

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 691

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Chapter 691

For the next few days, the world seemed to have become peaceful all of a sudden.

Cory's condition was quite stable.

Ivy spent every day at home painting. Sometimes she'd miss her brother and mom so much that she'd cry, hugging her little pillow at night, and go stay over at the hospital with them.

The morning after having breakfast, nobody could hold her back as she always went home.

Rosalynn was still with Cory at the hospital every day, but most of the time, she was dealing with work stuff.

She tried contacting Noah several times, wanting to discuss with him, but her messages went unanswered.

However, Rosalynn found some holiday photos of Noah with his family in his mom's Facebook album, with everything looking pretty good.

Rosalynn breathed a sigh of relief.

Paige and Baillie, enjoying their honeymoon, happened to be caught up with Baillie having to return to school to deal with some professional matters.

It meant they would be apart for at least half a month.

Without Baillie around, Paige wasn't used to living in a big house.

So, she took Baillie's cat and temporarily moved back to Rosalynn's place.

Ivy was the happiest of all. Baillie's cat especially liked Ivy. Plus, Ivy's room had plenty of sunlight and a constant temperature system. With no humidity and dryness under sunlight, the cat simply loved it.

So, when Ivy painted, the cat would lie on the wooden floor, belly on the ground, looking very content.

At bedtime, Ivy would cuddle the cat to sleep.

The little girl and the big kitty got along super well.

Wayne still came to the hospital to accompany Cory every night.

Rosalynn didn't stop him, but she mostly ignored him.

Life gradually became calm until they learned the results of the bone marrow matching. Jaime was the first to undergo the matching, and his results also came out earliest, but the matching was unsuccessful. Next was Rosalynn, and her results failed as well.

By the following afternoon, the results came out for everybody, including the Silverman family.

Regrettably, with so many people participating in the matching process, and all of them being relatives, not a single match was found.

"They must've made a mistake!" Jaime paced anxiously in circles.

"It's tough to match bone marrow in the first place," Rosalynn lowered her eyes, "Don't worry about it. You guys haven't rested for several days. Cory's situation isn't urgent. We've only spent a few days searching. If we don't find a match, we'll just keep looking."

"That's right! Why the rush? There are so many people in the world; there's got to be a match somewhere!" Paige, though agreeing, had a wavering tone to her voice, choked with tears.

“Cory needs to be discharged from the hospital, I’ll go do the paperwork,” Rosalynn sorted a bunch of results and set them aside before getting up and heading out.

The weather was getting hotter these days.

Somewhere outside, cicadas were screeching at the top of their lungs.

Rosalynn looked up at the sky, feeling a little dizzy.

Her body suddenly swayed, and a big hand caught her from behind.

Rosalynn was taken aback.

She turned around and saw Wayne.

“Are you okay?” Wayne frowned and asked with concern.

shaped up her back leaving Wayne’s palm. “I’m fine, need to go get Cory’s discharge paperwork ready, he’s still at the house. Not keen about moving, I’ll have to persuade her some more, and you’ll have to wait.”

You stay with Cory and I’ll do the paperwork, Wayne said.

Since getting married their conversations had always been polite, with Rosalynn occasionally being sarcastic.

“No need,” Rosalynn waved her hand, not waiting for Wayne’s response, and walked off.

In reality, Wayne knew that patients in VIP wards didn’t need to take care of their own discharge procedures. A call was all it took for a specialist to come to the ward and sort it out.

Rosalynn quickly finished all the paperwork.

Then she didn’t return right away.

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Rosalynn stood in front of the mirror in the bathroom, turned on the faucet, and after a moment, her unbearable emotions broke

out.

She started crying

She knew Cory's condition wasn't urgent and they could wait for a new bone marrow match.

She understood the logic, but she still couldn't suppress her fear.

That day when they went for a checkup, the child was already very sick and had been waiting for bone marrow. But in the end, they didn't get a match, and on the day he coughed up blood, he never made it.

Cory knew the bone marrow match results would come out gradually these days, so he was always waiting for his mom to tell him the matching news.

But... the last thing he waited for was the news of being discharged from the hospital. Cory understood it right away.

None of these matches had suitable bone marrow, otherwise, they wouldn't be discharged.

He didn't show too much emotion. He watched the maids pack his things while Uncle Jaime, with red eyes, tried to entertain him and played some simple games for him to watch.

Cory was a bit distracted.

From time to time, he would look outside.

His mom and Wayne had been gone for so long. It wasn't until their things were all packed up that his mom finally came back with a big smile on her face.

"Son, were you teaching your uncle how to play games again?" Rosalynn walked over and patted Cory's head, "Let's stop playing. We're going to buy some yummy food to bring home for your sister"

"Okay!" Cory nodded.

"Where's Dad?" Rosalynn looked around but didn't see Wayne.

Didn't she ask him to come back and accompany Cory?

Where did he run off to?

"I'm here." Wayne finally came in from outside, "I just took a call from the company. Can we leave now?"

"If you're busy, *you* can go back to work first. Cory and I want to go shopping and buy some things his sister likes to eat." Rosalyno replied.

"I'm not busy, let's go together." Wayne didn't even think about it.

Soon after, the family of three, along with their tagalong Jaime, went to a large warehouse supermarket.

Ivy preferred the cheap and big desserts from this supermarket to the desserts at Michelin-rated restaurants.

After getting out of the car, the family of three wore hats and masks neatly.

Jaime, with his messy hair, said helplessly, "Don't you think you guys actually draw more attention like this?"

He then started attacking Wayne, "President Silverman, especially with your height so noticeable, how about you just wait in the car? We'll come back with the stuff."

Wayne acted like he didn't hear a thing.

He picked up Cory with one arm and placed him on the child seat of the shopping cart, "Cory, if you want something, just tell daddy."

Jaime rolled his eyes.

Rosalynn elbowed him.

As soon as they entered the supermarket, Wayne began asking questions left and right.

"Does your sister **like this?**"

"**Cory**, do you want this?"

"Those snacks look delicious, oh... **Cory** would be allergic to it, daddy will remember."

Rosalynn was watching from the side.

Seeing the seemingly harmonious scene between the father and son, but deep down, she felt something wasn't quite right.

This feeling was strange.

“Was Wayne possessed by something?” Jaime whispered to Rosalynn, “Why does he look like an idiot? Didn’t he have a head injury last time? Did it really damage his brain?”

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“Talk more nonsense, and I’ll send you back to school tomorrow!” Rosalynn glared at him.

Jaime wasn’t scared at all and mumbled, “Whatever, it’s almost holiday anyway, I’ll just come back again after sending me over!” Rosalynn shook her head helplessly.

At this moment, Rosalynn saw Wayne put two big bags of snacks into the shopping cart

Without hesitation, she picked them out.

“Cory, your sister is already overweight, she can’t eat these anymore,” Rosalynn helplessly told Cory.

“She hasn’t eaten them for a long time,” Cory replied, and then negotiated with Rosalynn, “What if we just take one bag?”

“We won’t buy any more desserts after this, you choose.” Rosalynn shrugged and gave the decision to Cory.

Cory sighed helplessly. “Fine, the dessert then.”

“Good choice.”

Rosalynn gave Cory a thumbs up.

To prevent Cory and Wayne from secretly buying things when she wasn’t paying attention, Rosalynn stopped messing with Jaime and kept an eye on the father and son.

In the end, Cory and Wayne exchanged a glance, both somewhat helpless.

After buying the dessert, Rosalynn still took a few snacks and ended this shopping trip.

Out of the supermarket, Wayne put Cory down.

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Holding a bag in one hand and holding Cory’s hand in the other, they walked towards their car.

Rosalynn and Jaime still followed behind.

“When did Wayne and Cory get so close?” Jaime was shocked.

Rosalynn hid the depression in her eyes and thoughtfully said, “As father and son, they’ve never had a bad relationship. They just... didn’t know each other well before.”

“Hmph!” Jaime mumbled unhappily.

Rosalynn patted him on the back of his head, “You gotta change this attitude, man. Wayne ain’t as easy-going as Baillie. If you piss him off, watch out, he might sneak you away and sell you!”

Jaime was startled and suddenly felt a chill down his neck.

When it was time to get in the car, Jaime, who was originally sitting in the passenger seat, quickly moved to the back, “The front seat’s too hard, sis. Let’s swap places, okay?”

At this moment, Wayne was fastening Cory’s seatbelt.

He cast a puzzled glance at Jaime, who in turn didn’t look back and stared at the window outside with an arrogant expression.

Rosalynn couldn’t help but laugh, she didn’t mind where to sit, so she generously took the passenger seat and fastened her seatbelt.

After fastening Cory’s seatbelt, Wayne got in the car *too*.

The supermarket wasn’t far from Rosalynn’s home.

Wayne parked the car.

As Rosalynn was undoing her seatbelt, she said to Wayne, “Ivy might not know you’re coming. I’m going **to** tell her right now. If she doesn’t want to see you, we can’t have you stay for lunch.”

After a moment of silence, Wayne whispered to Rosalynn, “Tell her I didn’t mean it that day and that I won’t lose my temper with you anymore **in** the future.”

“I’ve told her **already**,” Rosalynn replied.

Panic flickered in Wayne’s eyes, “Then what should I do?”

It was rare for Rosalynn **to** see him like this, and she playfully raised an eyebrow, “Wait **patiently**, I guess. What else can you do? **You’re** the one who’s got a bad temper and snapped **at me!**”

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Wayne didn’t say anything.

in the back seat, Jaime and Cory were eating snacks with different expressions on their faces.

Rosalynn held back her laughter and got out of the car.

The servants were already preparing lunch.

Hilaria and Paige were both there.

Judging by their looks, they must've cried their eyes out earlier,

"Where's Cory? Paige asked.

"He's in the car, waiting for his dad to take him out of his car seat," Rosalynn glanced at the living room and dining room, "Where's Ivy?"

"She's been painting in her room," Paige paused, "Cory's back, I took Baillie's fat cat away, so Ivy's not too happy."

Rosalynn sighed helplessly, "I need to ask her if Wayne is allowed to stay for lunch."

"Alright." Said Paige.

Rosalynn went upstairs briskly.

When she reached the door of the painting room, she knocked gently, "Baby, Mommy's back."

There was rustling in the room, Ivy opened the door, "Mommy! I've missed you so much! Where's my brother?"

She hugged Rosalynn, then anxiously looked for Cory.

"Your brother and dad are in the car," Rosalynn said softly.

Ivy paused, "Oh, I have more painting to do."

As Rosalynn tried to respond, Ivy had already closed the door and locked it.

Feeling a bit helpless, she knocked on the door again, "Daddy bought your favorite Swiss roll. He's really exhausted today. Can you allow him to stay for lunch?"

After waiting for a while, Ivy still didn't respond.

Rosalynn understood her meaning.

"I see. I'll ask him to leave," she said, then pretended to walk away a few steps.

The next second, the door lock clicked, and the door was reopened.

“Mommy, that’s really rude!” Ivy’s face was red and she spoke seriously.

Rosalynn pretended to be surprised, “How is Mommy rude? This is your home, and of course, I won’t let someone you dislike come in, even for a meal.”

Ivy’s face was scrunched up.

Rosalynn noticed her daughter’s emotions and gave her a way out, “However, Daddy’s been very busy today, helping your brother get discharged from the hospital and buying you treats. Let’s just allow him to have a meal this time? Otherwise, it might seem a bit impolite.”

“Hmph!” Ivy seemed relieved and went back to her unfinished painting.

Rosalynn faintly heard her humming a tune.

She smiled quietly then went downstairs.

By this time, Jaime had brought Cory and their shopping loot into **the** house.

Wayne was still outside.

“I think something’s wrong with him,” Jaime bit his nails anxiously, “How could he be **so well-** behaved and obedient? He **really** doesn’t come in as been told. Just the other day, wasn’t he trying to ruin the **Jared** Group and destroy all of **us**?”

As Jaime spoke, he suddenly seemed **to** remember something and angrily said **to** Paige, “**Speaking of** which, **my** thesis **got** returned by my advisor and I have to **redo it** next semester! Do you **think** Wayne’s behind this? **My paper** might not be **that** great, **but it** shouldn’t have been returned!”

Paige shook her head helplessly while eating seedless grapes, “Ah, this child, suddenly having two more brothers-in-law, seems to

ve driven han czszy with pressure”

11 let Wayne in, you can ask him yourself,” Rosalynn said and opened the door, walking outside.

Upon hearing the door open, Wayne immediately turned his head and took a few steps forward, “Does Ivy want to see me?”

Rosalynn shook her head.

Wayne's face fell, I see..."

"But she's agreed to let you stay for lunch, Rosalynn added.

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It only took a few seconds, and Wayne's mood was like a roller coaster ride.

He immediately laughed and said, "Does this mean Ivy doesn't hate me that much anymore?"

Rosalynn rolled her eyes and shrugged, "I can't guarantee that."

Just like that, Wayne entered the house.

However, Ivy didn't come downstairs for lunch.

After Laura prepared lunch, she brought it to the studio.

"Ivy is always like this when she's drawing, it's not because of you, Rosalynn reassured Wayne.

Wayne silently nodded.

After lunch, Rosalynn, who didn't sleep well the night before, went upstairs to take a nap.

When she woke up, only Cory and Wayne were left in the house.

They were playing chess in the living room.

Wearing a simple white dress, Rosalynn looked a bit messy, and her eyes were still sleepy from just waking up. She asked Wayne, "Why haven't you left yet?"

"I got nothing to do back home, so I'm just keeping Cory company for a while," Wayne forced himself to look away from Rosalynn.

"Son, didn't you take a nap?" Rosalynn sat next to Cory and instinctively touched his forehead.

"I sleep too much every day, and my brain can barely work," Cory responded.

Rosalynn couldn't help but chuckle.

She sat next to Cory and watched them finish a game of chess.

“Alright,” Wayne looked at Cory, “Cory, can you take a break? Your mom and I have something to discuss.”

“Okay.” Cory replied, tidied up the chessboard, and glanced at his parents as he got up, “If you have something to say, just be nice to each other. If you argue again...”

He sternly looked at Wayne, “You can’t come here anymore.”

Wayne could only smile helplessly, “I know.”

Cory left the room, after hearing that.

“Both *your* son and daughter protect you.” Wayne spoke sarcastically after Cory left.

“What *do* you want to say?” Rosalynn asked.

“We’ve been delaying grandma’s burial for a long time.” Wayne said, “I think we should choose a **right** time these days to bury her. Do *you* want to come?”

Rosalynn lowered her gaze and thought for a moment, “Give me a few more days. I’ll try to make Ivy feel better and take them

with us.”

Wayne was slightly stunned.

He hadn’t expected Rosalynn *to* respond like that.

“Is that okay?” Not hearing Wayne’s answer, Rosalynn asked again.

Wayne hurriedly nodded, “Of course!”

“I have something to talk about too.” Rosalynn leaned back, looking quite relaxed, “As you know, I’m busy with the FreshBite project. If all goes well, after this project, I might start running the Jared Group. I want this project to be perfect.”

“What do you want me to do?” Wayne asked earnestly.

Rosalynn looked at him **and** casually said, “Take care of the kids.”

Wayne was startled, “What?”

“**Cory** and Ivy need someone to be with them. A nanny or aunt isn’t enough. Before, it was **difficult** for me **to** take care of **them** on my own, but now that their dad is back, **you** need **to** take on this **responsibility**.”

“I understand,” Wayne nodded.

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this time. I only have one request, Rosalynn continued, "You can take Cory and Ivy to anywhere you think is suitable, but

only if they both agree. You absolutely cannot force them to do things they don't like."

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"Of course!" Wayne nodded very seriously.

"So we're good with this?" Said Rosalynn.

"Yep!" Wayne nodded again.

"Alright, then. Make yourself at home." Rosalynn got up and walked towards the kitchen.

Wayne stood up and followed her, "What do you need to do every day when taking care of the kids?"

"Three meals a day, plus nutritious snacks in the morning and afternoon at this time." Rosalynn opened the fridge, took out a fruit container with Ivy's name on it, picked a banana, "Like now, I need to make Ivy a milkshake."

Wayne watched Rosalynn make the milkshake for Ivy with a serious look on his face.

"Ivy loves cold things, but if she eats too much, she'll get diarrhea, so during summer, you can add some ice in, just a little bit." Said Rosalynn.

Wayne nodded, "Got it."

"Other than

the three meals, Cory and Ivy don't have much to do. Cory spends most of his time studying and coding, and Ivy mostly likes to paint. However, she has many friends in the nearby park and goes there at around 7:30 every morning."

"Many friends?" Wayne suddenly realized, "She did tell me about those grandpas and grandmas and their cats and dogs, right?" "Yeah." Rosalynn looked at Wayne, "Did she tell you anything else?"

Wayne sat at the kitchen bar, "Quite a bit, like the various animals at their home abroad and so on. But she never talks about things happening at home."

"That's the house rule." Rosalynn poured the milkshake into Ivy's cute cup, "Even though she loves to talk, she won't break this rule."

"You've raised her well." Wayne sincerely complimented.

Rosalynn prepared the milkshake with her eyes down, and before going upstairs, she said to Wayne, "But not too well, President Silverman. My only hope for you is not to spoil the children. If I wasn't there at the supermarket today, you'd probably have bought the whole place, right?"

Wayne cleared his throat, "I don't really have experience. I'll be more careful next time."

Rosalynn shook her head.

Her instinct was that Wayne would be a dad who spoiled his kids.

Rosalynn took the milkshake upstairs, knocked on Ivy's studio door, and said, "Baby, it's time for your milkshake!"

"Thanks, mommy." Ivy obediently took the milkshake, pulled out the straw, hugged the big belly cup, and started sucking seriously. Rosalynn smiled, "I love watching our Ivy eat. She's so serious and cute, and enjoys her meal!"

Ivy spat out the straw.

"What about him?" Asked Ivy.

"Are you talking about dad?" Rosalynn responded.

Ivy nodded awkwardly.

"Do you want to see him?" Rosalynn asked.

Ivy shook her head and chugged the rest of her milkshake, "Thanks, mommy. It's been a long day. Ivy wants to continue drawing."

After that, Ivy shoved the big belly cup into Rosalynn's hands, turned around, and locked herself back in *her* studio.

Rosalynn sighed and stood up. When she went downstairs, she found Wayne hadn't left yet.

He was standing by the kitchen side door, looking at the small garden outside.

"She finished it so fast? Wayne heard the footsteps, turned around to look at Rosalynn, and asked in surprise.

Rosalynn quickly cleaned the cup with the washer, "I really don't know what she's drawing. In these last few days, all her attention has been on her drawing

"Maybe she's praying for her brother" Wayne guessed

What are you looking at? Rosalynn curiously asked. There were no flowers planted in that little garden yet.

“She mentioned a garden at home to me before.” Wayne shifted his gaze away

Rosalynn suddenly recalled, “Yeah, when we were back, she especially loved the sunlight here, because the garden is just downstairs from her studio. We even talked about buying some beautiful flowers and filling the garden with different colors. It’s just that... later on, we got caught up with other things and never got around to it.”

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Wayne took another glance.

“After I cheer Ivy up, let’s all go to the flower market together,” Wayne suggested.

Rosalynn put down her cup, “We’ll see. If I’m busy, you can just take the two siblings together.”

“Alright.”

Wayne agreed, and suddenly the atmosphere became a bit awkward.

At that moment, Rosalynn’s phone rang. It was a call from **her** studio.

“I have to get back to work now. You do whatever you want,” Rosalynn said before turning to leave. After taking a couple **steps**, she seemed to remember something and turned back to Wayne, “President Silverman, if you’re going to buy trendings next time, can you give me a heads up if it’s related to me? The PR department at the Jared Group is having a real headache because of this.”

“Got it,” Wayne nodded.

“Thanks.” Rosalynn then went upstairs.

Wayne lingered by himself for a while before going to the second floor.

He had a rough idea which room Ivy’s art studio was in, as Cory just mentioned earlier.

Wayne slipped a small note he’d written through the crack of the door before reluctantly leaving.

Ivy’s painting was almost done, and she was very careful with every stroke, afraid that even a slight mistake would make her start all over again.

When she finished applying the last bit of color, Ivy breathed a sigh of relief and carefully climbed down from her small ladder. Then, she saw the note by the door.

Ivy was quite observant when it came to her art studio. She'd quickly notice if anything was out of place.

She walked over, picked up the note, and opened it.

On the card, there was a cartoon sad face, with the words "Sorry" written next to it.

It was signed: Daddy.

Ivy raised an eyebrow, closed the card and, holding back a laugh, muttered, "Dad's such a dummy!"

Keeping the card in her pocket, she turned around, took one last look at the painting she'd spent days on, feeling satisfied. She then opened and closed the door tightly behind her.

Laura happened to walk by and asked if Ivy wanted to go downstairs for dinner.

Seeing Ivy coming out on her own, Laura was delighted.

"Miss, are you done painting?" Laura asked.

"It's done," Ivy clumsily patted her shoulder, "Nobody can enter the art studio – not you, not Mommy, not Cory, nobody!"

"I know, you've told me many times," Laura agreed, "Are your shoulders sore? Let me give you a massage!"

Ivy went downstairs.

Her brother and uncle were playing chess. She didn't see her mother or...

"Wow, our little fairy Ivy finally came out of her *room!*" Jaime exclaimed dramatically upon seeing Ivy.

Cory turned around.

Seeing paint on Ivy's hands and face, he couldn't help but get up and walk over to her, wiping off the green paint, "You even got your face dirty."

"Where is he?" Ivy asked Cory, not finding Wayne.

"Wayne?" Cory inquired.

Ivy nodded.

“Uncle Jaime already chased him away because I knew you didn’t like him. Aren’t I awesome?” Jaime said confidently, winking at

Ny didn’t say anything.

For the rest of the night, she didn’t talk to Jaime at all.

Jaime was totally confused.

While Rosalynn was putting Ivy to bed that night.

Ivy rubbed against her and then, as usual, praised her, “Mommy, you smell so good, Ivy loves snuggling with you the most!”

Rosalynn laughed, “Do you really love Mommy that much?”

“Yes! I love Mommy the most!” Ivy confirmed without hesitation.

“Well then, can Ivy let Mommy take a look at the painting she’s been working on for the past few days?” Rosalynn playfully asked.

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“Mom, your intentions are so obvious! If I get tricked into giving you the drawing, wouldn’t that be too dumb of me?” Said Ivy. Rosalynn laughed and said, “Cory, your sister is getting smarter and smarter.”

“That’s great.” Cory replied.

After a while, Ivy went to Rosalynn’s ear and asked, “Jaime kicked him out, will he still come tomorrow?”

“It’s Uncle Jaime,” Rosalynn patted her, “Who told you Uncle Jaime kicked him out?”

“Uncle Jaime said it himself.” Ivy mumbled.

“He’s talking nonsense,” Rosalynn patiently said, “He went to work.

Ivy nodded.

If he wasn’t kicked out, would he still come see her afterward?

Rosalynn saw Ivy mentioning Wayne on her own, and originally thought there would be more to follow.

But Ivy soon fell asleep not long after.

Rosalynn couldn’t help but feel amused and annoyed at the same time.

However, Rosalynn now also understood Ivy's attitude toward Wayne; she didn't dislike Wayne and even liked him.

Perhaps things were just a little awkward for now.

So, she could work wholeheartedly, allowing Wayne to take care of Cory and Ivy and build a parent-child relationship.

The next day, Rosalynn got up early.

After freshening up and applying light makeup, she took her briefcase downstairs for breakfast.

As soon as she finished eating, Wayne arrived. He entered the door just as Rosalynn was putting on her pearl earrings.

The sunlight shone on her, making her look exceptionally beautiful and enchanting.

"You're here." Rosalynn put on her earrings and swapped her shoes for high heels.

"If you have any questions, ask Laura. Try not to call me while I'm working." As she spoke, she glanced at Wayne, "If you three argue, you have to solve it yourself. If Ivy ignores you, don't ask me. Figure it out yourself."

Wayne entered the door and heard Rosalynn advising him.

"I got it," he answered, "Are you going to the studio so early?"

He came over early because he wanted to have breakfast with Rosalynn.

"The kids will wake up if I stay any longer."

Rosalynn straightened up, looked at him, and said, "Good luck."

She then left the house.

Wayne spun around, then hurried after her.

"Are you coming back for lunch?"

"No."

"What about dinner?"

"I have a dinner engagement tonight. I probably won't be home until 10pm or 11pm." Rosalynn answered.

“That late?” Wayne mumbled.

At this time, Paige came running from a distance.

“Hurry up, I’m going to be late!” She yelled, diving into the car.

Rosalynn sighed.

“How long have you and Bailie been married? You’re already too **lazy** to drive?” Rosalynn’s **knee** still **ached**, and **now she** had a

driver whenever she went out.

“My car is **still** parked **at** the construction site and hasn’t been taken back. I don’t dare drive Baillie’s car!”

We felt a te helpless

anced back at Wayne one last time and got into the car.

“Can be handle it? Paige was somewhat concerned.

“It depends on the luck of my son and daughter, Rosalynn thought back to when Wayne was playing with the kids at the amusement park recently, “But I think he should be able to handle it?”

Chapter 699

Wayne stood at the door, watching Rosalynn’s car drive away.

He’d taken Ivy out for fun before, and there was no stress back then, He didn’t know why, but now his role had suddenly changed. The once invincible President Silverman was now feeling a bit nervous.

He turned and went back inside.

Just as he entered, he heard Laura’s teasing voice, “Did the young master wake up? How did you sleep last night?”

“Good morning, Laura.” Cory said politely, looking at Wayne and nodding his head. “Good morning.”

“Young Master, Gabriellawent to work. She said she’d be busy until late tonight, so Mr. Silverman will be taking care of you and Miss Ivy today.” Laura informed him.

Even so, Laura was still quite scared of Wayne.

Firstly, because in the hospital that day, Mr. Silverman made Calvin disappear for a long time. When Calvin came back, he was bruised and battered, but he never told her what he had gone through.

Secondly, Laura was shocked because someone she met in the hospital turned out to be Ivy's and Cory's biological father. "Got it." Cory nodded and then walked to the dining room.

Wayne knew nothing about taking care of children. Last night, he roughly asked some staff with kids about how to do it. At this stage, he should be helping Cory get ready for the day, right?

But Cory already looked well-groomed, other than still wearing pajamas.

"Can Cory take care of himself in the mornings?" Wayne asked Laura.

Laura nodded, and then said proudly, "Young Master Cory and Miss Ivy started taking care of themselves when they were three."

Wayne nodded, "That's good, they are independent from an early age."

When he was a child, his grandma didn't spoil him either, and she taught him to be independent early on.

"Sir, have you had breakfast yet? Miss Ivy will probably sleep for another half an hour." Laura reminded.

Wayne checked the time.

He went to the dining room to have breakfast with Cory.

At the table.

Cory was eating breakfast slowly and gracefully, and he had turned on the TV to watch the morning international financial news.

Today's financial news happened to report that Bane Corporation was about to complete the acquisition of the Silverman Group.

"You should be busy since the acquisition just ended." Cory looked at him, "It's okay; you can go do your stuff. My sister and I know how to arrange our own day."

"We have professional managers, so I'm *not* too busy," Wayne replied. "Cory, you seem to have a good understanding of the capital operation process."

"I heard it from my great-grandmother." Cory paused, "My mother is also very good at it, so I guess I learned from her."

Wayne's smile was full of appreciation.

Afterward, the father and son had a brief conversation about shallow business topics.

When the conversation ended, Wayne was even considering giving Cory some money to manage on his own after they developed a closer relationship.

As he considered this, another amazing child woke up.

Ivy opened her eyes groggily, holding her elephant doll. She stood at the dining room door with messy hair, looking at the two people sitting at the table.

"Sis."

Cory put down half of his milk and went over to Ivy.

"Where's **Mommy?**" Ivy **blinked and** asked,

"Mommy went to work. Cory explained to Ivy, "Today..."

her gaze frantically landed on Wayne. She blinked again, "Why is Handsome Uncle in our house?"

She finished, Ivy seemed to remember something suddenly, and the sleepiness in her eyes instantly disappeared.

Her little face crinkled involuntarily

"He's taking care of us today, Cory spoke softly.

Wayne stood up and said with a gentle smile, "Good morning, Ivy. How did you sleep last night?"

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she looked away, thought for a bit, and then said, "Brother, I gotta go wash my face and brush my teeth." After that, she turned around and went back inside.

Laura followed her, of course.

In the bathroom, Ivy stood on her little stool, lazily squeezing out toothpaste.

Laura closed the door and stood beside Ivy.

“Miss, Mr. Silverman is married to Gabriella, and he’s your biological dad too. What are you trying to do by all this?” Laura talked to Ivy with a worried look on her face.

Ivy finished brushing her teeth carefully and then replied unhappily, “My real dad ain’t that great, he doesn’t want to be with me and this makes mommy sad. I don’t like him!”

Ivy had felt pretty uncomfortable about the quarrel she saw in the video.

But after explaining things to her mommy, she wasn’t that mad anymore.

As for the real dad part, Ivy felt wronged and angry. After all, she’d been laughed at more than once for being a bad kid who didn’t have a father.

Previously, she had fought with a chubby kid because he said she was a bad kid and that was why she didn’t have a dad.

But Ivy knew she wasn’t bad; she was very well-behaved!

Her dad, on the other hand, was the bad one!

“So, are you planning to continue like this?” Laura asked helplessly.

Ivy washed her face slowly, pondering deeply.

To be honest, for a 5-year-old kid, this issue was too difficult to think about.

She had thought about it for so many days and hadn’t found a single reason to accept her dad.

After freshening up, Ivy changed into her sportswear for the park, and tied her hair up by herself.

Then she went downstairs to the dining room.

“Your brother said these are your favorite dishes,” Wayne said as he served Ivy’s breakfast and looked at her attentively.

Casting him a glance, Ivy said, “You’re trying to take me and my brother away from mommy, right?”

Wayne was slightly taken aback and quickly said, “Of course not, in the future, you, your brother, mommy and daddy will always live together. No one will be separated.”

Ivy looked down and sneered, “Uncle said not to trust men’s words.”

Wayne didn’t say a word.

This “uncle” was naturally Jaime. What on earth had Jaime been teaching his daughter all day long?

“Ivy, daddy won’t lie to you. You can keep an eye on me, right?” Wayne spoke gently and sincerely.

“It doesn’t work,” Ivy sniffed, “men who make mommy sad can’t be trusted even more.”

The five-year-old Ivy’s life motto was that no matter what happened, she must eat well.

So she happily took a big bite of the toast and began eating contentedly.

After finishing her breakfast, Ivy started to clean up her plate.

“Let Daddy **do** it,” Wayne quickly reached out.

Ivy firmly refused, “I can do it myself. A good parent doesn’t spoil their child.”

Wayne’s hand hovered awkwardly in mid-air, not knowing what to do.

He was in a difficult situation.

Cory was delighted to see his younger sister keeping their dad in check.

Wayne helplessly watched Ivy, then skillfully placed her used utensils, plates, knives, forks, and cups in the dishwasher, falling into deep thought.

In fact, Wayne didn’t even know how the utensils should be placed in the dishwasher.

He thought just putting them in would be fine.

But seeing Ivy’s movements, that didn’t seem to be the case.

After putting the utensils away and washing her hands, Ivy returned with a displeased look on her face, telling Wayne, “Mommy and Granny Hilaria taught my brother and me many life rules with a lot of hard work. Don’t you dare ruin it!”