

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 1061

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Chapter 1061

Paige walked **up** to Bailie, threw her arms around him, and planted a kiss on his lips. "Why are you still awake?"

It's almost 1 a.m.

"I was waiting for you **to** come home for supper." Bailie replied softly, "I went to your favorite BBQ joint and brought back **a** lot."

"You went all the way to the south of the city?" Paige asked, surprised.

It took an hour and a half to go back and forth from Old Town.

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"Well, I was free after wrapping up my work, so I waited until the kids were asleep and went there," Bailie added, grinning. "I also learned how to make cappuccino online. I think I did a pretty good job."

"Really? Where is it? I want to try it right away!"

Rosalyn watched as Bailie and Paige headed to the kitchen, a smirk on her face.

"Paige really hit the jackpot this time."

The happiness that Bailie brought to Paige was evident to Rosalyn.

He didn't put on the appearance of being mature.

He always put Paige **first**.

Wayne watched Rosalyn.

In her eyes, besides happiness, there was a hint of envy.

He pondered over it.

She used to be like Paige—always full of him in her heart.

If he had understood earlier, perhaps they wouldn't be in this difficult situation now.

“What are you looking at?”

Then Rosalyn noticed his gaze.

She looked at Wayne, somewhat annoyed.

Wayne looked innocent. “You should give me a hug and a kiss too.”

He was just saying it for the heck of **it**, **not** really expecting anything.

But...

“Bow your

head,” Rosalyn gestured to him.

Wayne was a bit taken aback but obediently bowed his head.

Rosalyn then gave him a peck on the forehead.

After that, Rosalyn walked off to the dining room as if nothing had happened.

Paige, brimming with excitement, poured her a cup of cappuccino: “Honey, Bailie is a genius, this is even better than the ones sold at the cafe!” Rosalyn took it with a smile.

Out of the corner of her eye, Rosalyn saw that Wayne was still standing there, unmoved

.

This made her even happier.

Maybe because they had faced difficulties together, Wayne's behavior had been pretty decent lately, and her resolve had weakened.

Harmonious parents can influence a child's attitude toward relationships.

Like Grant's family, none of his three sons had a normal love life.

If someone said there was no correlation, Rosalyn wouldn't believe it.

"This is good." Rosalyn took a sip of the cappuccino and was genuinely impressed.

Paige looked proud.

"Of course, Bailie selected top-grade coffee and used a scientific approach to get this taste!"

Rosalyn gave Bailie a thumbs up.

"Hmm, why did Wayne go upstairs?" Paige looked towards the living room and asked, "Isn't **he** having supper?" Rosalyn was taken aback..

She turned around, and sure enough, Wayne was no longer **in** the living room.

"Did he feel inferior because he can't make a cappuccino?" Paige whispered.

Rosalyn thought for a moment.

"You start eating, I'll go check on him."

"Alright!"

Chapter 1062

Paige nodded in agreement.

Once Rosalyn had left.

Bailie picked some meat that Paige loved from the grill, put it on a small plate, and handed it to Paige

Seeing this, Paige threw her arms around Bailie's neck and kissed him a few times

Seeing Paige in a good mood. Bailie breathed a sigh of relief.

“Babe, Grant came to see me today,” Baile said, his arm around her waist. “He tried to stir things up between us, he even showed me a photo of you and Logan.” “A photo?” Paige frowned immediately.

Baile fed

Paige a piece of meat, then continued, “He even tried to rat me out to my parents. I had to give them a call.”

Your parents know too? Alarm bells began to ring in Paige’s mind.

“Yep.” Bailie seemed to remember something and started to laugh. “They’re actually arguing about it at home right now.”

“They’re not thinking of making us divorce, are they?...” Paige’s mood plunged.

“No, Bailie quickly said. “I just found out today that my grandpa once adopted a boy.”

Bailie leaned into Paige’s ear and whispered, “My mom dated him when she was a teenager. My dad knew...”

“What?” Paige’s eyes widened.

Then Bailie told Paige about the last time they attended a banquet and how one man’s flamboyant outfit greatly annoyed his dad. Today’s revelation from Grant further upset his father, and they ended up arguing.

“Damn Grant, he’s good for nothing!” Paige gritted her teeth.

“Don’t worry,” Bailie said. “Karma’s already got him.”

“Huh?” Paige looked puzzled.

Bailie fed her another piece of meat.

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“How did your thing go today?” He then skillfully changed the subject.

“You knew what we were doing?” Paige was surprised.

“Somewhat,” Bailie answered calmly.

“I was too embarrassed to tell you about it, Mr. Physics Whiz,” Paige grumbled.

Bailie was once again charmed by her cuteness.

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“Well, I hereby give you special permission to tell me about your superstitious activities. Who knows, I might even be able to help you from a physics perspective,” Bailie said seriously. Paige laughed at this.

Then she kissed Bailie and said, “Bailie, you’re the best!”

Bailie watched her laugh, then he rubbed his nose against hers.

“By the way...” Paige remembered her meeting with Logan: “Tomorrow, I’m going to meet Logan with Rosalyn.”

Bailie’s smile faded slightly. “Is it necessary?”

“Yes!” Paige nodded. “But **don’t** worry, I have no feelings for Logan. I *only* like you, only you, and only you!”

The next day.

After hearing Paige’s story, Rosalyn asked, “And he agreed?”

Yeah, Paige nodded, “That’s great.”

Rosalyn gave her a thumbs-up.

Only those in love can understand the feelings of others **in** love. This was the best solution to all love problems.

Every story had two sides.

When Rosalyn went upstairs, she checked on the kids first.

Then she went to her own room.

Wayne was already lying on the bed.

She went over to him and gently patted his shoulder. “What’s wrong? Did someone upset you?”

It was his idea to let her kiss him. She kissed him, and then he got mad. Men really can’t be spoiled too much.

Wayne patted the edge of the bed.

Rosalyn had no choice but to lie down next to him.

Wayne looked at her, his beautiful eyes were a bit red.

“Have you been crying?” Rosalyn asked.

Wayne shook his head, still looking at her. Then he asked, “Babe, when you kissed me just now, does that mean you’re willing to give me another chance?”

Chapter 1063

His voice quivered with emotion

Tears shimmered in his eyes

Rosalyn watched him a sense of helplessness filling her heart.

But she nodded anyway

The next second. Wayne pulled her into a tight embrace

Rosalyn hesitated for a moment, then gently hugged him back “Wayne, we need to start living our lives right.”

She didn’t list a bunch of conditions like she did last **time**

What’s the point of saying all that?

Things had already happened

“Uh huht

Wayne nodded vigorously, burying his face in Rosalyn’s neck

I won’t let you down again,” Wayne’s voice choked out.

President Silverman, are you really going to cry?’ Rosalyn patted his back lightly.

Im just so happy “Wayne paused, then added with a hint of grievance, “I was really scared, you know I was scared that you would never forgive me, that you would always be cold to me.” Wayne tightened his arms around her, burying his head even deeper.

I’m sorry..

He had so many apologies to give.

Rosalyn patted him again. “You’re hugging me so tight I can barely breathe.”

Hearing this, Wayne immediately loosened his grip a bit but didn’t let go.

“Are you okay now?” Rosalyn asked. “If you’re okay, I’m going to get some pizza and a cappuccino. I’m tired from the whole day...”

“Wait a bit longer. We still have things to discuss.” Wayne lifted his head and kissed Rosalyn. “We should talk more.”

“Quit it, I have to get up early tomorrow.” Rosalyn’s palm rested on Wayne’s face.

“Quit what?” Wayne asked with a mischievous grin.

Rosalyn gave him a silent stare, then grabbed his collar, pulling him closer. ‘Of course, I’m talking about what we didn’t finish in the wine cellar because of your hesitation.’ Wayne had wanted to tease Rosalyn a bit.

But she was too quick, retaliating immediately.

He helplessly buried his head in her neck again, gently kissing her ear.

“If I had to choose again, I would still have given up that day,” Wayne whispered. “Rosalyn, there’s nothing more important to me than you, not even our child.”

His voice was tender and serious.

Rosalyn believed that he meant every word.

She reached up and gently stroked his hair. “I know.”

Rosalyn had spent the entire day running around, finding people, arranging locations, setting up filming equipment, and decorating the venue.

She was utterly exhausted.

Returning to a place that brought her comfort, she was overwhelmed with fatigue.

Rosalyn thought about the delicious—smelling pizza and the tasty cappuccino she should have been enjoying, all ruined by Wayne’s clinginess...

Rosalyn struggled up and took a bath.

She had intended to stay awake until her hair was dry, but she didn’t make it.

Seeing her fall asleep, Wayne fetched the hairdryer, turned on the warm air, and gently dried her hair.

Then Wayne laid back down next to her, held her tight, and kissed her over and over.

Then, satisfied, he fell asleep.

In the early morning.

Rosalyn was the first to wake up.

She stirred a little in Wayne's arms, and he woke instantly.

"What time is it?"

Rosalyn's hand was still on Wayne's waist. Wayne grabbed his phone to check the time, then put it back, gave Rosalyn a couple of gentle kisses, and then answered, "It's 7.30." "We should get up." Rosalyn gently nudged Wayne. "You should go check."

Wayne grunted in response, "You sleep a bit more. I'll wake you when breakfast is ready."

"Alright."

Chapter 1064

Rowan mulded

Wayne planted a few more

Realen could help but chuckle

before hopping out of bed full of energy

hummed a tuneless song

@kids room

their hair all over the place

With a spring in his step Wayne entered

Both children were awake

"Morning sweetheart" Wayne gently tousled Ivy's

their beds in a daze

"Where's my mom Ivy asked straight away.

"Your moms still sleeping, it's Dad

Ivy's eyes sparkled "Really? Did

Ume with

Wayne eagerly wanted to share with his child, "She has forgiven me."

Adorably, Ivy kissed her own fingers.

Warne nodded with pride.

"Ewww!" Ivy covered her mouth, shrinking her neck

Cory had already gone downstairs.

Both Rosalyn and Wayne were deeply concerned about Cory's bone marrow transplant prognosis. The family doctor would come by every

As Wayne was joyfully descending the stairs with Ivy in his arms,

the family doctor was checking on Cory to see if there were any abnormality from the previous day.

Seeing her

dad and sister coming down the stairs, Cory said helplessly, "You should let her walk."

"Just this once!" Wayne immediately responded

"I'm going to tell on you, this isn't the first time you've done this," Hilaria Jated, who was reading the news, mercilessly exposed

"Dear Granny."

"Granny Hilaria!"

Two voices, one helpless, one choking.

The family doctor couldn't help but laugh.

"Mr Silverman, Cory is still doing well"

"That's good to hear, thank you for your hard work" Wayne still maintained his aloof demeanor in front of outsiders.

The family doctor finished his work and left.

Not long after, Cory also found out that Wayne and Rosalyn had made up.

Of course, it was Wayne who told her.

"This is your last chance," Cory said coldly. "Cherish it."

“I promise, I will” Wayne Immediately assured.

At this moment, Granny Owens came out of the kitchen.

She wasn't used to doing anything with servants around.

After she made some porcini mushroom soup, she immediately came out.

Baille also came down from upstairs.

“Did Baille get up?” Granny Owens asked with a loving smile.

“I have work later,” Bailie responded obediently.

“Paige probably won't get up until after eight, she stayed up too late last night.”

“You child, I wouldn't blame her.” Granny Owens was very fond of Bailie protecting Paige.

Baille, Wayne, and Hilaria each had to go to work.

Cory and Ivy had to go to school.

So, this group of people ate breakfast together.

Just before heading out,

Wayne went upstairs to inform Rosalyn.

“Honey, I'm taking the kids to work.” Wayne whispered in Rosalynn's ear. “Breakfast is ready, you can eat when you wake up.”

“Okay,” Rosalyn replied, “I'll come find you for lunch after I'm done with my tasks.”

“Great” Wayne kissed Rosalyn and said, “Abelson will be with you. If you need anything, have him help.”

Rosalyn nodded and waved him off.

Wayne grabbed her hand once more, bringing it to his lips for a kiss, before finally leaving the room.

Chapter 1065

Rosalyn didn't roll out of bed until half past eight

Coincidentally, as she was leaving the house, she bumped into Paige, who was coming down from upstairs.

Morning. Paige said, yawning

“Morning

The two of them went downstairs together

Granny Owens was in the living room, preparing for her class. Upon seeing them, she immediately ushered them into the dining room and brought over a bowl of Morel mushroom soup

Once she sat down, she turned her gaze towards Paige, as if she had something she wanted to say

Realizing her curiosity, Rosalyn candidly **said**, “Granny Owens, she knows. If you have anything to ask, just shoot.”

Does she know “Granny Owens seemed a bit embarrassed. “I just wanted to ask if you’ve found Isis’s parents?”

“We have Rosalyn nodded

After that, she told Granny Owens everything that had happened the day before

Ah I’ve heard before that her family’s financial situation is average, mostly because they have so many children. They’ve had several sons and finally a daughter, but who would’ve thought

“No wonder Granny Ramay was so mad she needed her nitroglycerin pills. Paige muttered under her breath.

In that era, especially in places where boys were favored over girls, families that adored their daughters this much were few and far between.

All in all Grant deserved all the blame!

“You two, be extremely careful when dealing with these matters. Grant may be old, but he’s always been ruthless’ Granny Owens voiced her worries Rosalyn gave a smile.

“Granny Owens, look at that “Rosalyn pointed towards the restaurant’s floor-to-ceiling window where Mike was talking with Abelson: “He alone can take down ten, if they’re like Grant, a hundred would be no problem!”

Granny Owens chuckled at her joke.

“If there were a hundred Grants, what would we do?”

As they chatted, they noticed Paige was daydreaming.

Her mood had improved slightly from yesterday, but it was only temporary.

After breakfast, the two leisurely left the house.

When they arrived at the funeral home, it was exactly the time they had agreed to meet with Logan.

There was a small coffee shop in the funeral home.

Logan had been waiting there for a while, and he seemed a bit flustered when he saw Paige.

He didn't expect Rosalyn to bring Paige along.

"Why are you here?" He asked a bit awkwardly.

"Did you give our photos to Grant?" Paige got straight to the point: "You know he used that photo to confront my husband and Kate, right?"

"Did they give you a hard time?" Logan was taken aback, asking anxiously.

"You wish, they wouldn't" Paige scoffed, "Grant insulted me in front of Bailie, and Bailie smashed his head in."

Logan's face paled slightly. "That's... good, as long as they didn't give you a hard time..."

Paige

Suddenly putting on a pitiful face, she asked "What did you mean by the message you sent to Rosalyn?"

Rosalyn stood to the side, thinking to herself, what a profound change!

Would Paige have talked to Logan like this in the past?

Logan's teaching her was enough.

"It's exactly what it sounds like" Logan looked down and said, "Sit down, let's talk"

Rosalyn and Paige subsequently took their seats.

Logan ordered two drinks.

Chapter 1066

Then he started on the subject: "Ms. Jared, you guys might be onto something. My mom's death could have something to do with Grant."

“What do you mean?” Rosalyn asked

“Actually, I had totally forgotten about the year before my mom died,” Logan said, his hand on the table, subconsciously clenched into a fist. “Maybe Aunty Peyton’s death triggered my memory, and I fully remembered everything yesterday. Now I’m pretty sure that my mom’s death is indeed related to Grant.”

“She was ready at that time, ready to go to Tina...she wouldn’t have killed herself. Logan looked up, instinctively looking at Paige.

He saw the look in Paige’s eyes and suddenly felt a sense of loss.

She was just sitting there, looking at him.

Her eyes no longer held the same love and anticipation they used to.

She really, really didn’t love him anymore.

“So, what are you going to do about Grant?” Rosalyn asked.

“I want... to send him to a mental hospital,” Logan said. “He’s tortured my mother and me for so many years, I can’t accept just letting him die or live comfortably in jail. He ruined my life! I want him to suffer!”

As he spoke, Logan looked at Paige again.

Paige frowned and remained silent.

“He has more than one son. If you send him to a mental hospital, your younger brothers might sneak him out. It’s not a good thing if he goes into hiding with hatred,” Rosalyn said. “But if he really goes crazy. that’s another story.”

Logan was right. The past events, even the most recent ones, happened more than a decade ago.

Evidence and such were impossible to verify now.

Would Peyton’s death be enough to **sentence** Grant to death?

If he were just locked up, indeed, prison would be more comfortable than a mental hospital.

“Really crazy?” Logan frowned. “You mean, do something to his brain?”

“You don’t need to **worry** about that,” Rosalyn said. ‘Is there anything else you want to say to us?’”

Logan shook his head.

“Well, whether we’ll work with you or not depends on your future performance,” Rosalyn finished, taking Paige’s hand and preparing to leave.

“Paige, can I speak to you alone for a moment?”

‘No.’ Paige refused without hesitation: “I promised Bailie I wouldn’t meet with you alone. Just speak up.”

Logan looked at her.

Her love and hatred for someone were very obvious.

I’m sorry...about the photos.”

Paige didn’t say anything and left with Rosalyn.

Logan watched her walk away and whispered, “I’m not getting married anymore...can you forgive me? Give me another chance...I know I was wrong...”

In the end, Logan leaned on the table, desperate and helpless, tears rolling down.

As they left the cafe, Paige sneaked a glance at Logan, who was leaning on the table.

She sighed.

“What’s wrong?” Rosalyn asked gently.

“It’s just...” Paige thought about how to phrase it, then said, “Logan might never understand and that it wasn’t Grant who ruined his expectations.”

It was his constant hesitation, always keeping her at a distance.

Always letting her down.

Constantly blaming her for no reason.

Boldly asking her to wait for him over and over again.

It was those things he might have forgotten that made her lose hope and left her battered and bruised.

“People usually don’t appreciate what they have; only when they lose it do they feel heartbroken,” Rosalyn said, linking arms with Paige. “If he ends up unhappy, it’s his own fault. All you need to do is be happy with Bailie.”

Paige smiled and nodded.

“Oh man, just hearing the word ‘Bailie’ instantly lifts my mood.”

Chapter 1067

Grant hopped between two hospitals and got his noggin checked out thoroughly. Both results were the same.

He was perfectly normal, there was no sign of any neurological damage that might cause hallucinations.

This drove Grant up the wall. He nearly wrecked the office of the second neurologist.

Thank God for Logan and his two brothers, who were there to hold him back.

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Useless doctors, all useless doctors!" Grant cursed as he left the hospital.

Logan glanced at the energy drink in his hand.

Then he looked at the dark circles and bags under Grant's eyes, and his bloodshot eyes

.

"You didn't sleep last night, did you?" Logan asked.

Logan gave him the silent treatment.

Late last night.

He received a very strange video.

At first, he thought it was just a terrifying prank.

Just as he was about to close and delete it, he saw Grant lying on the ground.

Then, Grant was scared back by the ghost named Isis in the video and admitted that he had killed Isis. Logan realized something was off.

Then he saw those tense feet, overlapping with the scenes from his memory.

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'Mom!'

Logan cried out.

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Then, just like admitting to killing Isis, Grant admitted that he had poisoned his mom.

Even though Logan had already anticipated it.

But when he heard Grant admit **it**, it was a different feeling.

“Paige hates **my** guts; sending me to persuade her is like pouring gasoline on a fire,” Logan said.

‘No use!’

Grant was so angry that he stomped his **feet**.

So much money, all gone in three days!

Just thinking **about** it made him want to pull his hair out.

Just then, Grant’s eyes fell on a damp figure standing under the traffic lights across the street.

“Ah!!”

Grant screamed and quickly closed his eyes.

“What the hell are you doing?” Logan frowned, following his gaze, but saw nothing.

There’s a ghost! There’s a ghost over there!” Grant pointed to the traffic lights; a corner of his eye tentatively glanced over again, but there was no damp figure.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” Logan asked in a deep voice, “Dad, tell me now, was Aunty Peyton’s death your doing? Ever since she left, you’ve been spiraling downward. The night I went to the hospital, the nurses were suspecting you of being possessed!”

At the mention of being possessed.

Grant’s hair stood on end.

“Shut up!” he roared. “There are no ghosts. I got hit in the head by Bailie; I need to see a doctor!”

Logan’s brows furrowed.

For some reason, when Grant looked at Logan’s face, he saw Abigail’s shadow for a moment.

“Ah!”

Grant screamed again, then he stepped back several steps: “You’re in **cahoots** with them, you want to harm me too!”

He shouted that, rushed to the side of the road, and hailed a **taxi**.

“Driver, do you know any effective Taoist temples? Drive me there!” Grant quickly said as he got in the car.

He **hadn’t** slept for nearly three days, and he relied on energy drinks every day to keep him going.

He dared not sleep; he was afraid to enter **that** nightmare again.

Those women were all there; what would they do to him?

Those malicious women must hate his guts!

Chapter 1068

He was about to **hit up** a temple, **find** some top-notch shamans, **and off them again**, let **their** souls scatter **into the wind**.

He was pondering **this when the driver in the front** seat **swung** around.

“I **can’t** get **to** a temple, **but hell’s** available!”

The driver’s **face** started to melt, with chunks of flesh falling off, revealing white bone **underneath**. “Ahh!”

Grant screamed, then felt nothing underneath him.

With a splash, he was **back** in the water.

Floating in the murky water hesitation that bloated corpse.

Freaked out, Grant struggled, swimming towards the shore. Behind him, it seemed like the he corpse was staring at him.

Grant felt guilty, thinking the stare was from Peyton. Scrambling onto shore, he found himself in the wilderness.

The sky was gray, behind him was a green river shrouded in fog.

A bloated figure with wild hair was standing in the water, face obscured, seemingly glaring at him.

Grant sat on the ground, backing away.

The figure just stayed **in** the water, as if it **couldn't** get closer.

Suddenly, an idea struck **Grant**: “Ha! You croaked **in** the **water**, so you can't get out!”

After his laughter, he heard a scraping sound behind him.

At this point, Grant was on high alert.

Keeping an eye on the figure in the water, **he** turned in the direction of the noise.

Soon, he saw **a** road about ten steps away and a guy with a shovel digging something.

Thinking he'd found a living person, Grant quickly ran over and asked “Where am I?”

The digging guy didn't respond, he just kept digging.

The closer Grant got, the more familiar the figure seemed.

As his memory resurfaced, he saw a person lying next to the man's feet.

Half the guy's head was smashed in, his face a bloody pulp, and only one eye remained , staring at **Grant**.

“Once... **once**...”

The digging guy was mumbling to himself.

“You'll lie under this road, trampled by people, crushed by cars, forever stuck in limbo!”

“That's what you get for stealing my girl!”

“That's your punishment for killing Abigail!”

“If **you** hadn't come back and seduced her, why would she ever want to leave me and t he kids? You killed her! And you have the nerve to call me the murderer?” Hearing his own voice, Grant was scared again.

“I must be dreaming!”

Backpedaling, he slapped himself hard: “Wake up, Grant! Wake the hell up!!”

Then he accidentally stepped into a puddle.

A second later, a foul smell enveloped him from behind.

“Honey... Come join me...”

Peyton's voice echoed.

He could clearly feel Peyton climbing onto his back.

The sensation was very smooth and clear.

“No, I don’t want to die!” Grant tried to shake off whatever was on him; “You’re gone; I can’t join you!!!”

“You’re my murderer!” Peyton’s hoarse voice screamed, “I gave you everything; even my daughter abandoned me. Why!! Why?!”

Chapter **1069**

“Why? Do you have the audacity to ask me why? That day, I **gave you** an opportunity, and it was **you** who adamantly insisted on divorce! And **now** you demand that I return Paige’s money. Why should I comply with such a request?”

Grant bellowed angrily.

“When your husband passed away, it was I who welcomed you and your daughter, providing you with sustenance and comfort. Was it wrong of me to use some of her money? You are ungrateful individuals! Look at the predicament I find myself in!”

Just then, an unfamiliar voice, suddenly resonated in the air.

“Prior to Peyton’s demise, have you ever left the villa where you lived with your lover?”

Grant was utterly shocked.

“Who? Who are you?”

“The one who shall pass judgment upon you,” the other party replied. “Here, only by speaking the truth can you find redemption. Otherwise, you shall be plagued by malevolent spirits, never to find peace!”

As soon as those words were uttered, the person who had been digging their own grave stopped abruptly, turning towards Grant, staring directly at him. Tina, lying on the ground, slowly stood up, blood streaming down, walking towards him.

Gradually, out of the fog, came Isis, Abigail and her family.

And some others, vaguely visible, hidden in the heavy fog.

“Help! Somebody help me!!!” Grant was breaking down, unable to shake off the shadows behind him, unable to leave this pit. He couldn’t escape, he could only watch as these shadows came closer and closer.

“Speak the truth, and you’ll be released.” The voice echoed again.

Grant was overcome with extreme terror.

He hastily spoke, "I'll confess! I will confess! That day, I did indeed evade the surveillance and secretly met with Peyton..."

Time rewound to the day of the incident.

Peyton had nowhere else to turn, receiving a call from Grant.

Being inherently kind-hearted, Peyton was also driven by the urgency to reclaim Paige's rightful inheritance.

The litigation process was dragging on, and it was highly probable that Grant had already transferred the assets.

Peyton worried that if the dispute persisted, not a single penny would be recovered, so she agreed.

Grant found an unmonitored location, in the black market, where he procured an unregistered vehicle. Fully armed, he transported Peyton through back roads to the reservoir where he often went fishing.

"Where are you taking me?" Peyton was a bit wary halfway there.

Grant glanced at her, "Didn't you always want to go fishing with me before? We're about to part, let's fulfill your wish.

Tears welled up in Peyton's eyes.

"What's the use of doing these now? When should you have done this?"

Grant didn't answer.

When they arrived, it was already dark.

He parked the car.

Grant and Peyton walked along a path overgrown with weeds, strolling as if on a leisurely walk.

"Peyton, is divorce truly inevitable for this marriage? I can sever ties with that woman..." Grant spoke.

"If divorce is not your intention, it can be avoided," Grant looked at Peyton.

However, her subsequent response hit him like a bucket of cold water. "Return both Paige's money and my money to us, and then I will believe that you genuinely don't want a divorce."

"So, you believe that money is more important than me, is that it?" Grant asked, "Have I treated you poorly all these years? Whatever you desired, I provided it to you..."

"But the money you took from me is enough for me to buy those things and still have some left over!"

She realized this fact clearly, and now she could see everything.

"Very well." Grant clapped his hands, laughing.

Peyton felt uneasy, "You think about it, I don't want to go to court after the marriage breaks up. At least... you should give me back that money."

"Peyton."

Chapter 1070

Ten Peyton based book at ht

Toally westyou' Giant said just like I truly loved Abigail"

Tse exwe your furrowed her brow

Grant surely mentsest hos ex wife the only knew that the woman had ultimately betrayed him.

assa beng discovers commett

Late the 6 of Grants

him, due to the connection.

Yes Grant nodded gazing at the reservation "Do you know, I starved her for two days until she became as thin as a skeleton. With a gentle embrace, I guided her head at that trap"

Praschest with a momentary pause, stuck by astonishment.

Recalling the words spoken by

med Josiah Diaper: "Your husband is a cold)

He killed Abigail, and he killed my father. By protecting him

you might be the next one to die!

YON KAYONG ex wife Peyton slowly stepped back

Toshit want to but she insisted on leaving me Just like you, insisting on leaving

Before Peyton could restet, with a strong push, he shoved Peyton into the reservoir

Peyton couldn't swim, and the reservoir was deep. After a few struggles, there was

This place was deserted Grant sat by the dam for a long time without seeing

He stared at the water's surface and mockingly said, "Look, not even heaven is on fatte
n up the fish. The next time I go fishing, I'll catch some and feed them to Paige!

Grant returned home overnight, directly taking the car to a scrapyard and evading

He then pretended to be an early riser and left the house.

After recounting the events, the moving objects came to a halt, the puddle at his feet Gr
ant sat on the ground, with a heart full of thoughts, longing for someone to save!

Then a familiar voice came from afar, "Dad?"

Grant jolted awake and opened his eyes.

"Logan?"

ddenly turned terrifying.

Water surface.

you all this time. Just stay here, in there, and

the villa.

you who had been clinging to his back, disappeared as well

"Dad, what happened? Why are you sleeping on the road?" Logan frowned, Ellory was
also behind him.

Both were slightly impatient.

Grant had been too much lately.

They were also busy with their own things, they didn't have time to look after him all the
time.

“Logan, there are ghosts!” Grant was panic-stricken, grabbing Logan’s arm, “Find me a exorcist, the best there is, I don’t care about the money, just get rid of all the ghosts! Get rid of them! They are scaring me! Not even letting me off when they’re dead!!”

Just as he was speaking, the doorbell rang.

Ellory went to check the door, immediately furrowed her brow and ran back, “There are a lot of police officers outside!”

Grant was stunned.

After a moment, Logan opened the door and let them in.

“We are from the city’s criminal investigation team, where’s Grant?” The leading officer asked, his voice firm and commanding.