

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 351

Chapter 351

Dana gently draped her expensive silk shawl over Rosalynn's shoulders, "It's windy at night, and you might get cold."

Rosalynn was a bit helpless.

But she didn't want to have any dealings with Dana in public.

"Thanks," she simply replied.

"Go ahead."

Rosalynn nodded, turned around, and walked towards her car.

Dana stood there feeling very satisfied, knowing that this shawl was a gift from Evan. Next time, she would let Evan go and get it from Gabriella Jared.

Her son was so handsome, he would surely win Gabriella's heart!

It was just perfect.

Dana quickly returned to the banquet hall.

Lizzy was just going crazy there.

"You've all been deceived by Gabriella! She's a complete witch, her private life is a mess, she even has a bunch of illegitimate children, just now I heard her talking to different men on the phone!"

"You scoundrel!"

Mr. Lawrence had always been held in high regard throughout his life, and hearing his own granddaughter publicly defame others left him feeling deeply ashamed. In his frustration, he delivered a hard slap across Lizzy's face.

Mrs. Lawrence, filled with sympathy for her granddaughter, swiftly intervened to protect her.

"Grandma, she was the one who called me a dumbass first!" Lizzy sobbed, shielding her face.

"Enough!" Mrs. Lawrence clenched her teeth and pulled Lizzy away from the situation.

Hector's expression darkened as he directed his gaze towards Wayne. "Wayne, please disregard what my sister just said."

Wayne's expression was cold, and his voice even more chilling, "I think your sister's not in a very good mental state."

Hector was taken aback.

Wayne looked at him, "People in poor mental condition should be in a mental hospital, I don't mind helping the Lawrence family take care of it, what do you think, Mr. Lawrence?"

"Wayne, my sister doesn't have a mental illness, she's just a bit willful."

"Mr. Lawrence, do you think I'm discussing this with you?" Wayne asked, his tone light but stern.

Hector stiffened.

"Why... why?" he asked.

"No reason." Wayne's words were filled with an air of authority, "24 hours should be enough for your family to handle it, right?"

Hector understood Wayne.

Once he made a decision, it became a rule.

And no one could break that rule except him.

"Enough," Hector reluctantly agreed.

"Ah, just in case your family doesn't know which hospitals are good, I'll provide a list. You only need to choose."

That way, the Lawrence family would understand they had to follow Wayne's rules.

"Tha...thank you."

"You're welcome." Wayne patted his shoulder, "Thank you for inviting me to this dinner party. Regarding the lawyer's fees, I'll have Legal draft a new contract for you, doubling the amount."

Hector watched Wayne's retreating figure.

Suddenly he thought, "Is it for... Gabriella?"

All the memories of tonight quickly pieced together in his mind.

Wayne hurriedly going downstairs must have been to find Gabriella, right?

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Because Wayne had been paying attention to Gabriella, he was able to appear by her side in time and help her out. He had just gone upstairs to look for Gabriella, which was why they both came downstairs one after the other.

Everyone knew Wayne was a cold person.

But today, he actually spoke up for Gabriella in front of so many people... connecting all these clues, wasn't he trying to get Lizzy locked up in a mental hospital to help Gabriella get even?

The dinner ended hastily because of Lizzy's nonsense.

The Lawrence family was worried about the unpleasantness caused by this incident. Even if Gabriella didn't say anything, Hilaria would eventually know.

the truth.

However, what they didn't expect was that there would be even more vexing news.

"Wayne?" Mr. Lawrence raised his head in surprise, "Why is he involved in this?"

"What else could it be? It's because of Gabriella..." Hector's wife muttered.

"Did he and Gabriella know each other before?" Mrs. Lawrence was also surprised.

"Grandpa, grandma, don't you guys use the internet?" Hector's wife took out her phone, searched for a video, and handed it to the Lawrence family's elderly couple.

It was a video clip of Rosalynn and Wayne.

Although the Rosalynn in the video had a very different style than Gabriella, they looked exactly the same.

After watching the video, Hector broke out in a cold sweat.

"I was wondering why Gabriella looked so familiar... turns out she's so similar to Wayne's former secretary..."

"Wayne always liked finding lookalikes. Since Ms. Tesdal died in a plane crash, now someone who looks 90% like Ms. Tesdal shows up, he probably..." Hector's wife summed up.

Mr. Lawrence watched the video and clutched his chest in pain.

"Hurry up! Get the heart-saving pills!" Hector exclaimed.

Mr. Lawrence took the pills and finally felt a bit better.

"Grandpa, what should we do now?" Hector's older cousin asked, "We can't offend The Jared Group and Wayne just for a reckless girl, can we?"

"Yeah, our design company has just started making a profit..."

"Uncle, you can't be confused!"

"Yeah, Lizzy clearly did something wrong. Splashing champagne is already a serious matter, and she even insulted Gabriella in front of everyone, this is bound to reach Hilaria. Hilaria may be old, but her ruthlessness is no less than Wayne's!"

"Enough!" Mr. Lawrence scolded in a low voice.

Everyone looked unhappy, but no one continued to speak.

Mrs. Lawrence's tears flowed uncontrollably.

Mr. Lawrence didn't look at her. He asked indifferently, "Hector, what do you think?"

After all, Lizzy was Hector's biological sister.

However...

Being experienced in the world of fame and fortune, Hector knew full well that no matter how powerful he was, people like Wayne and Hilaria could easily ruin his reputation.

The Lawrence family could no longer protect him. To a certain extent, these relatives would become a burden to him.

"Grandpa, it's not that I don't care about Lizzy, but she's really spoiled beyond measure.

Hector's voice carried a grave tone as he addressed the gathering. "Wayne isn't negotiating with us; he's presenting us with a choice: either surrender Lizzy or let the entire Lawrence family suffer the consequences alongside her."

The expressions on everyone's faces grew even more bitter and resentful.

"Then let's hand her over!" exclaimed the elder cousin. "She should face the consequences for her actions!"

"Later, if Mrs. Jared inquires, we can justify this as punishment for her mistreatment of Ms. Gabriella, ensuring that both sides can understand the reasoning behind it, suggested Hector.

Mrs. Lawrence was reluctant.

But the future of the entire Lawrence family weighed more than Lizzy's personal safety...

"Let's do it this way, then." Mr. Lawrence decided to be the bad guy.

With that, he stood up to leave.

But as soon as he got up, he swayed for a moment and fell unconscious.

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When Rosalynn got home, it was just about time for the kids to go to bed.

Ivy was having a little tantrum because she didn't want Laura and Calvin to tell her bedtime stories.

Seeing Rosalynn come back, Ivy immediately ran towards her.

Rosalynn picked her up: "Why are you being moody again?"

These past few days, Ivy had been quite moody.

"I wanted to wait for mommy to come back and tell me bedtime stories," Ivy mumbled with a wronged expression.

Rosalynn kissed her cheek and looked at Calvin and Laura: "You guys can go rest now."

"Yes, my lady." They both answered simultaneously.

As Rosalynn carried Ivy upstairs, Cory was already lying in bed reading a book.

Seeing Rosalynn, he looked up and asked: "Did the dinner end so early?"

"Something came up, so I sneaked back home early," Rosalynn put Ivy back in bed and went over to kiss Cory's forehead.

Cory didn't seem to react, but his little feet wiggled twice, clearly happy.

"Is this book about physics?" Rosalynn looked at the cover.

"Yep," Cory nodded, "It's very interesting."

A sense of pride welled up in Rosalynn's heart, knowing her son was so smart.

"Mommy, I am the same age as brother, but brother can recognize so many characters. But me..." Ivy sat on the edge of the bed, admiring her brother.

Ivy also felt helpless.

She wanted to learn to recognize words quickly, but every time she read a book, she could handle those with pictures, but when it came to books full of words, she would start yawning like crazy after just one glance!

"You're so good at drawing and understanding colors, something I can never catch up with, Cory said in a grown-up tone.

"Really?" Ivy's eyes lit up.

"Yep."

Cory wanted to add that Ivy was lively and adorable, always well-liked wherever she went. This was also something he couldn't accept.

He always thought the world was too noisy and wished unrelated people would stay far away from him.

"Alright, both my son and daughter are genius babies," Rosalynn said with a light laugh.

Everything that happened at the dinner party, the trouble, and stress, was healed at this moment by her lovely children.

In the children's room, the light was warm.

Cory leaned on a cushion reading, while Rosalynn told a story to the drowsy Ivy.

Just halfway through the story, Ivy was already fast asleep.

Rosalynn carefully helped her cover up with the blanket.

Looking at Cory, he closed the book, put it on the bedside table, and laid down.

Rosalynn smiled and walked over, kissing his forehead again..

“Goodnight, Mommy,” Cory said.

Rosalynn stared at him.

Although Cory and Ivy, as well as herself, always had servants around to take care of them, Cory still took on a lot of responsibility for Rosalynn.

“My son,” Rosalynn said gently.

“Hmm?” Cory looked at her, a bit confused.

In the past, after saying goodnight, mommy would say goodnight and then leave.

“Having you as my child is the biggest blessing of my life,” Rosalynn’s voice was sincere and gentle, “Thank you, my son.”

Cory was never good at dealing with such situations.

He turned away awkwardly: “I know, just say goodnight.”

Rosalynn chuckled: “Alright, goodnight, sweetheart.”

Cory closed his eyes tightly.

Rosalynn turned off the light and left the children’s room.

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Score 9.0

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After the door was closed, Cory slowly opened his eyes.

He blinked, then thought for a moment.

He thought to himself, something must have happened to Mommy....

Rosalynn stood at the door of the children's room, hesitated for a moment, and instead of going back to her room, she went to the cellar.

Just as she opened a bottle of wine, a phone call came, informing her of the situation at the Lawrence family.

Rosalynn hung up the phone.

She felt a little annoyed.

She could have handled this situation herself, so why did Wayne have to help her?

This wasn't a simple matter, and people keeping an eye on Wayne would surely know about it.

This definitely included Olivia Whaley.

Rosalynn didn't want to have anything more to do with Wayne and Olivia, and especially didn't want them to pay attention to her life.

But Wayne helped her tonight, so there was no way she could avoid it now.

Annoyed, Rosalynn poured herself a glass of wine and downed it in one gulp.

As soon as she finished drinking, her cell phone suddenly buzzed.

The number was unfamiliar.

But...

Those digits were engraved so firmly in her mind.

Even after five years, she still remembered it clearly.

Just as the ring was about to end, Rosalynn answered the call.

Her voice was indifferent and distant: "Who is it?"

There was a silence on the other end of the phone: "Ms. Jared, this is Wayne."

"Mr. Silverman, I think I made myself very clear at the party today," Rosalynn said without any politeness.

"Sorry, I was indeed impulsive at that time," Wayne's voice was still pleasant, "Ms. Jared, you really look like my late fiancée."

Fiancée?

When did that happen?

So now that she's dead, he can make up stories about her?

"So, Mr. Silverman, are you sober now?" Rosalynn asked.

On the other end of the phone, there came a light laugh, quite helpless: "Of course."

"That's good," Rosalynn replied.

"Ms. Jared, I apologize for my abruptness tonight, so I would like to invite you to dinner as an apology," Wayne continued.

"Mr. Silverman, you're too kind," Rosalynn said lightly, "My studio has been in business competition with Bane Corporation recently, and I don't think it would be appropriate for us to meet privately. I appreciate your thoughtfulness, though."

"I see..."

Wayne sounded regretful.

"I have something to do, so goodbye," Rosalynn said and hung up the phone.

On the balcony of the apartment.

Wayne stood tall, a cigarette pinned between his long fingers, almost smoked out.

He took a long breath, extinguished the cigarette, then turned and went back to the living room.

His quilt was neatly folded on the sofa in the living room.

Wayne went to the bathroom, came out, and then curled up on the couch, unlocking his phone countless times, looking at the newly saved number

countless times.

Countless times he suppressed the urge to call her.

This time, he had to be patient, he had to hold her tight, so she had nowhere to escape.

Rosalynn hung up the phone, instinctively wanting to add Wayne's number to the blacklist.

But...

"That would be very misleading," she thought of a stranger whom she'd met only once.

And someone she could run into anytime in the business world.

What was her reason for blacklisting him?

In the end, Rosalynn just deleted the call from her history.

She poured herself another drink.

After two glasses of wine, Rosalynn felt a little tipsy.

She fiercely tapped her smartphone a couple of times.

And cursed: "Wayne, you bastard!"

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In the following days, Rosalynn was fully committed to perfecting the FreshBite project.

Ivy and Cory, one painting and the other coding, the family of three busied themselves with their own stuff without interfering with each other.

Until...

One day during lunch, Laura pushed open the door of Ivy's painting studio to call her for lunch, only to find that Ivy was missing.

At first, Laura thought Ivy was probably playing in some corner of the house.

It was only after she searched the whole house and couldn't find Ivy that she gradually realized the seriousness of the situation.

She immediately called Calvin, who, upon learning that Ivy was missing, quickly accessed the surveillance system in their home.

After seeing the footage, they were almost scared to death.

The surveillance showed that Ivy went to the park at 7:30 that day and returned at 8:40. Twenty minutes later, she changed her clothes, put on a little hat, and carried her favorite little bag out the back door.

“Oh my God! Oh my God! Ivy’s been gone for three hours!!” Laura was on the verge of going crazy.

Even the usually stoic Calvin was anxiously blushing.

He immediately called Rosalynn.

Unfortunately, at this time, Rosalynn’s team was in a closed-door meeting with all their phones on silent.

“What’s going on?”

At this moment, Cory heard the noise and came downstairs.

Laura’s face was streaked with snot and tears as she turned to Cory, her voice trembling with sobs. “Ivy has run away from home!”

As she spoke, Laura’s tears intensified, flowing freely down her cheeks.

“It’s all my fault! Ivy specifically told me not to go near the painting studio, and I neglected to check on her for three whole hours!! How could I be so foolish?”

Cory’s brow furrowed, his displeasure evident as he responded, “Do you think crying will solve anything?”

“Don’t worry, I’ll increase manpower right now and search everywhere!” Calvin said seriously.

Ivy had managed to get lost even with him at home!

It was simply...

A stain on his professional career.

Three hours... So much could’ve happened.

Car accidents, kidnappings, organ harvesting...

Calvin was practically suffocating!

“What happened this morning at the park?” Cory asked solemnly.

Ivy wouldn't just run away from home for no reason.

She was still chattering happily with him about a gorgeous color she had mixed at breakfast.

How could she suddenly run away from home?

"This morning...this morning..." Laura was trying hard to calm herself, "Just like before, Ivy said hi to the elderly people and then went to pet the dogs and cats...Oh, right!"

"Oh, right!"

Laura and Calvin exclaimed in unison.

Then Calvin continued, "When we came back, we found a litter of kittens in the bushes. We heard that their mother had been run over by a car. Some kind-hearted people took three of them, but there was still one left that didn't look very healthy... Ivy squatted there for a long time. She even called some passers-by, trying to find someone to take the last one, but..."

Cory furrowed his brow, feeling responsible for the fact that Ivy would have brought the kitten home if it weren't for him.

"And then what happened?" he asked.

"We just went back home."

Ivy stared at the kitten and wiped away her tears. Suddenly, she expressed her desire to return home, so the three of them headed back.

However, twenty minutes later, Ivy ran away from home!

"Where exactly are those bushes?" Cory inquired.

Calvin carefully recollected the location.

Cory swiftly went upstairs, turned on his computer, and hacked into the park's security management office, transferring the surveillance footage to his computer.

"Is this it?" Cory asked, pointing to a specific window after reviewing the footage.

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"Yes! That's the place!" Calvin affirmed.

Calmly, Cory opened the window and quickly rewound the footage.

At 9:14, Ivy appeared in the surveillance footage, wearing little rain boots, overalls, and a small hat.

“Ivy!” Calvin exclaimed, “She’s indeed searching for the kitten!”

Cory remained silent, deep in thought.

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Cory watched as Ivy knelt on the ground, gently lifting the kitten out with her favorite little towel. She said something to the kitten before placing it in her little bag.

There was no sound on the surveillance footage.

But Cory saw Ivy take a deep breath after she’d done everything and then make a gesture like she was cheering herself on.

She must’ve been scared, but she was encouraging herself.

“She found the kitten around 9 o’clock, why hasn’t she come home yet?” Laura asked, sobbing, “Has she been kidnapped by human traffickers?!”

Cory found her annoying, but he didn’t say anything. Instead, he switched the surveillance to follow the direction Ivy left in.

But soon, the so-called surveillance blind spot appeared, and he couldn’t find Ivy anymore.

“What should we do?!” Laura freaked out.

Cory sat there, his mind racing. His sister had just arrived in H Country, and she had no friends yet, and didn’t even know where their mom worked.

So who could she be looking for with the kitten?

Soon, a name popped into Cory’s head.

It seemed like it could only be him....

His eyes turned cold as he quickly wrote a virtual code and found a phone number.

Once the code was ready, he entered the number..

“All of you leave.” He paused, then added, “For now, don’t contact mom.”

“Huh?” Calvin was puzzled.

“Just do as I say,” said Cory, his tone allowing no room for resistance.

Calvin nodded and led Laura out of the study.

Cory didn’t feel at ease, so he locked the door.

Putting on headphones, he dialed the number.

After a while, the call was answered.

“Sean Hudy?”

“Wayne?” Cory asked.

Wayne was surprised.

The caller ID clearly showed it was Sean....

But why was it a kid?

Cory realized he should have used a voice changer after he started speaking.

“Little kid, is this a prank?” Wayne asked coldly.

“Are you at Bane Corp Center?” Cory asked. “I’m Ivy’s brother. She might have gone to see you.”

“When did this happen?” There was the sound of a chair being moved on Wayne’s end, like he was standing up.

“She left around 9:20, and she should have arrived at Bane Corporation around 10:20. Aren’t you in the building?”

“I’m at a meeting nearby. I’ll be right there.”

“If you see her, please call me back.” Cory said.

“Alright.”

Cory hung up the call.

He checked the time, still not feeling at ease.

He decided to search for Bane Corp Center's location and try to hack into their security system.

However...

Compared to the equipment in the neighborhood park, Bane Corporation's security system was much more advanced.

It took Cory some effort to hack into their surveillance.

After switching to the view of the first floor lobby, he began searching window by window.

Strangely, he didn't see Ivy in the lobby.

Could it be that she wasn't looking for Wayne?

Or was she kidnapped on the way?

Cory, usually calm, began to feel anxious.

In fact, Cory's judgment was accurate.

Ivy was indeed looking for Wayne.

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Ivy took a taxi.

The taxi driver didn't want to take her at first, but Ivy told him she was going to see her dad and gave him several brand new bills, then he agreed.

On the way, Ivy borrowed the taxi driver's phone to call Wayne.

Maybe because it was a strange number, he didn't pick up.

The taxi arrived at Bane Corp Center.

Ivy got out of the car holding the kitten, and politely said to the taxi driver, "Thank you, sir."

The taxi driver smiled and watched Ivy enter the Bane Corp Center before driving away.

As soon as Ivy entered the lobby, security approached.

“Whose kid is this?”

Ivy was out of luck. The security guard who came over had just found out that his daughter of several years was actually his wife’s child with another man.

Seeing a child, the security guard became angry.

“I’m here to see Wayne!” Ivy said softly.

“Get out of here!” The security guard said with an impatient face.

Ivy wasn’t used to this kind of treatment. “Sir, I’m Wayne’s friend. I have something to talk to him about...”

At this moment, the kitten in Ivy’s arms meowed a few times.

The security guard stared at Ivy’s little bag.

Ivy could feel his malice and took a step back.

“If you don’t leave, I’ll kill your damn cat!” the security guard threatened.

Ivy left the building feeling wronged.

But she didn’t leave completely. Instead, she found a corner to squat down, opened the bag, and checked on the kitten.

“We’ll wait for the handsome uncle here. He’s really nice, and he’ll definitely take you in,” Ivy whispered to the kitten.

God knows how scared she was right now.

Leaving Laura and their protection for the first time, crossing half the city to find the handsome uncle, she didn’t expect to come across a fierce, mean uncle who wanted to kill the kitten.

Ivy bit her lip, wide-eyed, not allowing herself to cry.

“People who go to work get off work eventually. We’ll wait for the handsome uncle to get off work,” she stroked the kitten’s head, comforting both it and herself.

She waited until noon.

Lots of people were leaving the office building, so Ivy quickly stood up and stared at the crowd, afraid she’d miss her handsome uncle.

The security guard seemed to know Ivy hadn’t left, so he held his baton and stood sternly at the entrance, staring at Ivy, in case she tried to sneak back inside.

Ivy, fearing he would hurt the kitten, backed up some more.

By the time there were fewer people, she still hadn’t seen the handsome uncle.

She was a bit lost, but all she could do was squat back down in her original spot, holding the kitten.

Unable to hold back anymore, her tears came falling down.

Handsome uncle, where are you? Ivy’s hungry, and so is the kitten. Ivy’s scared, and so is the kitten...

Wayne had an important meeting.

When Cory called, the meeting was in progress.

Seeing that it was Sean calling, Wayne figured there must be an issue at Bane Corporation and temporarily stopped the meeting to answer the call.

Learning Ivy might be at Bane Corp Center looking for him, Wayne immediately postponed the meeting and rushed over.

The meeting place was only 7-8 minutes away from Bane Corporation, and Wayne ran the whole way, making the trip in just 4 minutes.

“President Silverman!”

The front desk staff rarely saw Wayne on this side.

Wayne normally took a car straight to the garage, then took the exclusive elevator to the CEO’s office.

Seeing Wayne, the people at the front desk immediately stood up.

“Has a cute little girl come looking for me?” Wayne asked, out of breath.

There had been a child sent away by security in the morning, and some of the front desk staff saw it.

But they didn't know the child was looking for Wayne.

Seeing the security guard so fierce, they thought it was a trouble-making child.

"Well, there was one incident with a kid..."

"Where is she?" Wayne asked with a serious tone.

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The receptionist's brow furrowed. "She was... she was escorted out by the security guard."

Wayne's expression changed instantly.

"President Silverman, I actually saw her near door No. 1 just as I was having lunch!" another person chimed in hurriedly.

Without hesitation, Wayne quickly made his way towards door No. 1.

Talk about perfect timing.

Upon reaching door No. 1, he heard a man shouting angrily, "Stop crying here, it's bad luck! Don't you have parents to teach you? Don't you know basic rules? Get lost, or else..."

The security guard brandished his baton.

Suddenly, he felt a strong kick on his lower back.

"Damn, who..." Seeing that it was Wayne, the security guard was too scared to speak.

Wayne just wanted to find Ivy now.

He looked sideways and saw poor Ivy crying, her little nose red.

She looked helplessly at the security guard lying on the floor, then looked at Wayne.

Now she was openly crying.

Seeing Wayne, she pouted, "Uncle..."

“Ivy!”

Wayne ran over.

“Did he hit you?” Wayne asked anxiously.

Ivy shook her head, her eyes full of tears, her mouth pouting with grievance.

‘I called you, uncle... sobbed Ivy.

Wayne’s heart ached.

He picked Ivy up, put her on his shoulder, and patted her back, “I’m wrong, I won’t miss Ivy’s call again next time.”

Ivy hugged Wayne’s neck and cried loudly.

“President Silverman... I didn’t know, I really didn’t!”

The shocked security guard watched the scene unfold.

How could he have known that a little girl claiming to be looking for President Silverman was actually acquainted with him?

Wayne gave him a cold stare.

Without saying anything, he carried Ivy straight into the office building.

It was lunchtime.

There were quite a few Bane Corporation employees in the hall.

Seeing Wayne carrying a child inside, everyone showed a surprised expression.

Rumor had it that President Silverman was very fierce toward children, but it turned out he was so gentle?

When they reached the president’s office, Wayne called Cory back.

Cory answered the phone immediately, “Have you found Ivy?”

“I found her,” Wayne replied, and handed the phone to Ivy, “It’s your brother.”

Ivy was still sobbing.

“Cory,” she called out.

"Have you been crying?" Cory asked in a deep voice, "Just stay there, I'm coming to pick you up!"

"No... no need." Ivy sobbed, "I... I will go home by myself."

Wayne patted her head and took the phone back.

"She's fine. An unfriendly security guard scared her, but I'll handle it, Wayne said.

"Uncle." Cory's tone was very stern. "You won't be able to accompany Ivy forever, so you shouldn't have given her your contact details." Wayne frowned slightly.

"It's lunchtime. Ivy must be hungry. I'll send you a list of what she can't eat and dislikes. Could you please give her lunch?"

"Alright." Wayne replied, and then the call was hung up.

Wayne: "...

That kid's attitude...

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"Uncle "Ivy called to Wayne.

"Yes, I'm here," Wayne responded immediately

"I came to see you because I have something really, really important to tell you." Ivy opened her little bag and took out a sleeping kitten in front of Wayne

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"What's this?"

Wayne asked, somewhat at a loss.

"A cute little kitty!" Ivy replied. "Uncle, do you have a kitten at home? Can you help me raise it?"

"Do Ivy's dad and mom not let you raise one?" Wayne asked.

Ivy shook her head: “My big brother is not in good health, so we can’t have fluffy little animals at home. But Ivy doesn’t want the kitty to become a stray

cat, Uncle...”

Ivy looked up at him, her big eyes filled with tears, pleading: “Can you please adopt the kitten? Ivy will give you all her pocket money every month to buy the kitty some fish treats.”

Wayne couldn’t help but laugh.

“I will raise this little cat, but, Ivy, you have to promise me not to leave home like today without telling anyone,” he said, with a slightly stern tone.

Ivy nodded: “Ivy won’t do it again.”

Wayne glanced at the cat, which was skinny and had patchy fur, looking very unhealthy.

Just then, a text message came from Cory.

Wayne read the message and hesitated for a moment.

Ivy was allergic to eggplants, and so was he.

“Ivy, let’s go have lunch first, and then we’ll take the kitten to the pet hospital for a checkup, okay?” Wayne looked at Ivy.

“Okay!” Ivy was already very hungry.

She had never been this hungry in her life.

Wayne took Ivy to the lounge to help her wash her face and hands, and he even clumsily helped her retie her hair.

“Uncle...”

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O

Ivy looked at the inexplicably frizzy braid in the mirror and then turned around to give Wayne a resentful look.

Moments later.

A skillful girl quickly helped Ivy put her hair into a nice and neat braid.

“Thank you, beautiful lady.”

Ivy politely thanked her.

If Wayne wasn't there, the girl might have grabbed Ivy and given her a loving kiss.

Such a soft, cute, and beautiful child!!!

“Uncle, Ivy's so hungry!” Ivy ran back to Wayne's side.

Wayne picked her up and tenderly said, “Let's go have lunch now.”

“Yay!” Ivy was delighted.

The girls in the president's office all had gentle smiles on their faces.

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“What's your name?” Wayne looked at the girl who had helped Ivy tie her hair.

“President Silverman, my name is Emily!” The girl stood straight up and answered energetically.

“You get double pay this month,” Wayne said coldly, then immediately turned back to his affectionate fatherly look with Ivy. They chatted and walked towards the elevator.

“Emily, your luck is off the charts! Tying up some hair and getting an extra month's salary!” The president's office burst into noise as soon as Wayne left.

“But, didn't you notice?” Emily sobered up from her joy, “The little cutie looks somewhat like President Silverman.”

“Didn't she call President Silverman Uncle? Maybe she's the child of one of his brothers? It's not unusual for a family to look somewhat alike, right?”

“True...”

The topic quickly passed.

Everyone noisily asked Emily to treat them to a meal.

Emily happily hoped that the little cutie would visit more often.

Wayne had called the restaurant earlier and ordered some dishes that Ivy liked.

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Novel

Score 9.0

Chapter 360

Ivy was hella hungry.

After lunch, Wayne went with her to a nearby pet hospital.

The little kitten was pretty jittery and meowed miserably non-stop.

Ivy's heart ached as she listened, and she paced around near Wayne.

After the examination, the little cat's condition turned out to be not so good. Under normal circumstances, for this kind of stray cat, many people would give up on treatment.

But...

"Do your best to treat it," Wayne said indifferently after hearing the diagnosis, looking at Ivy who was nearly in tears. "Money is not an issue."

In the end, the kitten had to be hospitalized.

After they put the kitten in the glass partition for oxygen, Ivy spoke with it for a while before reluctantly leaving with Wayne.

Shortly after leaving the pet hospital, a strange number called Wayne's phone.

He took one look and had a gut feeling it was Ivy's brother, so he answered it.

"Sir, can you please take my sister to the gate of Bane Corp Center?" A childish yet calm voice came from the other end of the phone.

"Alright," Wayne replied.

The call ended.

"Are you busy with work, Uncle?" Ivy asked.

Wayne smiled and shook his head, "Your brother is coming."

Ivy froze, then drooped her ears, "I told him I could go home by myself."

“He’s just worried about you,” Wayne patted her head, “Ivy’s brother seems to be another genius kid.”

“Yeah!”

Mentioning this, Ivy naturally beamed with pride.

“My brother is freaking awesome, he’s got tons of scholarships!”

“Really?” Wayne smiled, “Your parents must be pretty proud then. Ivy is a great little artist, and your brother is just as amazing.”

“Yeah, Mommy always says Ivy and Cory are her life!” Ivy was still quite proud, “Uncle, my mommy is awesome too!”

“I always hear you mention Mommy, what about your dad? Is your dad awesome too?” Wayne asked.

Ivy hesitated for a moment and thought about it.

“He should be awesome too, right?”

Laura had said that a mother who could give birth to kids like her and her brother was awesome, the dad shouldn’t be far off either, even though that jerk didn’t want them anymore!

Wayne just nodded, it seemed Ivy wasn’t exactly satisfied with her dad.

Hand in hand, the two of them strolled leisurely to the west gate, chatting all the way.

Along the way, they passed quite a few Bane Corporation employees.

Laura, her eyes swollen from crying, stood nervously beneath Bane Corp Center, waiting.

When she saw the two figures, one big and one small, appear, she almost burst into tears again.

“Ivy!” Laura called out loudly, running towards Ivy.

Getting to Ivy, she hugged her tightly, “How could you run off without giving me a heads up?! At least take me with you! I was sooo scared!”

Ivy patted her head, “Laura, I already know you’re on my mommy’s side, you wouldn’t run away with me.”

Laura was speechless.

That was true, indeed.

“Sir...” Laura, wiping her tears, looked towards Wayne.

Wayne’s gaze pierced through Laura, seemingly peering into her soul.

What were Ivy’s parents thinking, leaving her unattended like this?!

“Thank you for looking after Ivy,” Laura said, her expression composed. “I will... I will take her home now.”

She gestured towards a nearby nanny van parked just a short distance away.

Wayne deduced that the boy, Cory, must be inside that van, right?

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Novel

Score 9.0