

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 1891

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Chapter 1891

“Alright, stop overthinking,” Rosalynn gently shook her head. “Ivy is doing **fine** now, and she’s learned a hard lesson. She wouldn’t repeat the same mistake.”

*Absolutely! She won’t make the same mistake again!” Molly chimed **in** immediately. “From now on, I’ll focus all my attention on Ivy and Cory, and won’t be distracted by anything irrelevant.”

The biggest issue today was that she got distracted by Rosalynn’s voice.

She glanced over there, then got carried away.

Rosalynn felt helpless.

Rosalynn wanted to tell her that she could focus on herself, but she didn’t say it out loud.

Having been through so much with Felix, Molly had formed her own unique way of thinking.

At least for now, it’s **not** easy to change this way of thinking.

“Okay.” Rosalynn nodded gently, “Ivy is safe now, why don’t you go rest for a bit?”

Molly glanced at the door **of the** ward, hesitated a bit, but finally nodded.

Rosalynn watched as Molly left.

Then she stood up, gently pushed open the door of the ward and went in.

Wayne was sitting by the bed, and he immediately turned his head.

Cory, holding his sister's hand, had fallen asleep by the bed, and Ivy was also asleep, exhausted.

Rosalynn walked up to Wayne.

Wayne instinctively **reached** out to hold her hand.

She looked at Wayne, "You were scared, weren't you?"

Wayne felt very upset, "I'm sorry."

Rosalynn sighed helplessly, "Why do you all keep saying sorry to me?"

"I should have noticed earlier that Ivy ran out." Wayne said in a low voice, "Why can't I... do anything right?"

"This is something that couldn't be prevented. Even if I were home, I wouldn't have noticed if she had sneaked out during nap time." Rosalynn said softly.

In fact, when she **first** found out that Ivy and the others had sneaked out without any security.

Her first reaction was, what was Wayne doing, how could he not notice.

But thinking about it, if she were there, she might not have noticed either.

Wayne didn't say anything.

From the moment he found out that Ivy had sneaked out, to when he rushed to the river and saw Rosalynn, soaked wet, holding Ivy.

Wayne felt particularly uneasy.

"It's okay." Rosalynn patted his head, "I got lost when I was little."

Wayne looked at Rosalynn, his eyebrows slightly furrowed.

Rosalynn gently pushed away his furrowed eyebrows with her fingertips.

“My mom had just passed away not long before, and one night I really missed her and cried all night. As soon as it was dawn, I snuck out of bed, took some pocket money, and went to the bus stop by myself, to visit her grave.” Rosalynn shook her head with a smile, “You have no idea where that cemetery is, it’s really far away. Public transportation wasn’t as developed as it is now, and there were a lot of bad guys on the road.”

Wayne tightly held Rosalynn’s hand.

Rosalynn continued, “My grandparents had gone out to buy groceries early in the morning, they didn’t realize I wasn’t home. It wasn’t until they got back from buying groceries and breakfast and tried to wake me up that they realized I was gone.”

She said, glancing sideways at Wayne, “When someone found me, it was in the afternoon, he immediately called my grandpa, and then told me that the kid across the street from his house had gone missing a year ago, and his parents ended up divorcing because they blamed each other. I was scared to death, I didn’t want my grandparents to divorce.”

Wayne asked, “So, did your grandparents punish you?”

“Of course!” Rosalynn said with a bitter smile, “They both punished me. All I could think about was that they couldn’t get divorced, so I didn’t resist at all. As a result... when **my** grandparents discovered I was missing, they were very anxious, but they didn’t argue because of it. They were more worried about the other getting **sick** from too much worry.”

Wayne said **emotionally**, “Your grandparents must have loved each other very much.”

Without hesitation, Rosalynn replied, “They loved each other very much. When my grandpa was alive, he would buy flowers for my grandma every day. No matter what happened **at** home, like breaking a plate or burning **a** pot, they never blamed each other.”

Chapter 1892

“Our neighborhood used to be packed with folks, and it was like watching a daily soap opera with couples bickering over trivial stuff, Rosalynn began, a grin spreading across her face as she recalled a memory. “When my mom was around, she’d take me to watch these fighting couples whenever we heard them arguing.”

Wayne chuckled lightly at her words.

“Wayne,” Rosalynn squeezed his hand, “In my childhood, I’ve seen a beautiful love story unfold – that of my grandparents. Ever since, I’ve always yearned for the same kind of love. When I grow up, if I get married, I want to find someone who loves me dearly and whom I love just as much. I want **us** to be like my grandparents, supporting and deeply loving each other.”

“But I... I’m not as good as **your** grandfather.”

Wayne had been grappling with a deep sense of self-doubt and fragmentation of late.

It was as if his soul had been shattered into several pieces, each reflecting a different facet of him. And he found each piece repulsive.

He wished to demolish all these pieces, then blend them together to mold a new soul.

One that hadn’t hurt the ones he loved, a soul that his loved ones also cherished.

“I’m not as good as my grandmother either,” Rosalynn chuckled, shaking her head. “So, let’s work on it together.”

Wayne nodded.

Then, he wrapped his arm around Rosalynn’s waist, resting his cheek on her belly, hugging her tightly.

“Kids don’t snuggle like this anymore,” Rosalynn ruffled his hair.

“It’s different,” Wayne murmured.

“How so?” Rosalynn asked, laughing.

“I’d still want to snuggle like this even when I’m a hundred years old,” Wayne tightened his hold on her a bit.

Rosalynn burst out laughing.

At this moment, Cory stirred awake and saw them. He exchanged a glance with his mother.

At his mom’s gesture, he reluctantly closed his eyes and turned his head away.

Due to this turn of events, their return journey had been postponed for the time being.

Chapter 1893

Even though Ivy nearly died, Baillie didn't dare tell Paige a peep about it.

He waited until Paige fell asleep.

Only when Kate came to swap him, did he hastily leave from the nursing home to the hospital.

At that moment...after a whole day of hustling and with her nerves shot, Rosalynn, guarding her son and daughter, had already fell asleep. Wayne came out, leaning on his stick.

"Wayne, I'm sorry about the mess in my place." Baillie apologized right off the bat.

Ever since Wayne lost his memory, he completely changed, like he was a different person, very kind and easy to get along with.

But...

"You should be thankful, Ivy was saved by Max and Molly Wayne said coldly.

Baillie was taken aback, "Wayne, you..."

Before Baillie could finish, Wayne cut him off. "My people will take Jennifer away. She's Luna's sister, and I don't want any interference from the Scotts in the process.

"What did your wife say?" Baillie asked subconsciously

"For such a disgusting person, there's no need for her to deal with it. Wayne looked at Baillie, "You don't need to tell her either, I'll take care of Jennifer

"Wayne... Baillie frowned, worry creeping into his expression, "Did you... regain your memory?"

Wayne glanced at Baillie. "Why, can't I avenge my wife and daughter without my memory?"

"That's not what I meant."

"Baillie, put yourself in my shoes, what would you do if you were me?" Wayne changed his tone.

Baillie was at lost for words.

If it were him, Jennifer would live a long life, but in constant misery.

“I get it.” Baillie responded.

“Go back and be with your wife and daughter.”

Chapter 1894

Baillie was worried sick about Paige’s safety, but since Wayne had already said his piece, he didn’t stick around the hospital.

He left there and back to the rehab center.

But on the way, he couldn’t help but think over Wayne’s demeanor when he spoke.

It felt off.

It was like the old Wayne was back, but... something was still missing.

The next morning, the doc came to check on Ivy again..

“No worries now, just keep an eye on the kiddo for any sudden fevers in the next few days. If that happens, rush her to the hospital to prevent lung infection.”

“Doc, can I go home now? My puppy’s still at the vet’s!” Ivy choked up the moment she mentioned Max.

“Sure thing. But kiddo, you gotta be careful from now on, steer clear of dangerous spots like the river. Your folks are worried sick.”

“Yes, doctor!” Ivy nodded vigorously

Wayne and Rosalynn exchanged a look.

Afterall, Ivy did something wrong, and there should be consequence.

Rosalynn’s punishment for her daughter was simple.

From yesterday on, no matter how Ivy asked, nobody would spill the beans about Max

Last night, she even had a nightmare that Max was dead,

She woke up bawling.

Rosalynn originally planned to let her worry and panic for a while.

But Wayne couldn’t bear to see his girl so heartbroken, so he told her Max wasn’t dead and promised to take her to see Max when the sun came up.

But, although Max was still alive, he was seriously injured, this time.

His side was gashed open by a rock, deep enough to see bone.

Lucky for him, he's been eating well and getting plenty of exercise for the past year which made him a tough cookie.

If it were a weaker dog, it might not have made it

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The moment the car stopped in front of the vet, Ivy couldn't wait to unbuckle her seatbelt, jump out of the car, and dash into the hospital.

When Rosalynn and Wayne followed her in, Ivy was already holding Max's head, crying her eyes out.

Rosalynn faintly heard her saying, "I thought you were dead! What would I do if you died, Max?"

Watching all this, Rosalynn suddenly burst out laughing.

Wayne looked at her, puzzled, "What's so funny?"

"I just remembered, last year when you saved Max, Ivy was even more heartbroken. She thought Max was definitely a lost cause. Then Paige, to comfort her, said...."

"With your dad around, even the Grim Reaper has to bow down to him."

"Paige sure knows how to flatter me, thank God Max was saved in the end..."

As Wayne spoke, his expression suddenly became more serious.

Rosalynn caught his drift and nodded gently, "Yes, thank God Max was saved."

Otherwise, who else would have jumped in to save Ivy without a second thought?

"We owe a big thank you to Erica," Rosalynn continued, "The river was so turbulent yesterday, and she just jumped in and pulled Ivy out."

“Mmhm.” Wayne nodded, “I’ll remember.”

He had a list in his heart.

Good or bad, he remembered everything.

When Ivy first saw Max, he weakly wagged his tail, clearly happy to see her.

But five minutes later.

Max was already fed up with her crying.

He was extremely exasperated.

And he would occasionally glance at Rosalynn, as if to say, can you please control your daughter!