

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 311

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Chapter 311

It was like back in the day when President Silverman took a fleeting glimpse at Secretary Tesdal, and then kept her by his side, treating her as Ms. Whaley's substitute.

Thinking about Secretary Tesdal's experiences over those years, Sean quickly made up his mind without much struggle

Once was enough. It's better not to hurt another innocent stranger again.

However, what Sean didn't know was that fate always plays tricks on people.

Olivia chased after Wayne: "Wayne, will you come with me to the art exhibition this weekend?"

"I don't have time. Find someone else," Wayne said indifferently.

"Wayne, can't we even be friends now?" Olivia pulled on Wayne's sleeve.

Wayne frowned at her.

"That day is the day I was forced to marry someone else, I don't want to spend it alone." Olivia's eyes were teary.

Wayne would feel guilty about this matter forever.

He was silent for a moment: "Just this once."

Olivia instantly burst into a smile: "I knew it, you're the best!"

As long as he was willing to go out with her, she would find a way to grind him into having lunch with her, and then...her plan would be perfectly completed.

Olivia, with an excited heart, watched Wayne enter the elevator.

Every detail in the president's office remained the same as before. Wayne stepped out of the elevator, just in time to see several people from the president's office gathered at the reception desk.

He frowned subconsciously.

Then he heard a cheerful voice saying, "Doesn't it look like her? If it hadn't been for that big air crash back then, I would've believed that Secretary Tesdal was still alive."

“What are you doing?” Wayne’s tone was chilling.

“Mr... President Silverman!” The group jumped in fright.

They were so caught up in the entertainment news that they forgot about the time when Wayne’s meeting would end.

Wait a minute! It seemed like the meeting ended early...

With a chilling demeanor, Wayne walked over: “Who’s still alive?”

“President Silverman, it’s... there’s a picture on the internet recently... everyone says it looks like... like Secretary Tesdal.”

Wayne’s pupils trembled violently. “Where’s the picture?”

The receptionist hurriedly handed over the phone with both hands.

Wayne took it.

In fact, over the years, people would occasionally tell him that they had met someone very similar to Rosalynn at various places. Every time he would go looking, and returned with empty hands.

Sometime he found the person, but it turned out to be just a slight resemblance at a certain angle. Sometime they didn’t look alike at

all.

Wayne initially thought that this time it would be the same.

But when he saw the side profile of the person looking out the window amidst the pink flowers on the screen, Wayne’s heart seemed to stop beating.

“Where did it come from?” His hand trembled badly, looking at the people in the president’s office anxiously.

“It’s on the internet, from a video taken by a blogger. I... I’ll find it and show you right away!” The receptionist quickly found the video. In fact, in the video, Rosalynn only appeared in a split second. Wayne went back and forth, watching it over and over again.

The people from the president’s office stood still!, drenched in sweat, feeling utterly miserable as if there were on the verge of death. It was her...Every time Wayne looked at the video, there was a resolute voice inside him.

Wayne didn't speak for a long time before saying, "Cancel all my schedule for today." He returned the phone to the receptionist, "Send me the picture and video."

"Yes..."

Then, Wayne turned back to the elevator and left the company directly.

The people in the president's office looked at each other and collapsed exhaustedly at the reception desk.

"What's President Silverman going to do?" Someone asked.

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"What else can he do? Look for her."

"Ah? But what about Ms. Whaley?"

"Have you ever seen a rich guy with only one woman?"

"True..."

"I feel bad for the pretty girl!"

There was a lot of gossip in the President's office.

Meanwhile, Wayne was driving at full speed to the science museum.

On the way there, he had someone check the surveillance footage of the science museum on that day.

By the time he arrived, bad news came.

"Unfortunately, that day was a working day, and we had a major maintenance on our surveillance system... There's no saved data from that afternoon. The person in charge regretfully informed Wayne.

Wayne had hurried over. Hearing this, he slumped down on a chair.

Why did it have to be like this...

It was definitely her, it just had to be her!

Why was there no surveillance data on that day?! Why?

Of course, it was because Rosalynn had discovered her photo online even earlier than Wayne had.

To be on the safe side, Rosalynn arranged for someone to deal with the surveillance footage last night.

It wasn't a risk for Wayne to see her, but it was a risk for him to see her with Cory and Ivy.

Wayne spent an entire day at the science museum.

Rosalynn felt indescribable when she found out.

"You should join the entertainment industry!" Paige was scrolling through the video, feeling a pity for giving such a load of reviewing clicks to a stranger, "Look how many trends was started because of you!"

"Stop making fun of me," Rosalynn said, rubbing her forehead.

Who could have thought that a one—second camera shot would bring her such a big crisis?

"I'm serious, it's been five years and you and Wayne's fans are still following!" Paige found it so strange, "But now more people are cursing Wayne, if he really marries Olivia, he'll be cursed by your fans for the rest of his life, right?"

Rosalynn rubbed her face. "I can't be in public with the kids while I'm here."

"It's won't last long. If things don't work out, I'll take Cory and Ivy back to the island after I finish these few days."

"Okay," Rosalynn agreed.

"What about Ivy's art exhibition this weekend?" Paige looked at Rosalynn.

Although it was a joint exhibition with many other artists, it was still Ivy's first time showing her artwork to the public.

It was of great significance.

"I'm definitely going," Rosalynn had never missed Ivy's exhibitions before, "I'll just wear a hat and mask. Besides, Wayne doesn't like art exhibitions."

“Alright!” Paige sighed with relief.

If Rosalynn didn’t go to the exhibition, Ivy would be heartbroken.

After two days, Rosalynn’s team vacation ended, they returned by chartered flight and embarked on their next project.

After three sleepless days and nights, a rough plan was finally completed.

“You’ve all worked hard. Have a good rest at the hotel for a day, then let’s get back to it.”

Late at night, after finishing work, Rosalynn and her partners left the studio.

On the way back to the hotel, she happened to pass by her old apartment building.

Coincidentally, the flower shop she used to visit frequently was still open.

Rosalynn hesitated for a moment. After parking the car and putting on a mask, she walked into the flower shop.

Everything in the flower shop was as it once was.

“Miss, what can I get you?” The shop owner was surprised to see a customer at this time late at night.

“Do you still have champagne roses?”

“Sorry, we’re sold out. There’s only one bunch left, and it’s reserved for an old customer who’s coming to pick it up soon.” The owner pointed to a few bouquets on the side.

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Rosalynn looked at the bouquets following the owner’s guidance.

Then she paused for a moment. Besides champagne roses, there were sunflowers and purple daisies. She used to order these flowers frequently from this shop before.

The owner seemed to genuinely appreciate the customer who ordered the flowers.

Before Rosalynn could react, she heard the owner saying, "It's a gentleman who buys flowers twice a week for his wife. Apart from seasonal flowers, he always buys a bouquet of sunflowers and purple daisies, probably since his wife likes them."

So it's for his wife... That's what Rosalynn was thinking.

"He must really love his wife," Rosalynn replied and then pointed to the sunflowers behind the owner. "I'll take all the sunflowers."

"You have good taste. Our sunflowers are the best in central H City, if not the entire city!" said the owner as she efficiently wrapped up the flowers for Rosalynn.

"Miss, are these flowers a gift?" the owner asked.

"Yeah, kind of. My daughter loves sunflowers," Rosalynn answered.

Ivy's first painting was of sunflowers.

Hilaria knew she loved them and even made her an entire sunflower field.

"Miss, you look like a student yourself! I can't believe you have a daughter already!" the owner sweet-talked.

Rosalynn couldn't help but smile.

After she bought the sunflowers, a drizzle started outside. Rosalynn held the flowers, opened the car's backseat, and carefully placed the flowers inside. Then she got in the car, slowly started it, and left the familiar yet unfamiliar street.

Not much had changed in the city in the last five years.

Rosalynn took her eyes off the street and also let go of the slight melancholy that arose deep inside.

As she drove out of the intersection, a black Maybách passed her.

Inside the car.

An obviously exhausted Wayne was watching a video on his iPad. It had been a few days since he first saw the photograph of Rosalynn. Wayne had practically abandoned all his work to focus on the search for the person who appeared at the science museum that day. However... Due to the lack of surveillance, nothing turned up.

He even found the blogger who took the video and bought all the material she shot that day.

Initially, the blogger was very cautious. Wayne then decided to visit her personally, and upon realizing that it was Wayne, the blogger agreed happily and sold the video to him.

However...

“Mr. Silverman, we know why you want to buy the video, but before selling it to you, I must tell you the truth ... After some internet users discovered that someone similar to Ms. Tesdal appeared in the video, my colleagues and I went through the video frame by frame, but she never appeared in our footage again.”

Wayne watched the video intently.

His eyes were already bloodshot and there were dark circles underneath.

“President Silverman, we’ve arrived at the flower shop,” the driver told Wayne after parking the car.

Wayne paused the video, “Move the car to the garage.”

“Yes, sir!”

Wayne got out of the car, with raindrops falling on his face, giving a cooling sensation.

Like he couldn’t feel it, he walked straight into the flower shop.

It so happened that the owner was chatting with her husband, “The sunflowers sold out, so we need to ask the farmer to send more

tomorrow.”

As soon as she finished her sentence, she heard the wind chime ring.

She turned around with a smile, “Here you are, sir. Your bouquets are right here!”

Wayne nodded, paid the bill, and started to walk out after picking up the bouquets.

As he reached the door, the wind outside gently blew in.

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His footsteps paused for a moment, then he instinctively turned back.

“Sir, do you want to buy any other flowers?” the owner asked.

Wayne didn’t quite know why, but for that split second just now, it felt like...

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It felt like there was a familiar scent, faintly sweeping past his nose. But as soon as he stood still, the scent disappeared.

Must be an illusion...

Staying awake for two days straight, he was feeling paranoid.

Really... is it paranoia? A sudden doubt arose in Wayne's mind.

"Did someone just come in?" Wayne asked.

"Huh?" The owner was a little puzzled, and then she answered, "Yes, a customer just came in."

She then pointed to the flower shelf and said, "She bought all the sunflowers in the store."

"Sunflowers?"

In Wayne's mind, he immediately recalled the scene of Rosalynn putting the sunflowers and placing them in the sunlight with a satisfied smile on her face.

"Yeah, she said she would take them back and give them to her daughter."

Wayne froze for a moment, and his eyes gradually dimmed again.

A mom...

"Alright." Wayne responded.

He lifted the curtain and walked out.

The owner looked confused, while her husband chuckled at the side, "You see, he must have had a fight with his wife."

"Stop gloating!" The owner glared at him fiercely.

However, she also noticed that this wealthy guest seemed to be in a bad mood today.

It seemed even worse than the first time he entered the store to buy flowers five years ago.

Wayne opened the door.

Just like every time he returned home before, he waited for a moment in the dark before reluctantly turning on the light.

He put away the flowers, took a shower, and then sat on the couch with his iPad to continue watching videos.

The vlogger's child was a three-year-old boy, very smart and cute, a little mischief-maker.

After about ten more minutes.

The little boy held his dad's hand and went to the bathroom, while mom waited outside with the camera and occasionally commented. At that moment, in the frame, there were two figures passing by, one big and one small.

Only half of the adult was in the frame, but with the little girl's much smaller size and holding the adult's hand, her entire figure was in the screen.

She had a ponytail with curly hair and a blue butterfly hairclip, wearing a light blue overalls along with little military boots. Her expression didn't look as cute as when Wayne held her; instead, she looked cool.

Wayne paused the video.

"Ivy..." He mumbled.

What a coincidence, she was at the science museum that day too?

At that moment, Wayne's phone buzzed twice on the side.

He picked it up.

"Wayne, 8 o'clock tomorrow morning, don't forget."

It was Olivia.

Wayne remembered that he had promised to accompany Olivia to see an art exhibition tomorrow.

"Okay." Wayne replied with a single word.

His eyes went back to Ivy.

She was clearly holding a man's hand.

Was it her father? Or was it the man from that day?

Wayne glanced at the hand which held several injuries.

That man from that day seemed like a businessman, and his hands were very clean.

It wasn't him.

Meanwhile...

When Rosalynn returned home, Ivy, Cory, and Paige were all asleep on the couch in odd postures.

"Ivy insisted on waiting for you, so Cory accompanied her... Then when Miss Paige returned and saw the kids sleeping on the couch, she also laid down..." Laura said with a helpless look.

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Rosalynn couldn't help but smile.

She put down the flowers and woke up Paige.

"Back already?" Paige stretched lazily.

"We'll each carry one and get back to their rooms to sleep," Rosalynn said.

Paige nodded, dazedly grabbed Cory, who was closest to him, and headed upstairs.

Cory woke up in a daze, groggy and saw Mommy waving at him.

His head drooped, and he continued to sleep.

Rosalynn smiled and picked up Ivy, who was sleeping like a little piggy, and couldn't help but kiss her adorable face.

She then went upstairs as well.

After putting the kids to bed, Rosalynn kissed them affectionately and softly before leaving quietly with a goodnight.

“How’s it going? Is the plan done yet?” Paige yawned.

“Pretty much.” Rosalynn nodded.

“My work stuff is almost done too. I can finally take a break for a few days,” Paige said with a relaxed face..

Rosalynn congratulated her, and then changed the subject: “Oh, speaking of breaks, I almost forgot. Your mom said you’re not answering her calls anymore?”

Paige was taken aback, and her expression quickly fell, “Tomorrow, Logan’s blind date, is going to my mom’s house for dinner, and she insists that I should join them. But Ivy has an art exhibition, how could I not be there for her?”

Rosalynn looked at Paige, “What are you talking about? You don’t need to be at the exhibition all day.”

Paige: “.

“Anyway, I don’t want to go.”

Saying that, Paige seemed to be afraid that Rosalynn would ask more questions and quickly retreated to her room.

Rosalynn stood in place, pursing her lips and looking worried.

When did Paige start to become strange?

It seemed to be from the moment Logan’s blind date appeared. In an instant, Rosalynn felt like she had caught something. But before she could figure out what it was, her thought dispersed.

“Never mind, she’s an adult...”

Rosalynn tapped her forehead. These days she was so tired that her head felt numb.

After taking a bath in her room, she went downstairs to pick up the sunflower, and put it on Ivy’s little desk.

The next morning, bright and early.

Rosalynn was still freshening up when she heard Ivy's excited scream.

Rosalynn wiped her face, and in a moment, Ivy was in her room holding the sunflower.

"Mommy!"

Rosalynn came out of the bathroom, smiling at Ivy.

"Today is little Ivy's first art exhibition, so this is a celebration gift." Rosalynn patted Ivy's little head.

"Thank you, Mommy, Ivy super super super loves it!"

"Then why don't you wear that sunflower dress today?" Rosalynn suggested.

"Yes!" Ivy nodded vigorously.

At breakfast, Ivy had already changed into the little dress.

She also wore a matching hat, and Calvin skillfully braided two hair braids for her, clipping a few tiny flowers onto them.

"Who would believe Calvin is a mercenary?" Paige leaned against the bar, stirring her cereal.

Calvin looked clumsy, but he was amazingly good at braiding girls' hair, much better than Rosalynn and Paige combined.

Rosalynn was also watching. This scene was surprising, no matter how many times she watched it.

Calvin finished braiding, looked at the two onlookers, and blushed a little.

"Uncle Calvin is so awesome" by looked in the mirror and was very satisfied.

Calvin suddenly puffed up with pride again.

Rosalynn looked at them feeling happy

Back then, Calvin used to follow Hilana everywhere From Ivy's birth, as she slowly grew up. He started to focus more on her right up to the present day

After breakfast.

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The whole family went to the art gallery.

Ivy had two paintings on show today. One was a romantic, refreshing scene of a white birch forest with a log cabin under a blue sky.

The other one didn't look like something a kid her age could paint at all.

As soon as the exhibition started, a crowd had gathered around the second painting.

When everyone saw the introduction of the artist, they were all very surprised and somewhat doubtful..

"No way a kid could paint something at this level!"

"Even if they could paint the shape, where did that sense of compassion come from?"

"There are several young artists exhibiting today, but you can tell which ones were painted by kids at a glance... This one is too exaggerated though!"

There were many such comments.

"A bunch of wannabes who don't understand the world of geniuses," Paige replied, rolling her eyes at Rosalynn upon hearing the doubts.

Rosalynn's eyes were cold. "In a while, they'll realize the truth."

"Huh?" Paige was puzzled.

Rosalynn didn't say much more.

Gradually, more people came to the exhibition.

Rosalynn wore a mask and a hat, keeping a very low profile. At first, she thought today would be just like every other exhibition in the past.

Until...

After taking a work call and about to return to the exhibition, she turned around and saw a man and a woman entering the exhibition.

They couldn't see her from where they were, but she could clearly see the appearances of the man and the woman.

It was Olivia...and Wayne.

After five and a half years, she finally saw Wayne again.

He finally got together with his long-craved first crush.

"Today's exhibition includes a charity auction, where the proceeds from selling the paintings will go towards building schools in impoverished areas," said Olivia softly to Wayne as they registered at the front desk..

Wayne responded nonchalantly.

"I plan to buy a couple of paintings for the villa at Moonlit Lake. I've finished decorating everything there, so it's time for some art."

Rosalynn passed by them, overhearing the last sentence from Olivia.

So, Wayne gave the Moonlit Lake villa to Olivia, huh?

That's nice.

Wayne wasn't feeling well today, having been caught in the rain yesterday. His head was a bit foggy.

After coughing twice slightly, he finally answered, "It's your house. You decide."

Olivia glanced at him before casually asking, "The villa at Moonlit Lake has been furnished for over a year, right? When do you plan to

move in?"

Taking the VIP card from the receptionist, Wayne replied lightly, "That's Rosalynn's house. Whenever she comes back and wants to stay there, I'll move in with her."

Olivia's hand stiffened.

How could someone who had died come back!? Would she rise from the dead?

Why? Why did Wayne, who was fine before, suddenly start talking like that again!

Right... because of that video screenshot.

With the issue being widely discussed, there were always some people with ill intentions who wanted to see her embarrassed. They

told her that a person who looked very much like Rosalynn had appeared.

As soon as Olivia saw it, she recognized that the person in question was Gabriella.

“Your numbers are on the cards, and if you’re interested in bidding on the paintings, please use the numbers in your hands.”

“Okay, thank you.”

Olivia responded gently, then looked at Wayne as if she hadn’t heard what he said earlier, “Wayne, let’s go in, the exhibition has already started for a while.”

“Yeah.”

Wayne avoided Olivia’s hand as she tried to hold his arm.

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Wayne had never been a fan of crowded places. Upon entering the exhibit, he glanced at the crowd and instinctively frowned

Meanwhile, Rosalynn was in the backstage, wanting to take Ivy and Cory away.

“Ms. Jared, the exhibition has already started... All the artists are here, and Ivy’s absence won’t be good... What if someone wants to buy Ivy’s painting?” The exhibition manager wore a troubled expression.

“Mommy, I don’t want to leave!”

Ivy clung to Rosalynn’s fingers, looking pitiful.

Rosalynn: ”

“Ivy, gimme a second, okay? Let me chat with Mom for a bit!”

Paige pulled Rosalynn into an office.

Before Paige could ask, Rosalynn spoke first: "Wayne and Olivia are here."

Paige was taken aback.

Since Wayne had already met Ivy, she didn't think much of it: "What are you scared of? Ivy may look like both you and him, but... There are tons of people in the world who look similar, why should that jerk couple ruin my goddaughter's good mood?"

Ivy was genuinely happy today. The two paintings she exhibited held significant meanings for her.

Another reason was that the exhibition manager had told her that the money from today's sold paintings would go towards schools for children who couldn't afford to study.

This meant even more to Ivy.

Rosalynn would often take Ivy and Cory to watch meaningful documentaries.

From those documentaries, Ivy had learned that not all children in the world were as fortunate as her.

Some children had lost their parents at a very young age. They lived in terrible conditions with food shortage. They had no clothes to wear and no books to read.

Helping these children was one of Ivy's wishes.

"I'm just worried..."

"Don't worry!" Paige patted her shoulder.

She thought to herself that Wayne had even held and fed Ivy without having any suspicions.

"Just to be safe, let Laura accompany Ivy outside, and we'll wait backstage." Rosalynn eventually compromised.

"Got it." Paige nodded, then went out to talk to the exhibition manager.

When Rosalynn went over, she saw Ivy excitedly jumping around like a little bird.

She smiled softly. Maybe She was just being overly nervous.

Wayne was so self-absorbed. With Olivia by his side, there was no way he'd pay attention to anything else.

Speaking of which...She kind of jinxed herself, huh?

Just a few days ago, she was thinking that Wayne didn't like crowded places like exhibitions so she wouldn't encounter him there. Yeah...Wayne didn't like art exhibitions. But Olivia used to be a painter...

He didn't like exhibitions in the past because of Olivia.

Now he was attending an exhibition still because of Olivia.

Olivia was like the key that unlocked Wayne.

The one and only key.

"What are you thinking about?" Paige snapped her fingers in front of her face.

Rosalynn came back to her senses. She noticed Cory and Paige were both staring at her.

"What?" Rosalynn asked

"Cory asked if you wanted some chocolate!"

"Sweetie, Mommy doesn't want any. It's yours.." Rosalynn caressed Cory's cheek.

It was really amazing.

Cory and Ivy obviously looked alike..

But Cory looked even more like Wayne.

"Oh." Cory acknowledged but didn't eat the chocolate either. Instead, he picked up his game console and started playing.

The screen of the TV in the break room showed the big screen at the exhibition. The auction was about to start.

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Hi! Does anyone have The Secret Heir Return To

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Wayne followed Olivia to the two paintings from someone named Ivie.

“The two paintings have quite different styles.” Olivia glanced at them and frowned, “The artist is only five years old?”

“Strictly speaking, it was drawn when they were not even five.” A man beside them laughed, “I wonder which wealthy family’s spoiled daughter had someone draw this for her to show off.”

Olivia’s expression immediately became contemptuous.

“Especially this one.” She looked at the second painting and laughed, “Do you think a small kid is capable of this excellency? I thought this would be a high-level exhibition, but turns out...”

As Ivy and Laura came out, they heard these words.

Laura was so angry she couldn’t even describe it.

“Both of you, if you don’t know anything, keep your mouth shut, okay? This Virgin Mary painting was drawn by my young lady and I was. by her side! Every stroke and color was personally done by her!”

People nearby immediately looked over.

Including Wayne.

When he saw Laura, he hesitated for a moment.

“Miss?” The man who was chatting happily with Olivia laughed, “What did I just say? Turns out she’s indeed a rich kid.”

Ivy, standing adorably beside Laura, didn’t get angry, and even held on to the furious Laura.

“Laura, you can’t be angry.”

Laura turned around: “Miss, they’re talking nonsense!”

Ivy took a step forward and looked extra cute: “Laura, remember what mommy said, don’t argue with stupid people. The manager is still waiting for Ivy.”

“Kid, who are you calling stupid?” The man was immediately furious and took a step forward.

In the crowd, the disguised bodyguards were getting closer.

However, a tall figure stood in front of the man: “Baseless guesses and suspicions are indeed stupid behavior. She didn’t say anything wrong!”

Ivy looked up at the tall man.

Laura signaled the bodyguards not to come any closer to avoid making a scene and ruining the art exhibition her young lady loved. “You... you are...”

The man recognized Wayne and was immediately frightened.

“Get off.” Wayne spat out.

The man didn’t dare to linger and turned to disappear into the crowd.

“Wayne, you...” Olivia had also doubted Ivy just now, and what Wayne said felt like a slap on her face.

Wayne seemed not to hear her. He turned around, and Ivy’s eyes instantly brightened.

“Handsome mister!”

Wayne couldn’t help but smile gently. He knelt down and adjusted Ivy’s little hat: “So, Ivy is also a genius young artist, huh?”

Ivy looked at Wayne. Her beautiful eyes sparkled, and she nodded in agreement: “Yup! Ivy is really good at drawing. Do you like drawing

too?”

“I’m terrible at it.” Wayne shook his head, “I can’t learn.”

“Ivy can teach you!” Ivy blurted out, and then remembered her brother’s advice, “But... Ivy is going to go home with her brother and mommy soon.”

“Is Ivy’s home far away?” Wayne asked.

“Uhm...” Ivy nodded her head sadly.

Wayne also felt an inexplicable reluctance.

If it was far away, it would be difficult to meet again, right?

“Ivy, the auction is starting soon.” At this time, the manager ran over.

“Okay.” Ivy Paige replied.

Many people who were watching the exhibition had their attention drawn to her.

Did such a cute child really exist? Not only adorable and sweet voiced but also talented in painting!

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“SH. Ivy’s going to work now.” Ivy looked at Wayne, took a small flower from her braid. She grabbed Wayne’s big hand, placed the flower in his palm and said, “Here’s a little flower for you.”

Wayne’s heart was instantly filled with an indescribable feeling.

After giving him the flower, Ivy ran off to the manager with a bounce in her step.

Laura looked at Wayne with gratitude. “Thank you, sir!”

“You better catch up with your little princess.” Wayne stood up, his face immediately turning serious again.

Laura, who was scared of him, simply replied and hurriedly chased after Ivy.

Wayne watched the little figure quickly disappear into the crowd, then looked down at the flower in his hand.

“I remember now, this little girl is the one from the hospital that day, right?” Olivia’s voice interrupted Wayne.

Wayne closed his palm and took another look at the two paintings.

So many people doubted her, would anyone buy her paintings? If nobody did, she would definitely be heartbroken, right?

“Let’s head to the auction area.” Wayne said casually.

“Alright...”

Before leaving, Olivia took one more look at the two paintings.

Damn kid.

Wayne must be upset because she doubted the little girl.

He never liked children, and yet....

Why was he treating this one so differently?

He squatted down to talk to her and accepted a goddamn flower with a gentle, loving smile!

Wayne and Olivia arrived at the auction where they sat in the front row.

Rosalynn could see them clearly on the screen.

The sound couldn't be picked up from that spot, but from Rosalynn's angle, it looked like Wayne and Olivia were sitting really close and chatting nonstop.

"Bad luck..." Paige mumbled.

Rosalynn patted her forehead.

"I'm not wrong!"

Hearing their conversation, Cory unconsciously glanced up and saw a handsome man's side profile.

Cory stared at him for a while, then indifferently looked away and continued playing his game, defeating the boss.

Boring game.

He changed the game cartridge and continued playing.

Until Paige exclaimed, "Ivy prepared a short documentary too?"

Cory stopped, and his game character accidentally got killed.

He didn't care though, just put down the game console, and looked at the screen.

All the painters had short documentaries. They had already shown seven or eight of the m, and now it was Ivy's turn.

The screen went black and then lit up again.

Ivy, wearing bib pants covered in paint and hair tied into two little buns, appeared on the screen.

The crowd at the auction instantly let out cries of “How adorable!”

Olivia unconsciously looked at Wayne beside her, only to see a smile on his face as well. Olivia:

She gritted her teeth.

“Hello everyone, I’m Ivy.” Ivy greeted them shyly. “I’m five years old this year.”

Off—

camera, someone asked, “Ivy, your paintings in this exhibition have a very different style.”

“Yeah.” Ivy nodded.

The scene switched to Ivy sketching the outline of the birch forest.

“The birch forest is Ivy’s great-grandmother’s hometown. She told Ivy that it also where Ivy and her brother come from. Ivy thinks it’s very

romantic.”

The whole process of Ivy painting was shown, sped up but still clearly showing that it was indeed the little girl who painted it.

Her voice was sweet, soft, and pure

Everyone in the audience felt a warmth in their hearts because of her description.

The birch forest was particularly meaningful since it was her great-grandmother’s hometown.

“So... the second painting, what does it mean to Ivy?”

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Novel

Score 9.0

Posted by **Adminad**, ? Views, Released on June 4, 2023

Chapter 320

The scene switched back to Ivy, and the voiceover started up again.

by looked into the camera, her beautiful eyes twinkling, and gently answered, “It’s the Virgin Mary, the one who saves people in distress.”

That was right.

Ivy’s second painting was of the Virgin Mary.

“Why did you decide to paint the Virgin Mary?” the voiceover asked.

The scene then shifted to another studio.

A little child was sketching on a massive canvas.

“Because mommy is sick, and my great-grandma is praying to the Virgin Mary for her protection. Ivy and brother can’t live without mommy. Ivy also hopes that the Virgin Mary can bless mommy... so I painted it with devotion.”

The scene focused on Ivy’s painting process.

There was also footage of Ivy kneeling and praying before the Virgin Mary in the church.

“And then the Virgin Mary really loved Ivy, and mommy got better very quickly, and now she’s healthy!”

The scene returned to Ivy.

Her eyes were filled with tears, but she was grinning joyously.

“Is there something you’d like to say to mommy?” the voiceover asked.

Ivy didn’t hesitate, making a heart shape with her fingers.

“Mommy, I love you!”

Upon finishing, it seemed like she remembered something.

“Cory, Ivy loves you too!”

The scene shook a bit.

A blurred boy's voice came through.

"You're so boring."

The voiceover couldn't help but chuckle.

Then, the caption appeared, "Special thanks to our friendly cameraman: Cory."

The audience burst into laughter.

As Ivy's clip ended, she went on stage wearing a sunflower dress (actually a designer piece).

Her tiny figure carrying a microphone had the women below almost swooning from her cuteness.

A lady sitting next to Olivia couldn't help but thought about snatching Ivy up for a few kisses.

"After this, I must get her parents' contact details. My grandson is about her age, and they'd make a great childhood sweethearts!"

Wayne glanced over and instinctively frowned.

"Hi, everyone, how are you?"

The microphone and speakers amplified Ivy's childlike voice throughout the room.

Immediately, fervent responses rose up from below.

"Hi Ivy!"

"You're so adorable!"

"We love you!"

Ivy's little cheeks flushed.

Following the event schedule, she had to promote her paintings. But she was just a five-year-old experiencing sales pitch for the first

time in her life.

"Birch woods and the Virgin Mary are both very precious to Ivy, and I hope you all like them. Since this is a charity auction, if Ivy's paintings are sold, it will help build schools for other kids."

The manager couldn't help but grin. Ivy clearly forgot the formal speech she'd been taught, not using a single sentence from it.

But... The manager was starry-eyed.

Ivy was undoubtedly the cutest child in the world.

Even just for her cuteness and love for her great-grandma and mother, her paintings wouldn't be hard to sell!

"Ivy is an angel!" Paige wiped away tears.

Then she nudged Rosalynn, "You knew about this video, didn't you? That's why *you* weren't worried about what people were saying about her!"

"Of course, I'm her mother. How could this video be shown without my permission?"

Rosalynn then unexpectedly kissed Cory on the cheek, "Son, your filming skills are amazing!"

Cory wiped his face, full of reluctance, "It's okay, the camera shakes a bit."

Paige looked at Cory, "Handsome guy, if this is just okay, then what do you think of the stuff your godmother films?" Cory: "..."

"Here, have some chocolate, godmother."

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