

## The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 1911

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#### Chapter 1911

“If God let them show up at this moment, it means they should know the truth! I’ll tell the m!” Martin shouted, turning to Erica, “Do you remember the woman who knocked Mary over before, the one who was acting all weird?”

Erica just stood there, waves of fear washing over her.

On the fourth day after Erica and Larkin left the monastery, everything there was business as usual.

After Mary got up and finished morning prayers, she went to the cafeteria for breakfast. The bread baked in the cafeteria that day was exceptionally soft.

Whether it was fate or not, the chef’s skills were on point that day. The bread was simply delicious.

Mary sat across from Martin, eating and chatting, “Ms. Lawrence has such bad luck, always coming when our chef is in a bad mood and missing out on this delicious bread.”

Martin laughed and replied. “They wanted to adopt you, but you refused. Now they’ve gone, and you’re still missing them. I really can’t figure out what’s going on in your little head.”

“Of course I want to save all living beings!” Mary finished and stopped talking to Martin.

After tidying up her utensils and washing them, she put them back in her small cabinet, and then, as usual, picked up the broom to sweep the leaves that fell overnight at the entrance of the monastery.

In the past, Mary disliked sweeping the leaves at the monastery entrance the most because there were two trees there rumored to be thousands of years old.

It seemed like the leaves were endless, no matter how much she swept.

But when Erica came to the monastery with Larkin for the first time, she was sweeping leaves there.

So Mary was the first person to receive them.

Now, sweeping these leaves seemed to have a new meaning.

Mary swept the leaves, counted to three, and then turned to look at the door.

Of course, the person she wanted to see didn't a

But she wasn't disappointed.

It appear..

Because she knew Erica would definitely come back to see her. She had promised.

One day, she would be sweeping the leaves, count to three, turn around, and see her coming.

In this anticipation, she felt that sweeping these endless leaves became somewhat fun.

She counted to three again, turned around, and someone really did walk into the monastery.

Because of the backlight, Mary could only roughly judge that it was a woman,

And her height seemed similar to Erica's.

Mary was very surprised and immediately ran over with the broom.

But after taking a couple of steps, no longer against the light, Mary could clearly see the faces of the newcomers.

Besides the woman with a height similar to Erica's, there was also a middle-aged woman in her forties or fifties.

"Ladies, hello," Mary greeted politely.

The middle–

aged woman smiled and said, “Hello, we were introduced by Madeleine Winters’ mother. Is there anyone in charge here?”

Mary didn’t know who Madeleine was, and she was about to speak.

At this moment, other monks came over.

Mary stepped aside.

She faintly heard the middle aged woman saying something about how she and Madeleine were sick together, hoping the monastery could help.

and so on

Mary’s anticipation fell through, and she felt a bit down

So she continued to sweep the ground with her broom, but soon she felt a bit uneasy and locked in a certain direction

Then Mary saw the young woman brought by the middle aged woman, staring straight

Chapter 1912

Mary had met many different types of people in the monastery.

But she had never seen such weird eyes before.

Luckily, that look lasted only a moment. The middle–aged woman just glanced at her, told her daughter to behave, and followed the other monks into the monastery.

Mary didn’t think much of it.

She spent her morning sweeping up fallen leaves.

At noon, she went to the dining hall for lunch.

As soon as she arrived, some familiar monks and nuns sat next to her and said, “That Ms. Lawrence, she’s always stirring up trouble.”

“How did she stir up trouble?” Mary shot back, “You’ve enjoyed the fruits she brings!”

The monk had a good temper and didn't get upset by Mary's words. He even gave her a piece of bread from his plate.

"Do you remember that family that insisted on having an exorcism here?"

"Of course, it was Ms. Lawrence who took me to the hospital." Mary replied proudly.

"Apparently, she felt sorry for that crazy woman, so she contacted experts from abroad to treat her for free." The monk continued, "Eat this bread while it's still warm. It won't taste as good when it's cold!"

Although Mary didn't like the monk badmouthing Erica, she didn't plan on refusing the delicious bread.

She

took a big bite and said, "Helping others out of kindness is a wonderful thing. How can you call that trouble?"

At this

point, Martin chimed in, "The problem is, the mother of a patient at the hospital heard about this and now she's brought her daughter here, insisting we also treat her for free! What are we supposed to do?"

Mary immediately thought of the woman who had stared at her strangely earlier.

"The Prior is not in the monastery these days, and we can't contact Ms. Lawrence. We can only ask them to go back first and wait for the Prior to contact Ms. Lawrence when he returns." Martin continued.

Mary was still young and didn't understand the complexities of the world.

Hearing Martin's words, she said with confidence, "Ms. Lawrence is a good person. If she can help, she will."

Seeing the other monks about to tease her again, she quickly finished her bread, finished her soup, and got up to wash her plate.

But in her rush, she accidentally bumped into someone.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Mary quickly apologized.

When Mary looked up, she saw those eyes from this morning.

"Watch where you're going!" The woman who had been so gentle in the morning now looked impatient.

Madeleine's mother had bragged a lot before.

Once her daughter was discharged from the hospital, she impulsively hailed a cab and came here.

But the people here seemed so assertive.

They probably looked down on them because they were from the countryside, and didn't want to help.

They always had excuses, **saying** that the contact person was **not** in the monastery and suggested they come back in a few days.

The cost of accommodation nearby was very high, and all she wanted was to stay in the monastery with her daughter

They always found excuses not to let them stay!

Now every time she saw these monks, she was incredibly angry!

Mary is gentle and didn't want to pick a fight with a patient. So, she apologized once more and went to wash her dishes

Jeannie Oakley watched Mary's retreating figure, muttered a curse under her breath, then noticed the food in the dining hall was running low

She quickly nudged her daughter. "Stop dawdling, grab more fruits, those are **price**

With that Jeannie plunged into the crowd to get food

Chapter 1913

A frail girl, her eyes sunk deep into their sockets.

She obeyed her mother's words and went to the fruit stand.

The fruits in the monastery, unlike those in the buffet, were not pre-cut.

Recently, a lot of pears were donated by believers. Some might find a whole pear inconvenient to eat, so they'd slice it with their fruit knives and share with their companions.

Many people had borrowed this fruit knife.

After being borrowed back and forth, it was left on the stand.

The girl walked over, didn't touch the fruit, but picked up the knife.

Then, without hesitation, she turned and walked towards the long sink for washing dishes.

Mary was short, so she stood on a small stone stool when washing dishes.

The moment the slaughter happened, no one could react.

The weak girl walked up behind the nun.

From behind, she swiftly drew the knife across, using all her strength.

Blood gushed out from Mary's tender neck, and she didn't even have a chance to scream.

After Mary fell, the girl pinned her down and stabbed her wildly a few times.

By the time people reacted and rushed over to pin her down, it was already too late.

Martin would never forget the killer's maniacal laughter as she was held down.

"If you hadn't meddled, helping that mad woman, this killer wouldn't have come, and Mary wouldn't have died!" Martin yelled at Erica, "What gives you the right to blame her! She came back and saw Mary, she even vomited blood..."

Erica felt like she was in a nightmare.

How could something so absurd happen in the real world?

She backed up two steps, glanced at the ongoing mourning ceremony, her vision blurred, and then she fell

Larkin guessed that the incident might have something to do with them.

But he didn't expect the connection to be like this.

After comforting Erica, Larkin asked the Prior, "What about the mad woman?"

"She's been sent to a mental hospital," the Prior smiled bleakly, "She didn't even... have to pay any consequences."

Larkin furrowed his brows.

"And her reason for killing Mary was just absurd," the Prior shook his head, his eyes suddenly red, "She said when they arrived, Mary ran towards them, and she felt that Mary looked at her with disdain."

The Prior later watched the surveillance footage of that morning.

His heart ached.

He saw Mary count to three and look towards the door every few minutes.

He knew, Mary was expecting someone.

Perhaps she mistook someone else for the person she was waiting for, which was why she looked disappointed when she got closer

But in the eyes of the mad woman, the child's disappointment became disdain towards her

Just because of a glance, she cruelly slit Mary's throat

The Prior couldn't sleep these past few **days**

Every time he closed his eyes, he would see the deep wound on Mary's neck and her pitiful face

"I know Mary saw your wife as her mother she definitely wouldn't want her to feel guilty and in pain because of her death. I've thought a lot, so i

didn't tell you the Prior said, making a cross over his chest, "Martin is night, even God couldn't bear to see Mary leave like this, He

Mary

Chapter 1914

Larkin and the Prior were talking outside, and Erica was wide awake.

Listening to the Prior's vague murmuring, Erica felt like she was being tortured.

After a while, the Prior left and the door was pushed open.

Larkin was back.

Seeing that she was awake, he rushed over, sitting by her side.

He asked, "Are you feeling okay?"

Curling up with her knees, Erica shook her head slightly, "Larkin, I just wanted to help somebody. Why did Mary have to die because of my goodwill?"

"It was an accident..." Larkin whispered, trying to comfort her.

"It wasn't an accident." Erica said, her face pale, shaking her head again, "if I hadn't helped Madeleine Winters, or... if I had taken Mary away from the monastery the last time, Mary wouldn't have died."

After saying this, she looked at Larkin, tears welling up, "It was me! I killed Mary!"

She couldn't control the pain in her heart anymore and started crying loudly.

Larkin quickly hugged her, "It wasn't you... It's not your fault..."

Erica didn't know if she heard him, she continued to cry her heart out.

Until it started getting dark, Martin came to tell them that tonight was the last memorial service for Mary and asked if Erica and Larkin wanted to attend.

Erica finally stood up and washed her face..

With Larkin's company, she returned to the place for mourning Mary.

All the monks and nuns in the monastery were there.

Everyone stood silently, singing hymns for Mary together.

Erica stood in a corner.

Looking at Mary's small portrait, tears kept rolling down her face.

Larkin stood by her side, joining others in singing hymns for Mary

As the night deepened, then the sky gradually lit up with the first light of dawn, the last night's memorial service ended.

Mary didn't have any family.

In the end, the small urn was placed into the monastery's mourning hall.

When the Prior put the urn in, he wiped it over and over with a clean handkerchief, then carefully placed it in.

Afterwards, the monks and nuns in the monastery left one after another, leaving only Erica and her husband.

Erica walked closer.

In the mourning hall, there were small compartments, and on the door of each compartment, there was a photo of the deceased. Mary's photo was her ID picture.

Erica reached out, lightly touching it

There were so many things she wanted to say, so many questions she wanted to ask.

She wanted to ask if Mary was scared, if she was in pain, if she blamed her

But when the words reached her lips, she couldn't **say** anything



This whole day and night, she felt like she had lost the ability to speak, unable to open her mouth

In the end, Erica still couldn't say anything, she placed all the food she had bought for Mary on the table

she said to Mary in her heart

Then she

Mary if

afterlife for you, please come find me and be my child. Let's make this promise!"

She walked out of the mourning hall. The outside was bathed in bright sunlight, another sunny day

"Let's take some

Erica eventually suggested

Erica nodded like a ghost, and let Larkin lead her to rest.

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Chapter 1915

She didn't have insomnia, and fell asleep as soon as she hit the bed.

Then she started dreaming.

She dreamt about the night she chatted with Rosalynn, when they talked about Madeleine.

Erica knew she couldn't share this news with Rosalynn.

She couldn't discuss this with Rosalynn.

She tried hard to turn off her phone, but couldn't.

The chat log was still jumping around.

Erica was in a flurry, repeating to herself over and over, "Don't help her, or Mary will die!  
!"

But until she woke up from the struggle, she couldn't stop any of this in her dream.

After waking up, Erica was gasping for breath deeply.

Larkin, who was watching her, quickly helped her sit up, "It's okay, just a nightmare."

Erica's gaze took a few seconds to focus

She checked the time.

Although the dream time was short, but in reality, it was almost five in the afternoon.

"Have some water" Larkin handed her water bottle to her.

Erica never liked to drink water, so Larkin bought her a water bottle with a straw to let her take a few sips when she was doing nothing.

This way her daily water intake would be enough.

Erica bit the straw and took two big gulps

"Are you hungry? The cafeteria won't open for a while, shall I take you out for a meal?" Larkin gently smoothed her disheveled hair, soothing her softly.

Erica didn't say anything

After a moment of silence, she asked Larkin in a hoarse voice, "Larkin, what should I do? Mary can't just die. Can I kill that lunatic?"

When she spoke, she gripped Larkin's arm tightly, like grabbing a lifeline, "She killed someone and doesn't have to be responsible, why? What about Mary? Does she just die in vain?"

"Erica, calm down." Larkin held her in his arms, gently patting her back.

"I can't calm down!!" Erica started crying again, "I can't calm down!"

Erica hadn't eaten for two days.

Her tears were almost dry.

She slept whenever she was tired from crying, woke up and felt better for a while, then started to breakdown again, repeating the cycle

Larkin contacted Rosalynn and planned to take her to the H City.

After the call, Larkin told Erica that he was taking her away from the monastery to the H City

Surprisingly, Erica didn't refuse.

Instead, she said "They must hate me You left the monastery for me, causing Abbot to die in regret, and Mary indirectly died because of me"

Encas eyes were hollow, "Yes, I should go, I can't **stay** here to make them angry

She said, not waiting for Larkin to explain, quickly **packed** her things, and pulled Larkin to leave

As soon as they got to the door they heard a commotion

"You can't do this. You promised to help us contact a doctor

"Your daughter killed Mary, and you expect us to help you? Do you know **what** are you talking about? Martin said angrily

Erica felt a chu

Before

could react she put down her stuff and ran over

she pushed through the crowd only to see a middle aged woman lying on the ground, stamping her thigh and crying loudly Tita so unfault When my daughter e

1 day, she just got out of

thes

You provoked her and c

want to the

#yoi and see how these wa

people!