

Billionaire's Reborn Baby novel Chapter 991

Tatiana was shocked, "You inherited a company?"

Violet was petrified, "Is this nothing?"

Lucy looked at Emily in admiration, "You're amazing."

Marisa nodded, "The person I admire the most now is you."

Marley cupped her hands, "How can I get such a sister-in-law? Please introduce one to me. I want the same sister-in-law."

They all laughed.

Ferne was bright and handsome. He was a chatterbox. It didn't take long for him to chat with these female students, while Noah silently entered the kitchen to help.

Violet covered her chest, "Mr. Scavo is very handsome. Mr. Noah is another handsome man."

Tatiana poked Violet's arm, "Tell me about the other kind of handsome man."

"I mean, Mr. Noah is very charming. Just looking at him makes me feel like spring has arrived. I feel very happy." Violet stared at Ferne, "Very happy.."

Tatiana persisted, "No, I think Mr. Scavo is the most handsome."

Her determination only lasted until the sound of knocking sounded again.

Trevor sent something to Christy. The moment he opened the door, all the female students in the room fell into a state of shock.

Violet's face was filled with disbelief, "Why are there so many handsome guys here? I have never seen so many handsome guys in my life..."

Tatiana swallowed her saliva, "Me too..."

"God! I'm going to faint." Marley pinched herself again.

Trevor stood against the light, his entire body shining with golden light. He wore a pure white shirt, like a fairy.

Lucy liked this kind of pure and innocent boy. When she looked at Trevor, she instantly blushed.

Marisa glanced at Emily and suddenly felt that Emily made friends with those who were good-looking.

The girls watched as Trevor walked in, with his cool eyes staring at Christy the entire time. Then, Trevor walked up to Christy and handed her the thing in his hand. His voice was clear and cold, "I didn't take it wrong, right?"

Christy said after checking the item, "Yes. That's what I want. Thank you."

Christy only blinked at Trevor because there were other people nearby them.

Trevor waited for a while, but Christy did not kiss him. He had to reach out and put his arm around Christy's shoulder. Then, when the others thought that Trevor and Christy were just whispering, Trevor turned his head and kissed Christy's cheek.

When Marisa saw this scene, she didn't know whether it was her illusion. She felt that the scene was a bit sweet and lovely.

Tatiana straightened up, "Mr. Noah is so pitiful. He is single. Why don't I save him?"

Marley rolled up her school uniform sleeves, "Forget it. Let me do it. Mr. Han has a bad temper. You can't stand it. But I can. I enjoy suffering."

"You... You indeed make great efforts." Tatiana was terrified, "Then you go." Tatiana looked at Ferne, "I think I can choose him."

As soon as Tatiana finished speaking, they saw Ferne wipe the sweat off Noah's forehead and then frivolously pinched his waist.

Tatiana, "..."

Lucy, "..."

Violet, "..."

Marisa, "..."

Marley, "..."

Emily, "..."

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Emily did not go to school, and Rex helped to get her a drop-out procedure.

Rex went back with a bag of things.

Emily went over to take a look, and there was actually a banner.

Just as Emily was about to take a closer look, Rex quietly pulled her to the side and handed her a bag of heavy things, "Mrs. Emily, I don't know if I should throw away your love letter or not. I'll give it to you first."

Emily was speechless.

"What did you say?" she asked, suspecting that she had heard wrongly.

Rex took out a pink letter.

Emily was speechless. Rex opened the bag again and pointed at the hundreds of letters inside, "After I helped you get your drop-out procedure, the group of students surrounded me and gave me these. It seemed to have missed some. I tried my best to find a bag and put them in."

Emily opened one of the letters and asked uncertainly, "Is this for me?"

Emily had never received a love letter in her life.

"For you, of course." Rex came over to see the contents of the love letter together with her and even started to read it loudly, "To Emily of Class F, I am Shawn of Class B. Ever since I saw you on the day of the sports meet, I have a crush on you..."

When Rex read the word "crush", he rubbed his arms, "Strange, it seems a little cold..."

Rex looked up and saw Vincent standing in front of him.

"Mr. Vincent, you are here," Rex said in realization.

Rex lowered his head and was about to continue reading the love letter, suddenly he glanced at Vincent and then looked at Emily.

Emily looked at Rex with an expression as if he was dead.

Rex swallowed his saliva, shrunk his neck, and disappeared.

Emily stuffed the envelope into the bag full of hundreds of letters, then looked at Vincent, "Mr. Vincent, I can explain."

Vincent looked at her calmly.

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"I ... I... I didn't accept any love letters. I just took a look." Emily stretched out her index finger and used her thumb to draw a very small piece, "I just took a look."

"Well, give me the rest." Vincent glanced at the bag in her hand.

Emily was speechless.

"Didn't you say you just wanted to take a look? Or are you planning to read them all?" Vincent raised his eyebrows.

Emily waved her hand, "No, no, no, I just want to see one."

After saying that, Emily stuffed the bags into Vincent's arms and threw the opened letter over.

That night, Vincent was in the study, and his table was filled with open love letters.

"Such poor vocabulary, did primary school student write these?" Vincent was in disdain.

The guards were busy unfolding the envelopes, which were folded into the shape of hearts and were very difficult to tear down.

"Mr. Vincent, the best writing paper in the city are all here," Rex ran over from outside and held a dozen or so papers in his hands.

Vincent waved his hand.

Rex retreated to the side.

Vincent first took out a piece of paper and laid it on the table. He took out a pen and wrote a line of words. Suddenly, he frowned and threw the piece of paper into the trash.

"Mr. Vincent, is the writing paper not good?" Rex asked.

"No." Vincent was still frowning. At this moment, he was holding a pen in one hand. His dark eyes fell on Rex's face, which showed that Vincent was very conspicuous. He said, "I ... don't know how to write love letters."

Rex staggered and almost fell out.

The guards could not help but laugh so much that their shoulders were shaking.

After laughing for a moment, they felt that the room was a little cold. When the guards looked up and met Mr. Vincent's eyes, they closed their mouths immediately.

At midnight, Rex and the guards flipped through the dictionary to search for the love letters written by famous poets. Vincent wrote one manuscript after another, but finally threw all of them into the trash can.

Emily half woke up and found that Mr. Vincent was not there. When she went to the study, she saw a group of people looking down seriously and solemnly to inquire about something. From time to time, they would turn their heads and discuss something with each other. Emily thought that something had happened to Mr. Vincent's company, so she immediately became awake. When she reached over, she saw a love letter template on the tablet that one of the guards was holding.

Emily rubbed her eyes. Yes, it was written "the love letter template".

Emily looked at Rex, who was holding a mobile phone in his hand. At the moment, there was a web page question answer on the screen, and the question column wrote- how to write love letters? Emergency.

Emily of Class F in Happisland School.

I am Vincent.

The first time I met you was at the banquet.

In your impression, the first time you met me was in the pool. At that time, you accidentally barged into my room and fell into my pool. Even now, when I think about it, I feel regretful that I didn't jump down to save you immediately.

But you surprised me.

You are different from the rumors, and you are different from the first time I saw you.

The first time I saw you, you were also crying. You were wronged like a kitten. Every time I thought about it, I would think of your crying face. You were just a child then, and you did not understand anything, but you handed me a lollipop.]

...

This letter wrote a lot, and it detailed a lot of things that had happened since the day they met, including the accident of Emily's parents and the background of Mr. Vincent.

The letter was so long that Vincent was fascinated by it and relaxed his vigilance. He did not notice that all the guards around him had retreated, leaving only Emily in the room.

Vincent waved his hand and asked naturally, "Give me a glass of water."

Emily went out and poured a glass of water.

Vincent finished drinking and continued writing.

Emily stood on the side and watched him.

The night was very long, and the lights dragged the shadows of the two people on the wall. The shadows overlapped, closely sticking together.

Emily looked at the two shadows and smiled. Then, she hugged Vincent from behind.

Vincent paused at his pen and looked back. His throat, which had been moistened by water, was still a little hoarse, "When did you come?"

Emily shook her head, climbed from the back of Vincent's shoulder into his arms, raised his face, and kissed him, "Mr. Vincent..."

Emily called out his name, but could not say anything else, only passionately asking for a kiss.

Vincent held her, and the two of them kissed intensely on the table that was covered in letters.

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In the past few days when Emily dropped out of school, she got so many calls. Those she didn't know all called to greet her. Some asked her not to drop out, some called to confess.

Emily also got a call from Jenny.

Emily suddenly remembered that she had promised to give Jenny money every month, and it was almost a month.

When they met at a milk tea shop at the door, Jenny seemed to have changed a lot. The aura of aggression disappeared and was replaced by a calm temperament.

Emily was still wearing a mask, but she was not wearing a school uniform. She was wearing a bright yellow dress. When Emily came from the door, she attracted the attention of many passers-by.

It wasn't until Emily walked in front of her that Jenny snapped out of her daze.

Emily sat opposite Jenny and then handed over a thick stack of gray document bags in her hand.

Jenny felt that the thick thing was wrapped in money. She looked up in surprise, "What do you mean?"

"Three thousand per month. I'll pay you two years." Emily looked at her and smiled, "If you can learn well, you can go to my company directly after graduation. How about it?"

Jenny suddenly stood up with her eyes turning red, "Why...?"

"Why are you so good to me?" Jenny stammered.

"I'm not that kind." Emily looked at her, "However, I believe that there are no bad people who do evil for no reason. As for me, I try to see the better side of the world and hope that you can make Class F better."

"The person who donated money to Easton for surgery was you, right? They all thought it was Marisa because the donator was a friend of Class F. I guess that person was you, right?"

Emily didn't deny it.

"Why didn't you tell them that it was you?" Jenny could not understand.

"I have my reasons." Emily looked at her, "Do you have any other questions?"

Jenny looked at the stack of money on the table, "Are you giving me all of these?"

Emily nodded.

"After graduation, do you still know me? If I didn't learn well, would you still want me?" Jenny couldn't help but ask.

After tearing apart the disguise, Jenny's heart was extremely inferior.

"Do you know why I am willing to help you?" Emily suddenly asked.

"I don't know. Why?" Jenny shook her head.

Although Jenny fight all day to take protection money, all her gentleness was given to her grandmother. How could such a person be a bad person, she just needed money.

"If there's a chance, we'll meet again. Bye." Emily pursed her lips.

Jenny stood up.

Emily waved her hand.

When Emily left, she looked back. Jenny was sitting there in a daze. It was like the person who had been crying and questioning her a few months ago.

It was almost the end of the month, and Vincent had to go to Hump Village again.

The day before she left, Emily called Stephanie and asked if she wanted to go with her. Unexpectedly, Stephanie refused mechanically like a puppet that had lost its soul.

Emily was about to ask something more, but the call ended.

Emily called again. This time, the call went through, and there was a low sob from the other side of the line.

"Stephanie?" Emily was a little panicked, "What happened?"

"He lied to me! He lied to me!" Stephanie shouted.

"All right. Do you need a room card?" the waiter asked.

"No need," Emily said.

Emily didn't know if Stephanie was crying too loudly or if she was tired from crying and fell asleep that no one answered the door. In short, Emily knocked on the door for a long time and made three calls. Finally, the door was opened.

Stephanie stood inside the door, reeking of alcohol.

"You drank?" Emily covered her nose. The strong smell of alcohol almost made her drunk.

"Yes." Stephanie looked at her with a flushed face and said, "Emily, come in, drink with me."

"I won't feel sad if I drink too much," Stephanie said.

Stephanie no longer cried, but her mood was very low, and her eyes were red.

Emily helped Stephanie in and placed her on the sofa. Only then did she see that there was only a little bit of red wine left in the bottle on the coffee table.

"You drank so much?"

Stephanie smiled on the sofa, "It's fine. My alcohol tolerance ... is quite good."

Stephanie narrowed her eyes and looked drunk or sleepy. Her eyelids were closed, and there was only a smile on the corner of her mouth, but the expression on her face was clearly painful.

"I brought you some sweets." Emily opened her bag, "Eat this, you will feel better."

Stephanie did not move.

Emily sat next to Stephanie and combed her messy long. Then she asked, "What did he lie to you about?"

This sentence was like a tap. The next second, Stephanie's face was full of tears. She sniffed and said, "Emily. He already knew me..."

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"You are a star. It's normal to know you long ago." Emily found a tissue to pass to her.

Stephanie shook her head, her face full of pain, "He has known me for a long time. He is a friend of my ex-boyfriend."

Emily was startled.

"How did you know that?" Emily tried to use the euphemism, "Did he confess to you? Maybe he is worried that you won't interact with him if you know he is a friend of your ex-boyfriend."

"I found it myself." Stephanie shook her head.

Emily pursed her lips.

Stephanie opened her eyes. Her eyes were full of tears. "One of John's friends sent a message to ask him to go to the reunion. I saw it."

"What did the message say?" Emily asked with hesitation.

"It says let John meet my ex-boyfriend and share his experience with my ex-boyfriend." Stephanie sniffed and wiped away her tears. Then she

picked up the bottle and put the last bit of red wine into her mouth. She wiped her lips with her hand and added, "His sexual experiences with me."

Emily was speechless.

"Did you confront him?" A long time later, Emily asked.

Stephanie nodded, "After seeing the message, I confronted him. John admitted it."

"Why?" Emily said in disbelief, "I can tell that John likes you a lot."

Ever since Stephanie met John, many of her moments were only visible to herself. And she kept a low profile in sharing their love stories with friends.

Since Stephanie dated John, she was happy every day.

Emily was sincerely happy for her. Unfortunately, it turned out that it was fake.

"I never looked at his phone before," Stephanie took a deep breath, "However, he has become busy recently. Thus, we had to be separated. I felt that I couldn't leave him. I liked him very much. And I was afraid that he would like other women. So I began to check his call records and check his messages."

Stephanie closed her eyes, "Did you know Emily? I was the one who found out that he lied to me and broke up with him. But in the end, he said that I was too clingy, and he agreed to break up with me. It made me feel that he dumped me."

Emily held her hand and said, "I'll help you beat him up."

"Thank you. But I've already done it in person." Stephanie said.

She looked ahead in a daze and smiled, "I am so stupid. My agent is right. I don't deserve to be in love in my life. It is easy to cheat me."

Emily accompanied Stephanie into the room for a long time. She didn't leave until Stephanie fell asleep.

Vincent stood in the long corridor that Noah designed, leaning against the wall. There were beautiful lights, giving a nice contrast to Vincent's slender figure.

There were not many people in the corridor, but every passerby could not help but look up at Vincent when they noticed him. The passerby who had seen him could tell that he was a fascinating man, even if his face was hidden in the shadows and could not be distinguished.

Vincent walked over and held Emily's hand, "Are you hungry?"

Emily closed the door and led Vincent out a few steps. Emily let out a sigh of relief, "Yes, I am hungry."

"Go downstairs and eat some food," Vincent chuckled, "I've already ordered some food for you."

"Thank you so much." Emily tiptoed and kissed him.

"For what?" Vincent pulled her into his arms and sat down.

"Thank you for not breaking up with me until now." Emily rubbed his face.

"Let's go home." Vincent chuckled.

"Let's go."

Vincent and Emily walked out hand in hand. They happened to see Ferne and Noah coming back from afar. They were both dressed in black and wore black hats.

However, they didn't walk toward the hotel. They walked towards a car parked in the alley next to the hotel.

Emily was about to say hi to them. But she saw Ferne run to the trash can and vomit. Beside him, Noah took out his cigarette and lit it up. Noah stuffed the cigarette into Ferne's mouth when Ferne finished vomiting.

Emily could not tell what Ferne said. After Ferne finished speaking, Noah threw the cigarette away and carried Ferne into the alley.

Emily was worried about Ferne. She chased after them to take a look. And then she saw that the two of them hugged and kissed. It made her blush. Then, she retreated.

"Let's go. I want to go back right now." She stuttered. And her brain turned into mush. Emily nailed the picture that Stephanie broke down and the scene she saw in the alley to her memory.

Vincent seemed to know what happened in the alley. He didn't say anything. He hooked Emily's hand and took her away.

Emily had a strange dream that night. In her dream, she beat up the bastard who lied to Stephanie. Then she changed into formal dresses and went to a banquet hall for a wedding.

Janessa and the others had all come. But in the dream, it seemed that Janessa wasn't pregnant. And then Emily asked in surprise, "Where is your baby, Janessa?"

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"Baby?" Janessa looked at Emily suspiciously.

"Yes, your baby." Emily stopped speaking because she saw Armando and a boy about six years old coming over. And the boy called Janessa Mommy.

"Why did your baby turn into a boy?" Emily looked at Janessa in surprise.

"What are you talking about?" Janessa felt confused. And then she said to Armando, "Armando, come here. Vincent and Emily's baby is cute!"

'Vincent and I have a baby?

'I couldn't possibly have heard Janessa correctly.

'I must have heard her wrong.'

Janessa's words freaked Emily out.

And Emily noticed that Emma, Jaquan, Eliot, Sydnee, and Lynn were here, too. They got close to Emily and said, "Your baby is adorable!"

Emily turned around, only to see Vincent standing behind her. And there was a baby in his arms.

The baby was quite cute. He looked around and found Emily. He then babbled and reached out to her. It seemed he was saying that he wanted his mommy to hug him.

Emily reached out and held the baby in her arms. It was the first time she had held a baby, but Emily felt she was good at it.

Just as she felt surprised about that, she heard a music clip. And there was a colored water fountain. It seemed to wave like a rainbow. Through the rainbow, two men in suits appeared in front of her.

It was Noah who led Ferne towards here.

Emily suddenly woke up. She gasped for breath and took out her phone to check the time. It was four o'clock in the middle of the night. She exhaled when she found that there was no baby in her hand.

"Did you have a nightmare?" Vincent asked and sat up to touch her face.

"No." Emily shook her head. Her voice was hoarse, "I had a strange dream."

She dreamed that Noah married Ferne!

Wasn't it ridiculous?

"What kind of dream?" Vincent got out of bed and poured a glass of water.

Emily lowered her head and took a sip of water. Then she looked at him and said, "I dreamed of our baby."

Vincent was speechless.

He was silent for a moment. And then he sat on the edge of the bed and held Emily's hand.

"Don't misunderstand. I don't want to have a baby yet. It is a dream. That's all." Emily explained.

Vincent let out a laugh, "I got it."

"I also dreamed that Janessa had a son. Her son was about six years old," Emily put down the cup and lay in Vincent's arms, "It is too real. It seemed that it was the truth."

"Well, I see." Vincent hugged her and said in a low voice, "And if you want to have a baby, I can satisfy your wish."

"I'm not afraid of your words. I guess it is a scene that will happen in seven years." Emily assured him.

Vincent paused and thought that it was what he had expected.

"Since you are not afraid, would you like to try for a baby now?" Vincent said with a sexy voice. He then pushed her into the bed.

When Emily arrived at Hump Village the next day, she was sleepy because of the crazy night.

Harold quit his job. Spencer had finished the last operation for Harold and let him have a rest for more than half a month. Spencer told Harold that he could not stay up late. And he should stay indoors at the appropriate room temperature and take care of his wound in the next three months.

Harold nodded.

"Did she say anything to you?" Emily wanted Stephanie to come over here to relax. Spencer did not know what had happened. Therefore, he could not take care of her well. And if Harold knew what had happened, he might be able to take care of Stephanie. After all, Harold was good at looking after people.

"Yes," Harold nodded.

Emily was surprised. Emily thought Stephanie did not tell anyone else about John from Stephanie's words. She even had to take the initiative to call Stephanie to find out the fact. Why did Stephanie let Harold know about it?

"When did you know?" Emily asked.

"The night before yesterday."

Emily was silent. She did not know how to describe that strange feeling. It seemed that her friend had been snatched away by another friend. She then asked, "She called you first when she broke up?"

Harold nodded.

Harold was doing some simple exercises in his room the night before yesterday.

It was already late when he received Stephanie's call. Harold went out of the room when he heard her painful cry. Spencer saw that and cried out, "Do not go out of your room! Didn't I say that you can't go out? Go Back!"

Stephanie was crying so loudly that she did not hear Spencer shouting.

Harold obediently entered the room. And he heard that Stephanie asked him in an aggrieved tone why she could not find true love.

"There will be," Harold comforted.

"Who will love me?" Stephanie was crying her heart out, "No one!" And then she asked, "Harold, do you love me?"

Harold was silent.

"You don't love me either," Stephanie said in a sad voice, "No one loves me!"

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In early July, Stephanie got sick. She had a fever for three days, and she refused to go to the hospital. Emily sent Stephanie to Spencer when she fell asleep after taking her pills.

Spencer was a godlike doctor. He would definitely be able to cure his granddaughter.

Stephanie didn't have a lot of things, and she sent them all back. Emily didn't know how other people deal with their heartbreak, but if Stephanie had stayed at the Delton Hotel, she believed the illness would last for the second half of the year or longer.

Emily was very determined to send her, but she did not dare to face Stephanie when she woke up, worried that she would lose her temper and want to leave. Emily told Harold to take care of her and then she made her way back quickly while Stephanie was still asleep.

After returning, she contacted Harold online every day. However, Stephanie did not talk much when she woke up. She usually stayed in her room and would occasionally watch her own movies. When Harold went in, she would shed tears and be silent. Emily was very sad to hear it.

She bought a lot of beautiful dresses for guards to send her, but Stephanie did not wear them once, and she rarely stepped out of her room except for eating every day.

After a long time, Mr. Spencer noticed that something was wrong with her. At first, he thought that Stephanie had a fever and was not willing to move, but when she recovered, she still looked weak.

"Stephanie, what happened? Did someone treat you bad?" Spencer finally couldn't help but ask.

Stephanie shook her head.

"Tell me. I will get you justice. Whoever dares to bully my granddaughter, I will..." Spencer stood up angrily. "I'll fight him to the death!"

Stephanie shook her head, but tears flowed down.

She cried a lot. She only told Mr. Spencer that she was brokenhearted, but she did not say that she was cheated on and she suffered the most pain from brokenhearted lies and deceit.

She was under the delusion that no one loved her all her life.

Stephanie had been resting in the Hump Village for a few days. She was thinking about the Relax Room, worried that she could not deal with the sudden problems in the room in her current state.

Emily, who had dropped out and was free, took over the Relax Room for her. Although she encountered some bizarre problems at first, she was able to handle them with ease later on, which was a bonus.

The Relax Room was divided into several areas. There was a resting area, a venting area, and a cat bedroom. Emily liked dogs, and she did not like cats. Once she looked at the cat face to face for several minutes. When she tried to touch its head, the cat scratched her. From then on, she did not dare to touch any little cat, because the wound reminded her that it was painful to be scratched by the cat.

There were a lot of depressed people in the cat room, and they talked to the cats in a very soft voice. People named cats, called them names, and groomed them.

Emily looked at it for a while and suddenly felt that something was wrong.

"It was raised by my grandfather." The little boy's voice was a little childish, softer than Stony's. "It died, together with my grandfather."

"So, you don't like cats anymore?" Emily rubbed his head.

The little boy nodded and suddenly looked at Emily and said, "As long as I don't like them, they won't die."

Emily was stunned. The little boy's parents came and greeted Emily, then left with the little boy.

Emily saw the little boy walk away and could not help but look back at the cat room. The boy's eyes clearly showed the desire to go in and hug the kittens.

"Wait a minute." Emily chased after him, looked at the little boy's parents, and said, "I'll take him in to play for a while."

"I'm sorry, he doesn't like cats." The little boy's mother shook her head when she saw Emily.

"I don't think so. It seems that he likes them," Emily said confidently. "Really. That's true."

The little boy looked down and remained silent.

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The little boy's father had already taken the boy a step out. "We appreciate your kindness. We're leaving."

Overwhelmed by a sense of powerlessness, Emily watched the parents take the boy outside, then get in the car and drive away.

She never met the boy again in the Relax Room. She thought perhaps he was better. In late July, she met the parents, who had come to deregister the boy.

Emily thought that the boy had recovered from his illness, so she smiled and asked, "Is he not suffering from insomnia now?"

The boy's mother did not speak, but tears flowed down.

Emily was stunned. Then, the boy's father said, "He ... He has gone."

"W-when?" Emily widened her eyes in disbelief.

"Two days ago." The boy's father wiped his face and said, "Can I have that photo back when he checked in? He didn't like being taken photos and we want to keep that one."

"Alright," Emily said and asked someone to close the account. Then she took a closer look at the one-inch photo of the boy. The boy looked at the camera reluctantly.

After seeing off the parents, Emily lowered her head and remained silent. The receptionist reassured her and said, "A lot of people with depression are like this. One day he's fine, and the next day ... Last month, we had four people come together to refund their cards."

Usually, registered users were given a membership card to get access to the door. Just like at work, everyone would have a monthly registration form allowing one to enter and check how many times he or she had been in the Relax Room that month and which areas he or she had entered.

There were four computers at the front desk. Each computer showed the images of the monitoring area. Emily stared at the rest area for a while, then turned to the cat room.

That little boy should really want to go in and play.

Unfortunately, he no longer had a chance.

In the evening, Emily returned home and received a call from Janessa. "Why have you been so busy after quitting school for so long? I asked you to come and play, but you didn't come."

Emily served herself a cup of water, and after drinking it, she said, "I went to the Relax Room to help."

"Where is Stephanie?" Janessa asked, "Recently, she hasn't posted in Moments. Could it be that they broke up?"

The truth was that a woman's intuition was naturally sharp.

Emily was silent for a few seconds before Janessa asked seriously, "Really?"

"Yes." Emily could only briefly explain the situation, "She has returned to her hometown now, so I'll help take care of the Relax Room."

"She must be heartbroken now." Janessa muttered on the other side, "I'm almost at the prenatal period. Otherwise, I can take her out to feel better. The lovelorn people can't heal themselves there alone. The more they try to do it, the more they get hurt, and they're prone to depression."

Harold glanced at her and turned to leave.

It was already midnight. He went out and took a quick shower. When he came back, he felt uneasy and opened Stephanie's room. At that moment, he saw Stephanie holding a knife in her hand.

He quickly rushed over, took the knife, and pressed Stephanie against the bed.

Stephanie gasped and cursed. "Fuck it!"

Only then did Harold notice that there was a half-peeled pear by the bed.

"Hey! Hurry up and let me go! My hands hurt!" Stephanie was in great pain and struggled a bit.

Harold quickly let go of her. Seeing her lower her head to pick up the knife, he could not help but take a step forward and grab the knife. "Let me do it."

Stephanie didn't stop him. She rubbed her wrist and sat back on the bed.

Harold had just held her down, which made her dress disarray, exposing her shoulders and her blue bra straps.

Harold looked down and kept peeling it.

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Harold raised his head subconsciously when he was peeling the pear and noticed Stephanie's falling nightgown sleeve. Harold couldn't help but point at Stephanie's shoulder.

Stephanie looked through Harold's finger and pulled the sleeve up.

Harold washed the peeled pear and gave it to Stephanie.

Stephanie cut half of the pear and handed it back to Harold, "It's for you."

Harold did not take it but stared at it.

Stephanie suddenly thought of something and said, "Well, you believe sharing a pear will bring bad luck, right?"

Harold shook his head and took the pear.

"But our separation is not bad luck, it's a doomed thing." Stephanie said, eating, "You will leave and service Emily and never come back, if your health permits, right?"

"I've told Miss Emily that I'll stay here for Mr. Spencer, " Harold said.

Stephanie nodded and stared at the ground. When she ate her share of the pear, Stephanie wiped her hands and said to Harold, "Good night."

"Good night."

Just as Harold was about to leave, Stephanie stopped him, "Harold."

Harold stopped and turned to look at Stephanie.

"Thank you." Stephanie turned off the computer and walked to her bed. Then she lay down and covered her face with her quilt.

Harold brought the knife back to the kitchen. He stood in the kitchen for a while and decided to take all the knives to his room.

When Harold got out of his room, he looked at Stephanie's room subconsciously. It was dark.

Harold stood at the door for more than half an hour. Harold decided to return to his room when it was past one in the morning and Stephanie came out of her room. Stephanie was surprised and asked, "What are you doing here?"

"What do you want to do?" Harold asked.

Stephanie had changed her gown.

"I can't sleep, so I want to take a walk." Stephanie was wearing a coat and holding a flashlight.

"I'll go with you," Harold said as he took the flashlight.

Before Stephanie could say a word, Harold had led the way.

They walked around the village one time and another speechlessly.

"I want to go back," Stephanie said. She had been tired and sweating.

And it was already 3:30 at midnight.

They walked for more than two hours.

Stephanie changed her gown but not her shoes. She was wearing a pair of slippers. She didn't expect that she needed so much time to get sleepy. And when she stopped walking, Stephanie finally noticed the pain in her feet.

"I'm tired, I need a break." Stephanie found a stone and sat down. She took the flashlight and shone the soles and there was a big blister.

"Deal with your blister." Harold held Stephanie's foot and answered.

Stephanie struggled but failed to break free. She looked at him with a pale face, "I will ask you no more private questions, and you set me free. Deal?"

"No." Harold lowered his head and stuck the blister.

Stephanie did not dare to look. She covered her eyes with her hands, saying, "Well, then, you haven't answered my questions.."

Harold lowered his head and applied the ointment with a cotton swab. Stephanie couldn't tell Harold's expressions because his face was wrapped in gauze. Harold answered, "No."

Harold suddenly remembered that Stephanie called him and asked, crying, "Love me, please?"

Harold looked up.

Stephanie had already put down her hand that was covering her eyes. Her arms hung beside her body, and Stephanie was staring at the ground thinking about something.

After a long while, she sighed, "It's good."

Harold put her foot down and said, "That's it. Better not to get wet."

Stephanie thanked him.

When Harold got out of Stephanie's room, it was dawn.

Harold looked back. Stephanie was lying on the bed, holding a doll in her arms. She intimately hugged the doll as if she was holding her beloved, and seemingly, there were tears on her cheeks.

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Even though he was sitting in the dining room, the air was still filled with heat.

After Collin answered the phone, he said to Jade, "Hurry up. I have a patient to check later."

The two of them had known each other for more than five months from March to August. However, the two of them still spent very little time

together. Collin was always busy working overtime. Fortunately, Jade was very understanding and the two of them got along well.

However, at this moment, Jade looked at the plate of shrimp in front of her and her expression finally changed.

"Doctor Mueller." She shouted softly.

Her voice was very soft, just like her. She was very gentle. She was also like this in the world. She was gentle and soft, making people unable to find any faults with her.

"What's wrong?" Collin looked up.

Jade seemed to sigh. She looked down at the plate of shrimp in front of her. The table was separated by wine glasses and tableware, blocking her expression. Only her voice was somewhat sad. "Doctor Mueller, it has been so long, but you still do not remember."

"What?" Collin put down the tableware in his hand.

"I can't eat shrimp. I'm allergic." Jade finally looked up at him. She was clearly smiling, but her eyes were misty.

Collin was silent for a moment before he said, "Sorry."

"Doctor Mueller, let's do it this way." Jade smiled, "I tried, but it seems that no matter what, I can't compare to the person in your heart."

Collin looked at her and asked, "What do you mean?"

"Let's ... break up," Jade said as she stood up.

She actually wanted to hear Collin beg her to give him another chance, but no, she heard Collin nod and say.

"Alright."

The moment Jade turned around, tears flowed down her face, and she ran out without looking back.

Collin looked at her back and exhaled a long breath.

The two of them had been dating like normal couples for the past few months, watching movies and eating together, but Collin could not have any deeper contact with her. Every time he lowered his head to kiss Jade, the only thing that flashed past his eyes was Roxy's indifferent face. Her hoarse voice was like a curse that constantly rang in his ears.

Jade said slowly, but Collin knew that he was finished.

Completely finished.

The phone rang again, and the caller ID displayed Armando.

Collin took a sip of water and answered the phone.

On the other side of the line, Armando was a little flustered. "Doctor Mueller! The baby is to be born! Janessa is about to give birth!"

"I don't know where she went." The male editor was secretly delighted in his heart, he knew that you definitely liked Roxanne, and only now did you know to chase? It was too late!

"What? Are you looking for her?" he asked in a hostile tone.

Then, he said to the man opposite him, "A friend of a friend."

"You must have contacted her. Where did she go? What's her phone number now?" Collin asked urgently.

For more than two months, he could only hold the electronic watch Roxy gave him every day to listen to the sound she recorded, and he was almost crazy.

"I don't know." The male editor spread his hands.

"Don't you know?" Collin did not believe him. "You are her editor. How can you not know her contact information?"

The male editor shrugged, "Her manuscript has been completed. She told me that she wanted to go out and relax for a while."

"Okay, if she contacts you, remember to call me." Collin left behind his name card, then turned around and left.

"How did you know him?" As soon as Collin left, the man opposite the male editor asked.

"Why can't I know him?" The male editor retorted. "Of course, I don't want to know him yet!"

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"This temperament of his doesn't match with yours at all."

"What kind of temperament does he have?" The male editor snorted.

"What was he doing?" The man opposite looked out the window at Collin getting into the car. The car was not cheap, and the monthly salary that below thirty to fifty thousand yuan could not afford the car.

"Why don't you tell me what his temperament is?" The male editor forked the fruit and stuffed it into his mouth.

"He's gentle and refined, like a university professor, or he's a researcher." The other party was very certain.

"No, he's a doctor," the male editor suddenly laughed.

The man opposite seemed to be thinking and then nodded.

"Although he is plain in other aspects." The male editor thought of something, and his face turned a little red. "But in some aspects ... he is very powerful."

The other party was shocked. "You..."

The male editor took another bite of the fruit, and then he realized that the other party was shocked. He almost choked to death on the fruit in his mouth, "What are you thinking about! I already said a friend of my friend!"

After dinner, the editor went to the bathroom to send a message to Roxy: [He asked me where you went.]

The email was the same as all the emails in the past few months, without any response.

Roxanne refused to contact anyone, but before he left, he said to the editor, "I'll look for you if there's anything."

Then she disappeared completely.

He did not lie to Collin, because he did not know where Roxanne had gone, let alone her current mobile phone number. The only contact method was only one-way contact, and he was not sure if the other party had received it.

When Collin returned to the hospital, he only felt the noisy sound invading his senses like the tide.

Then he took out his phone and called Jaquan back.

It was funny. Jaquan and Emma were eating lunch. Halfway through, they received a call from Janessa. Janessa shouted excitedly from the other end, "Emma! I'm going to give birth! Why don't you give birth together on this day!"

"Lie down and don't move!" Armando's voice came from the other side of the line.

Emma smiled and was about to speak when her belly hurt. She held her belly and gasped, "It seems that I'm going to give birth too."

Janessa laughed loudly on the other end, and shouted while enduring the pain, "Come, let's go to the hospital to give birth!"

When Emma hung up the phone, Jaquan thought that she was joking. It was not until he saw her holding her belly and standing up with a bad expression that he screamed in panic, "Are you going to give birth?"

"I'll go to get something," Emma nodded.

Jaquan quickly took out his phone and made a call.

"No one from the Alberton family?" Collin was surprised.

"Emma didn't allow me to call. She said she would inform me after the birth." Jaquan let out another breath. "What should we do? We've been in there for more than ten minutes. Why hasn't the child come out yet?"

Collin was speechless. "Do you think it takes just a few minutes to give birth?"

"Her prenatal period is still two weeks away. Why is it early? I just asked the doctor. The doctor said it was normal. I am now so anxious." Jaquan patted his chest. "Listen, my heart is beating 380 times per minute right now," he said.

"Alright, I'll go after I'm done."

Collin had already prepared a meeting gift for Jaquan's child. After checking the patient, he opened the drawer. The first thing he saw was the square electronic clock given to him by Roxy.

He stared at it for a while, picked up a small gift box with pink packaging next to him, and after putting the things in his pocket, he walked out.

After a minute, he came in again from outside the door, took out the key, and locked the drawer.

At 5:20 that evening, Janessa and Emma gave birth to the child one after another.

Collin first went to Emma's ward and handed the greeting gift.

Emily had just arrived and was playing with the child's little hand with his index finger. Vincent stood to the side and looked down at Emily with a faint smile on his lips.

Jaquan patted Vincent on the shoulder. "You like it, right? If you like it, then quickly give birth to one."