

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 1843

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Chapter 1843

“Watch **out!**”

Erica quickly steadied him.

Larkin snapped back to reality and looked back at her.

What he saw was the scene of the yard piled with snow, a scene from his childhood.

His teacher rushed towards him, saying, “Larkin, didn’t we say to lift your feet when crossing the threshold? Did you fall again? Let me take a look, are you hurt...”

Larkin felt a sourness in his nose, tears gushing out like a spring.

Erica couldn’t bear to see Larkin like this, it was breaking her heart.

She suddenly felt a great regret.

Why did she have to get herself tangled up with Jacob Strand for so long?

If she had ended the relationship earlier, maybe Larkin would have found her sooner, and she could have brought him back earlier.

This way, he wouldn’t have so much guilt and regret.

Abbot had given instructions before.

After he passed away, no grand memorial service was to be held, just direct cremation.

On this, the monastery was divided.

But in the end, the Prior decided that they must respect his teacher’s wishes.

The next morning, Abbot's body was cremated at the funeral home, and the ashes were brought back by the Prior, and placed in the monastery's graveyard.

On the day of the funeral, after several days of clear weather, it suddenly started to rain heavily.

Larkin and Erica, stood silently in front of the grave, placing the flowers they had bought on it.

The Prior stood to the side, "Larkin, our teacher left you some things, and the scriptures you've been copying since you were little. The teacher had Mary dry it out, take it with you when you leave this time."

"Okay." Larkin nodded lightly.

"Don't blame yourself for the teacher's death," the Prior suddenly added. "It's fate."

That morning, Abbot woke up early, **in** good spirits, even thinking about going out for a stroll.

He put on a fresh set of clothes, was about to go out, took a sip of water, but suddenly choked, and then he started vomiting blood.

In the end, the life-saving medicines that Larkin found couldn't work.

Larkin remained silent.

Having been a monk for nearly 20 years, he knew that everything has a cause and effect, but he was still filled with guilt.

The Prior had a lot to deal with, so it was Mary who took Erica and Larkin to get the scriptures.

"Larkin, Mary and I will wait for you outside the door."

Erica gently patted Larkin's back a few times.

“Okay.”

Larkin looked at her and forced a smile.

After he went in, Erica and Mary sat outside the door together.

The heavy rain was still pouring down.

Erica glanced at it, then looked at Mary.

Mary must

have liked Abbot a lot too, she had lost weight these few days, her eyes were swollen **from** crying.

Erica raised her hand to touch her head, “Mary, you’re really amazing, you’ve helped a lot of these two days, you’re even more capable than

me.”

“**Ms.** Lawrence, Abbot **isn’t** in pain anymore, is he?” Mary asked, “Do you think he’s met my parents?”

Erica’s heart skipped a beat.

“I guess not.” Mary answered herself, “I really hope not. It’s been so many years, I hope my parents have been reincarnated into a good

family, become happy children.”

“Of course!” Erica immediately replied, “Mary, you pray so devoutly in the monastery every day, accumulating so much goodness, your parents will definitely be reincarnated into a good family, become wealthy and happy children!”

“Really?” Mary looked at Erica, then the corners of her mouth drooped a little, “Actually, I’m not that devout... I’m always secretly **slacking** off!”

Erica was speechless.

How should she comfort Mary?

Chapter 1844

Larkin had been copying scriptures since he was a kid, and Abbot had meticulously preserved every bit of it, stacking up to six large boxes.

Every year's copied scriptures was stacked together, each topped with the year written by Abbot himself. Larkin picked up the three thin copies of The Bible from the year he first came to the monastery. Flipping them open, he saw his own crooked handwriting.

By the time Larkin got to the third copy, his handwriting had significantly changed.

Abbot had even written a note on the last page, "Larkin is a good lad, steady and determined, progresses rapidly." Larkin's fingers lightly traced the words "good lad", and he quietly wondered, Teacher, do you still think I'm a good lad after all these years?

The rain outside had slowly stopped, and it was getting dark. Erica kept glancing back from time to time. She had some understanding of Larkin now. If she went in, he probably wouldn't let his emotions show too much. So she decided to stay put, letting him process everything. But wasn't this taking a bit too long? Just as she thought this, the door suddenly swung open and Larkin emerged. He looked a bit tired, but he didn't seem to have been crying.

"Larkin, if you don't get out here, Ms. Erica's going to starve to death!" Mary stood up, pointing at Erica's stomach, "Her belly's been growling nonstop!"

"Your stomach's been growling too, hasn't it?" Erica shot back.

A smile appeared on Larkin's face, "I didn't notice the time, was too engrossed. The cafeteria is probably closed now, I'll take you guys out to eat."

"I'll pass." Mary waved her hand, "I'm going to check on the Prior."

"What will you eat then?" asked Erica. "The Prior will have something, you guys go on, if you're late the restaurants outside will be closed too." Mary said, giving Erica a slight push towards Larkin.

"Alright then." Erica knew that Mary was also worried about the Prior.

After parting ways with Mary, Erica took Larkin's hand. "It's so cold." She said, holding his hand with both of hers.

"It's okay." Larkin comforted, gently squeezing her hand, "You must be exhausted from these past few days, aren't you?"

"I'm okay, I didn't do as much as Mary." Erica replied. Larkin rubbed the back of Erica's hand with his thumb. "Speaking of Mary, the Prior talked to me before the teacher passed away." Larkin looked at Erica.

"Oh?" Erica's eyes lit up, "What did he say?"

"He suggested we adopt Mary."

"What?" Erica widened her eyes.

"Yeah." Larkin nodded, "I respect your decision, if you're willing to do it, we'll take her home, if not, that's fine too."

Erica took her gaze off Larkin, and continued walking forward hand in hand with him. After a few steps, she said, "You know, grew up in a rather dysfunctional family. I'm not sure if I can be a good mother.

Erica knew that human nature was inherently selfish, and that it would take more love and patience to be a good mother to a child with **no** blood relation.

"And also..." Erica turned to Larkin, "While you adults are discussing this, has anyone asked Mary what she thinks?"

These past few days, every time Erica saw Mary, Mary was always trailing behind the Prior, her eyes filled with worry.

Chapter 1845

"Yeah, I guess you're right." Larkin wrapped his arms around Erica's waist.

"**Just** stop thinking about it then."

Erica gave a small nod, but she couldn't really let go of the thought.

If Mary was okay with it, she was willing to take Mary away from the convent.

When Mary got to the Prior's place, he was wiping down a portrait of Abbot.

In his room, he had a table where he kept Abbot's portrait.

Mary called out to him.

The Prior wiped his eyes and turned to see Mary alone. "Where's Larkin?"

"He's out to dinner with Ms. Lawrence." Mary walked in, "Got anything to eat, Prior? I'm starved."

Looking rather bummed out, the Prior handed Mary a piece of bread. "Why didn't you go out with them? Why are you here eating bread..." "I'm just doing my job as a host. I can't just tag along and freeload, can I?" Mary sat down and started munching on the bread.

The Prior looked at Mary, then sat down across from her. "Mary, you seem to really like Ms. Lawrence, I think..."

"I'm not going anywhere." Mary didn't even look up as she interrupted him.

"I like it here in the convent." Mary added.

"Mary, Abbot's gone. Ms. Lawrence won't be around much either, maybe once a year if you're lucky. You may not know it, but Larkin and Ms. Lawrence live abroad all year round. It's a long way from here, a ten-hour flight. You might not see Ms. Lawrence for a long time." The Prior said, his brow furrowed.

Mary paused her chewing for a moment.

"Then I just won't see her." Mary's voice choked, her eyes growing red. "Everything has its cause and effect. Maybe my fate with Ms. Lawrence was just for this period of time. Abbot taught me not to be forceful."

"If you're willing to go with Larkin and Ms. Lawrence, you can extend that fate. You can leave the convent, go to school, make new friends, have parents!"

"But then you wouldn't be by my side." Mary's voice was barely a whisper, but it hit the Prior like a bolt of lightning.

"What does it matter if I'm not with you?" The Prior's voice rose in frustration.

Mary stopped talking and just kept eating her bread.

The Prior, never much of a talker, fell silent too.

Just as he thought the conversation was over, Mary suddenly asked, "Do you not want me anymore?"

The Prior's heart ached. "No, I just want you to have a better life."

He wanted Mary to experience the love of parents, to see the outside world, and then decide what kind of life she wanted, instead of being stuck in this old convent, living by their rules.

"I'm already fine where I am!" Mary suddenly looked up, tears streaming down her face as she shouted at the Prior. "I don't want to leave the convent, I don't want to leave you guys. I don't want to go anywhere!"

It was the first time the Prior had seen Mary like this.

He rushed over to her, wrapping her in a tight embrace and patting her back gently. "It's okay, it's okay. If you **don't** want to go with them, you don't have to. I never said you had to leave. Please stop crying."

"You can't say things like that anymore! It really hurts!" Mary continued.

The Prior nodded repeatedly. "Okay, okay, I was wrong. I won't do it again."

Mary buried her face in the Prior's shoulder and cried her heart out.

Having a mother would be great, but she also had a father.

The Prior, who had raised her, was her father.

Was she supposed to give up the father who had raised her just to have a mother? No way.