

## Legacy Of The Hidden Heir Chapter 2

Milynar stormed out of the office, filled with rage and sadness; he loved Cynthia and didn't

‘want to leave her, but that didn't mean he could tolerate such humiliation.

He was about to leave the company when his phone rang.

Milynar found an unfamiliar number displayed on the phone screen, he picked it up, "Who is this."

"I am Fredy lee, the president of the nexus consortium, I heard today is your wedding anniversary, I am coming to you with some gift which you would like."

Milynar breathed heavily, "Don't worry, It is of no need."

Milynar knows Mr. Fredy, but he wonders how he knew him. He never mentioned his past to anyone in the Lothric city, not even his beloved wife. He had been hiding all about him, even as a divine healer... as a member of the Near! family.

"What do you really want?", Milynar asked.

"I need your help, my friend has been on a grave illness for days, and at the verge of death,

‘we need your help."

"I don't care how you know about me, but I am not for that.”

"I know that if I were not desperate, I would never dare to investigate your past."

The number one businessman in Lothric City was as humble as Milynar's slave at this moment.

‘With a desperate voice, Mr. Fredy utters, "I heard you are looking for a set of pills, the dragon's blood rhizome is in the possession of the Saluzzo family, and Saluzzo himself is on the sick bed. If you get their trust, you can have your way."

This caught Mlynar's interest, the dragon's blood rhizome, is one of the important reasons

‘why he came to Lothric to hide his identity.

"Okay, tell me what's really wrong with him."

"He is dying, that's all we know. He has been in the hospital bed for days with no improvement," he said.

Mlynar nodded, "Okay, I will do my best, but I can't assure you if he will live."

"Thank you so much. I believe you can heal him. I will call his daughter to drive you to the hospital."

"Okay", he hung up.

As Mlynar was about to leave the company, he collided with Mrs. Lucas his mother-in-law, and Frodo the brother.

"Good morning, Mother," he bowed.

"Don't "good morning' me. I heard you divorced my daughter," she barked at him.

"Yes, I am the issue. I... " He intended to take the blame to avoid Cynthia being blamed.

"Yes, I know you are the problem, you this trash bag."

"She initiated the divorce first, ma," he politely replied.

"What did you do for her to initiate it? I know you cheated on her, you've been having a secret affair."

"No, ma, that isn't..."

She cut him off, "Just shut up. You are poor, from a no-name family. We fed you, clothed you, and this is how you repay us?"

"Ma'am, there is a misunderstanding here. She..."

"You don't have the right to talk back. You have no skill, you think you can live independently; you must be dreaming, you low-life parasite," she sneered.

"I know, ma'am, but I have treated your daughter well since our marriage. I haven't done anything wrong except being poor," he defended himself.

"Yes, being poor is a sin, and I know that you did something wrong to my daughter; she can't just divorce you."

"Ma, I never did anything!"

Mrs. Mia slapped him, "Shut up! My daughter made the right decision to divorce you. You are poor and not in her league, the most stupid person I've ever seen," she scolded him.

Mlynar held his cheeks, the family was doing all this because of the new status they achieved, thanks to the debt he paid. Mlynar was tempted to reveal himself, but he held back.

Frodo, Cynthia's brother, chimed in, "I heard my sister paid him \$3 million for the breakup."

Mlynar looked dumbfounded, wondering who told them all these lies. "No, I didn't. She offered, but I didn't accept it."

Mrs. Mia laughed loudly, "You must be kidding me. How could someone as lowly as you reject that sum of money?"

"I can't believe something like that from a pauper's mouth. I'm sure if she offered, you would jump at it like a magnet drawn to metal," Mrs. Mia said.

"I will never trade my love for your daughter with money, the love I have for her is genuine."

Mrs. Mia laughed at his words, "I can't believe that is coming from a beggar and parasite like you."

"Mom, that is too much, you have embarrassed me enough", he said.

The employers and the people surrounding them are making a joke of him.

"Look everyone, this bastard here is a good digger, a man gold digger, after feeding on us for

years, he collected a sum of \$3 million from my Daughter as alimony even though he is the

one that cheated on my daughter, having a secret affair."

Everyone murmured.

Mlynar frowned, lost for words. All he could mumble was, "Let me call her and ask her."

"Mom, don't allow him to make any calls. I'm sure he's calling for reinforcements.

We don't

know what trash like him could do."

He stared at them in disbelief, smiling.

"I'm sure she wrote it on a check," Frodo said.

"She didn't give me anything," Mlynar insisted.

Frodo stood up and walked closer to him, "Then let me search your body."

Mlynar refused, "That's improper; you can't do that."

"You see, the check is with him, he's hiding it."

Mlynar, feeling exhausted, uttered, "Okay, come check." He raised both hands.

Frodo went ahead, searching all over, but he couldn't find anything, only the silver cross,  
'which Frodo took.

He kept searching but found no check.

"Open your mouth," he prompted. Mlynar looked horrified.

"That's ridiculous," he protested.

"Who knows, you might have just stuffed it in there, so we wouldn't find it," Frodo said.

To avoid any misunderstanding, he did. Frodo wanted to aggressively check it.

"Stop! I can't take your inappropriate act anymore," Mlynar slightly pushed him away.

Frodo stepped back and took the silver cross necklace with him.

"Give that back to me," Mlynar demanded.

"No," Frodo insisted, and Mlynar fought for it, gripping his wrist tightly, but Frodo wouldn't

let it go. Mlynar twisted harder, and the cross fell from his hand.

The cross hit the ground, cracked open, and broke into pieces. This made him clench his

hand tightly. It was the only thing that held the memory of his mother.