

## The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 721

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 721

Chapter 721

“After Cory and Ivy take a nap, we’re going to pick out furniture for the kids’ room. I’ll send you pictures then,” Wayne said.

“No need, just let Cory and Ivy decide.”

After she said that, there was an awkward silence.

“When you go out, remember to bring Ivy’s water bottle and always pay attention to Cory’s condition. He never showed us what he really felt. I have another meeting, so I’ll hang up now.”

The call ended.

Wayne and Rosalynn stood in silence for a few seconds. Then Wayne made another call to arrange things for Max Rosalynn, on the other hand, acted as if nothing happened and returned to the conference room.

After their nap, Ivy and Cory came downstairs, and the three of them left the house with a goodbye to Hilaria.

On the way, Ivy happily chatted with her brother about Max: “I told Max that you’re my brother! When he barks at you, he’s saying hil

“When will you recover? Max wants to play with you too,” Ivy muttered.

“I’m happy just watching you guys play,” Cory comforted her.

“Don’t worry, I’ll become a doctor and cure you for sure” Ivy promised.

Cory looked at her, deeply moved, and then asked: “How many new words did you learn today?”

Ivy instantly dropped her head. Her newfound confidence in becoming a doctor vanished.

Ivy was a fascinating child.

She possessed incredible talent in color and line, but it took her three days to learn ten words.

She recognized some complicated words in the Bible, when there was a 60% chance she'd get her own name wrong. She never messed up her brother's nickname though.

She even complained that her brother's name was too simple, while hers was overly complex.

Half an hour later, Wayne took Cory and Ivy to the designer's office

For the designer's office, someone in Wayne's position was like a VIP among VIPs, so the receptionist was especially warm. Everyone who saw Cory and Ivy was surprised, but no one dared to ask Wayne about the kids.

"Before I came, I mentioned on WhatsApp that I have high requirements for materials this time," Wayne said

straightforwardly as he sat down.

The designer immediately replied: "Don't worry, we'll use materials specially designed for infants and toddlers to customize your home furnishings."

"Good."

Wayne gestured for Cory and Ivy to come closer: "Come over to me. The designer will show you a video and you guys can tell me which furniture pieces you like."

Wayne looked very gentle.

The designer was shocked to see Wayne's softer side, thinking that he did change after becoming a father.

This designer's office was among the best in the world.

But, Ivy stared at the stylish furniture pieces, looking rather confused.

"You don't like it?" Wayne asked softly.

Ivy shook her head: "They're beautiful, but I don't feel anything"

An assistant nearby looked embarrassed, "Maybe the kid doesn't understand."

Wayne's face showed his displeasure.

He was about to speak when Cory, who had been silent, suddenly said: "My sister's paintings fetch millions at auctions. Her talent in color is what many great painters envy. So, who are you to say she doesn't understand?"

To Cory, people could criticize him but not his sister.

## Chapter 722

That assistant was also filthy rich. He learned design and planned to create his own brand, and he was here to gain experience.

Hearing Cory say that, and seeing how young Ivy was, the guy immediately laughed: "Kid, I know you love your little sister, but little kids shouldn't lie."

"Allen" the designer glared at him.

Was he crazy? Insulting Wayne's son and daughter to their face?

"Sorry, President Silverman, he's new here.....and doesn't understand the rules," the designer hurriedly apologized.

"I heard you guys have a DIY design system here? Wayne asked, sounding cold

"Yes, we just introduced it." The designer, mistaken, thought Wayne didn't mind and nodded.

"Baby, if you don't like those designs, why don't you draw your own? I can help you make it come true," Wayne said to Ivy.

Ivy wasn't happy with Allen to begin with. How could he say her brother lied?

"Sure!" Ivy agreed without hesitation.

Soon, a new electronic drawing board was handed to Ivy.

Allen still thought he was all that: “Kid, do you know how to use it or do you want me to teach you?”

Ivy glanced at him: “It’s not hard, no need.”

Allen thought she was just showing off.

Little did he know, Ivy quickly adjusted the drawing board’s settings. In no time, Ivy started to draw rapidly based on her thoughts in her mind.

She first made a very professional draft.

She was so focused on her drawing that even her line draft showed a sense of beauty.

Not far away, the designer watched and glanced at Allen beside him.

Allen was his big client’s son, who insisted Allen to learn from him, but his design ability was very poor.

“Allen, even your line drafts aren’t as good as hers.”

Allen’s face turned unpleasant.

But he still thought, no matter how much painting foundation a young child has, they couldn’t be as incredible as her brother said.

A talent that many painting masters would envy? Come on!

However, soon enough, Allen felt embarrassed in front of this five-year-old.

Ivy’s operation showed Allen what real advanced color coordination was.

Half an hour later, Ivy used the firm’s database to complete her and her brother’s room’s rough design.

One lively and energetic, and the other full of technology vibes.

Amazingly, even though she used bold colors, they didn’t clash with the original house style.

When finished, Ivy habitually signed her name in the lower right corner.

The designer keenly noticed those little English letters, astonished: “You are Ivie?”

“Yes.”

Ivy felt a bit shy under the intense gaze, Ivy put down the pen, returned to Wayne's side, and looked up: "Can you do it?"

"Of course!" Wayne tapped her nose gently, and proudly said, "You're amazing. I really admire you!"

Ivy couldn't hide her proud expression on her face.

"Brother, do you like it?" she gently pulled her brother's finger.

"I love it!" Cory nodded. His sister knew all of his favorites.

"Who's Ivie?" Allen stood aside, his face was twisted.

He thought maybe the designer was brown-nosing Wayne, it was just a slightly talented girl, how could she be some great figure?

## Chapter 723

"If you don't know, just look it up. You're studying design, don't you know all this stuff? The designer completely lost his patience with him and scolded him in a low voice, then walked over to Wayne with a smile.

"President Silverman, I can't believe your daughter is the genius painter Ivie, I really like her paintings. There was a charity auction in the country before, and I really wanted to win that Virgin Mary painting. Unfortunately, I was working overseas at the time, so I asked a friend to go on my behalf. The final price was said to be several million, and the competition was fierce. My budget was not enough." The designer never stopped talking, then bent down to look at Ivy, "Ivie, would it be possible for me to pay a large sum of money to commission a painting from you? My wife and mother-in-law both really like you. They went to your exhibition in R Country from a very far away place, but they didn't get to buy a painting."

Ivy blinked her beautiful eyes, and apologized: "I'm too young. I haven't painted many pictures."

The designer almost knelt down because of her cuteness.

At this moment, Allen also found reports about the genius painter Ivie. He had seen the painting of the Virgin Mary at an exhibition before and was extremely amazed.

Who would have thought it was painted by a child?

He turned his head and saw the cold and sarcastic gaze of the little boy.

No one had ever dared to look at him like that, and his face turned red in an instant.

At this time, two more guests came to experience the DIY design system.

As soon as they walked in, they saw the two children's rooms designed by Ivy on the big screen.

"Mrs. Miranda, you're here?" Allen immediately recognized a graceful middle-aged woman.

This was his mother's good friend who had watched him growing up.

This time, he was able to come and intern for the villa renovation because of his mother's recommendation.

"Allen, I was wondering why I didn't see you. Is this your company's design? It's so interesting and stylish. I've never seen such a fun room. Is it a child's room?" Miranda looked at the design on the big screen and liked it very much.

Allen's face became very gloomy.

"This is just a kid's doodle. You're a famous artist, so you must be able to design better than this!" Allen deliberately emphasized the words "famous artist".

Compared to the famous artist, Ivie was not worth mentioning.

"Is it a child's painting?" Miranda looked around, and there were only two children in the room. She smiled affectionately. "Excuse me, can I ask which child drew this?"

Allen's face turned gloomier.

Ivy took a step forward. Although she was angry at Allen's rudeness, she was still very polite, "Ma'am, it was me."

"Baby, you're amazing. Have you taken painting lessons before?" Miranda took two steps forward, her eyes showing her fondness for Ivy

"You should know her. She's the very famous painting prodigy in recent years. The one who painted the Virgin Mary..."

"Is it Ivie?" Miranda asked in surprise.

"Yes, it's her!" The designer was very proud, and the outsiders thought the child was his

"Where are her parents?"

Miranda was very excited and hurriedly looked for Ivy's parents, and then saw Wayne, "Mr. Silverman?"

"Ivie is Mr. Silverman's daughter" The designer quickly added.

Miranda didn't notice that Wayne had just gotten married and couldn't possibly have a daughter this big, so she was concerned about something else.

"Mr. Silverman, your daughter has an extremely high talent for painting. I've heard she hasn't had a specialized teacher, can i be her teacher?" The lady asked directly, "I've been looking for a student. Rest assured, if you entrust her to me, I will do my

best to train her and make her a great painter!"

"Miranda!"

Allen was stunned after hearing this. His mom and Miranda had always been good friends.

Chapter 724

Back when he was young, he wanted her to be his teacher, but she never agreed.

Now, just a few minutes after meeting, she wanted to take a stranger's child as her student?

What the hell?

"Allen" the designer couldn't take it any longer. "You go get some coffee, we don't need you here anymore."

Allen was so pissed that he clenched his teeth in secret, but he wasn't stupid enough to lose his temper in front of these important people

He clenched his teeth and stormed out.

"Mr. Silverman, would you consider it? Miranda had a hopeful look on her face

"That's up to my wife, Wayne replied

Miranda didn't give up and handed him her business card. "That's all night, you can discuss it with your wife at home, and I' wait for your response"

Wayne took the card "Ivy, say goodbye to this lady"

"Goodbye" Ivy waved goodbye politely

The designer then saw them off, "President Silverman, that new assistant was arranged by a big client, I didn't expect him to be like this. He actually had the heart to say those hurtful words to children, don't worry, I'll let him go today!"

"For the children's room, just follow Ivy's drawing" Wayne didn't respond, "I want it all restored Money is not a problem"

“Money isn’t a big deal, but the drawing thing the designer said awkwardly.

“That’s up to my daughter Wayne put his hand on Ivy’s head, finally showing a hint of a smile

Ivy looked up at Wayne and then at the designer, “Sir, did you design his house?”

“Yes” the designer nodded

Ivy thought for a moment, “What do you want me to draw? The Virgin Mary is too big, not that kind”

Ivy gestured “About this big is fine”

“Can you draw my wife?” the designer asked in a hurry.

Ivy shook her head, “Other than gods, as for people, I only draw family members.”

The designer was a bit disappointed.

“It’s okay, you can think about it slowly and let me know when you decide” Ivy said gently.

The designer thought she was adorable again.

“Mr. Silverman, is there anything in your life that people wouldn’t envy?” He looked at Wayne, “Your life is already perfect, and now you have such a cute daughter and son!”

Such compliments made Wayne very happy.

After the design was confirmed. Wayne also didn’t want to be careless about the material selection and he was ready to personally confirm the materials, but the place where the materials were stored had a bit of a chemical smell.

Wayne didn’t want to take Ivy and Cory inside.

Fortunately, there was a place for children to play in the design firm.

Wayne sent them there, then he told Ableson and the others responsible for protecting them to stay with the children.

“Brother, are you tired?”

After Wayne left, Ivy tilted her head and looked at Cory with concern, seriously asking

“I’m not tired” Cory shook his head. “That person just now was rude, just ignore him and don’t be upset.”

Ivy didn't say anything, her gaze passing over Cory and looking behind him.

The rude guy had come.

Chapter 725

"What are you up to?" Ableson blocked Allen, looking him up and down.

When Wayne was around, Ableson and the others kept a certain distance from the kids. They had seen Allen around the designer but hadn't heard the conversation.

"I'm bringing desserts and milk for the kids," Allen replied with a smile, "Don't worry, I'm the chief designer's assistant, as you saw just now?"

Ableson hesitated for a moment, but he let him in.

"Ivy, Cory, afternoon tea is here." Allen dragged out his voice and ran up to the two.

"Thank you, but we don't need it, Ivy shook her head, refusing

On the one hand, it's a family rule not to eat food given by strangers outside.

On the other hand, Ivy didn't like this guy. A lot.

Allen pretended not to hear, sat down across from them: "Are you angry about my rudeness earlier? Kids can't be so petty and ungenerous, you know"

Cory frowned: "My sister said she doesn't need your dessert, you can leave now. Or do you need me to call the bodyguard to drag you out?"

Allen was quite unhappy with Cory's look just now.

Why were Wayne's kids all so weird?

"Kid, if you want your sister's scandal to be known to everyone, just shout it out loud!" Allen sneered, "Don't think that just because everyone is pleasing you, you're a real little painter. It's just because of your dad's influence."

As he spoke, he suddenly leaned in: "Admit it, those paintings weren't completed independently by you, right? Somebody else helped you, right? Kids should be honest, or monsters will come to catch you at night!"

"Back off!"

Cory suddenly stood up and yelled at Allen.

Ableson had been watching the situation and rushed over as soon as he saw something was wrong.

“What are you guys doing?”

Before Allen could react, Ableson had already pinned him to the ground.

“Are you two okay?”

Cory guarded Ivy, staring at Allen, “When you have no ability yourself, you think everyone in the world is just like you. You’re even worse than trash as an adult.”

Ableson looked at Cory

That aura, that rhetoric...

No doubt, he was President Silverman’s son!

“You little brat, who are you calling trash!” Allen struggled and yelled

Cory took out his phone, half-squatted in front of Allen, and held the phone in front of Allen’s eyes, “Your homework and graduation designs are all completed by someone else, so you think everyone is like you.”

Allen was shocked to see the content on the screen, “How how did you...”

“I just know some hacking skills, that you trashy person probably don’t understand,” Cory said, and took back the phone. He touched the screen a few times, before showing it to Allen again.

Allen’s face changed drastically when he saw it

Now, the phone screen had switched to an email, and there were many recipients, including his tutor and several contest organizers who had awarded him prizes

“What are you doing? We just had a little quarrel.”

15

“You made my sister sad,” Cory said as he gently tapped the send button in front of Allen, and instantly, all the evidence of his cheating was sent out.

“Ah! You, you little brat! You will end up horribly!” Allen completely lost control.

Ableson immediately grabbed a cloth and stuffed it into his mouth.

Just then, hearing the commotion, Wayne returned and happened to hear the phrase about not having a good end.

“Bad guy!” Ivy was furious too, “My brother will live a long life.”

“Oh my God!”

The designer felt like he was about to pass out.

He was wrong. He should have fired Allen and kicked him out immediately.

Why did he think to wait until the end of the day to kick him out?

He glanced at Wayne out of the corner of his eye, who had no expression and couldn't feel any emotional change.

He walked over.

Chapter 726

Allen was pinned to the ground, feeling a terrifying sensation, like it came straight from hell.

“President Silverman...” Ableson said with a shameful expression.

Wayne didn't speak, but half-squatted down, looking at Allen.

At this moment, Allen finally started to feel scared.

“Why cover his mouth? Take it out.” Wayne said casually.

“But he was saying such nasty things... Ableson whispered.

Wayne glanced at him, and Ableson immediately removed the cloth.

However, Allen, who was arrogant just now, was taken over by fear when Wayne stared at him.

“I was just... I was just a little anxious, I didn't mean it.” Allen said.

“But you shouldn't say such things to a child.” Wayne said indifferently. “Apologize.”

Allen hurriedly apologized. “I'm sorry! I know I was wrong! Please forgive me! Forgive me please!”

Wayne's gaze settled on his suit pocket, where was something bulging.

He reached out and pulled out a recording pen from it.

“This... this is...”

Wayne looked at him, his gaze sharp.

Allen cried out loud in fear.

He thought he couldn't escape today.

However, what he didn't expect was...

Wayne put away the recording pen and left with the child.

Seeing this, Ableson released his hand too.

Allen quickly got up and hid in the corner.

In the nanny car.

"Ivy, don't get angry over such people." Wayne gently fixed Ivy's hair. "I promise, he will never show up in front of you again."

Ivy said with a hurt expression, "My brother will definitely be healthy and live a long life!"

"Of course." Wayne said tenderly.

He also touched Cory's head, "Cory is really amazing. When I wasn't there, you protected your sister very well."

"Will he pay for what he did?" Cory asked.

Wayne looked into his eyes and answered without hesitation, "Definitely."

Cory nodded, took a piece of chocolate from his pocket and gave it to the sad Ivy. "Here's some chocolate."

Ivy glanced at him, took the chocolate, tore it open, split it in half, and handed half to Cory.

Wayne looked at them, both relieved and angry.

That night.

After sending Ivy and Cory to sleep, Wayne went out without waiting for his wife to return.

In an abandoned warehouse on the outskirts.

Allen was tied to a broken chair, with blood all over his face, his eyes covered with a bloody cloth.

He cried and wailed, the sound echoing in the abandoned warehouse.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open.

Then, he heard footsteps.

“Help! Help! Allen screamed.

Then, after some noise, his own voice appeared in the warehouse.

“Admit it, those paintings weren’t completed independently by you, right? Somebody else helped you, right? Kids should be

honest, or monsters will come to catch you at night!”

Upon hearing this, Allen cried in fear.

The footsteps stopped in front of him.

A cold voice came from hell said, “The monster is here.”

Chapter 727

Outside the warehouse, a light rain was falling.

The temperature had dropped quite a bit compared to the daytime.

Ableson and the others were guarding outside, their faces looking a little grim as they listened to the miserable screams coming from inside

As everyone knew, President Silverman never did this kind of thing himself....

After a while, the screams gradually faded, and Wayne walked out with an indifferent expression on his face.

“President Silverman!”

Ableson immediately came forward to greet him.

Wayne glanced at Ableson, “Regarding Olivia’s escape, I did not pursue it because you have been with me for many years.”

Ableson’s face turned deathly pale

“This is your last chance. If you fail again, you’ll be sent back to where you came from.”

“Understood!”

Wayne withdrew his gaze and strode into the drizzle of the night: “Clean it up.”

Ableson stood in the rain, not even daring to breathe loudly, watching as Wayne slowly disappeared from sight.

“Mr. Ableson...” After Wayne left, the other bodyguards cautiously approached Ableson

Ableson’s face was extremely unsightly, he looked back at the warehouse, and then strode in.

Allen was still tied to the chair, but he had already fallen to the ground.

Ableson rarely made mistakes, and it was the first time Wayne had said something like that to him.

And it was all because of this guy!

He took two steps and suddenly stepped on something slimy Ableson put on gloves, bent down to pick it up, and then his pupils trembled violently.

It was half a tongue...

Wayne had prepared a clean set of clothes in the car and changed out of the blood-stained clothes before he went home.

He arrived home at exactly one o’clock in the morning, the same time as Rosalynn the night before.

Upon opening the door, the hallway light in the living room was on

Wayne quietly changed his shoes and was about to walk in, when the living room light came on.

Rosalynn, wearing an elegant silk nightgown, stood not far away looking at him: “I thought you went back to your own home.”

With that said, she eyed him up and down: “Where have you been?”

“I went to take care of some things.” Wayne walked towards her, “Were you waiting for me?”

“You got it wrong.”

Rosalynn gave him a look, hoping he wouldn’t be so narcissistic, then she walked past him to the kitchen to pour a glass of

water to drink.

Wayne immediately followed: “Today we went to pick out furniture for the children’s room, guess what happened?”

Rosalynn glanced at him: "What happened?"

"The designer had just introduced a new DIY design system. I let Ivy try it and it was amazing" Wayne's expression was filled with pride, "Oh, by the way, this is for you."

Wayne took out a business card from his pocket and handed it to Rosalynn.

Rosalynn took it and read, "Miranda? She is a famous painter. How did you get her card?"

"She was there today as well. When she saw Ivy was the painter Ivie, she immediately said she wanted to be Ivy's teacher"

"Did you agree?" Rosalynn asked.

Wayne shook his head and replied softly, "I said my wife needed to make the decision, and I had to discuss it with her when I got back."

"This is Ivy's matter, you need to ask her opinion." Rosalynn said seriously, "I have never been actively involved in Ivy's painting matters, and you should not interfere either."

Chapter 728

"Got it."

Wayne put away the business card again.

"Get some rest early."

After saying that, Rosalynn picked up her water cup and was about to go upstairs. But after only a few steps, she suddenly stopped and turned back.

"What's wrong?" Wayne asked with confusion.

Rosalynn didn't say anything, reaching out her slender hand towards his neck.

Wayne was slightly taken aback, and his ears instantly turned red.

Just as he was immersed in the moment, Rosalynn's fingertips pressed on a certain spot on his neck, rubbing forcefully.

Then she withdrew her hand, took a look at her fingertips, and looked at Wayne, "Where did this blood come from?"

Wayne was stunned, then frowned and grabbed Rosalynn's hand, rushing to the faucet, opening it, and washing her hand.

“You could have just asked me instead of touching it. Aren’t you disgusted?” Wayne sounded a bit anxious.

Rosalynn yanked her hand back forcefully, “Answer me, where did the blood come from? What did you do?”

Wayne looked at her, his face somewhat pale and his brows furrowed, but he remained silent.

Rosalynn held back for a moment.

Without waiting for his answer, she jabbed her finger on his shoulder, “Wayne, you’re a father now. Can you please be more responsible and accumulate some good luck for your child? We still haven’t found a bone marrow match for Cory!”

She was clearly angry. While she was speaking, her eyes turned red

Wayne felt a bit at a loss, grabbing Rosalynn’s hand and apologizing, “I’m sorry, I won’t do it again.”

Rosalynn frowned, wanting to ask what the reason was this time but feeling it was pointless. She tried to pull her hand back.

Unexpectedly, Wayne didn’t let go, and instead pulled her closer, putting his hand around her waist.

“Are you out of your mind?”

Rosalynn struggled, letting out a soft scream.

“Rosa, we’re already married. You don’t intend to get along with me like this forever, do you?” Wayne asked in a deep voice.

“Why not?” Rosalynn frowned, turning her head away, refusing to look at him.

Wayne, however, pinched her chin and turned her head back to face him, “No way! Because I don’t want to!”

Rosalynn looked at him and snorted coldly. “It hasn’t been long, and your true intentions are already exposed. You married me for our children, right? What are you doing now?”

“I never intended to hide it!” Wayne said, leaning down and kissing Rosalynn’s lips.

Rosalynn was utterly shocked.

This house wasn’t just inhabited by the two of them, with people other than the two young kids.

Hilaria got up to drink water every night.

Jaime definitely wasn't sleeping yet, and Paige just got off work not long ago...

No matter who came out and saw this, she would be too embarrassed to face them.

Rosalynn wanted to bite him.

But...

Based on past experience, Wayne would definitely bite back, even though it might not hurt as much, but he'd definitely leave

a mark.

Then tomorrow, people would see both their mouths injured. The kids wouldn't understand, but how could the adults not

know?

Just when Rosalynn was practically suffocating from the kiss, Wayne finally returned to normal, no longer kissing her.

Rosalynn turned her head aside, gasping for air.

Just when she thought Wayne had given up, he lowered his head and kissed her long, fair-skinned neck with his hot lips, followed by a tingling pain that made Rosalynn feel both numb and sore.

Chapter 729

In the past few days, Wayne had actually been behaving pretty well.

When they were together privately, he didn't cross the line or argue with her

Rosalynn thought that becoming a dad overnight had changed Wayne for real.

Now she knew, Wayne was just holding back.

But it didn't work out too well, and just a few days later, his true colors were revealed

"Wayne, what the hell are you doing?"

Rosalynn pushed Wayne away forcefully.

She pulled her robe tightly around herself, looking at Wayne with caution and anger.

Wayne seemed very pleased with himself.

He raised his hand, his thumb casually wiping the corner of his mouth, "What's the matter? Didn't I enjoy doing this since way back?"

The five years she spent as Wayne's substitute flashed through her mind.

"Yeah, you've been acting like a dickhead from the very beginning"

With that, Rosalynn put the water glass back in the kitchen and stormed up the stairs.

Wayne followed closely behind her.

When he reached the staircase, he stopped following her upstairs.

He now looked like a hunter. Just waiting for his prey, with no chance to escape, to fall into the trap he carefully set up.

His prey was very precious, unique in the world.

She abandoned him, took their children and left, and often made him very angry.

But it was okay.

Right now, things were good.

Rosalynn returned to the room and went straight to the bathroom.

A hickey near her neck and shoulder was very eye-catching.

She had a meeting at FreshBite tomorrow; luckily, the hickey was low enough that it wouldn't be seen on her neck, or she might have gone down to fight Wayne..

The next morning, Rosalynn appeared in the living room, full of energy.

"Mom, aren't you having breakfast?" Cory, who woke up early, asked when he saw Rosalynn dressed and ready to leave.

Rosalynn hugged Cory and kissed his forehead, "I have a meeting elsewhere today, so I'll have breakfast on the road."

"Don't drink coffee on an empty stomach," Cory advised.

In fact, Rosalynn actually asked Lola to get her a cup of coffee, planning to drink it to keep her spints up all day as soon as she got in the car.

"Okay!" Rosalynn kissed Cory again, "I'm leaving, you go have breakfast."

Cory watched Rosalynn leave.

Then he turned his head to look at Wayne, who just walked over before he could even say a word to Rosalynn, "Did you do something again? Mom seems to dislike you even more."

How could he explain? Was it because he passionately kissed her without permission last night that she was even more upset?

"Is that so?" Wayne shook his head, "You're mistaken. Come on, let's have breakfast together!"

15471

About ten minutes after Rosalynn left, Ivy woke up.

After washing up, she hurried downstairs, her first thought was to find her mom.

When she found out that Rosalynn had already gone to work, Ivy sat at the dining table with her head down.

"I will definitely wake up earlier tomorrow!" Ivy ate a few bites of breakfast and slammed the table with determination.

Wayne laughed and said, "Don't worry, Mom's not as busy with work tomorrow, and she won't leave so early."

Ivy looked at him, "How do you know?"

"As a husband and father, I'm sure I know all about mom's business." Wayne pushed the milk towards Ivy. "Drink it while it's warm. We're not going to the park today."

15:47 M

"Why?" Ivy asked, puzzled.

Chapter 730

"Secret, you'll find out soon." Wayne said with a mischievous grin.

Ivy gave him a confused look, feeling that he was acting a bit suspicious, but she still sped up her eating pace.

After finishing breakfast, she quickly got dressed and went downstairs.

"Can you tell me now?" Ivy asked.

Wayne smiled and said, "We need to go somewhere first."

Ivy's curiosity was immediately piqued.

Soon after, Wayne, carrying several gift boxes, took Ivy to a villa

After ringing the doorbell, a maid hurriedly came out after a short while, "Ivy?"

"Miss?" Ivy was surprised, and then looked at Wayne, "Is this Grandpa Ramay and Granny Ramay's house?"

"Yes," Wayne looked at the maid and said, "I had an appointment with Mr. Ramay."

The maid said, "Grandpa Ramay and Granny Ramay are not at home. Their dog had a sudden seizure last night and they took it to the hospital."

"Max went to the hospital?" Ivy's face showed a worried expression.

Wayne quickly asked, "Can you please tell me which hospital they went to?"

About ten minutes later, Wayne and Ivy arrived at a pet hospital nearby.

They happened to meet Grandpa Ramay who just came back from buying breakfast.

Seeing Ivy and Wayne, Grandpa Ramay was stunned for a moment, and then he seemed to remember something. "Oh my, I really messed up. I completely forgot to inform you two."

"Grandpa, what's wrong with Max? Is he sick?" Ivy stepped forward, gently tugging at Grandpa Ramay's sleeve.

Grandpa Ramay usually paid great attention to his appearance outside, dressing neatly, but now his gray hair was messy, his shirt wrinkled, and he was wearing slippers.

Grandpa Ramay looked at Ivy, and his eyes were teary

Wayne sensed that something was not quite right and guessed it wasn't just a simple matter of the dog being sick.

"Ivy, don't worry for now. Let's go see Granny Ramay and Max, okay?" Wayne bent down and gently adjusted Ivy's messy hair,

then asked gently.

Ivy looked at Wayne pitifully and nodded.

After a while, Wayne and Grandpa Ramay left Max's pet hospital room, leaving Ivy to comfort a distraught Granny Ramay

They stood outside, looking through the glass at Ivy comforting Granny Ramay

Max was lying in the pet hospital room, covered in blood and barely breathing. He looked nothing like the beautiful dog he

used to be.

“He’s been poisoned, Grandpa Ramay said tearfully. “Luckily we found out in time. Max has always been very disciplined in his eating habits, so he didn’t eat too much, otherwise...”

“Was he poisoned while walking outside?” Wayne asked.

Grandpa Ramay remained silent. If that were the case, he would probably just be angry, but now he was extremely heartbroken.

“My wife said it might have been our granddaughter. She doesn’t like Max and had a quarrel with us yesterday...”

Wayne unconsciously frowned.

“It’s all my fault. I should have let you and Ivy take the dog away yesterday!” Grandpa Ramay was filled with guilt.

Although Max didn’t consume a large dose, it could still be fatal for a dog.

Wayne looked at Ivy.

Although she was comforting Granny Ramay, her gaze was always on Max.

She seemed very worried.