

## The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 1101

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#### Chapter 1101

The next morning, bright and early, Rosalyn's entire family headed out together to accompany Calvin to **the** hospital for a thorough examination. Other **than** the injury **on** his **head**, **the** rest **of** his wounds had pretty much healed up. However, resources on the ship were **limited**. Despite the captain and the first mate having heaps of experience, after the check-up, they stumbled upon a concerning issue.

"It seems like he had a broken arm before, which we didn't pick up on and didn't get the right treatment for. It healed on its own, and now there are some issues with his left hand's grip," the doctor said, pointing to a subtle spot on the X-ray.

Hilaria covered her mouth, a pained look on her face. Just hearing the doctor say that was enough to make her feel the pain.

"Don't worry too much, ma'am. We caught it in time, and a small surgery will **fix it**," the doctor continued. "The bigger issue right now is his vision."

The doctor pulled out Calvin's medical report from his last annual check-up. He used to work in shooting, so he always took great care of his vision. "Is there no chance of recovery?" Rosalyn asked.

The doctor shook his head and said,

"This is due to an infection that occurred after long-term immersion in seawater without effective treatment... I can only guarantee that his vision

won't continue to deteriorate, but as for recovery, I'm afraid there's nothing I can do."

Calvin touched his own eyes. "It's not nearsightedness," he murmured.

Back when he was living with the crew, he noticed that his vision would sometimes get blurry. Kieran thought he was nearsighted and even took him to get glasses. Rosalyn an

d Hilaria exchanged a look, but all the extreme sports Calvin loved were no longer possible for him.

Later, a neuro specialist looked at his report and gave some recovery suggestions. But memory was a complex thing, and no one could guarantee Calvin would be able to recall his past.

After a whole day at the hospital, they brought Calvin home only in the evening.

Late at night, Rosalyn found Hilaria crying quietly in the garden.

“Why are you still up?” Rosalyn asked.

Hilaria turned her face, wiped the corner of her eyes, and Rosalyn sat next to her, handing her a tissue.

Hilaria glanced at her and took the tissue. “I’m fine, just... feeling guilty.”;

“How old is Calvin this year?” Rosalyn asked.

Hilaria paused. “He’ll be 35 this winter.”

Rosalyn nodded. “You said before that he’s been with you since his teens; that’s almost 20 years, isn’t it?”

“Mm.” Hilaria nodded “When I first saw him, he was as skinny as a kitten. Who would’ve thought he’d grow up to be a tall guy of 1.9 meters and protect me for twenty years?”

As she spoke, tears streamed down her face.

Rosalyn gently patted her hand, “Twenty years is a long time; maybe it’s God’s feeling for Calvin, wanting him to take a break.”

Hilaria paused for a bit, then nodded vigorously, “Yes, yes, that’s probably it; Calvin won’t need to take risks anymore.”

“Mm.” Rosalyn responded, “Calvin had a tough life before, he never thought about love. Now that he doesn’t need to take risks, maybe he’ll meet a good partner, get married, and have kids.”

“If that’s the case, I can finally rest easy in the future!” Hilaria finally showed a smile and said, “Lynn, I still need your help.”

Rosalyn comforted her again, saying, “Alright, you should rest properly. Haven’t you noticed you’ve been losing a lot of hair these past two years? You should get some sleep.”

“Nonsense, my hair is still good!”

Hilaria touched *her* silver hair; the two of them exchanged a look and couldn’t help but burst out laughing.

Then,

Hilaria clasped Rosalyn’s hand tightly..

“Absolutely!”

## **Chapter 1102**

After a leisurely chat **with** her granddaughter, Hilaria felt a slight relief from her burden, and exhaustion soon followed.

Rosalyn guided her back to her room and stretched in the **living** room. Seeing the family portrait on the wall stirred mixed feelings in her.

She walked over, picked up the frame, and gently traced the smiling faces with her fingers. It was quite amazing that apart from her, Cory, Ivy, and Hilaria, none of them were biologically related, yet their bond was stronger than any blood relation.

The sound of a car engine came from outside, and Rosalyn, looking at the time, guessed it must be Wayne returning home. Glancing at the photo in her hand, she wondered **if** it was time for a new one.

The front door opened, and as Rosalyn looked, Wayne caught sight of her and walked over with a gentle smile, pulling her into his arms without a word.

“Finished?” Rosalyn asked.

“Not yet.” Wayne shook his head. “I’ll continue tomorrow.”

“I told you not to come back if it got too late. It takes over an hour to drive back and forth.” Rosalyn said helplessly.

“No way.” Wayne nuzzled into Rosalyn’s neck. “I can’t sleep without you next to me. How can I deal with things tomorrow if I don’t get a good night’s sleep?”

“Don’t make excuses. You’ve been without me plenty of times.” Rosalyn slapped him lightly and said, “You’re holding too tight. Loosen up.”

“That was in the past. It’s not going to happen anymore.” Wayne spoke confidently. “And besides, Mrs. Silverman said not to come back, but here you are, still up. Weren’t you waiting for me?”

Rosalyn: “...”

Truth be told, in the past few months, Wayne has been like a shadow, always following her around. She was actually getting used to it.

“Don’t get cocky.” Rosalyn slapped him again. “It’s late. Go take a shower and try to get some sleep.”

“Okay, together!”

“What?”

Before Rosalyn could react, Wayne had scooped her up in his arms and was striding toward the stairs.

“Wayne put me down!”

With so many people in the house and Jaime, the night owl, if someone saw them in this awkward state, she’d want to crawl into a hole.

Of course, Wayne didn’t put her down. It was past two in the morning by the time they had finished their pleasurable shower. Wayne, full of energy, even helped her dry her hair.

“Be more careful outside the bedroom from now on!” Rosalyn warned him sternly after a moment:

Wayne grumbled. It was better back when they were living in the apartment, just the two of them, free to do as they pleased.

But Wayne dared not voice this thought, fearing his wife might grow tired of him and become distant because of past incidents.

## Chapter 1103

“I get it. Once we move to Moonlit Lake, **we’ll** have a whole floor **to ourselves**,” Wayne said, kissing Rosalyn on **the nose**.

“Speaking **of** which, Ivy asked me today when we’re moving,” Rosalyn replied, playing with Wayne’s earlobe. “**She** told me she knows how long you spend commuting every day. She doesn’t want you to work so hard”

The commute from Moonlit Lake to Bane Corp Center would only take twenty minutes, and it was clear Wayne was thrilled with the prospect.

“Just a bit longer. We’ve had the place done up for two years now, but we only recently put the furniture in the kids’ rooms.”

“Mm.”

Rosalyn was exhausted. “You should get some rest. You have to get up early tomorrow.”

“Sure thing!” Wayne returned the hairdryer to its place.

By the time he came back, Rosalyn was asleep. He tiptoed around, turned off the lights, and then carefully held Rosalyn in his arms. He kissed her forehead, cheeks, and lips, then closed his eyes contentedly.

Ivy has been noticeably more lively since Calvin’s return. She’s no longer the sleepyhead she used to be, getting up before dawn like a little adult and supervising the chef as they make breakfast for Calvin.

Even though she can’t read, she checked the menu and made sure everything was right. She even watched Calvin to make sure he eats every bite.

After breakfast, she can’t wait to show Calvin her puppy. Before the sun even rises, she’s off to the park with Calvin, letting her puppy run wild. She was covered in mud afterwards.

After a bath, she don a pretty little dress and sit obediently on the couch, letting Calvin do her hair. Even though he can't remember the past, his hair-do skills were still on point.

"Oh my, our little princess won't have to run around with a loose ponytail anymore!" Laura said it happily.

Rosalyn, nursing a hot cup of milk, bristled at the comment.

"The ponytail is loose because Ivy's hair is too silky! It's hard to tie!" Rosalyn argued.

"But Calvin can **do** it just fine." Laura said, then winced under Rosalyn's glare.

Laura quickly zipped her lips.

Wayne came downstairs then, freshly dressed for work.

Ivy ran to greet him. "Do you like the braids Uncle Calvin did for me?"

Wayne picked her up.

"Mr. Silverman, your shirt will get wrinkled!" Rosalyn warned.

"It's fine." Wayne smiled at Rosalyn, then turned to their little one. "Yes, they're lovely!"

"Uncle Calvin is really good at braiding!" our little one boasted.

Wayne glanced at Calvin, unable to keep the jealousy out of his gaze. But seeing Ivy so happy, he didn't mind.

"Honey, Daddy has to go to work now," Rosalyn reminded her.

Ivy obediently climbed down from Wayne's arms, waving. "You can do it!"

Wayne's eyes crinkled with amusement.

"Daddy will!" He then turned to Cory. "Son, let's go."

## **Chapter 1104**

Calvin's back

in town, Ivy's always stuck to him like glue, and Cory was at Bane Corporation every day.

If Wayne was heading to work, Cory tagged along. If not, he waited until Jaime woke up and went with **him**. It's only when the father-son duo was out of sight **that** Hilaria can finally lift her head from her work.

“Lynn, keep an eye on Wayne. I heard he got Cory into a new development system team. The kid’s still young and just recovered from being sick. He should be resting!” Hilari a said.

“Actually, it’s not all Wayne’s fault. The development team invited Cory, and he agreed,” Rosalyn explained helplessly.

Strictly speaking, Cory had accidentally solved a problem that had been bothering the team for a while. They were all singing his praises and immediately asked him to join.

To Cory, it was an exciting challenge, and he didn’t even check with his parents before saying yes. And Wayne found out when the development department sent in an application.

“Couldn’t he have stopped it?” Hilaria asked.

“If you can’t say no to Cory, how can Wayne?” Rosalyn retorted.

Hilaria was speechless. Cory had always been headstrong. If he didn’t care about something, you could do whatever you wanted with it. But if it was something he decided on, you couldn’t change his mind.

“How does such a young kid have such a sharp mind?” Hilaria wondered.

“That’s because he’s a genius!” Ivy chimed in, half-distracted by the game she was playing with Calvin.

“He’s a little whiz kid!” Hilaria affectionately cooed at Ivy.

“By the way, how are Lydia, Jared, and her kids?” Rosalyn asked.

She had planned to bring Lydia and her children to H Country, but Lydia had refused, opting to stay where her late husband had lived..

“She’s adjusting to getting back into work. She’s doing well at a branch company, Hilaria answered.

“As long as she’s standing on her own two feet,” Rosalyn nodded.

Lydia was strong. Hilaria had planned to give her an easy job to avoid any unfair treatment, but Lydia flat-out refused.

Before marrying Jason Jared, she had earned her place in a prestigious business school through hard work and met Jason there. After graduation, Jason didn’t want her toiling outside, so he made her a full-time housewife. Now that her rock was gone, she was scared. Looking at her young children and facing a long life ahead, she decided to start over. Staying by Hilaria’s side would only mean relying on another person. She wanted to be her children’s rock.

“Hopefully, her kids will turn out as brilliant as Cory and Ivy.” Hilaria pondered, then shook her head. “Never mind, the Jared family is loaded. As long as they’re: healthy, happy, and kind, that’s all that matters.”

Rosalyn understood Hilaria’s feelings but didn’t say anything. The tragic deaths of Latham, Jared, and Jason were a lifelong sorrow for Hilaria.

She once asked Rosalyn if her strict upbringing had led to their fate.

Rosalyn thought of her grandfather, whom she never met but who was a playboy with a significant influence in high society.

So she said, “I can’t put **it** all on that. Maybe they just took after their father.”

Hilaria paused at her words, then suddenly burst into laughter.

“That guy was such a fool. If he weren’t so good-looking, why would I have let him into the Jared family?”

## **Chapter 1105**

Rosalyn’s grandpa, an old man she’d never met, was originally a rich kid from a noble family, but they fell on hard **times**. He was extremely handsome, and Hilaria fell head over heels for him the first time she laid eyes on him. So she married him, and he became the freeloading son-in-law of the Jared family.

At first, he behaved like an angel, but when Hilaria took over the family business, he started to act like a jerk. Banking on Hilaria’s affection for him, he was out and about causing trouble all day.

Hilaria tried to discipline him multiple times, but to no avail. Juggling a ton of business stuff and managing two mischievous sons, she just threw her hands up and stopped dealing with him. Until one day, he died in a car crash because he was drunk driving.

At that time, Hilaria was still a smoking hot wealthy woman with plenty of men who’d kill to marry her, including some young, handsome dudes. But Hilaria didn’t want to get involved in another relationship.

When Hilaria first mentioned this man to Rosalyn, she just said one thing.

“He was easy on the eyes, but dumb as a rock!”

“He always thought he was some business genius born at the wrong time and always wanted to take money from me for his investments, but they all ended in a flop. He never



saw himself as the fool he was; instead, he thought I was blocking his path to fortune and success!”

“So, he’s just like Latham, then, always blaming others!” Rosalyn sharply commented.

“Exactly!” Hilaria agreed, nodding her head.

In general, Rosalyn comforted Hilaria like this from time to time, which made her feel less guilty about Jason and Latham.

In a blink of an eye, Baillie Scott also came back from school. This time, Paige gave him a heads-up and asked if she could pick him up from the airport. Baillie missed her, so he agreed.

After getting off the plane, Baillie was full of energy. As soon as he stepped out of the exit, he saw Paige waving at him.

He ran over to her without even grabbing his luggage, and they hugged tightly in the bustling airport.

“Okay, okay, everyone is staring,” Paige said, a bit embarrassed. “Let’s go home; I’ll hug you properly there!”

“Okay.”

Baillie nodded.

On the way home, Paige told Baillie about Calvin’s experience and the last time Kelsey Sharp spread rumors and Rosalyn took her to confront her.

Baillie found it very comforting. He even thought about having his wife record some stories so he could listen to her voice to soothe him when she wasn’t around. When they got home and walked through the door, Baillie pushed Paige against the wall and kissed her passionately,

When they finished, there was a hint of moisture in Baillie’s eyes, and he looked at Paige with a dazed and adoring gaze.

Paige touched his face and asked, “Did you miss me?”

Baillie nodded without hesitation. Thinking about having to go back in a few months, he felt a bit anxious.

“Do you have to go back again?” Paige asked gently.

“Mhm.” Baillie nodded, looking quite upset.

Paige chuckled, then kissed his lips: "How about I go with you next time?"

Baillie's eyes lit up. "Really?"

"Of course!" Paige answered cheerfully, "I heard you mention me a lot at school; we should probably give your professors a chance to meet me in person, right?" Baillie's face brightened up instantly, and his smile was as sweet as sugar.

He nodded.

"I have something else for you." Paige whispered in Baillie's ear.