

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love

Chapter 451

Paige has always wanted to move back to the house her father left her and continue living there. But in the end, for various reasons, she had to put that idea on hold.

When she decided to come back to develop her career earlier this year, she mentioned it to Logan as well. Since the house was getting old, she wanted to find a renovation company to give it a makeover.

At that time, Logan was still in the country, and she wanted Logan to go check it out for her.

But Logan said, "Although it's in the city center, the neighborhood is too old, and Aunty Peyton might not be happy about it. Why not just move back in with the family?"

Paige, of course, knew Peyton wouldn't be pleased, but she also didn't want to move back in with them.

Living with Logan at the Sutton family meant they had to constantly avoid suspicion.

At that time, she naively thought that after fixing up the house, she and Logan could live together.

Even if they couldn't live there every day, just one or two days a week would already satisfy her.

But unexpectedly, she and Logan broke up before summer.

"The place is in the city center, but the neighborhood is old," Paige told Baillie, "Do you mind?"

Baillie nodded without hesitation, "It has a lively atmosphere, I like it."

"Really? There are a lot of delicious foods there. If you like, I can take you every day. I promise you, everyday you get to eat something different for a whole month!" Paige said excitedly.

"Ok, let's make a deal then," Baillie agreed, his eyes filled with joy.

Paige was also delighted.

"There's a lot of stuff there that's aged, definitely need a renovation," Paige looked at Baillie, "It'll take some time, right?"

If only she had known back then that Logan would reject the idea, she should have hired someone to get it done!

“Do you want to go take a look? It’s not far from here,” Baillie asked.

“Now?” Paige hesitated.

Baillie nodded, “Yeah, your company just got established, and there’s a lot to do. Leave the renovation stuff to me. We will check it out later together, and you can tell me your thoughts.”

Paige looked at Baillie. He looked really reliable!

Before long, they arrived at Paige’s old house.

Although it was an old neighborhood, **the** streets were well-planned, and it didn’t look **dirty** or messy at all, quite comfortable actually. Even though Paige **didn’t** live there, someone came to clean up every week.

The door lock had been replaced with a more convenient password lock. Paige unlocked it with her fingerprint and let Baillie input one as well

He cheerfully added his fingerprint.

As they were about to enter, the door across the street opened. A middle-aged woman carrying a mop stood there, asking, “**What’s going** on?” “Aunty Sadie!” Paige didn’t notice the woman across the street because of the tall Baillie blocking her view.

Hearing the voice, Paige immediately squeezed out from behind Baillie and greeted the neighbor with a smile.

“Oh, sweetie, you’re back!” Aunty Sadie put down her mop and patted her thigh, “Are you moving back **in**? Great! You loved the pickle meatball soup I used to make when you were **little!**”

“Yeah, I plan *on* moving back, Aunty Sadie.” Paige glanced at Baillie, then blushed as she introduced him, “Aunty Sadie, **this** **is** my husband, Baillie.” Baillie nodded with a warm smile, “**Hi**, Aunty **Sadie.**”

“Wow, you got married! That’s **great!** This young man looks so spirited, your dad can rest easy now.” said **Aunty** Sadie.

Paige chatted with Aunty Sadie at the door for a while before taking Baillie inside.

Chapter 452

The house seemed to still look the same as when her father left.

Paige took a look around, sadness lingering in her heart.

Back then, when she was happily living here, she never thought she would lose her father and purposely cut ties with her mother. “Feels cozy.” Baillie commented.

Paige looked away and responded, “Yeah, I wouldn’t want to renovate it if the furniture and stuff weren’t so old.”

Baillie nodded thoughtfully.

Then, Paige showed Baillie around, pointing out where there were issues.

Baillie listened quietly, taking notes and pictures diligently.

After the tour, Paige looked at Baillie, “Is it not good for me to hand the house over to you like this, Mr. Scott?” “We are husband and wife, and these things don’t matter,” Baillie replied casually while putting away his phone.

After a brief pause, he added, “Instead of worrying about this, Mrs. Scott should think about...”

Baillie raised his right hand, back facing Paige, and wiggled his fingers, “My ring.”

Paige lowered her head.

“I will.”

Seeing her sudden gloominess, Baillie laughed, “No rush, take your time.”

After they had seen the house, it was already late.

Paige thought for a moment.

She simply took Baillie for a late-night snack.

Out of guilt, she also packed a portion of Rosalynn’s favorite food.

The car cruised smoothly along the midnight road.

Paige stared at her own wedding ring, thinking about Baillie’s ring.

Thinking of this.

A thought finally formed in her head.

During college, she had taken a jewelry design course.

Though not very skilled, the ring Baillie gave her had extra significance, and no matter how much she spent to buy another one, it would still feel a bit cheap.

So, she decided to try making one for him herself.

A one of a kind ring!

“What are you thinking about that makes you so happy?” Baillie glanced at her.

Paige was so caught up in her thoughts that she didn’t even manage her facial expression.

“I’m not telling you.” Paige replied mysteriously.

She had been staring at the ring, so Baillie could easily guess that she was thinking of what kind of wedding ring to give to him.

Still, Baillie played along.

“A secret?” he asked.

“Yes!” Paige nodded, “You’ll know eventually.”

“Alright, I’ll look forward to you telling me.” Baillie responded.

Paige was in a good mood.

The car was just about to turn onto another street, when her phone suddenly rang sharply.

Paige thought it was Rosalynn calling to ask her to come back.

But when she took out her phone to check, it’s a string of numbers she was so familiar **with** that she could recite them backward.

All the joy in her face was gone.

She had deleted Logan’s number a long time ago, but she hadn’t blocked it.

As a

result, now all the people from the Sutton family **and** those related to the Sutton family, were in her blacklist, except for Logan.

Paige hung up the call.

Just as she was about to block him, Logan called again.

This time, before Paige could hang up, Baillie had already pulled the car over to the side of the road, “Logan?”

Chapter 453

Paige nodded, “I’ll put him on the blacklist right away.”

“Mrs. Scott, do you plan to marry me but not make it public?” Baillie asked seriously. Paige shook her head

She certainly didn’t plan to keep their marriage a secret.

“Good.” Baillie reached out, took the phone from Paige’s hand, and answered it.

On the other side of the phone, Logan’s voice was a bit hoarse, “Paige...”

Before Logan could continue, Baillie coldly snapped back, “Logan, it’s late, stop bothering my wife and let us rest.” There was brief silence on the other side.

“Let me talk to Paige!” Logan lowered his voice, struggling to keep his anger in check.

Baillie scoffed, “My wife doesn’t want to deal with anyone from the Sutton family, so don’t bother calling again.”

“You’re full of crap!”

Logan yelled.

“Who the hell is **your** wife? I’m warning you, stay away from her or else...”

Baillie hung up the phone before Logan could finish his warning, then put him on the blacklist.

Paige sat there, her excitement from earlier in the night gone.

?

Baillie handed her phone back. “Blocked.”

“Okay.” Paige nodded.

“Do you mind that I talked to him like that?” Baillie asked softly.

If Paige wasn’t right there, he would’ve said something even harsher.

“No!” Paige quickly shook her head, then sighed, “I’m just... annoyed that I still let him affect my mood,”

“Four years, **not** four days or hours, it’s normal to be affected.” Baillie said gently, “We’ll have a long time together, more than enough to dissolve the impact of those past four years.”

Paige looked at Baillie, and suddenly felt emotional.

She and Rosalynn had always understood each other.

But, aside from Rosalynn, Baillie was the first person who didn’t make her feel emotionally oppressed.

“Don’t worry, I **won’t fall for** someone else.” Paige promised sincerely.

Baillie couldn’t help but laugh. “I’m not **worried.**”

If anyone dared **to** seduce his wife, he would deal **with** them long before **they got** close to her.

Baillie took Paige downstairs.

“Tomorrow morning, **I’ll pick** you up to go house hunting.” Before getting out of the car, Baillie said, “Just let me know when you’re awake.”

“I can drive **myself!**” Paige didn’t want to **tire Baillie with all** the back and forth, so she refused.

Baillie looked helpless, “But **I want to** pick **you** up.”

Paige felt her cheeks warm, “I just **feel** like having you drive me **around is a lot of work.**”

Baillie thought **for a moment**, “**Wifey**, have **you ever wondered** why my **car** can travel freely **in this heavily guarded neighborhood?**”

Paige was stunned, “Why?”

Baillie **gently tapped** her **forehead**, “**Because I also live here.**”

Paige’s jaw almost **dropped.**

“Which building?” **Paige asked**, looking **around.**

“The **ones by** the lake, **Baillie replied.**

Paige: “...”

When **she** got out **of the** car, her **steps were** still a little **unsteady.**

There were only three single houses by the lake, which were all taken by Investors before they were even available for sale.

When she got home, Rosalynn was **sitting in the living room** watching a video.

“What’s with the sleepwalking look?” She glanced at Paige.

Paige floated over and sat down, “Baby, I think I really married a rich guy!”

Chapter 454

Rosalynn put down her phone.

Folding her arms and raising an eyebrow, she said, “Come on, tell me all about you and this rich guy.”

Paige looked at her.

Suddenly, she blushed.

“Well, there’s not much to it... On that day...”

Paige started to tell her story in detail.

After listening carefully, Rosalynn counted on her fingers.

“Great, you two met less than a week ago, that’s a whirlwind marriage!” Rosalynn applauded.

Paige’s face turned red.

Then, she hugged Rosalynn’s arm, snuggling up to her.

“Don’t worry, I think he’s very reliable,” Paige said, “He’s nothing like Logan. I feel no pressure being with him, it’s very comfortable.”

Baillie didn’t give her any pressure.

Or rather...

Maybe the ring also counted as pressure.

“As long as you’re happy,” Rosalynn said sincerely, “From what I’ve gathered, although Baillie is several years younger than you, he’s very mature and steady. People who’ve dealt with him have a good impression of him, so as far as I can see, there shouldn’t be any problem Paige thought about it.

“I didn’t find out too much about him either, but I think he’s great too.”

He listened to her carefully, asked her what she wanted, and didn't cover up her emotions.

Most importantly, he didn't seem to demand that she should always behave according to other's demand.

Rosalynn looked at her and realized that she rarely saw Paige look so relaxed.

Before, she always had so much restraint and burden in her eyes.

While she seemed happy on the surface, she actually carried a lot of burdens.

"I think I forgot to mention," Rosalynn said softly, "Paige, congratulations on your marriage, may you always be happy."

Paige didn't know what it was about that sentence that touched her.

She hugged Rosalynn and started crying.

Rosalynn felt sorry for her. So she let her cry, gently patting her back. "Mrs. Scott, if you keep crying like this and someone sees you, they'll think you were forced to get married."

Paige only cried louder after hearing it.

When she finally stopped crying, Rosalynn waited for her to calm down.

Paige sniffled a little, "You and Wayne Silverman..."

Rosalynn lowered her **eyelids** and said calmly, "We talked about it."

Paige thought for a moment, "You shouldn't have lied to him about getting married."

"It all happened so suddenly that day... Anyway, it's all sorted out now," Rosalynn shook her head. "It doesn't matter anymore."

Paige hesitated. Deep down, she never believed that Rosalynn and Wayne would just go their separate ways like that.

"Sweetie, this time I saw Wayne, I felt that he's changed quite a lot," Paige said seriously. "These changes should be because of you. Are you really sure you want to give up this man who has changed so much for you?"

She spent so many years, bit by bit, changing Wayne.

And now she was just going to let him go?

“Why couldn’t those changes be for Olivia?” Rosalynn asked.

Paige **said without** hesitation, **“Today** when Olivia confronted me outside the changing room, **Wayne came over** and **immediately wanted to drive her a way. Most** importantly, there **wasn’t a** hint of affection in his eyes when he looked at her. **They were** very cold, **ever colder** than **when** he

looked at me!”

After saying this, Paige added quickly, “Of course, **it’s because of you that he’s not that cold when looking at me!”**

“Paige, Rosalynn became serious, “Wayne and I have already missed our chance. When I loved him, he only saw me as a substitute for Olivia. When he loved me, it was not just Ivy and Cory’s lives that separated us, but also Noah Holland’s hand, his dream...”

Chapter 455

When Noah was mentioned, Paige lowered her head.

“What about you?” she asked sadly, “Would you ever love someone other than Wayne? Would you ever marry someone else? Or are you going to be alone until you’re old?”

Paige didn’t think that marriage was that big of a deal.

But if you loved someone and yet still ended up lonely.

That love would be like poison eating away at your bones and heart, torturing you all the time.

Rosalynn didn’t say anything.

It wasn’t until the day Wayne tricked her into his apartment that Rosalynn realized what kind of person he was to her.

Even as time passed, her body remained loyal to him.

So... what about her heart?

All these years, she never dated another man.

Was it because her heart was also loyal to Wayne?

“I just want to focus on the present. As for the future...” Rosalynn took a deep breath, “Let’s just let things happen naturally. Life is long, things are bound to change.”

Hearing this, Paige thought of what Baillie had just said.

Yeah, life is long, enough to erase someone from your heart until they disappear.

The conversation couldn't continue after that, as the two of them stopped and returned to their rooms.

Paige took a shower and came out.

There were several unanswered calls on her phone, all from unknown numbers.

She deleted them one by one and opened a WhatsApp message from Baillie.

Baillie sent a video.

It was of Baillie's chubby hand rubbing a cat's belly.

The kitten looked like it was really enjoying it, purring non-stop.

Paige replied: [Is it your cat?]

In the chat box, a response was being typed right away: [It's my nephew's. He bought it and got bored with it after a couple of days, so I took it in.] Then, there was another video.

[Say hi to mommy, kitty.]

Mommy~~~

Paige couldn't help but smile.

Baillie had a furry **little son**.

The kitten had a great **personality**, always purring.

[It's **so cute**, should we bring it along when the house is ready?]

[Of course.] Baillie agreed. [Get some rest, I'll bring you breakfast tomorrow.]

Paige thought for a moment and **sent** a voice message, "**No need**, you come **over and** I'll make **breakfast** for you."

The kitten had already **nestled** into **Baillie's** arms, purring **contentedly**.

Baillie listened to Paige's **voice message**, his **mouth** curving **into** a smile he couldn't **suppress**, although his text remained cool.

[Okay. **See you** tomorrow morning, goodnight.]

[Goodnight.]

Baillie put down his phone and gave the kitten a satisfying rub.

After the rub, he didn't forget to teach it, "When you see mommy, you have to behave, got it?"

The kitten **showed its puzzled big face**, a little **disoriented from the rubbing**.

Paige set her alarm before bed.

It was the first time she was making **breakfast** for Baillie, and **she wanted it to be perfect**.

So she planned to get up early to prepare.

She went to bed quietly.

The next day, the alarm didn't go off.

Or maybe it did, but the drowsy her turned it off.

She rushed downstairs, where Rosalynn was already dressed and ready to go to work.

"What are you doing?" Rosalynn asked, her mouth full of toast.

Paige was flustered, "I promised Baillie I'd make him breakfast, but my alarm didn't go off, and I overslept!"

Rosalynn pointed to the unique plaster clock, "It's 7:30, you still have time to get on it."

Paige scratched her head, "Can I order takeout?"

Chapter 456

After saying that, she immediately denied it: "No, no!"

*Sweetie, take your time with your struggle. I've got a meeting to catch, gotta go." Rosalynn waved her hand, grabbed her briefcase, and went into the elevator.

Paige hurried upstairs.

After getting out of her pajamas, washing up, and doing some quick skincare. She didn't have time to put on makeup, so she quickly went downstairs.

She just got to the kitchen, when the doorbell rang.

Paige ran over to see who it was, and of course, it was Baillie.

She hesitated for a moment.

Breakfast wasn't ready yet, so she couldn't just let him wait outside, right?

She finally relented and opened the door.

"Mrs. Scott, good morning."

Baillie held a beautiful bouquet of red roses.

"I overslept, breakfast isn't ready yet..." Paige took the roses, let Baillie in, and apologized as she got him slippers.

Baillie put on the slippers, "No worries, take your time, I'm not that hungry."

"You go sit in the living room for a bit, I'll be quick!" Paige went to the kitchen with the roses.

She had thought of so many tasty breakfast dishes last night.

Originally, she was planning to make them by following the recipes.

But now that Baillie was already here, looking at the recipes would make her seem unprofessional.

With no other choice, Paige could only make the occasional breakfast she would make.

Sandwiches and milkshakes.

But even these two, she couldn't just make them on command.

As Paige was getting the fruits for the milkshake from the fridge.

Baillie came over.

"You don't need to come over, I got this!" Paige quickly said.

"Let me put the flowers in a vase?" Baillie asked.

Paige nodded, then started searching for a vase: "Now, where's the vase..."

"Here."

Baillie found it quickly.

"Right, right, right!" Paige nodded repeatedly.

"Mrs. Scott, don't mind me, just do your thing."

Paige was always calm and steady while at work.

But her status in the kitchen was quite different.

Baillie trimmed the roses **of** their leaves and thorns, and occasionally glanced at Paige.

How should he put it?

Her orderly chaos was quite astonishing.

After arranging the flowers, Baillie placed the vase in the living room.

By the time he came back, Paige had already made the sandwiches.

Good, this time the bread wasn't burnt **and** the **egg** was only slightly cracked...

Paige thought it was acceptable.

"All done!"

Paige put the sandwiches and milkshake **on** the dining **table**.

Baillie sat **down**.

She **sat** across from him, her **eyes sparkling**.

The breakfast itself was just the kind she would make for Ivy and Cory regularly: easy-to-digest meals.

Ivy always praised it as delicious!<<

Cory wouldn't say too much, but he would always finish his meal.

Based on her observations, if it wasn't delicious, Cory would stop eating after the first bite.

Take the breakfast Calvin made, for example.

"How is it?"

When Baillie took his first bite, Paige's eyes sparkled with anticipation as she asked.

"Delicious."

Baillie nodded, giving her a thumbs up!

Paige let out a sigh of relief.

"Good, good!"

Actually, Baillie wasn't fond of eggs.

But he still ate all the sandwiches, secretly spitting out any eggshells he accidentally bit into.

He was afraid of discouraging Mrs. Scott's enthusiasm.

However, the milkshake was completely to Baillie's taste.

Before leaving, he had two cups.

"Mrs. Scott, how about you move over to my place first? Afterwards, when your dad's house is renovated, we can move in together?" After such a satisfying meal, Baillie was starting to get addicted to the idea of great breakfasts.

Chapter 457

What if they moved in together?

He could also make breakfast for his wife.

"No way!" Paige decisively rejected the idea.

Baillie was a bit down, "Alright... I guess I was too impatient."

"No, that's not it." Paige quickly explained, "If I moved out now, Rosalynn would be by herself at home..."

Baillie:

So it was for his sister-in-law...

"Once she's done with her current project and goes back, whether you come over or I go over to your place, we can discuss it then." When Paige said this, her face turned red.

Baillie finally smiled.

After breakfast.

Baillie took a sports bottle from the car and packed all the remaining milkshake.

Paige was both amused and a little proud.

It seemed that she had some cooking talent!

The sunshine was brilliant outside.

Today was a beautiful day.

After arriving at the company, Rosalynn started a meeting.

It wasn't until around ten o'clock that the meeting temporarily ended.

She returned to her office, rubbing her eyebrows, and rested for a moment.

Lola strode in with her high heels.

"Gabriella Jared, is this you?"

Rosalynn opened her eyes and looked **at** the iPad Pro in Lola's hand.

It displayed a photo of her and Wayne standing side by side.

"Where did it come from?" Rosalynn sat up straight, looking tired but asking.

"It's on the social media trending list!"

#Wayne got married!#

#Who is Wayne's new wife#

#Substitute#

These phrases were ranking high on the social media trending list.

With an awful look, Rosalynn clicked on the first one.

The photo was the same one she had just seen. She quickly skimmed through it.

The hot report was quite exciting.

"A few days ago, Natalie Stein, director of the Silverman Group, passed away. **At** the memorial service, her grandson Wayne (Investment President of Bane Corporation) accompanied a mysterious woman to thank the mourners. The woman was said to be Wayne's **newlywed** wife, personally chosen by Natalie, and is suspected to be pregnant."

"Ridiculous!" Rosalynn slammed **the** phone on the table.

"Gabriella, it's really you, huh?" Lola shivered, "So you were this close with President Silverman?"

Looking back, President Silverman wasn't confused when he held Gabriella's hand, calling her his wife.

“Get someone to take it down from **the** social media trending list!” Rosalynn ordered **with** a deep voice.

At least for now, no one has mentioned Gabriella Jared’s name.

“I’m afraid **that’s** not possible,” Lola said with a complicated **expression**, “**The** popularity **is too** high, and the scope is too **wide**.”

Rosalynn frowned.

She picked up her phone again and checked the data on various platforms.

On Twitter, the three phrases were ranked first, third, and sixth respectively

The first one was **extremely** popular **with the** most discussions.

On a certain video platform, “Who is Wayne’s new wife?” ranked first.

Upon clicking, the style was completely different from Twitter.

Photos of her and Wayne from the media event were added with filters, accompanied by melodious and imposing music.

The text title: A tycoon and his equally wealthy wife.

The comments below were all fun.

“I love the one where President Silverman’s is warming her hand. He loves her so much!”

“With her mask on, she’s so fierce! President Silverman is next to her, tall and protective, ha-ha!”

“Oh, this atmosphere, maxed out!”

“Are these real photos? I thought they were stills from a TV drama!”

Some even went to inquire about Rosalynn’s clothing and jewelry.

Chapter 458

‘Love Mrs. Silverman’s bracelet! Need to find a pic of it. Can’t afford it with my budget, over 2 million!’

“Does anyone else think that the heiress and that girl in the science museum look so much alike?”

This comment got a lot of replies.

The most liked one was a side-by-side comparison photo.

“Not just alike, it’s her for sure!”

“Totally! Mr. Silverman is such a bad guy. Beautiful lady, you better run!”

Rosalynn’s eyes hurt from all the comments.

She exited the video app and was about to call Wayne.

Right then, Hilaria called.

With quick eyes, Lola saw Hilaria’s call and whispered, “Guess the overseas media picked it up too...”

Rosalynn signaled Lola to leave, and after Lola left, she picked up the phone.

“What’s going on with the social media trending list? You and Wayne made up?” Hilaria bombarded her with questions. “And who was that holding hands with Paige? I’m only gone for a few days, can’t you all give me some peace?!”

“Paige?” Rosalynn didn’t notice Paige in the photos.

“I saw her shadow in a photo of you and Wayne!” said Hilaria.

Rosalynn: “...”

Not be familiar with her to that extent, right?

“Well, Paige can explain her situation. Let me explain mine first. I was drawn in by Paige’s story, then Wayne tricked me!” Rosalynn rubbed her temples.

“That guy did it on purpose!” Hilaria humphed. “If he doesn’t want people to publish news about him, no one would be able to go against his wishes.”

Rosalynn pursed her lips.

She thought she persuaded Wayne last night.

Who would have thought...

“I will talk to him!” Rosalynn said in a low voice.

“If you can’t sort it out, let Grandma handle it.” Hilaria said seriously.

“Understood.”

After the call with Hilaria, Paige called right away, and Rosalynn picked up.

“Wayne, that bad man...went way too far!”

Knowing Paige well, she was probably about to insult Wayne with harsher words but stopped herself when Baillie was around.

“You may as well use your trash talk.” Rosalynn rubbed her temples. “One of the pics from the media caught you and Baillie’s shadows, and Hilaria figured it out.”

At that moment, Paige was house hunting with Baillie.

Hearing this, her legs went weak, and Baillie rushed to support her. “What’s wrong?”

Paige was so mad she couldn’t speak, “Why do you guys always find out what’s going on right before I get the chance to confess?”

Just as she finished speaking, another call came in. Guess who?

Hilaria...

“She’s calling me.”

“Good luck, answer the call.” Rosalynn hung up and immediately dialed Wayne’s number.

A cold, robotic voice answered quickly.

“The number you’ve called is currently unavailable.”

Rosalynn’s brows **furrowed**.

She thought Wayne **set** the Do Not Disturb mode intentionally to avoid her

But in reality...

Wayne’s phone was smashed by **Olivia**.

Now go back another hour.

At that time, the media just published the news, and it wasn’t on the trending list yet.

But Olivia’s phone was already bombarded with messages.

“Olivia, is that you accompanying President Silverman at the funeral? Was President Silverman forced to get married by Natalie? What are you going to do?”

Chapter 459

“Olivia, check the social media trends! Wayne got married?”

It was all messages like this.

At first, Olivia was totally confused. Who was with Wayne at the funeral yesterday?

She opened the trending topics. When she saw those group photos, she freaked out.

Then she checked the comments.

The most popular one was about her.

The comment said, "So, Olivia lied about being engaged?"

Most of the replies were defending Olivia.

But all Olivia could see were the sarcastic hate messages.

"Oh, so first love can't beat the one destined for him. Olivia's got nothing on the girl in the photo."

"Olivia's dreams of joining a wealthy family are shattered!"

"The girl in the photo looks like she's 70 or 80% similar to Secretary Tesdal. So, Secretary Tesdal is Wayne's true love. Olivia didn't hesitate to badmouth Secretary Tesdal before, guess she's reaping what she sowed today."

"Are they saying the dead can't compete with the living?"

When Olivia saw this comment, a tight string in her head snapped.

Wayne didn't come to the company, but it wasn't difficult for Olivia to find out where he was.

Wayne had set up a memorial hall for his grandmother in an ancient church in the suburb.

He was there at the moment.

Olivia left her work and drove like crazy to the church.

When she found Wayne, he was on the phone.

His expression was very soft.

Olivia, of course, knew who was by Wayne's side at the memorial service.

Gabriella!

From the golden wedding banquet to yesterday, how long had it been?

These two people actually got together like that!

Seeing Wayne's expression, she was sure Wayne was talking to Gabriella.

She was seeing red.

She ran up to him, grabbed his phone, and smashed it to the ground. It broke into pieces.

The priests nearby were frightened and retreated.

Wayne frowned, "What are you doing?"

"Wayne, wake up! That's Gabriella, *not* Rosalynn!" Olivia shouted with red eyes, "She's not what you think she is! She's trying to deceive you and take over the Bane Corporation and the Silverman Group to expand the Jared Group!"

"What are you talking about?" Wayne's face turned pale.

In fact, he was just talking to Ivy on the phone.

Ivy's parents finally allowed her to talk to him once.

"Yes! I've gone crazy!" Olivia's face was full of pain, "You didn't allow me to go to grandmother's memorial service, but you took a woman you've known for half a month, let her stand by your side as your wife, and thank the guests!"

"Olivia, since you came back five years ago, I've made it clear that there's no chance for **us**! It's you who can't let go of this obsession!" Wayne said in a deep voice.

"I was forced to marry into the royal family! Did you know how much I suffered? But during that time, I never stopped loving you, how can you expect me to let go?" Olivia asked tearfully, "Wayne, from the beginning, you were the one who pursued me, promised to protect me and not let anyone hurt me! But now, the person hurting me the most **is** you! How the hell can you **stop** loving me and fall for my stand-in?"

Wayne frowned.

"Olivia, I once told you that I later realized that my feelings for you were gratitude, not love. I promised **to** always protect you and not let anyone hurt you, and that promise still holds."

"**So**, you're going to be with Gabriella?" Olivia asked.

Wayne said without hesitation, "Yes."

Olivia started crying and then suddenly burst out laughing, "Wayne, do you really love Rosalynn that much?"

Wayne remained resolute, "Yes, even more than my own life."

"Does Gabriella know she's just a substitute?" Olivia mocked, "Will you slowly fall for her and then stop loving Rosalynn, falling for the replacement instead?"

"Your question is pointless," Wayne replied.

Chapter 460

Olivia lowered her eyelids and laughed a bit maniacally, "That's right, it's pointless. Only the dead can never be defeated."

She then looked up at Wayne and asked, "Wayne, if I had died back then, would Rosalynn have never been able to defeat me?" She tilted her head slightly, tears of hurt slipping from the corners of her eyes, looking utterly desperate and anguished.

Wayne didn't answer.

He knew the answer, but he just didn't want to hurt Olivia any more than he already had.

He knew his feelings for Olivia stemmed only from gratitude for saving his life, which he had once mistaken for love when he was younger. Since he never truly loved her, Olivia could not be compared to Rosa.

"Olivia, it's not worth it to waste your life on someone like me," Wayne said seriously.

Olivia stared deeply at him. After Rosalynn's death, she truly believed that she would become Wayne's wife. But she waited year after year.

No other woman appeared by his side, and everyone thought she would eventually become Mrs. Silverman.

Yet two more years passed.

Gabriella's arrival shattered all of her beautiful dreams.

Was it true that the dead could never be defeated?

Olivia lowered her eyelids, but how could the deceased compete with her?

It didn't matter whether they loved each other or not, she had never stooped to compete with the dead.

Gabriella... you were really something!

"I understand," Olivia wiped her tears, "If this is your final choice, then I choose to respect and accept it."

"Okay." Wayne nodded.

Without saying anything else, Olivia turned and left.

Wayne watched her retreating figure, thinking about the blurred face he saw when he was at death's door.

Over the years, Olivia had become increasingly unfamiliar to him.

He truly wished for her to escape the shadows of the past and embrace her own future.

Glancing at the shattered phone, Wayne worried if Ivy had been frightened when the phone was damaged.

Ivy was alright but genuinely worried about Wayne.

Anxiously, she tried calling Wayne back several times, but the calls couldn't connect.

Coincidentally, Ivy had just watched a kidnapping movie with her uncle.

She was extremely nervous.

"Did mister get kidnapped by bad guys?" She grabbed Hilaria's sleeve, with **tears** spinning in her eyes, "Granny Hilaria, please save mister, save

him!"

Hilaria:

She truly is Wayne's **own** daughter!

Cory heard Ivy crying.

He immediately dropped **the book** he was reading to listen **to the whole story**, and **was left** speechless.

He quickly grabbed his laptop, **found** the IP address **of Wayne's latest call**, and **pinpointed the** church.

Swiftly hacking **into** the **surveillance** system, **he** spotted Wayne among the **numerous video feeds**.

Then, **enlarging the screen.**

“Look, he’s fine and not kidnapped.” Cory then turned the laptop to show Ivy!