

First Heir 19

The First Heir

Chapter 19

Today was Saturday. Wynn got up very early to start putting on makeup in the bathroom.

Philip came out from the bedroom to coax his daughter, who was making a fuss. "Isn't it your off-day today? Why did you wake up so early?" Philip was carrying his daughter as he stood at the bathroom door and asked.

Wynn answered without looking at him. "I have to go back to the office today and meet a client in the afternoon." She then looked at herself, left and right in the mirror. She put on her lipstick, then pursed her lips.

This woman was gorgeous. Even with light makeup, she was still as endearing as a fairy.

Wynn squeezed past Philip, hastily took her bag and put on her high heels. "Oh, right. Go over to the gallery today to help my dad out. Let Lynn look after Mila. I've already informed her last night. She will be over at about ten."

"Come back earlier, Mama." Little Mila was still in Philip's arms as she waved at Wynn with her adorable and fair little arm. Dimples appeared on her tiny cheeks as she smiled innocently.

Wynn had been rushing about, getting ready to leave. When she heard that gentle word 'Mama', she kissed Mila on the cheeks before reluctantly leaving.

"Don't forget to

replied, "Got it.

the door of their tiny seventy square foot house, Philip watched Wynn leave. Philip lovingly patted to ride a horsie." Little Mila

the money to start a business. Although the business failed, they still had a house, a home. But this home was now in

staying with Mila for about two hours, the doorbell rang. The door opened to reveal Lynn standing there haughtily in thick makeup. She shoved Philip aside as she went in. The girl was wearing extremely much? Do young girls dress

down on the sofa. She first glared at Mila, who was playing with her toys at one side, then she glared resentfully at Philip. "I'll

sheepishly and took out the snacks he had prepared like he was coaxing his great grandmother. "I'll be back really soon." Philip then walked over to Mila, who looked a little scared. He squatted down to pat her head and smiled. "Mila,

TV while eating chips. The little girl then took tiny steps to hand the toy in her hand to Lynn, saying in a babyish voice, "Aunty, this is

a scornful glare without taking the

other a child, did not connect in any way. Lynn kept complaining to her boyfriend about having to take care of a brat through a video call. When Mila ran around the house, Lynn would yell at her. When Mila wanted a drink of water, Lynn had Mila get it herself. When Mila broke the glass, Lynn got up and kicked her, yelling, "Little b*tch! Your dad's trash, and so are