing. He thought it was from Roxy. He rushed to pick it up and found it was a strange telephone number.

He answered the call.

Dorothy's voice came from the other side.

"Hello? Doctor Mueller, it's me," Dorothy asked, "Do you know that girl?"

"Who?" Collin pretended not to understand.

"The strange girl I was talking about." Dorothy's voice was attractive, "Do you mind if I investigate it privately?"

Collin regretted not asking Dorothy to delete the photo.

"I asked others to investigate her. Eight years ago, she was sentenced to two years in prison for deliberately hurting her stepfather, and she was sued by her mother. She also has a neighbor, a TCM doctor, who was abused by her mother and had no choice but to move house ... She had a bad

reputation and a bad mental condition. We found the records of the psychiatric department for two years and ... suicide record."

"Suicide?" Collin's throat was dry.

"Yes, she ate a lot of sleeping pills. Later, the landlord found her and sent her to the hospital. It was timely," Dorothy said, "Of course, she should be good now. But ... Doctor Mueller, do you like her?"

"Why do you think I like her?" Collin could not help but ask.

"Eyes," Dorothy chuckled, "When a man sees a woman, his eyes can show his intention."

As Collin lay on the bed, he still considered Dorothy's words.

"Your eyes are showing."

"You like her very much."

## **Chapter 806**

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Emily's only impression of Vincent's birthday was that her waist hurt.

She woke up until the evening of the next day. She dragged her body that seemed to have been squeezed by a large machine and managed to seat herself on the sofa, gasping and staring blankly at the ceiling.

"It looks like that you love the gift I gave you." Christy rubbed her shoulders.

Emily was too tired to speak. She turned back and looked at Christy with a harmless stare.

Emma, Sydnee, and the others had rushed back to City Y early this morning. Emily felt sorry that she didn't get up to send them off. When she picked up her phone and found that it was already the evening of the next day. She suddenly felt sad.

Emily thought that she should make an agreement with Vincent that he shouldn't sleep in the bedroom except on weekends and the day before!

"By the way, can you give me the painting in your studio as a gift?" Christy asked.

As Emily had difficulties walking around, Christy got out the framed picture from the studio by herself. When Christy came out, she saw a picture of Harold hanging on the innermost wall. A tall and burly figure was standing in the sun, loyal and solemn, even with a wooden face.

This painting was different from the others. Instead of Emily's, Harold's signature was written in the bottom right corner.

Christy sighed and walked out with the painting in her arms.

Ferne was still working on the hotel decoration and called Vincent over. There were only two guards at home, squatting in the corner, eating ice cream, and enjoying the air conditioning. They were probably worried that Emily would be afraid of being alone in the room, so they called Christy over.

Christy thought that Emily may wake up until eleven o'clock. Who knew that she would sleep for so long? Christy had checked the painting of Trevor about four times until Emily finally woke up.

She finally had the chance to ask for this painting.

It was a portrait of Trevor, who was wearing a white shirt, his eyes clear and clean. He was standing there and looking up at the painting on the wall, on which there was a woman in a bright red dress.

It was a painting-within-a-painting.

"It was meant for you." Emily nodded.

"I like it so much." Christy came over to massage Emily's shoulders for a while.

It made Emily hurt so she called out softly.

Christy clicked her tongue and said, "It sounds nice."

Emily was lost for words.

When Vincent came back, he saw the two women on the sofa tickling and playing happily.

He changed his shoes and came in. When he saw that Emily was lying on the sofa and laughing with her hair messed up, he could not help but loosen the top two buttons of his shirt. His Adam's apple bobbed in his throat.

The guards followed closely behind could not help but take out his phone and enter the group chat to gossip.

Guard A: What did Mr. Vincent eat these days?

Guard B: Noodles and cakes last night.

Guard C eating the ice cream: No, I guess it must be Mutton soup and bullwhip.

Guard 4 eating ice cream: Beast!

When Emily went back to the class, she found that something had happened in class.

"I see. Every time you ask for leave, something must happen to our class." Tatiana said.

Emily put down her schoolbag and asked, "What happened?"

Only a dozen people stayed in the class. It seemed that the others hadn't come to class for a long time.

"We were sent to clean the auditorium and music room the day before yesterday. The piano was broken by someone and Class S blamed it on us. They asked us to pay for it." Tatiana shrugged, "Those in our class who haven't gone to clean up don't want to take the responsibility at all. They said that whoever broke it should pay for it. And they started to skip school."

"Did someone in our class break it?" Emily asked.

"They all said that it's Marley." Tatiana said, "I think so. She seldom shows up but has done cleaning with us yesterday. She was the only one who touched the piano. I am sure now that she must be the one who tried to curry favor with us for her purpose."

"Is there any evidence?"

"Damn, what's the point of evidence?" Tatiana had a righteous look on her face, "Anyway, she should stand up and admit it, so as not to implicate our Class F."

"Where is she?" Emily looked back and didn't see Marley. Instead, she saw Marisa leaning against the table and sleeping.

"She ran away the moment it happened." Tatiana said disdainfully, "She is a bane. She only knows how to avoid troubles and let the rest of us take the blame."

In the afternoon, the class teacher came over, who asked the class monitor to call all the students skipping class back and held a class meeting.

It was a meeting to raise compensation money for the piano worth 110,000.

"Let the person who broke it pay!" Someone muttered, "I wasn't the one who broke it. Why should I pay for it?"

"That's right! Why should the others pay?" Someone echoed, "Whoever breaks it, step forward and take the responsibility."

"Marley, I'm talking about you." Someone shouted at Marley directly.

Marley was sitting in her seat. Without makeup on this day, her plain face looks not ugly. Hearing someone call her, she stood up and said to the class director, "I didn't break the piano."

The others sneered, "If you didn't, did I do it? We all didn't want to clean it, but you were the only one who was active. After that, the piano was broken. Who else could it be?"

Marley was speechless.

## **Chapter 807**

The other students also whispered to each other, "If you break it, admit it yourself. If you can't afford it, let the school help raise money for you."

"You could work to earn money. Don't you have a lot of friends outside? Let them pay for you."

These words may hurt Marley. She suddenly said angrily, "I said it wasn't me who broke it!"

The class teacher slapped the table on the stage. "Alright! Stop arguing! No matter who broke this piano, it has something to do with Class F. Let's gather up money to compensate together."

The others scolded Marley with bad words. Marley grabbed the books on the table with her hands, her eyes filled with tears. She looked at the mocking and disgusting faces, angry and wronged.

"I was in a bad mood! So I wanted to do the cleaning! Yes! I did touch the piano! But I closed it after playing it! It worked well! It did when and after I touched it!"



"How did you know that it worked well after you touched it?" Someone from the class interrupted, "Who knows, you might break it then."

Marley looked at her and bit her lip to keep her tears from falling.

"One should take the responsibility for his wrongdoing. If you break it, you pay for it. Don't implicate us." A boy said evilly, "We have no money, but those people you know must be very rich."

Marley held a pen in her hand and was about to go berserk in the next second.

She heard a voice coming from the front.

"She said that she didn't break it."

The entire class was quiet.

"Didn't she say that she wasn't the one who broke it?" Emily stood by her seat with a mask on.

"So what?" the class teacher did not understand.

"So we don't need to pay," Emily said.

The others were also stunned for a moment, and then they seriously thought about it. If they admitted that Marley broke it, all of them had to compensate. The group of students immediately changed their words, "Yes, it was Class S who wants to blame us."

"Marley said that she wasn't the one who broke it. Then it must be someone from Class S. They want us to take the blame, right?"

"Yes! You can't frame a good person just because he is not good at studies, right?"

"Yes, it must have something to do with Class S. Why do they only suspect us?"

It seldom happened in Class F to have them unite.

The class teacher was thrown into a dilemma, not knowing to fight for Class F or to support Class S.

Marley stood there in a daze, looking at Emily who was sitting in her seat and reading. It surprised her that Emily had saved her from the abyss with only two sentences. And Emily had never looked back at her.

But Marley had tried to throw Emily's test paper before.

Marley had called Emily ugly.

When someone gossiped that Emily was being kept as a lover, Marley had insulted her with disdain.

But Emily had saved Marley more than once.

"Please believe us and fight for us once." Emily looked at the class teacher on the stage. She sat in the second row, close to the class teacher. Those in the first few rows could hear it. "If you need a guarantor, I believe that some teacher would stand up."

The class teacher did not know Emily's identity. The record showed nothing but that her parents were gone. However, the principal had told him to take good care of this transferred student. So he followed the order and observed her. She had been quiet, wearing a mask and taking classes. There was no trace of rich girls. Although he was not sure if Emily has some important hidden identity, he did not dare to refuse her requests.

"Alright," The class teacher said and left.

Class F burst into cheers. It was the first time that everyone had been recognized and trusted by the class teacher. Everyone cheered up with excitement.

Marley stood by her seat and hesitated for a long time before following Emily to the bathroom and giving thanks.

Emily washed her hands before looking at her and said, "I am doing this for our class, not for you."

### **Chapter 808**

Marley knew what she meant but still thanked her. Marley then remembered the previous incident and lowered her head to apologize seriously, "I'm sorry about what I did to your test paper."

"It's fine." Emily wiped his hands clean, "You should thank Marisa. If she hadn't saved my test paper, I might not have stood up to speak, even for the sake of the whole class."

She used the words "might not".

Marley knew that Emily wouldn't really leave her to die and rushed forward to hug Emily, "I'm sorry, and thank you."

Emily stood there, stiff.

Marisa came in and smiled. "Wow, it's time to return favors."

Unexpectedly, Marley turned around and hugged Marisa, "I'm sorry for what I did. Thank you for saving Emily's test paper. I appreciate that. Thanks to both you and Emily."

"Are you crazy? Let go of me." Marisa reached out to push her away.

Emily smiled with her mask on, "Why not let her hug you to return the favor?"

Marisa rolled her eyes.

After they left the bathroom, a few students walked out. They were Jenny and her followers. They stood in front of the sink and washed their hands.

Those followers could not help but whisper, "Emily is nice."

"I agree. The class teacher wouldn't believe us at all if she hadn't said those words."

"We almost needed to compensate 110,000 in all. That was close."

"Thanks to Emily."

Jenny was not happy. "Isn't it too early to flatter? Will Class S admit? Even if our class teacher believes it, will the other teachers do? It's just a matter of time. At last, they will still take Class S's side."

It made some sense, so the others shut up quickly.

In the afternoon, several teachers held a meeting. Students of several classes were secretly inquiring about the results. It was said that the PE teacher and the art teacher had vouched for Class F. To be fair, the principal had personal conversations with Marley of Class F and a few students of Class S. It was said that the principal hadn't pursued the matter but decided to buy a new piano. He also said that the previous piano was worn-out.

However, the insiders knew that thanks to Emily, the class teacher believed in Class F and they were exempted from the responsibility of compensation.

The principal also said, "Every class will have a performance at the New Year's Eve Gala. Let's count Class F in."

As a result, Class F was named as the acting group instead of the previous sweeping group. But Class F never had any chance to get on the stage before. While the principal said that, other classes were as astonished as Class F.

Class F used to have no interest in collective performance. However, this time, everyone agreed to participate after the discussion.

And all the students in Class F, in rare consensus, began to show friendliness to Emily, who had always been wearing a mask and was rumored to be very ugly.

In the next few days, Emily received drinks and bread, left by others on the table. Tatiana was so excited that she patted Emily on the shoulder, "Are you happy? They were secretly sent by our classmates. I'm so envious."

"If you want, just take it," Emily said.

"I won't take it." Tatiana smiled, "What have you been up to lately? You've got dark circles."

Emily rubbed her eyes. She had been busy preparing for the competition held by Fine Arts Education Research. She arrived home at around six o'clock and made up missed lessons from seven to nine o'clock. Then, she drew and painted pictures from nine to twelve o'clock. After taking a shower, it was around twelve and a half o'clock. Vincent took pity on her and did not disturb her. But as she wanted to get up early and study in the classroom the next morning, she did not sleep well and got dark circles.

She could have drawn in the art class.

But recently, Emily just scribbled rather than made drawings in class. Because Nina, who was sitting on her side, couldn't help but peek at what she was drawing.

Christy found that Emily was on guard and thought that Emily was worried about her classmates. However, Noah paid more attention to Nina. They had a simple discussion after the class and agreed that Emily was on guard against Nina. However, they did not know why. Nina was quiet, who barely spoke, and dared not to look at people.

There were many things to do this month. Class F had not discussed what they were going to perform at the New Year's Eve Gala. Everyone had cast a song, but they had not made a decision yet. Emily had to work on drawing while reviewing her homework. She also had to meet with the others in the music room and pick up one song to perform. She was fully occupied.

And at this moment, it was said that someone donated a sum of money to Easton for surgery treatment without leaving his name but only mentioning that someone in Class F knew him.

### **Chapter 809**

This matter caused an uproar in school. Because of the piano incident, Class F and Class S could be said to be incompatible like fire and water. In addition to the previous PE class incident, how could a good class and a bad class be friendly with each other? However, no one expected that at this time, a person who knew Class F would jump out and generously donate a large sum of money to the monitor of Class S.

Not only was Class S talking about it, but everyone in Class F was also discussing who exactly knew the rich man. Someone said that he donated more than one million, and another said that he donated over two million. No matter how much he donated, it was at least one million and it was enough to make a shock.

How rich was this!

People immediately focused their attention on Marisa. She was the only person who knew rich people. She came to school in a luxury car. Moreover, the rich man said he knew the people in Class F. It could only be her.

In PE class, the monitor of Class S thanked Marisa.

Unexpectedly, Marisa frowned and said, "It's not me, nor him. What a joke! It's so good to have so much money to give me. How can I donate it to you? Anyway, he is not a kind person."

Marisa made the monitor speechless. Fortunately, the monitor still politely showed thanks, "Thank you people from Class F. No matter who it is, I am grateful."

Marisa glanced at him and felt that he was quite temperamental. After all, there were not many men who could have such a bearing when they were donated by others.

"I didn't think she would deny it. Why do you think she denied it? Everyone in the class guessed that it was her. She should admit it. Then she would be able to gain a good impression." Tatiana shrank at the corner and said to Emily.

"She is not that kind of person." Emily turned and walked back.

Tatiana shrugged and turned to look at Emily, "Hey, where are you going?"

"Reading."

"What are you reading in PE class? Gymnasium?" Tatiana asked.

"Have you read art in fine arts lessons?" Emily retorted.

Tatiana was lost for words.

'That makes too much sense!' Tatiana thought.

Ever since Emily became popular, the people in class often paid attention to her.

For example, Emily did not answer the physics teacher's question in class again. When she was called into the office, everyone was worried about her.

Because she cried last time when Emily came out of the office.

However, this time, when Emily came back with her head lowered, she had cried as well!

The others in the class could not help but discuss it.

"Teacher Yan is so scary. Every time Student Jiang comes back crying."

"Yes, she is so miserable. Every time she is called into the office alone..."

"Mr. Vincent must have gone mad!"

"He might even take out his ruler and beat her up!"

Emily was speechless.

Emily had a Mango cake and was kissed lying on the desk.

In the middle of December, Emily's participating work was finally completed. Vincent submitted for her to participate in the competition. She was finally relieved to invest in her studies ... as well as singing and rehearsals.

The other classes chose patriotic songs or revolutionary songs, while they chose a Cantonese song. Emily only knew how to sing Snail and the Oriole Bird. She listened to the song and found that she could not keep up with the others at all. She had to learn it with a harmonic tone.

The climax part had to be high-pitched. The boys could raise their voices, and the girls could only do the harmony part. Therefore, everyone had a clear division of labor. The boys probably liked this song, so they were active in the rehearsal. They sang a few times with the deputy early. When the girls came, they practiced together again.

"Who says I can't be one of the shining stars in the sky?"

"Who says I can't find a stage of mine?"

"Break through the dark."

"I'll see the light, and I'll find the power of flying high."

Emily finished singing the song and found that many boys in the class were crying. Probably affected by their emotions, some girls also cried.

As she finished singing, Emily looked back blankly. She saw that people were all wailing. Boys and girls all burst into tears. They were also expected, but they went the wrong way. Since then, they have been

exiled to Class F, and they have been ridiculed by the whole school. They also had lofty ambitions, but their lives had since been equated with the worst Class F. They had no ways to get out of it.

They were trapped forever.

## **Chapter 810**

Emily nestled in Vincent's arms and told him everything that had happened today. She was touched by the scene of her classmates crying. Some people wanted to be good, but they did not know the direction at all. Some people felt that they were hopeless and could only live a life of chaos. Some had ambitions but gave up their efforts because they were not recognized.

"When I first came here, I never thought about understanding anyone. Now I realize that every one of them has his or her own stories. Perhaps they all have difficulties. They should have a chance to be forgiven. They should not be stuck on the pillar of shame just because they are in Class F and walk with their heads down forever." Emily said.

"You want to change them?" Vincent played with a strand of her hair.

"No." Emily rubbed his neck and said, "I want to change their attitude towards Class F. Class F is not a disgrace. I hope that when they mention this class in the future, they will no longer have expressions of disgust and mockery."

Vincent lowered his head and kissed her face, "Changing the attitude of others to your class doesn't mean changing your class?"

"It seems to be, but not exactly." Emily thought for a moment, "Some of them have bad grades, but they seem to have other outstanding qualities."

"If you want to do something, do it." Vincent held her hand, "If anything happens, I will take responsibility."

"Fine," Emily turned back and rubbed his face.

Although she said that, when Emily returned to the class and saw the group of students in the back row who were in a mess, she dismissed the idea of changing them.

Fortunately, they did not cause trouble in class. Because they could not keep up with the progress, they were playing games or passing notes. Few people were seriously studying.

Before the Party of New Year's Day came, Christmas Eve and Christmas arrived.

Emily had been sneezing all this time. She had brought a dozen or so masks. After another sneeze on the way to the bathroom in PE class, she threw the masks into the trash can and then touched the masks in her pocket again. However, she only touched a ball of paper.

She hesitated for a moment and reached out to pick up the mask in the trash can.

The sound of washing hands came from the side. Emily looked up and saw a tall boy standing next to the sink. His face was dripping with sweat. He looked at Emily in surprise.

Emily pointed at the mask in the trash can in astonishment and said, "This was originally mine."

The boy was stunned for a long time before he nodded and asked her, "You... Are you from Class F?"

Emily picked up the mask and put it on her face before remembering that she had forgotten something.

Her face was seen.

She was over.

She had promised Vincent not to be seen by anyone in the school.

Emily lowered her head and thought for a long time before looking at the boy and asking, "Can you please keep it a secret?"

The boy didn't understand.

"It's just... Can you pretend that you didn't see me?" Emily covered her mask, "And my face?"

Sure enough, the boy understood and nodded repeatedly with a shy smile on his face, "Okay, sure."

Emily hurriedly covered her mask and entered the bathroom. Not long after, a group of guys rushed to the boy and shouted, "What are you doing? It's been so long."

"It's nothing," the boy smirked in the direction of the washroom.

"Are you frozen?" Someone on the side asked.

The boy still smiled foolishly, and then he was pushed to the basketball court.

"The commissary in charge of sports of Class S is back! Do you think he is handsome?" As soon as Emily returned, she was dragged behind a group of girls by Tatiana. She pointed at a figure on the basketball court and said, "Although their class is not very good, this commissary is so handsome."

"I remember you saying Mr. Noah is the most handsome." Emily casually glanced around, only to see some figures in the same uniforms.

"No, he is different from mature Mr. Noah. He is vigorous. You will know after you see him." Tatiana pointed to a boy who was carrying a ball and said, "It's him."

"No, I have to memorize the vocabulary." Emily didn't even raise her head as he pulled out a vocabulary book and said.

It was unknown whether the boy carrying the ball heard Tatiana's voice or saw Emily. He carried the ball and looked in the direction of Emily. Then the ball in his hand was cut off.

"Damn it! The ball was cut off when you stood there like a fool! Wash your face and wash your soul!"

A team member was scolding him.

The commissary did not care at all. He looked in the direction of Emily. He smiled and then looked away.

Tatiana tugged at Emily's sleeve, "Damn! Emily. Did you see that? He just smiled at me. He was distracted from staring at me, so the ball in his hand was cut off. What do you think he meant?"

Emily looked up from the book, "I think he fell in love with you at first sight."

When the girls in the front row heard this, they turned around and looked at Tatiana. Then, they tilted their heads and retched.

Tatiana was lost for words.

"Girls, are you pregnant?" Tatiana rolled her eyes at them.