

# The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 1884

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Sam and Wade were nobodies, really

In comparison to the Scott family's employees, they were just average people, unless they had saved someone from the Scotts.

Their chances of climbing up were slim.

Hearing Jennifer say this made them pretty stoked.

They didn't give a rat's ass about Jennifer, seeing her as nothing more than a puppet struggling to survive.

What did they have to fear?

So, Jennifer's ploy to get them to drink went off without a hitch.

Sam downed his drink, even asked, "What's this booze? Why does it taste so bitter? It's trash, don't buy it again!"

Jennifer stood up, kept her distance, and said, "There won't be a next time."

They hadn't caught on yet.

Suddenly, thunder echoed outside.

The poison kicked in real fast. They floundered on the floor like dead fish, knocking over the unfinished bottle and staining the sheets.

They were bodyguards, had big figures.

Wade even tried to lunge at Jennifer, but he fell to the ground.

He collapsed in front of Jennifer.

Jennifer was shaking all over, not out of fear, but excitement. She had her revenge.

Everyone wanted to push her around, but look at them now, look at the fate of those who bullied her!

To keep the stench of the bodies from escaping, Jennifer shut all the doors and windows.

Only after she had done this did she leave the flat.

Jennifer thought about going back to the Scotts, but with Frederic gone, even though she had texted Kate from Frederic's phone, if the Scotts started digging into Frederic's disappearance, she would be walking into a trap.

After much deliberation, Jennifer went back to the Scotts.

Seeing that nothing had happened at the Scotts, she planned to stick around and seize another opportunity.

Until Frederic's body was found, she knew she lost her chance.

So, she quietly left the Scotts.

The Scotts never suspected that the killer had hung around their place after the murder.

Plus, Jennifer hadn't signed in when she entered with Sam, making the investigation even tougher.

\*Jennifer!"

The interrogator knocked on the table, and Jennifer looked at the man across from her as if she had just woken from a dream.

Y'all are funny, knowing it was me who did the killing, isn't that enough? I was pissed, so I killed them, what's wrong with that?" Jennifer asked.

Wade and Sam were dead, no one knew what had transpired between the three of them.

As long as she kept her mouth shut, those sickening events would remain unknown.

Baillie would never know.

After that, Jennifer clammed up.

No matter what the interrogator said, she just smirked, no longer speaking.

Kate was fuming, wishing she could rush in and slap Jennifer a dozen times.

“Have the victims’ phones been found?” Rosalynn suddenly asked.

“Not yet, she said she tossed them into the river,” the team leader responded gravely.

Rosalynn looked at Jaime. Understanding her meaning, Jaime quickly nodded.

Frederic was old and didn’t use phones or computers that often.

But Sam and Wade were different.

They had social media accounts, video platforms, etc.

“I need to use your facilities, Jaime said.