

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 771

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Chapter 771

Why aren't you picking up my calls?"

She sent a bunch of them.

The last one said

"Sorry, sony. I was being rude. You're probably busy making babies now hahaha Go, so n!"

Baillie was speechless. He replied seriously a few times.

After dealing with family messages, it's time for the alum ones

Keaton Baillie, you got such a beautiful wife I'm so envious!

Keaton. While you're getting married. I want to organize a reunion for our domestic alumns. On the one hand, to celebrate your wedding, and on the other hand, to see if we can exchange resources What do you think?

Keaton. But you must bring your spouse!

Baillie occasionally attends alumni events, but not since he returned to the country.

He agreed without much hesitation, but "My wife is quite busy. You set the date, and Ill ask her

Keaton replied quickly: "No problem!"

After replying. Baillie went to pack his suitcase.

He opened the suitcase and took out a square jewelry box, slightly larger than his palm.

This was the reason for his layover this time.

A gift for his wife.

The night grew more profound.

Ivy hadn't left the studio yet.

"It's almost midnight." Wayne glanced at the studio door, and then at the sleepy Rosalynn. "Do we really no need to go and tell her to go to bed?"

"No need" Rosalynn shook her head. "She can't stop herself. Forcing her to sleep would make her unhappy."

Wayne worriedly looked again.

And reluctantly nodded.

"Do you have something to say to her?" Rosalynn asked.

Wayne nodded.

He had been putting Ivy to sleep these days, and suddenly without this ritual, he felt a bit unaccustomed.

"Well, I have to get up early, so I'm going to bed."

After saying this, Rosalynn turned to go back to her room.

Before she could take a step, her hand was caught by Wayne.

She frowned and looked back: "You don't want me to wait with you, do you?"

Wayne stepped forward, closer to Rosalynn, and said with a grievance: "Before Granny Jared left, she scolded me for sleeping in separate rooms."

Rosalynn: "...

"The guest room bed is so uncomfortable. I can't sleep well every night, look at my dark circles!" Wayne moved closer to Rosalynn.

"So what?" Rosalynn raised an eyebrow.

Wayne hugged her: "I want to sleep with you!"

"In your dreams." Rosalynn's slap landed on Wayne's forehead, pushing him back. "It was you who said you only married me because the kids couldn't leave me. What are you doing now?"

"That was just an angry remark!"

Wayne stuck back to her.

"You know, from when we separated until we reunited, I always wanted to marry you, whether you have children or not!" He paused, "Everything else was nonsense."

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He started organizing the piled-up files right outside the studio door.

Until one o'clock in the night

Ivy finally stumbled out of the studio, all groggy.

As she was leaving, she tripped on something and almost fell.

But Wayne was quick to catch her.

"Handsome Uncle? Why are you sitting on the floor?" Ivy asked groggily, "I drew so many bunnies."

"You're amazing!" Wayne's voice was very gentle.

Ivy, with her scattered consciousness, was walking and talking by instinct.

Her instinct was to really like Wayne, entirely unlike her daytime self.

“Ivy, I saw the painting you put in the new house,” Wayne looked at her, his eyes turned red, “Have you forgiven me?” Ivy blinked.

Then her body went limp, and her forehead rested on his shoulder.

“So sleepy, I feel like I’m already asleep. Are you in my dream too?”

Wayne, helpless, picked her up and carefully got up

“Yes, you’re already asleep, and I’m in your dream,” Wayne said gently.

He quietly opened the door to her room.

Cory was already asleep.

Fearing to disturb Cory, he moved very gently.

He slowly put down Ivy, then went to get a warm towel to wipe her hands and face.

As soon as Ivy got into bed, she fell asleep, snoring.

After finishing all this, Wayne sat down beside Ivy.

He had waited for so long, but they hadn’t been able to talk.

He raised his hand and gently touched Ivy’s head: “I was just too selfish and self-serving in my previous life, so God sent you and your brother to punish me.”

After he said that, Ivy restlessly twisted her body a bit.

Then, Wayne heard her talking in her sleep.

“Daddy...”

Wayne suddenly felt like he had been struck by lightning.

His eyes instantly filled with warmth, and his hand shook a little.

“Don’t be scared, baby. I’m here to watch you, sleep peacefully,” Wayne whispered.

After a while, Ivy quieted down, and her breathing gradually evened out

Wayne worried that Ivy would have another nightmare and stayed up all night until Rosalynn got up and came to check on the children. Wayne, leaning against the head of the bed, looked over groggily at the sound of the door opening.

Rosalynn was stunned.

Then she walked over: "You didn't sleep all night?"

Wayne nodded, "Ivy had a nightmare last night..."

Rosalynn was shocked. "How could you stay up like this when the blood clot in your brain hasn't completely cleared yet?" At that moment, Ivy moaned and opened her eyes. "Mom?" She saw Rosalynn first, then instinctively climbed up, and Rosalynn stepped forward and sat down on the edge of the bed.

Ivy immediately crawled into her arms, like a koala, clinging to her.

"Ivy, did you have a nightmare last night?" Rosalynn asked gently.

Ivy thought momentarily and nodded: "I dreamt that a bad wild boar bullied a family of wild rabbits and trampled their house. And then..."

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She suddenly stopped.

"What happened next?" Rosalynn asked.

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"Later a powerful person appeared, driving away all the wild boars and helped the bunnies rebuild their home..." Ivy answered.

"A powerful person?" Rosalynn looked at Wayne across the room. "Could it be Daddy?"

Ivy squirmed a bit, unwillingly admitting, "Yeah..."

In her dream last night,

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He wore armor, looked majestic, protected Ivy and the bunny family, and effortlessly defeated the giant wild boars. He was so cool!

"Ivy," Rosalynn poked her waist. "Do you know how Mommy knew you had a nightmare?"

"Because Ivy and Mommy are, like, telepathic!" Ivy quickly answered.

Rosalynn laughed.

Then she whispered in Ivy's ear, "Actually, Daddy told me. He's also telepathic with you, and he knew you had a nightmare. So, he stayed with you all night."

Ivy was stunned. Then she slowly turned her head and finally saw Wayne.

Wayne looked at her and smiled gently, "Good morning, Ivy."

Ivy's eyes sparkled as she gazed at him for a while, "Uncle said you have blood clot in your brain and shouldn't stay up all night." Wayne was speechless.

"Uncle's right. Ivy will go back to sleep, and you go rest, okay?" Rosalynn said.

Ivy nodded and obediently went back under the covers.

Then she looked at Wayne and said, "You go sleep now."

Wayne nodded.

Then he seemed to have made a lot of determination, he leaned down and gently kissed Ivy's forehead, "I received your gift. I really like it. Thank you."

Ivy blinked, "You're welcome."

"Alright, Wayne, you go to sleep now," Rosalynn said.

Wayne nodded, waved to Ivy,

and then left the room.

Ivy watched him leave, and Rosalynn smiled, "Some kids aren't honest, huh? Pretending not to care about Daddy when they really do."

"Mommy."

Ivy reached out from under the covers and hooked onto Rosalynn's finger.

"What's up?"

"Did he really change for the better? Will he turn bad again after I forgive him?" Ivy asked seriously.

Her godmother had said that Uncle Sutton was like that.

If she forgave him, he would quickly turn bad again, so her godmother didn't want him anymore.

And she told her not to find a boyfriend like Uncle Sutton in the future, but to find one like her godfather.

“No, he won’t,” Rosalynn shook her head gently and answered, “No matter what happens between Daddy and Mommy, Daddy will always love you and your brother deeply.”

Ivy seemed to half-understand.

She wasn’t fully awake yet, and soon fell back asleep with this confusing worry.

Rosalynn turned to look at Cory.

The medicine Cory had been taking lately made him more and more drowsy.

Rosalynn kissed Ivy’s forehead, then went to Cory’s side and gently kissed him as well, before leaving the room quietly.

As she opened the bedroom door, Rosalynn was about to go to the walk-in closet to change clothes.

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However, at the foot of the bed, she saw a pair of slippers.

Walking over, she found Wayne lying comfortably in her bed, fast asleep.

Rosalynn went over, intending to wake him up and kick him out.

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But.

Wayne had lost weight recently and had dark circles under his eyes.

In the end, Rosalynn didn’t kick Wayne out. She went to the closet, changed her clothes, finished her makeup, and went downstairs without checking on Wayne again.

After Calvin left, he left his trusted subordinate, Mike, to ensure the safety of Rosalynn and the kids.

As soon as Rosalynn went downstairs, Mike came over.

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“So early?” Rosalynn put down her briefcase. “Have you had breakfast yet?”

“Already ate,” Mike replied. “Gabriella, Mr. Cory noticed a suspicious person nearby earlier, suspecting they might be a reporter secretly taking pictures. Calvin told us to keep an eye out. A woman lives there, occasionally watching our place from her balcony.”

“Got it,” Rosalynn said. “Look into her identity.”

“Already did,” Mike said, handing Rosalynn a tablet.

Rosalynn sipped her coffee while looking through the information.

“A Cambridge graduate, highly educated. She seems normal. Not a journalist, right?”

With her level of knowledge, she could get high-paying jobs anywhere. Why would she resort to being a paparazzo?

“Nope,” Mike shook his head. “But she’s spying on us.”

Although not very often, every instance was recorded because they needed to pay more attention.

Rosalynn glanced at a photo of the woman’s beautiful face.

“Wayne and I have been making headlines lately, maybe she recognized us,” Rosalynn handed the iPad back to Mike. “Just keep a close watch. We’ll deal with it if she crosses the line.”

“Understood!”

Mike then left.

Rosalynn picked up her phone and casually opened Instagram.

Soon, she saw Baillie’s post.

Although Paige was lively, she had never been delighted with her life before, so she didn’t post on Instagram and rarely looked at it.

Rosalynn liked Baillie’s post.

Then she texted Paige: “Honey, how did you make your husband so adorable that he officially announced it on Instagram yesterday?”

Paige, who had just woken up, was still groggy when she received Rosalynn’s message

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She quickly opened Baillie’s Instagram.

When she first followed Baillie, Paige had checked his profile.

It was empty.

But this time.

The background photo was *no* longer the default but a beaming picture of her.

Scrolling down, she saw the post—Baillie had shared yesterday.

She stared at it, feeling lost at first, then incredibly sad, tears welling up in her eyes.

Rosalynn had just finished breakfast when she received Paige's reply: "After being hidden for so long, suddenly seeing Baillie announce

it so passionately made me realize that it should have been like this."

If you truly love someone, *how* could you bear to hide them?

Even in a relationship that can't make public, wouldn't *you* want to show off subtly?

Logan Sutton never did.

He wouldn't even wear a suit she gave him to important events, as if wearing her gift would reveal their secret.

Rosalynn felt heartbroken.

Paige was the most innocent person she knew, maintaining her sunny optimism and happiness even growing up in the Sutton family.

She tried her best to bring warmth to everyone she cared about.

Not

long after, Paige received Rosalynn's reply: "So, when will Mrs. Scott announce that she's with Mr. Scott?"

Paige suddenly realized the issue. She laughed through her tears.

Yeah, Baillie had made it public, so she couldn't keep him a secret. Otherwise.

Paige thought of Baillie.

"He might feel wronged, she muttered, then smiled.

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Paige thought for a long time,

Suddenly, she remembered that day when they were on the mountain watching the stars. She got drunk and seemed to have taken a lot of photos.

Later, she needed more time to organize those photos, because she was too busy.

So, Paige quickly opened her photo album.

When she flipped to the photos from that day, Paige went silent.

Compared to the images taken with Baillie, her images were either blurry or pitch black.

Then she thought, she couldn't find a suitable photo, a photo suddenly caught her eye.

It was obviously not taken by her, and it was very likely that Baillie took it with her phone.

Under the starry sky, she and Baillie were facing each other, kissing each other.

The atmosphere was so beautiful!

Paige couldn't help but sigh, Baillie was indeed a genius, always doing everything so well.

After Baillie finished his morning run and showered, he changed into fresh clothes. Seeing that Paige hadn't gotten up yet, he decided to call her for breakfast.

As he walked, Baillie opened

Instagram.

Then, he suddenly stopped in his tracks.

"Newlyweds, with my puppy."

The picture showed them kissing under the starry sky.

Baillie read the text over and over.

Until...

"I'm going to be late!"

Paige hurriedly ran downstairs.

Baillie finally took his eyes off the screen.

“Slow down.”

He put away his phone and quickly walked toward Paige.

“I won’t have breakfast. I’m really going to be late. I’m leaving!”

Paige was about to rush out.

Baillie stretched out his arm, hugged her waist, and picked her up.

Paige: “???” “Is he that strong?”

“What’s the rush?” Baillie put her directly on the table, “Are you afraid the puppy will bite you?”

Paige immediately

laughed: “Don’t you like puppies? But I really like them. Should I delete it and post it again?”

Baillie stared at her. He couldn’t quite guess what she was thinking.

Calling him a puppy, but saying she really liked puppies.

“Don’t delete it.” Baillie shook his head, “I really like being your puppy.”

Paige was stunned for a moment.

Then she laughed, lowered her head, and took the initiative to kiss Baillie.

Baillie’s expression was excited, and as he kissed, he suddenly asked, “You never posted on Instagram before, why suddenly post this? Is it because you knew I posted? So you.”

“You reminded me that I should do this.” Paige honestly replied, “Baillie, my last relationship was not very normal. many things...”

“I know.” Baillie didn’t care about her past. but felt that it was her scar, and she didn’t need to uncover it repeatedly to appease his feelings.

Paige smiled: “Do you want to kiss again?”