

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 1541

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Chapter 1541

Quentin has always been the apple of his family's eye.

His big brother, Ayden Silverman, shouldered all the family pressure for him, and for the longest time, pretty much everyone bent over backwards to please him.

He even thought that merely asking for 30 million from Rosalynn was the epitome of kindness.

If Rosalynn had an ounce of sense, she would have known to back off and stop pestering him, securing some peace for both parties. But...

"So, when did you find out that Wayne's father is actually your brother Ayden, and your wife is nothing more than a heir producing tool set up by your mother?"

Quentin's pupils dilated in shock. He quickly stood up, took two steps back, and pointed at Rosalynn, berating, "What the hell are you talking about?!"

"You've always claimed in public that the Wayne I brought back isn't the real Wayne, isn't your son. You've been making a big fuss about seeing him, isn't your goal to confront him, then demand a paternity test? Once the results come out, even if you two are related, you can deny that he is Wayne."

Rosalynn ruthlessly exposed the plan Quentin had been hiding for so long – a plan not even his girlfriend knew about.

"So, you've been keeping him away from me, huh?" Quentin finally got it.

"Of course I wouldn't let you harass him," Rosalynn replied coldly.

She would never let Wayne's background become a topic of discussion and speculation on the internet.

Quentin's strategy was pretty clever. He probably thought that the people who knew Wayne's real background were all dead. He also assumed Wayne would protect his reputation and not reveal his unfortunate lineage.

Even if Quentin put everything out in the open...

But where's the proof?

Even if a paternity test proved that Wayne was Ayden's child, then what?

Ayden could have other illegitimate children out there.

It would make perfect sense for Rosalynn to find an illegitimate child who looked similar to Wayne and bring him back as a stand-in.

So, in Quentin's mind, even if Wayne was alive, he might as well be dead, and Quentin could still inherit what should be his.

"Alright, since everything's on the table, let's cut to the chase. Because of Wayne's birth, I lost my chance to be a father! Now that I'm about to be a father again, Wayne should compensate me. 30 million to keep this secret buried forever isn't too much to ask!"

Quentin calmed down, sat in front of Rosalynn with the demeanor of someone ready to negotiate.

Rosalynn laughed softly after hearing this.

"A father?" She looked up at Quentin with a smile, as if looking at a joke, "Are you saying that your gorgeous girlfriend is pregnant with your child?"

Quentin was taken aback, "How did you know?"

"Well, I had a couple of friends invite her to Wayne's farm in the countryside when she was preparing to go abroad yesterday." Rosalynn said, her hand resting on her knee, looking relaxed.

“Rosallynn, you’re a mother too, you should understand her. She has nothing to do with this!” Quentin said seriously, “Don’t hurt her, and don’t scare her!”

“As a wanted criminal, would she get scared that easily?” Rosallynn replied slowly.

Quentin frowned, “What are you blabbering about now, Nieya is a recent art school graduate, what wanted criminal?”

Nieya was his girlfriend’s name.

Rosallynn took out a document from her bag and placed it on the table, “You think I’ve been silent these days while you spread

nonsense online for what? Of course, it’s to see how a coward like you dares to make such a big move, who’s pulling your strings... And when I checked, it was quite interesting.”

Quentin gave Rosallynn a dubious look.

Then he picked up the document and began to skim through it.

On it was a photo, the person in the photo looked almost identical to his girlfriend.

But his girlfriend was gentle and charming.

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The woman in the photo, sporting a short haircut and a stern expression, had a pair of eyes filled with venomous fierceness glaring at him.

Quentin’s age-spotted hand began to tremble.

Flipping through the pages of the dossier, what Quentin saw was the life of a female assassin who had been groomed abroad since she was a child.

She started carrying out missions at the age of six, and by fourteen she had already become one of the best members of her organization. She then went on to serve Mrs. Khunban as her personal bodyguard, doing all her dirty work.

The next page listed the female assassin’s targets and famous cases that had been the talk of the town among her peers.

“No way, you’re trying to wreck my relationship with Nieya with a fake file! No way!” Quentin tossed the papers at Rosalynn.

The lightweight papers scattered in mid-air.

Rosalynn remained calm, not angered in the slightest.

“If a few sheets of paper aren’t persuasive enough, then why don’t I just have her come and tell you herself?” Rosalynn said, pulling out her phone and sending a voice message, “Bring her in.”

Quentin was shaking all over.

“Rosalynn, I really underestimated you!”

“Good to know you’re aware.” Rosalynn twirled a gemstone ring on her finger, answering nonchalantly.

Quentin was seething with anger, his chest aching, but the gruesome cases he’d just read kept replaying in his mind.

Being disemboweled, skilled at beheading, just reading these words made Quentin feel sick to his stomach.

Footsteps could be heard from outside.

Quentin immediately turned towards the door.

Soon enough, Ableson and Felix walked in with a woman who was bound and gagged.

Quentin recognized her right away. Wasn’t this his gentle and capable girlfriend Nieya? “Nieya!”

Quentin cried out in shock.

He wanted to rush over to her, but the bloody methods of death from the dossier flashed in his mind.

Ableson and Felix both looked serious.

After he yelled out, Quentin made no further moves.

Ableson ripped the tape off Nieya’s mouth.

Nieya’s hands were tied behind her back, her feet bound with hemp rope. There was no chance for her to struggle.

“Cinboa, I’ve heard so much about you. You’re even more beautiful than I imagined,” Rosalynn said, addressing Nieya with her assassin’s name.

That’s right, Cinboa.

“If your security had been a bit weaker, we could have met sooner, Ms. Tesdal!” Cinboa stared at Rosalynn like a python eyeing its prey.

“I’m sorry that my strength has disappointed you,” Rosalynn replied, tilting her head slightly. “I just heard Quentin say you’re carrying his child?”

At the mention of a child, Quentin snapped back to reality.

He immediately rushed to Cinboa’s side, blocking Rosalynn’s view. “You’re way out of line! I’ve told you Nieya has nothing to do with all this. If you have a problem, take it up with me!”

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With that, he turned around to look at Cinboa, not giving a damn whether she was an assassin or not.

In his mind, she was carrying his child, and nothing else mattered anymore.

“Don’t you worry, I’ll get you out of here! I’m her elder, she won’t dare to harm you!” Quentin stepped up to untie Cinboa.

Ableson stepped in to stop him.

“Mr. Quentin, you better not get too close to her. She once bit through someone’s blood vessels with her teeth, killing them on the spot!” Quentin was taken aback and sat down on the ground in a daze.

He instinctively moved backwards, keeping a distance from Cinboa.

“Idiot!” Cinboa didn’t want to waste another glance at Quentin.

Now, Quentin was not only worthless but could also be a liability!

If only Quentin could’ve been more decisive from the start, things wouldn’t have come to this.

Quentin didn’t quite catch what Cinboa said.

He turned and yelled at Rosalynn, “She’s pregnant, you guys tying her up like this could harm the baby!”

Felix rolled his eyes, “She got sterilized when she was young, meaning her uterus was removed. How can she be pregnant without a uterus? Don’t you know your own physical condition? You couldn’t get a child when you were young, how can you get her pregnant now that you’re old?”

Quentin was shocked as if struck by lightning.

“No way, you guys are lying to me!” Quentin turned to Cinboa, “Darling, they’re just bluffing, aren’t they?”

“Don’t call me darling! It makes me sick!” Cinboa grimaced in disgust.

Quentin sat on the ground, his eyes landing on Cinboa’s stomach.

So, his child was gone?

“Why would you lie to me? Who are you really?” Quentin may be slow, but he was starting to see the light..

Cinboa couldn’t be bothered to answer and stayed silent.

Rosalynn, seeing this, kindly suggested, “Maybe you should take another look at that file?”

Quentin glanced at the scattered papers.

“Why did you choose me? You...you came to kill me?”

“What’s so special about you?” Rosalynn reclined lazily on the sofa, “She wanted to get close to me but failed, so she wanted to use you to get to me. She miscalculated your relationship with me. You tried to find Wayne to smear his background, while she wanted to take that chance to kill me and Wayne, right, Miss Cinboa?”

“I only planned to kill you at first.” Cinboa snorted, “Who knew fate could be so cruel? Wayne survived, so I had no choice but to kill both of you!”

Quentin was about to lose his mind.

Cinboa didn’t love him. She just wanted to use him to get closer to Rosalynn, to kill Rosalynn.

Then what was the point of all the affection she showed during this time? He even broke off completely with Rosalynn and Wayne because of her...

“You bitch!” Quentin was irate, he grabbed something from the coffee table in haste and threw it straight at Cinboa.

With a loud bang, Cinboa’s head was instantly covered in fresh blood.

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Cinboa didn't react at all, her face quickly getting painted red with blood.

She glared at Quentin with resentment. "If I knew you were such a wuss, I would've killed you before I left yesterday!"

Quentin stepped back, scared shitless by her horrifying look.

"Rosallynn, she's trying to kill you! Fight back! Make her pay now!" Quentin quickly turned to Rosallynn, ordering angrily. "Weren't you two all lovey-dovey just a moment ago? And now you want her to die?" Rosallynn threw Quentin a disdainful look.

Quentin was always emotionally cold. But he was somewhat serious about this fake Nieya.

But he had let down so many people before, it was about time for karma to bite him in the ass.

"Just kill me already, quit the chit-chat!" Cinboa also felt that having ever been entangled with Quentin, such a repulsive man, was utterly humiliating. So Rosallynn's words were a mockery to her.

"No rush. Your master hasn't been found yet. I want you both to die together." Rosallynn said to Cinboa with a grin.

Hearing this, Cinboa's face changed drastically: "I just simply can't stand you, that's why I want to kill you. No one is pulling my strings. I don't have any master!"

"How should I address your master?" Rosallynn propped her cheek, pondering for a moment, "She used to be Louis Rosso's wife, often referred to as Mrs. Rosso. But after her daughter Heatherway Rosso's incident, she married Mr. Khunban in a hurry. So she should be called Mrs. Khunban now, right?"

At that moment, Quentin immediately remembered what was written in the file. Cinboa was later arranged to be Mrs. Khunban's personal bodyguard...

"Did Heatherway's mom send you?" Quentin's pupils dilated, then he felt extremely annoyed, "Damn it, people around Heatherway just never stop."

Felix thought that Quentin finally said something reasonable.

"I told you, nobody sent me. I just couldn't stand it and wanted to avenge Heatherway!" Cinboa said angrily, "Mrs. Khunban is a good person, don't hurt her!"

"Whether she's a good person or not is not for you to say." Rosallynn waved her hand, "Take her away. No need to feed or water her, as long as she's still alive."

“Got it!” Ableson immediately dragged Cinboa away.

“Gabiella Jared, this has nothing to do with Mrs. Khunban! It’s me who wants to kill you!” Cinboa was still shouting as she was being dragged away.

When Rosalynn found out that Quentin’s girlfriend was from abroad, she immediately thought of Heatherway’s foreign mother.

She originally thought, there’s no way it’s that coincidental, right?

But, it was indeed the case.

After Cinboa was taken away, the Fuller Manor immediately quieted down.

Quentin sat on the ground, his tidy hair now messy. He suddenly looked a few years older.

He was stunned for a moment, and then suddenly a short, terrifying laugh echoed in his ears.

Then, a familiar voice rang in his ears: “Quentin, what goes around comes around! This is karma. You deserve it!”

“Maddie!” Quentin exclaimed, immediately getting up and looking around.

But where was Maddie?

Rosalynn looked up at Quentin: “What are you doing?”

“Didn’t you hear? Maddie was just laughing!” Quentin felt like he was going crazy.

“I didn’t hear anything.” Rosalynn really didn’t, but seeing Quentin’s fearful look, she seized the opportunity to ask, “Did you know about Natalie’s plan all along? Maddie found out, didn’t she? That’s why she hates you so much. She won’t let you go even if she’s dead.”

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“What the hell am I supposed to do?” Quentin was on the verge of a meltdown. “I can’t have kids of my own. The Silverman family can’t just die out like that, can it? Back then, Natalie and I decided that if both embryos were successfully cultivated, we’d implant both Ayden’s and my child into Maddie, producing a set of twins! But... mine didn’t make it...”

He paused for a moment, then looked at Rosalynn, his voice firm. “My child really didn’t make it, but Maddie didn’t believe me. She thought that Natalie and I just thought that Ayden’s genes were better and so we ditched her and my child... How could that be possible?”

After saying this, Quentin looked around as if he was searching for something.

“Because you always knew that Wayne wasn’t your child, you’ve always neglected him, even intentionally cold-shouldered him,” Rosalynn stared at Quentin, “You know exactly what kind of deal you and Natalie made, Quentin.”

Quentin was the kind of man who only acted out of self-interest.

Would he do such an unthinkable thing to solve the Silverman family’s succession problem?

Quentin avoided Rosalynn’s gaze.

In fact, at that time, Natalie had given him a check for two million dollars in private to get him to agree to this.

However, he spent all the money on pleasure.

“You benefited from this, but you still neglected Wayne. Now you even want to tarnish his reputation, Quentin, do you really dare to ask for this money?”

Rosalynn’s finger was on the bill Quentin had produced, then she pushed it away with disgust.

“I was tricked by that female assassin!” Quentin quickly shirked responsibility, “I don’t want the money anymore, you guys have already cleared up the rumors online, I’m still the villain. Let’s just... leave it at that...”

Rosalynn suddenly started to laugh.

“Just like that?” She crossed her arms and looked at Quentin, “Quentin, do you think that you should set all the rules in this world?”

Quentin felt a chill down his spine under her intense pressure.

“I’m already this old. What else do you want me to do? Kneel down and apologize to you? I was deceived by that wicked woman, Cinboa! I know I was wrong! I should be more understanding! Are you really going to push me this far?”

“Yes, she is!” A cold voice came from the doorway.

Rosalynn immediately stood up to look.

Wayne was slowly walking in with a crutch.

Mike and Ableson were following him, neither daring to look at Rosalynn.

“Wayne!” Quentin choked out.

When Wayne was young, he wouldn't have treated Quentin like this.

Because Wayne had always wanted to get close to his father.

But...

Quentin thought of some of the things he had done to Wayne and felt a deep regret.

If he had known that this would happen, he would have cherished his son more.

If he hadn't argued with Wayne, how could he be suppressed by a woman?

"Wayne, what are you doing here?" Rosalynn looked at Mike.

Mike looked around, avoiding Rosalynn's gaze.

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He told himself, if he doesn't look at Ms. Gabriella, her gaze can't scare him!

"I just wanna see how low this guy can go," Wayne said, leaning on his cane as he scanned the room.

This place gave him the creeps.

"Wayne, I was deceived!" Quentin tried to approach Wayne.

Rosalynn was getting antsy.

She grabbed a teacup from the coffee table and chucked it towards Quentin's feet.

Quentin jumped back in fright, then glared at Rosalynn, resentment and hurt in his eyes, "Can't I even talk to Wayne? Rosalynn, don't be such a tyrant. Wayne is just married to you, he's not your bought slave!"

"What's the difference?" Wayne asked.

Quentin was taken aback, staring at Wayne in disbelief.

It was only after seeing Wayne that Quentin realized the photo Nieya had shown him had been altered.

If he had seen Wayne like this back then, he wouldn't have dared to take any of those risks!

"Wayne, I know I was wrong. Give me a chance, I'll leave the country soon, and I won't come back without your permission! I won't ask you for money again!" Quentin pleaded,

tears in his eyes, "For the sake of your deceased Natalie, ask Rosalynn to show me some mercy, let me have a way out!!"

"When did I say I was going to kill you?" Rosalynn rolled her eyes.

This old guy is finally playing the pity card in front of them?

"You won't kill me? Then are you going to stop my trust fund?" Quentin asked, "That's even worse. You might as well just stab me and let me die once and for all!"

"Your trust fund won't stop." Wayne replied coldly.

Rosalynn half-closed her eyes, saying nothing.

Since Wayne was here, she would follow his lead, although she had no intention of stopping Quentin's trust fund in the first place.

"Wayne is the best, he knows how to respect his elders. Let's go shopping later, I want to buy some gifts for the kids before I leave..."

"No need." Wayne cut him off coldly, "You've already used my daughter to threaten my wife, how dare you think about buying gifts for the kids?"

"I told you, I was deceived. how could I hurt her?" Quentin mumbled.

"The airport has your flight ready, and you'll be taken away immediately." Wayne continued, "From the moment you board the flight, the Silverman family will revoke all your protection, meaning, any crimes you've committed overseas in the past can be pursued by local authorities and victims at any time."

"What?" Quentin exclaimed in shock.

The Silverman Group had done well in many overseas countries over the past decades, and had also cooperated at the national level, so they had certain privileges.

This had been Quentin's safety umbrella for his reckless behavior overseas.

"Do you really think, after hurting my wife and children, I would pretend nothing happened?" Wayne's eyes hardened.

Rosalynn couldn't help but glance at him. She even began to doubt whether Wayne had recovered his memory.

"Then I won't go abroad, can I just stay in the country?" Quentin started to become stubborn.

Wayne sneered, "Fine. But if you were overseas, you could at least bail yourself out with a large sum of money. But in this country... you might just have to wait for the law to punish you."

Quentin broke out in a cold sweat.

"Wayne, your wife and children are fine, now I am the one in trouble, I have already been punished, do you still want to pursue this? We are family!"

"The punishment you've received is not enough." Wayne replied coldly, then turned to Rosalynn, "Let's go home."

Chapter 1547

Rosalynn stood up and walked towards Wayne.

Wayne was holding a crutch in one hand and reached out the other to tightly hold Rosalynn's hand.

Rosalynn was initially a bit pissed that Wayne had come over by himself.

But the moment he gripped her hand tightly, her anger evaporated instantly.

He was clearly very worried about her.

"Wayne!" Just then, Quentin charged over.

Mike, quick on his feet, immediately stepped forward, delivering a swift judo throw, and slammed Quentin hard onto the ground.

There wasn't a trace of emotion in Wayne's eyes.

This made Quentin feel both scared and alienated.

Was the kid who once craved his approval really going to leave him?

How could this be possible?

Quentin felt uneasy and suddenly had an idea.

Even if he would suffer, he needed to stir up some trouble between this couple.

After all, Wayne was a suspicious person...

"Wayne!" Quentin shouted once more, "Rosalynn's heartlessness and cruelty are beyond your imagination! Don't forget, you neglected her for five years and almost caused her to have a miscarriage! She had to fake her own death to escape! If it wasn't

for you threatening her friends and family, would she have married you? Just you wait! She will get her revenge on you! Sooner or later!"

"Mike! Can

you shut that old man up?" Rosalynn turned around and looked at Mike coldly.

Having been by Rosalynn's side for so many years, it was the first time Mike saw that look in her eyes.

He was taken aback and quickly dislocated Quentin's jaw.

Quentin could only make some strange noises in pain.

Rosalynn looked at Wayne.

Shock and disbelief filled his eyes.

"Let's go." Rosalynn's eyebrows furrowed as she held Wayne's hand and strode out.

After the car door closed, there was silence in the car.

Wayne looked down at his own hand, "Why don't we have wedding rings?"

"We didn't get a chance to prepare." Rosalynn replied.

Wayne licked his dry lips, "So, what he said is true? I neglected you for five years, almost caused you to have a miscarriage, and even forced you into our marriage..."

"Before your accident, we had already made up!" Rosalynn wished she could go back and give Quentin a good beating!

"We made up..."

Wayne subconsciously repeated Rosalynn's words.

But his hand was shaking.

Just hearing about these things made him feel suffocated.

If anyone else had treated Rosalynn like this, he would have killed him!

"What else? What else have I done? Tell me, tell me!" Wayne gripped Rosalynn's hand tightly, like a very thirsty man desperately needing a gulp of water.

"Wayne, calm down." Rosalynn hurriedly said, "Let's go home first, and we can talk about everything, okay?"

Wayne looked at Rosalynn and for some reason, he suddenly thought of the apartment, "The apartment yesterday..."

Rosalynn lowered her head and replied, "We lived there for five years."

Five years....

Wayne instantly felt a splitting headache.

So, that was the place where their conflicts and pain originated?

"After I left, you lived there alone for another five years." Rosalynn continued, "When you went there, your heart hurt. It was probably because you were remembering the pain from those later five years."

Chapter 1548

"Take me there." Wayne's grip on Rosalynn's hand tightened, his eyes red-rimmed.

Rosalynn didn't refuse, but simply said, "If it gets too much when we get there, I'll take you out right away."

"Alright." Wayne nodded.

His gaze swept over Fuller Manor outside the window, and the image of the woman, her face unclear, wearing a bright dress and teasing him, reappeared in his mind.

Rosalynn led Wayne back into the small apartment.

To Wayne's surprise, he didn't feel as uncomfortable as he did the day before.

He let go of Rosalynn's hand, walked into the bedroom, took a look around, and then came out, his eyes falling on the door of the study. The pain in his heart was intensifying.

Seeing this, Rosalynn took his hand and sat him back down on the sofa. "I never intended to hide anything from you, but since you lost your memory, talking about what happened between us can be a bit..."

Rosalynn struggled to find the right words.

"Brutally hurtful, right?" Wayne asked.

Rosalynn sighed and nodded. "But after ten years of tug and war, we both understood each other's feelings and made peace. We were living a good life as a family before your accident."

“Did we really make peace?” Wayne looked at Rosalynn, the pain in his eyes like a roaring sea. “Then why do I wake up feeling like you hate me, like you’d abandon me?”

His voice was choked with emotion.

Rosalynn felt a sharp pain in her chest.

So, he had never let go of his initial fear after coming back.

Maybe... that fear had always been there before the accident.

“Wayne, you’re such a bad boy!” Rosalynn said, lightly stroking his cheek.

As usual, Wayne immediately pressed his cheek against Rosalynn’s palm.

“First you hurt me, then I ran away, and now you somehow became the victim, and I’m the one who has to bend over backwards to please you?” Her voice was filled with exasperation.

Wayne’s eyes were red-rimmed, he looked even weaker than before after losing weight.

Now, with his teary eyes, he looked like the one being hurt.

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“Alright.” Rosalynn’s voice softened. “It’s probably because of the years I was absent that you developed some psychological problems. I wanted to take you to a therapist before your accident. Once things settle down, I’ll take you to see one, okay?”

Wayne looked at her, dived into her arms, hugged her, and nodded.

Rosalynn didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

But she had to admit, whether then or now, she always fell for Wayne’s manipulative tactics.

“Wayne, do you want to hear more about us?” Rosalynn paused, then added, “I must warn you, there are some things I don’t want to remember.”

Upon hearing this, Wayne hugged Rosalynn even tighter.

“Then don’t talk about it. I’ll regain my memory!” Wayne added.

Rosalynn gently patted his back, “Stop torturing yourself, look at me.”

Wayne obediently looked up at her.

Rosalynn lifted his face, “Now everyone knows you’ve come back from the dead, there might be more situations like with Quentin in the future. But you can’t fall apart every time someone brings up the past. So, can we make a deal?”

Chapter 1549

“What deal?” Wayne asked.

“Even if you don’t remember anything now, it’s cool. Just remember one thing.” Rosalynn gently looked at Wayne.

He was like a lost pup in the rain, confused and helpless.

“Remember that we deeply love each other.” Rosalynn said firmly and gently. “No matter what happened in the past, this will never change and is our pillar to the future. Got it?”

“Mhm.” Wayne’s eyes were getting teary.

He nodded, hugged Rosalynn again and whispered in her ear, “I love you.”

Rosalynn chuckled, she opened her arms, hugged Wayne, her palm on his skinny back.

“I love you too.”

Although Wayne’s inner pain was still not healed and fear was still there, thinking about what Rosalynn said, they deeply love each other, gave him the courage to fight these pains.

Knowing his past actions, Wayne suddenly understood how he managed to keep living.

He owed his wife too much.

How could he die if he couldn’t make up for it?

The apartment was all set.

Rosalynn thought about it, still decided to desensitize Wayne.

Then, she ordered lunch delivery.

They had lunch in the apartment, simple dishes that Wayne used to like.

After lunch, Rosalynn found a movie, and cuddled with Wayne on the couch watching it.

Wayne was particularly insecure today.

He needed to kiss her from time to time.

They were watching a horror movie, every scary scene, Wayne had to kiss her.

By the end of the movie, Rosalynn's lips were numb.

Seeing that it was about time, they left the apartment to pick up the kids from school.

"My lips are swollen." Rosalynn looked in the mirror in the car, pointing at the corner of her mouth, "There's a bit of broken skin here, Ivy will definitely ask!"

Wayne gently touched Rosalynn's lips, "Does it hurt?"

"It's numb..." Rosalynn brushed Wayne's hand away, "Today is an exception. You need to control yourself in the future!"

Wayne nodded with a smile: "Okay!"

"You are always playing the good boy!" Rosalynn said, but their hands were holding tight.

Rosalynn checked her phone.

Felix should have already put Quentin on the plane.

"Mr. Quentin was a bit uncooperative, so I had to knock him out and put him on the plane. He should wake up just in time for the plane to land."

Rosalynn replied: "Thanks for the effort. How's Mr. Khunban?"

"I was just about to tell you, Mrs. Jared somehow found out about this. She just called and said, she will make Mr. Khunban hand over that woman."

Rosalynn pursed her lips.

Hilaria was a person respected by both the underworld and the righteous.

"Good, then leave this to her."

Put away her phone, looked up, they were already at the school gate.

"You should go pick up Cory, he'll be thrilled!" Rosalynn gently squeezed Wayne's hand.

The press conference was over, and he had no need to hide anymore.

"But..." Wayne subconsciously touched the scar on his face, "I'm worried that the other kids will make fun of Cory."

“The other kids will only envy Cory for having such a great dad. Are you going to pick him up?” Rosalynn asked, “If you’re not going, I will, okay?”

In the end, Wayne got out of the car.

Rosalynn sat in the car, watching his skinny figure.

Didn’t Wayne realize his own appearance?

Why was he always worried, that scar would make him look ugly?

Chapter 1550

If Wayne was considered ugly with that face, there wouldn’t be good-looking people left in the world.

Cory Jared was discussing the summer physics competition with a few friends at the entrance.

Suddenly, Sarah’s gaze shifted behind him, absolutely stunned.

Cory felt someone observing him and turned around. He saw Wayne standing not far away, waving and smiling at him.

“My dad’s here to pick me up, you guys can post what you’re chatting about in the group chat.” Cory tried to keep his cool.

“Alright, go ahead!” Sarah quickly nodded.

Cory picked up his backpack and turned to walk towards Wayne. His steps were usually slow and leisurely. But today, he found his pace unconsciously quickened.

“Did you come alone?” Cory walked up to Wayne, naturally held his hand, and asked.

Wayne felt Cory’s hand and thought his heart was going to melt, “Your mom is here too, she’s in the car.”

“Oh!” Cory nodded, then asked, “Did you have a good day?”

“Very good!” Wayne immediately answered.

“That’s great.”

Cory was not good at making conversation.

A few words made the atmosphere become awkward.

“What about you? Did you have a good day?” Wayne asked.

Cory nodded: "It was okay, I solved a really hard problem, and the teacher even praised me."

"Cory, you're so smart!" Wayne immediately complimented.

Cory blushed and chuckled.

Soon, the father and son got into the car one after another.

Cory hugged Rosalynn, sat back in his car seat, and started talking to Rosalynn about school.

He sneaked a few glances at Rosalynn's mouth, then quietly texted Laura: "Laura, can you make some light food? My mom seems to have allergy reactions."

While Cory was texting, Rosalynn and Wayne were chatting and laughing next to him.

"How do you feel?" Rosalynn asked.

Wayne nodded.

It felt so good.

Watching Cory walk towards him from the crowd, Wayne almost burst into tears.

"I'll come again tomorrow!" he whispered to Rosalynn.

Rosalynn laughed.

When Wayne got out of the car to pick up Ivy, Ableson brought Ivy out, and she spotted Wayne from a distance.

She immediately yelled with joy: "Daddy!"

Everyone around turned to look.

Ivy ran to Wayne as fast as she could, throwing herself at his legs.

Wayne felt incredibly blessed.

He gently stroked Ivy's head: "Why are you running so fast? I'm not going anywhere."

"I want to hug you quicker!" Ivy was as sweet as ever.

Quite a few people were watching.

Noticing this, Ivy immediately pulled Wayne into the car.

Seeing parents outside still watching Wayne, Ivy worried that some sneaky photographers might scare him.

After buckling her seatbelt, Ivy turned to look at Wayne and explained.

“Daddy, all the adults outside care about you. You don’t need to be afraid!” Ivy asserted firmly.

Wayne patted her head: “I know.”

Ivy felt somewhat relieved.

Wayne peered out the window, only when he confirmed that Molly had gotten into another car did he allow the driver to start the car and head home.