

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 331

Chapter 331

“Paige, do you think I should start dating and get married?” Rosalynn finally spoke up after a while.

Paige looked at her, “Just to find a dad for your kids?”

Rosalynn remained silent, probably because her relationship with Wayne was too heartbreaking. It was as if she had lost the ability to fall in love with someone.

For the past five years, she had been studying, working, giving birth and then raising her children, with no time to consider her own personal life.

“Dummy.” Paige clicked her tongue, “Marriage is about your lifelong happiness, better to have none than to settle for less.”

“Is that why you’ve never been in a relationship?” Rosalynn asked with a smile.

“Aren’t we talking about you?” Paige rolled her eyes, “But... if it’s Noah, I fully support it!”

Rosalynn swirled her wine glass, eyes downcast.

Years ago, she entrusted Noah to Hilaria. Over the years, although Noah was no longer a doctor, he gradually took over the medical group under the Jared Group.

Things were going smoothly for him now.

However, in the beginning, Noah was quite down and almost gave up on himself because of Rosalynn’s death. Rosalynn had to take a risk to see him.

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Over the years, Noah would visit her and the kids whenever he had time off. In the beginning, he had mentioned marriage too.

Rosalynn knew very well that she didn’t love Noah. He was such a good person; how could she bear to hold him back? So, she refused.

Even though Noah stopped bringing up marriage, he didn’t date or marry anyone else, simply staying by Rosalynn’s side in silence.

“Oh, please.” Rosalynn chugged the wine in her glass, “I can’t hold Noah back for a lifetime. I already owe him so much.” “Owe him?” Paige made a speechless face, “If it

weren't for what happened back then, Noah should still be a pediatrician, right? Where would he get his current CEO status?"

Before Rosalynn could say anything, Paige seemed to know what she was about to say.

She added, "I know, being a pediatrician was his dream, right? If you care so much about his dream, why not marry him soon? Marrying you, becoming your children's father, that's his dream now!"

Rosalynn didn't respond.

As Rosalynn remained silent, Paige started playing with her phone out of boredom.

Rosalynn had a couple of drinks. Feeling a bit tipsy, she was about to head upstairs.

Out of the blue, Paige said, "Logan and I were together once, for four years." Rosalynn stumbled for a moment.

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She looked at Paige in shock and said, "Logan?"

"Yeah, Logan." Paige looked at Rosalynn with a bleak smile.

"Weren't you afraid of him?" Rosalynn sat down next to her. "When did this four-year thing start?"

"It was right after you 'died.' I was in such a bad state that my mom was worried, and she asked Logan from back home to come take care of me."

Rosalynn was speechless.

"When someone's vulnerable, they always want to hold onto something. I clung onto Logan, but I was always conscious of our relationship." Paige stared at a lamp. "It wasn't until a year later, on Cory and Ivy's birthday, when I got too happy and drank too much, bought a plane ticket, and flew to find Logan."

Paige paused.

"It rained heavily that day. Logan said I showed up at his apartment door like a soaked puppy." This memory seemed beautiful to Paige, and she smiled as she spoke. "We

spent a perfect night together. Remember when you asked me where I'd been those few days? I had stayed in his apartment for four days."

Rosalynn listened solemnly, "So that was the first day of four years?"

"Yeah," Paige nodded. "In fact, our relationship had been going bad in the past year. Our plans were disrupted because of our parents pushing for marriage. I wanted to tell my mom and Uncle Sutton, but Logan refused. He kept asking me to wait. But then he suddenly started looking for a partner and went on blind dates. So, I'm not waiting anymore."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Rosalynn felt heartbroken seeing Paige like this.

Paige had always been optimistic, but now she looked utterly heartbroken.

"Logan didn't agree." Paige said, tears streaming down her face. "I'm done listening to him now."

Rosalynn hadn't really interacted with Logan.

She wouldn't say she knew him well. But just listening to Paige's fragmented stories, she intuitively thought that Logan couldn't be a good guy.

Paige was young and naive, but he wasn't. He was only worrying about their parents now, but what about before?

"Paige, don't walk into the abyss," Rosalynn said gently, "He's not worth it."

"Yeah, he's not worth it," Paige repeated.

The more Rosalynn thought about it, the angrier she became.

"I can't take it anymore, I'm gonna find him and beat him up!" Rosalynn said as she tried to get up.

Paige grabbed her hand, eyes filled with tears, "Just let it go."

Rosalynn looked at her, frowning deeply.

"Throughout these years, besides being terrified sometimes, I was happy," Paige said earnestly, "That's enough."

Rosalynn sat back down and smiled wordlessly.

Paige smiled back.

Rosalynn looked at her, "You need to cheer up and date a handsome guy to piss Logan off!"

Paige sighed, contemplating, "That seems reasonable."

Rosalynn kept quiet. She was just joking.

"So, let's do it! I need to find a young and handsome guy to date!" Paige excitedly thought, "Forget about the old dudes!" Rosalynn laughed out loud.

"How about I play matchmaker for you?" Rosalynn raised her eyebrows.

The memories of the past appeared in their minds.

Paige laughed, "You know what, I did find some good men for you back then. They're all getting married one by one now, and the ones that aren't married are engaged. They're all good men suitable to be husbands!"

Paige shook her head as she spoke, "What a pity I didn't think of keeping one for myself back then. If I had, I wouldn't have ended up with Logan."

Rosalynn put her arm around her shoulder, "It's not too late now. You're so great, it shouldn't be hard for you to find a good man!"

Late at night.

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Rosalynn sneaked into her son and daughter's room, took them both to her own room, and slept with them.

Paige had too much to drink, had a headache, and couldn't sleep.

She sat by the window, reading the messages that Logan had sent.

Logan: [Pick up the phone, let's talk.]

Logan: [I was just trying to deal with your mom and my dad.]

Logan: [Will you keep treating me like this?]

Logan: [Please stop, I'm already exhausted.]

Logan usually didn't say much. Their chat logs were few and far between.

Today, he had already said a lot.

Paige sighed and started typing: [Brother, I've thought about it. I think this is it.]

Each word was like a knife cutting through her heart.

She finished typing, her vision blurred by tears.

About ten minutes later, Paige finally sent the message.

She hugged her knees, waiting for Logan's reply.

Logan usually had a regular schedule and should have been asleep by now.

She didn't expect to get a reply, but soon, someone sent a message.

Paige glanced at it, and saw that Logan had only said one thing: [OK]

Paige laughed, thinking maybe he had been waiting for her to speak up?

With tears in her eyes, Paige picked up her phone and deleted Logan's contact. Then, she deleted all the photos of her and Logan from the private album.

Paige looked out the window, taking a long breath.

It was as if she had just woken up from a long dream in this spring day.

The next morning.

Paige had dark circles under her eyes as she ate breakfast in the dining room, using a beauty instrument to reduce swelling.

"You drank too much." Rosalynn drifted to her side.

"You drank and cried, too, but why do you look perfectly fine?" Paige said, grinding her teeth.

"It's because I'm prettier." Rosalynn brewed a cup of black coffee.

Paige huffed, "Are the kids still asleep?"

"Ivy is still sleeping. Cory is up and brushing his teeth."

“Cory will inherit the Jared Group in the future, right?” Paige said with admiration, “He’s so young and already has the air of a CEO.”

Rosalynn smiled, “My son can do whatever he wants in the future.”

“Who knows, he might even end up owning Bane Corporation too.” Paige lowered her voice.

Rosalynn’s smile vanished instantly: “Whoever wants that can have it.”

Paige laughed. She finished her juice, “I have to go get ready. Having an important client to meet today.”

With determination, Paige went upstairs to put on makeup.

On the stairs, she met Cory.

“Good morning.”

Paige bent down and kissed Cory’s cheek. “Good morning, Cory!”

Watching Paige walk away, he stood on the stairs for a moment before returning to the bathroom to wash his face again.

When he came out again.

He saw Ivy, hugging her stuffed toy, standing at the bathroom door.

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It seems like she hasn’t fully woken up.

“Good morning,” Cory said.

“Cory, I think I sleepwalked last night,” Ivy mumbled, “I ended up in Mom’s bed.”

“Are you stupid?” Cory walked over and poked her forehead with his finger and said, “Mom carried you there.”

“Oh.”

Ivy nodded, went barefoot back to her room.

Cory followed, thinking she had woken up, but...

Ivy collapsed onto her bed and fell back asleep.

Rosalynn was busy today too. After having breakfast with Cory, she went upstairs to check on Ivy.

"Ivy?" Rosalynn called gently.

Ivy found it difficult to open her eyes and called out, "Mom..."

"I need to go to work now," her mother replied.

Despite the challenge, Ivy managed to sit up, wrapping her arms around Rosalynn's neck and planting a kiss on her cheek. "Mommy, do your best," she whispered.

Rosalynn noticed how tired Ivy was, but she smiled and returned the kisses on her cheek twice.

"Alright, go back to sleep."

As Rosalynn walked to the door, Ivy buried her head in her pillow and resumed sleeping.

Rosalynn tilted her head and looked at her tenderly.

But soon after, she thought of the scene when Wayne was holding her.

Rosalynn sighed, closed the bedroom door, went to change into her work attire, and drove to the studio.

Ivy had spent all day outside yesterday and exhausted too much energy.

Now, she slept soundly until the sun was shining bright.

After waking up, Ivy rubbed her eyes and sat up.

Seeing her awake, Laura approached her with a smile and asked, "Miss, you're awake? Would you like some cake?"

Ivy nodded, and Laura went downstairs to get the cake.

Ivy got up to brush her teeth and wash her face.

Her gaze was attracted by a small backpack hanging by her bed.

It was the one that uncle had bought for her when they were at the amusement park.

Ivy got a little upset, walked over, took off the backpack, put it on her back then patted it gently.

Ivy paused, noticing there was something in the bag. She unzipped it, reached in and pulled out a black card with golden lettering.

The card had the words 'Bane Corporation' and a phone number on it.

It read: Wayne, Executive CEO of Bane Capital, and his phone number.

Ivy remembered that the lady who auctioned off the painting called that uncle Wayne.

And that evil lady called him Wayne too.

So this must be that uncle's business card!!!

Ivy bounced up with delight, after realizing it.

"Miss, your cake is here!"

Ivy quickly hid the business card.

She ate the cake and started thinking.

Even if she had his business card, how could she contact him if she didn't have a phone?

At the same time, Ivy's painting was delivered to Wayne's house.

He had registered his old address as his previous villa, which he had barely been to in years.

Receiving the call, Wayne went there after finishing work.

"Mr. Silverman, this is a card from Ivy, in gratitude for your support of the educational charity activity."

Wayne took the card.

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Ivy was really thoughtful; she even drew pretty little flowers on the envelope.

“It’s cute,” Wayne said as he put the card away.

The card wasn’t specifically for him, and the content seemed pretty official. It looked like it was prepared before the auction.

After delivering the painting, the manager left quickly.

Wayne found an empty room and had a servant place the painting inside. After thinking about it, he had someone carefully hang it up.

People say that time can heal all wounds, but Wayne was in pain. Time didn’t seem to help him overcome the pain of losing Rosalynn. In fact, day by day, he only seemed to fall deeper.

The next day, Rosalynn was invited to visit FreshBite.

As soon as her assistant, Lola, got out of the car, she ran into Olivia.

Seeing Rosalynn, Olivia didn’t seem surprised and didn’t seem as flustered as last time. She confidently reached out her hand to Rosalynn, “Gabiella, we meet again.”

Lola looked at Rosalynn.

With a calm expression, Rosalynn shook Olivia’s hand, “Hello, Ms. Whaley.”

After their friendly handshake, Olivia said graciously, “Mr. Tucker is already waiting for us, let’s go together.”

“Okay.”

Olivia pretended to be familiar with Mr. Tucker, hoping to see some displeasure on Gabiella’s face, and if she looked lost, that would be even better.

With a warm smile, Olivia lowered her head.

Gabiella seemed to know that she was coming back, showing no surprise or shock – had Mr. Tucker told her secretly? “Ms. Jared, have you been to the H City before?” Olivia asked casually as they walked side by side.

“Of course, the H City is an international financial metropolis,” Rosalynn replied.

Olivia looked at her.

She answered very easily, without any strangeness.

“Oh yeah, Ms. Jared comes from an investment banking background, so of course you’ve been to the H City. You can see I get easily confused when I see a beautiful woman,” Olivia said with a laugh.

Rosalynn laughed along, “Ms. Whaley, you’re flattering yourself? Last time I saw you, I was so surprised I thought I had a long-lost sister and even asked my elders.”

Olivia wanted to respond, but Rosalynn continued, “However, Ms. Whaley, you’ve changed quite a bit these years, and I barely recognized you that day.”

Olivia hesitated, “You’ve seen me before?”

“Just by chance, I attended an art exhibition you organized and saw you from a distance,” Rosalynn answered.

Olivia gave a stiff smile.

“My husband prefers me this way, so...” Olivia instinctively replied.

But as soon as she said it, she stopped herself.

Wasn’t she now looking like what Rosalynn used to be?

“Is the president of Bane Corporation, Mr. Silverman, right?” Rosalynn asked with a smile, “I’ve read about you guys in gossip news; you’re both quite the talented and good-looking couple.”

Hearing this, Olivia suddenly regained her confidence.

“Thank you, Ms. Jared.”

She didn’t deny her and Wayne’s romantic gossip at all.

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At this moment, Mr. Brandon came out with a few major shareholders.

Seeing that the two women arrived together, Mr. Brandon’s smile froze.

Then he asked his secretary, "Weren't they scheduled for one in the morning and one in the afternoon? How did you arrange this?"

"I don't know why Ms. Whaley came in the morning..." The secretary felt a headache coming on.

"Mr. Brandon, I just finished some errands nearby, so I thought I'd come by early. I didn't expect to run into Ms. Gabriella in the parking lot, so we came together," explained Olivia calmly.

"Oh, I see." Mr. Brandon dismissed it casually.

"Mr. Brandon, it's getting late. Shall we start the tour?" Rosalynn went straight to the point.

Mr. Brandon saw her calm demeanor and secretly breathed a sigh of relief. He thought to himself, "She's a woman from a wealthy family, after all."

During the tour, Olivia chatted with Mr. Tucker, while Rosalynn was quiet. However, whenever she asked a question, it was sharp and thought-provoking.

At first, Olivia felt she had the upper hand. Slowly, however, she began to feel that things were going wrong.

Rosalynn spoke little, but she controlled the entire pace of the tour.

As the tour was drawing to an end, Olivia wanted to join in the conversation but couldn't find a suitable topic.

When the tour ended at noon, Mr. Brandon offered to treat them to lunch, but Rosalynn declined.

"Sorry, Mr. Brandon. I have another client to meet this afternoon and need to prepare the materials. Maybe next time, it'll be my treat."

"Since you're not available, I won't keep you, Ms. Gabriella. Let's catch up another time," Mr. Brandon didn't insist either.

However, Olivia had no intention of leaving.

She couldn't discuss business with Gabriella...

Mr. Tucker had a great time chatting with Gabriella.

Obviously, she knew more about FreshBite than Olivia did, and she was more thorough and meticulous.

So he wanted to talk more deeply with Gabriella over lunch.

At the same time, he didn't want to give up on Olivia.

Simply put, Olivia had control over Bane Corporation's capital, a very wealthy company. Deeply rooted in H Country, it was an enterprise Mr. Brandon wanted to befriend even more than the Jared Group.

Rosalynn got into the car.

Lola glanced at Olivia outside the window.

"Mr. Brandon's secretary just told me that Ms. Whaley was supposed to come in the afternoon."

Rosalynn flipped through the files in her hand, "Everyone has their own strategies. There's no need to discuss it. We just have to do our own proposal well."

"I see," Lola nodded.

"There's a private dinner party I'm attending tonight. Can you host the afternoon meeting for me?" Rosalynn changed the subject.

"Got it."

The car transported Rosalynn back home..

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Ivy and Cory had already left with Paige, who took them to visit her grandmother.

Rosalynn proceeded to the cloakroom, selecting a champagne fishtail strapless dress. She then arranged for a makeup artist and stylist to come to her house.

The private dinner party was intended for one of Hilaria's longtime acquaintances. Since Hilaria couldn't make it due to severe weather conditions in her time zone, she had asked Rosalynn to attend on her behalf.

Once her makeup was complete and she was dressed to perfection, Rosalynn adorned herself with matching jewelry. Checking the time, she summoned the driver to come pick her up.

Just as she was about to depart, Cory and Ivy returned home.

"Wow! Mom, you look so beautiful!" Ivy exclaimed, rushing to Rosalynn's side and embracing her legs while gazing up at her in awe.

Rosalynn smiled warmly and gently pinched her little one's soft cheek.

"How is your grandma?" she inquired, directing her question to Paige.

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"Everything's fine." Paige paused for a moment, "Cory, take Ivy to wash her hands and face."

Cory replied and went off.

"What happened?" After the kids left, Rosalynn asked in a low voice.

"Good lord, the way things are going..." Paige sighed, "Ivy and Cory met Wayne's grandma."

"What?!" Rosalynn was astonished.

Paige held her forehead, "Not only did they meet her, but Ivy even volunteered to tell stories to the old lady!"

At the time, Ivy and Cory were still at the hospital having lunch with Granny Owens, and then they went to the hospital's small garden.

At that time, most of the patients were taking their naps in their wards, so there weren't many people in the small garden.

When Paige arrived with Ivy and Cory, they happened to overhear a nurse chatting with a middle-aged woman.

"I think the patient might not last more than a few months," the nurse said.

"Her grandson probably knows this, which is why he called us to come for hospice care," the middle-aged woman replied.

"Is there really a need for hospice care when she's already lost her consciousness?" the nurse shook her head in doubt.

Hearing this, Ivy's hand, which was holding Paige's finger, clenched involuntarily.

She looked out across the corridor at the old lady sitting in the wheelchair under the sun.

At first glance, Ivy was a bit scared.

The old woman was very thin, as if she was just skin hanging on bones.

“What’s ‘hospice care’?” Ivy looked up at Paige and asked.

Paige, busy with work messages, replied without thinking, “Caring for a dying person before their very last moments is called ‘hospice care.’ It’s meant to help them pass away peacefully.”

“Oh.” Ivy nodded thoughtfully.

“You go play, but don’t leave my sight.” Paige let go of Ivy’s hand and told Cory, “Cory, be careful not to fall, and remember to look after your sister.”

“Okay.”

Cory nodded.

Ivy ran into the small garden, and Cory reluctantly followed.

After a while, Ivy wiggled left and right and then approached Old Mrs. Silverman.

In recent days, Old Mrs. Silverman’s spirits had been fairly good. Despite some confusion, she would greet Ivy with a kind smile.

With her wide, sparkling eyes, Ivy glanced at Old Mrs. Silverman and noticed the children’s book on her lap.

“Do you like reading this book too?” Ivy asked, her eyes filled with excitement.

Old Mrs. Silverman didn’t quite catch Ivy’s words and mistakenly thought the child wanted the book. She trembled as she picked it up and handed it to Ivy, saying, “Here you go...”

Cory stepped forward and intervened, “Thank you, my lady, but we don’t need it.”

He then took hold of Ivy’s hand and continued, “Ivy, let’s not disturb her rest. Let’s go play over there.” However, Ivy suddenly broke free from her brother’s grasp and darted back towards Old Mrs. Silverman.

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“My lady, let me tell you a story! I can tell stories really well!”

By the time Paige had come over, Ivy had already told two fairy tales at a leisurely pace.

“Sorry for the disturbance!”

Paige picked up Ivy and quickly apologized.

At this point, the nurse saw what was happening and came over as well.

“Who are you?” The nurse’s tone was somewhat unfriendly.

“You’re a nurse?” Paige held Ivy and looked the nurse up and down, “The sun is so strong at noon, and you left the elderly person sitting here all alone. My five-year-old kid feels bad for her and runs over to take care of her!”

The nurse didn’t respond. She had intended to scold them, but instead, she got scolded.

“Have some sense. She’s already so old. If something happens to her, can you handle it?” After saying that, Paige took the two kids and left.

But the moment they turned to leave, the old lady in the wheelchair suddenly spoke up.

“Rosa, don’t go!”

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Paige was taken aback and looked back subconsciously.

She saw the old lady with an anxious expression, struggling to get up, reaching out her hand to her: “Rosa, come back!”

“Ma’am, Rosa is still on a business trip abroad. She’ll be back soon. Let’s sit down first...”

Rosa?

Paige looked at the old woman and suddenly realized her identity.

This was none other than Old Mrs. Silverman, who had once been extremely powerful and almost equally matched with Hilaria.

Turns out, Ivy was quite the family detective. After returning to the country, she met her father and then her great-grandmother.

“What would you like?” Rosalynn asked, curious to know.

“A cell phone!” Ivy responded without hesitation. “With a cell phone, I can always reach you, Mommy.”

Of course, she also wanted to be able to contact that handsome uncle.

“At most, I’ll buy you a smartwatch!” Paige playfully tapped Ivy on the back of her head. “Don’t try to fool me. What five-year-old needs a cell phone?”

Ivy looked at Paige with resentment. Then she turned her gaze back to Rosalynn, looking pitiful again.

“You’re too young, phones are not allowed. Think of something else?” Rosalynn gently persuaded her.

Ivy hung her head; she knew it would end like this...

“Mommy, you go to work; I’ll talk to my sister.” Cory walked over from behind.

“Okay, thanks, my son.” Rosalynn patted Ivy’s head, got up, told Paige a few words, and left.

As soon as she left.

Ivy and Paige had a standoff.

Both of them, with folded arms, glaring at each other.

“What do you want a phone for?” Paige asked.

“I’m not telling you!”

Ivy humphed and turned her head stubbornly with her arms still crossed.

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Cory didn’t really try to persuade his sister, just lost in thought.

His sister wanted a cell phone, and he had the money to buy her one.

But, she probably wanted to use the phone to contact that man, right?

After hesitating for about a second, Cory dismissed the idea of buying a cell phone for his sister.

If his suspicions were true, he would never want his sister to see or contact that person again in his life.

On her way to the banquet, Rosalynn was a bit absent-minded.

She never expected that, after so many years, Old Mrs. Silverman still had her in mind.

What merits did she have...

The banquet was held in a winery, in celebration of Hilaria's friend's golden wedding anniversary.

Rosalynn stepped out of the car and instantly became the center of attention, drawing many admiring gazes.

The hosts, a joyful couple, approached her without delay.

"You must be Gabriella, am I right?" Mrs. Lawrence's face radiated warmth and affection, making her appear younger than her actual age. It was likely because she was immersed in the bliss of love.

"Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. Lawrence, congratulations on your golden wedding," Rosalynn greeted them warmly, presenting the gift that Hilaria had prepared. "Granny couldn't make it because she's stuck at the airport, so she asked me to convey her blessings."

"No problem, we've been friends for decades. We don't mind these formalities." Mr. Lawrence laughed heartily.

Mrs. Lawrence sized Rosalynn up and down: "Hilari hid such a beautiful granddaughter for more than twenty years! If I had known she had such a beautiful granddaughter, I would have fought for my good-for-nothing grandson to have a chance."

In all modesty, Mrs. Lawrence's grandson was a world-renowned lawyer.

"Granny, don't bother. Ms. Gabriella is already married." A high-profiled, bejeweled woman swayed over at that moment.

Lizzy Lawrence, she was the youngest child of the Lawrence family and Mrs. Lawrence's biological granddaughter.

"Ah?" Mrs. Lawrence was taken aback, then scolded her granddaughter, "Stop talking nonsense!"

“The gossip magazines reported it, and I’m curious too. Gabriella, is this just nonsense?” Lizzy looked at Rosalynn with a challenging expression. Rosalynn couldn’t recall if she had ever met Ms. Lawrence.

Nor did she know if she had ever offended her.

But she knew that Ms. Lawrence had offended her.

“Ms. Lawrence, you should pay less attention to gossip magazines reports.” Rosalynn smiled faintly.

Lizzy wanted to say something, but her grandmother pulled her arm.

Mrs. Lawrence looked at Rosalynn and said, “Go inside and have a seat. The dinner will start soon.”

“Alright.” Rosalynn nodded gently.

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Later, under the guidance of the usher, Rosalynn went inside.

As soon as Rosalynn left, Ms. Lawrence burst out, “Granny, why did you stop me?”

“Are you crazy?” Mrs. Lawrence scolded her. “Do you know who she is? In a few years, Hilaria will hand the entire Jared Group over to her without any hesitation. The Lawrence family isn’t as glorious as before, and you younger generations are mostly incapable. We, the Lawrence family, have to rely on the Jared Group for our livelihood! Hilaria told me that her granddaughter’s personality is like hers, holding grudges. You offended her now, do you want her to kick us out after she takes over the Jared Group?”

Lizzy gritted her teeth in anger.

“Last year, when I graduated, I worked on a takeover case that I could have won big, but she snatched it away halfway!”

At that time, Lizzy had just graduated, full of ambition but with nowhere to vent.

When she started the takeover case, she was telling everyone to wait for her victory party.

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But Lizzy hadn't anticipated that while working on a separate merger case, Gabriella nonchalantly included the one she was competing to win, causing her a complete loss of face. This incident caused Lizzy to develop a deep resentment towards Gabriella.

"Hmph, she brought it upon herself!" Mrs. Lawrence responded coldly.

"What do you mean, skill?" Lizzy sneered, glancing at Rosalynn's elegant figure illuminated by the light. In that moment, Rosalynn's fair complexion seemed to radiate a glow, and the brilliance of her jewelry appeared slightly diminished. "Are you referring to her skills in the bedroom?"

"Shut up!" Mrs. Lawrence's face turned pale with anger.

Mr. Lawrence quickly came to mediate: "It's such a good day, let's not be angry!"

Lizzy didn't want to upset her grandmother, so she simply shut her mouth.

A lot of prominent people came to the party today.

On her way here, she didn't know how many people she had heard discussing Gabriella.

This is her first time formally appearing in this circle.

Lizzy thought for a moment and laughed darkly.

The first time is so important. She must seize the opportunity to make Gabriella embarrass herself big time!

Then her grandmother suddenly changed the subject: "Lizzy, if you're not busy, take some champagne and good wine to your elder brother."

"Doesn't he have servants?" Lizzy expressed her reluctance to move.

"He's bringing a distinguished guest today, and I thought it would be appropriate for you to make an appearance!" Mrs. Lawrence complained.

"What distinguished guest?" Lizzy always looked down on her brother.

A high-profile lawyer, after all, no matter how prestigious the law firm, isn't he just working for others?

"Your elder brother is now a legal advisor to Bane Corporation, and today the president of Bane Corporation is also attending the dinner to make an appearance."

The old man chimed in happily.

“Wayne?” Lizzy’s attitude immediately changed.

“Right.” Mrs. Lawrence answered.

Wayne is now a celebrity in the financial circle.

“I’ll deliver the wine right now!”

Lizzy didn’t want to wait for another second.

She had met Wayne before and had a very good impression of him.

If she could get on good terms with Wayne, she wouldn’t have to worry for the rest of her life.

As soon as Lizzy left, Mr. Lawrence looked helplessly at his wife: “I heard that Wayne has a steady woman by his side, so why bother?”

“Are you talking about Olivia?” Mrs. Lawrence scoffed, “Is she fit to marry into the Silverman family? Look at how she’s been with Wayne for so many years without getting a proper title. You can imagine what her status is with Wayne. A nice way to put it is a female companion, a not-so-nice way is a bed partner...”

Mr. Lawrence moved his mouth but didn’t dare to refute his wife’s words.

In the elegant room on the second floor, Wayne swayed his champagne glass.

He looked at the scene outside the rose window, where the lights covered everything.

“Wayne, take a guess, who are the prestigious guests my grandparents invited today?” Hector Lawrence entered the room with a smile.

Without waiting for Wayne’s answer, he answered himself: “Hilaria’s granddaughter, Gabriella. I just saw her in person, and she’s... so beautiful it makes me regret getting married too early!”

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Novel

Score 9.0