

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 669

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Chapter 669

Before Baillie could react, Paige was already squatting in front of the tombstone, “Dad, here are photos of five new homes for you! Take a look and tell me which one you like, and I’ll draw it out from the stack! Just help me pick the right one!”

Baillie’s choice of burial spot must be the best.

Paige knew whichever her dad chose, it would be good.

So Paige opened up a lot-drawing app.

Baillie was surprised, “There’s an app for that?”

“Cory made it,” Paige replied. “Whenever we argue about something and can’t come to a decision, we do a group draw.”

After she said that, she looked at the tombstone, “Dad, I’ll give you another five seconds to make up your mind.”

Baillie was amused by Paige’s adorable actions!

In the end, the draw result was No.1.

Paige checked the description, “Dad, you’ve got great taste!”

Paige gave a thumbs up, then turned to Baillie, waving her phone. “My dad picked the first one!”

“I’ll have someone arrange it immediately.” Baillie reached out his hand, and Paige naturally handed the phone to him, then waved to the tombstone, “Dad, we’re going to take care of the moving first. You say goodbye to the neighbors, and we’ll pick a good day to come and move you!”

Once they've moved, the Sutton family wouldn't bother them anymore.

With that thought in mind, Paige left with Baillie.

Arriving at the cemetery's plaza, Paige spotted police cars in the distance.

She instantly grew serious.

"It's him!"

Grant saw them from afar and pointed at Baillie yelling.

"Baillie... Paige looked worriedly at him.

"Don't worry," Baillie smiled at her.

Paige glanced around. Logan and Grayson Sutton had disappeared.

"Officer, it's him! He broke my son's hand!" Grant pointed at Baillie, then at Paige, "And she's his accomplice!"

Peyton, who followed behind Grant, looked up in shock, "Honey! How could you say Paige is an accomplice? She's a victim too!"

Grant pretended not to hear.

"Arrest them, now!"

"What's going on? Did you really break his hand?" A police officer asked Baillie seriously.

"Yep," Baillie nodded, "When we went up earlier, we ran into these people on our way. They started insulting my wife, who just wanted to leave, but that gentleman suddenly attacked. I instinctively blocked it, and his hand just snapped like that. There are several security cameras over there that caught it, if you'd like to check."

Compared to the raging and crazy-looking Grant, Baillie was rational and well-spoken.

Relatively speaking, Baillie seemed more credible.

“Officer, this is my daughter. We’re family. You can arrest him, but my daughter is innocent. She’s been deceived by him!” Peyton cried her eyes out.

“Shut up!” Grant yelled at Peyton.

Peyton flinched in fear.

When she looked at Paige again, her eyes were pleading.

Pleading for what?

Paige didn’t understand.

At this point, what else could she possibly have to plead for?

Push Baillie out to appease Grant? Does he even deserve that?

“You think you’re the only one who knows about checking the footage? The moment we got down, we contacted the cemetery, and they said those cameras were broken! But my son’s already done a medical examination, and they’ll definitely be able to find your fingerprints on his wrist! As the attacker, you won’t get away with it!!

“Cameras are broken?”

Baillie chuckled like he just heard a big joke.

Seeing Baillie laugh, Grant assumed the young man was finally panicking.

Chapter 670

Of course, the surveillance cameras weren’t actually broken.

Baillie took care of that.

“Sorry, let me make a quick call first.” Baillie glanced at the police officers, then took out his phone, stepped away a bit, and made a call.

When he came back, he was still calm and collected. "Please give me a moment, everyone."

"Officer, arrest him! He's just stalling!" Grant urged.

"Don't worry, let's check the surveillance footage first, the policeman responded.

"There is no surveillance! Grant was very
anxious.

He was in a rush to get this matter settled, otherwise, Paige's friend's help would arrive soon, and his scheme would fail.

As he was thinking, a car screeched to a halt by the road.

Then, a fat man walked quickly towards them.

"Our boss's here!" said the man, who was in charge of maintaining the cemetery.

At the sight, Grant perked up.

This man was the one who accepted his money just now!

"Paige, we raised you, and you ruined yourself by choosing such a useless man. I think you..."

Before Grant finished speaking, the cemetery boss yelled out, "Which one of you is Mr. Scott?"

Grant was stunned for a second, remembering that the hothead was a Mr. Scott...

"It's me."

Baillie raised his hand in calm and aristocratic demeanor.

"I'm so sorry for the trouble you've been through!" The man wiped the sweat from his forehead, "You want the surveillance data, right? I'll have the technician get it for you!"

"Didn't you say the cameras were broken just now?" the officer asked suspiciously.

The man immediately said indignantly, "I was playing cards, and suddenly a weird guy called me, asking me to delete all the surveillance data and falsely claim that the cameras were broken! Before I knew it, he had transferred money to me!"

Grant's face froze.

“Haha, isn’t this just the evidence you need? Isn’t that right, officer?” the man turned around and smiled at the police officer. “You two go and check the surveillance footage,” the officer ordered the other two policemen behind him, and then looked at Grant, “Who exactly tried to bribe him to delete the surveillance?”

“Sweetie, was it you?”

Grant suddenly turned to Peyton.

Peyton was dazed.

“Didn’t I say it was our son’s fault? What’s the point of you doing all this?”

Peyton stiffened.

Grant gave her a pleading and warning look.

Was he trying to frame Peyton?

But she had no idea about the bribe...

“Who here is Peyton?” demanded the boss, raising his phone, “The money was transferred under this name!”

Peyton was astonished again, looking at Grant in disbelief.

Unexpectedly, Grant grabbed her arm tightly and hid her behind him, “I’m sorry. She lost control just now. Please understand. Fortunately, we know the truth now; otherwise, things would have been really complicated.”

Paige looked at Peyton, who was now in panic.

Peyton had been pampered all her life; this experience was probably her first.

“Enough chit chat. She’s a suspect for interfering with public affairs and needs to come with us for further processing”

”

Baillie looked at Paige.