

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 1831

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Chapter 1831

“He did” Enca Said with a proud beam, “My hubby’s quite the looker, nobody gives him the cold shoulder.”

Mary was at a loss for words.

Did she marry Larkin because of his looks?

“Larkin’s a grown man in his thirties, does he still need someone to tuck him in?” Mary scoffed. “I’ve been sleeping on my own since I was a kid, didn’t need Abbot to sing me lullabies.”

“Well aren’t you quite the tough cookie” Erica praised her

Then she put her hand on Mary’s head, leading her towards the dining hall, I’m starving. Let’s grab a bite

“You’re not so keen when it comes to morning prayers, but food sum gets you going!” Mary muttered, “Do you know there’s something good on the menu today?”

Erica didn’t have a clue.

Her gloomy morning mood instantly lifted upon hearing about a good meal,

Along the way, Mary kept repeating the same question.

Every few steps, she’d ask, “Did Larkin and Abbot really make up?”

Enca patiently answered, “Yes, they did”

A few steps later, Mary asked again, “Now that they’ve made up, are you guys leaving? Will you visit often?”

After careful thought, Erica said, "We'll probably stick around for quite a while this time."

"How long is quite a while?" Mary immediately pressed.

Erica looked at her, "Hey kiddo, are you firing an endless barrage of questions at me? That's too many questions!"

Mary was speechless

She walked a few steps ahead.

But she couldn't hold back in the end.

heard from some laypersons to our monastery that Larkin's an antique dealer now, is that true?"

"Mhm" Enca nodded.

Truth be told, Enca never really wrapped her head around Larkin's profession.

She'd never seen him engage in any related transactions.

His side income sources were plenty, though.

Now, the money Larkin received was immediately transferred to her account.

Orval mentioned that some new contracts listed her account for payment directly.

Erica didn't ask too much about it.

Regardless, whenever Larkin's money came in, she'd meticulously record it.

"Do you know anything about antiques?" Mary continued to quiz.

Enca found Mary's question odd, "Why would I need to know that? I'm not an antique dealer!"

"Your" Mary suddenly turned serious, "You shouldn't just focus on love and romance

Enca, "What?"

How did she know that?

"Just last month, a woman came here in tears. Her husband ran off with another woman, taking all the money, business, and property. She got nothing" Mary said gravely. "Do you know why?"

"Why?" Enca played along

Given Mary's line of thought, the reason was pretty easy to guess, right?

"It's because she trusted her husband too much. She never asked about his business, only cared for his parents and their children at home! Mary stated with a stern face, "Enca, if you appear naive and only think about love, you're in danger"

Mary may not know a lot, but she knew enough.

The convent was always full of people, some praying, some seeking solace

Surrounded by these voices daily, Mary's sharp little mind picked up a thing or two

She now saw Enca as her mother, deeply cherished in her heart. She didn't want Erica to become one of those women filled with resentment and pain.

Her own mother hadn't managed to live well in this world.

She hoped that Erica, who was just like her mother, could live a peaceful and smooth life, free from disasters and difficulties.

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Erica looked at Mary.

The kid's face was filled with worry, as if to say, "Your situation doesn't look too good.

She chuckled, "It's all good."

Mary asked, puzzled, "What's all good?"

“I mean, even if what you’re worrying about happens, it’s not a big deal,” Erica leaned forward, hands on her knees, looking gently at Mary, “Because I have my own business, I’m pretty good at making money!”

Mary blinked

“Aren’t you living off Larkin?”

“Who said that?”

“I heard it from someone who used to live with you guys.”

The monastery wasn’t just for nun, monk or clergy

If some believers wanted to stay for a while, they could.

The last time Enca visited, she stayed in a large house, with not only clergy and volunteers, but also many believers.

Enca’s beauty naturally drew attention.

People liked to gossip in their free time.

Mary heard some chatter about Enca and Larkin the evening after they went to Norhaven while she was sweeping leaves.

The believers said Erica, in her thirties, still looked like she was in her twenties, must be the good life from marrying well that kept her young.

“The money Larkin earns is indeed with me, but I was already loaded before I met Larkin Erica answered proudly, then patted Mary’s head, “And Larkin is not some random guy.

Mary had no expression.

She thought to herself, she’s heard this sort of thing a lot.

Erica seemed to see through her thoughts, she laughed helplessly, “Oh well, kiddo, you might not understand. Just know, I’m really good at making money?”

“Being good at making money is even more dangerous!”

Mary suddenly thought of something.

She clenched her right fist and pounded it hard into her palm.

Her urgent gesture amused Erica, “What’s up?”

“From last summer to this summer, our convent held a couple of sermons specifically for wives who were killed. They were killed by their husbands because they or their families were too rich!”

Erica was speechless.

She thought a convent was a place of devotion and kindness, yet it had witnessed so many dirty deeds...

“Let’s eat breakfast first Erica felt if they kept talking. Mary would think up hundreds of unfortunate outcomes for her future.

“Okay”

Mary replied.

As they approached the cafeteria door, Mary seemed worried she might have upset Erica.

She said, “I don’t wish anything bad for you, I want you to do well.”

“Of course I know!” Erica promptly replied, “Don’t worry, we’re so close, I wouldn’t misunderstand you!”

Mary was instantly cheered up

She and Erica went to get breakfast together.

“Sister Mary, why are you so late today? Your favorite food is almost gone!” A nun serving food waved at Mary

Mary usually kept to herself.

But today, she was clearly in high spirits.

She followed closely behind Erica, like a little tail, telling Erica which dishes were tasty

“Mary, are you feeding a pig?”

Erica knew her own appetite, once she got enough food, she stopped

“I’m just afraid you won’t be full, you ungrateful person!”

Mary said, but she wasn’t really angry

After getting their food, they found a corner to sit down and eat

Mary had good manner when eating, not talking

But her happy little feet were constantly swinging under the table.

Erica sneakily took a photo of her and sent it to the group chat with Rosalynn and Paige.

Chapter 1833

Paige quickly replied, "This photo is so cute, like she just walked out of a cartoon."

Enca chuckled, "That's the nun, Sister Mary, I mentioned before."

Paige, who recently became a mom, was brimming with maternal love. She immediately replied with a teary-eyed emoji, "She's so adorable! If her parents were still around, they'd spoil her rotten!"

Erica read the message then glanced back at Mary

"Is there something on my face?"

Erica shook her head and continued chatting with Paige for a bit.

It was a Monday in the middle of the month.

Rosalynn was probably in a remote video conference.

Jered Ventures was in the midst of negotiating a massive acquisition deal, and she needed to help brainstorm solutions.

After breakfast, Mary started to get busier

Erica didn't bother her finding a quiet, brightly lit spot that wasn't directly in the sun.

Slowly, she started to go over the accounts from several stores for the past half month.

The accounts were numerous and complicated, she dived in headfirst and lost track of time

By the time Larkin woke up, it was already noon,

There was a monk in the room reading the scriptures

Seeing another monk, Larkin knew Enca wasn't there.

She seemed carefree, but was actually very polite and orderly.

Her not being there with him was to be expected

The monastery was big, but it wouldn't be hard for Larkin to find Erica.

She didn't like dark places, direct sunlight, or crowds.

After he woke up, finding her would be a breeze.

Larkin left his quarters, went around the back, and through a deserted path. Underneath a large tree in a rest area, he found Erica going through the accounts.

Larkin had faith since he was young.

He firmly believed in reincarnation and karma.

He was certain that he and Erica had deep entanglements in countless past lives.

Or perhaps, they were originally a complete person that split into two separate but incomplete souls after experiencing various things.

Only by encountering each other again in the cycle of reincarnation, and having each other again, could their lives and souls be complete

Therefore, Erica could heal him.

Even just by looking at her, his inner anxiety could be calmed.

While Erica was going through the accounts, she noticed some discrepancies in a store's records.

As she was pondering over it, she looked up and saw Larkin:

The trouble on her face instantly vanished and she squinted her eyes, smiling.

Larkin also walked towards her with a smile.

"How did you know I was here? Erica looked up at Larkin and asked softly.

Larkin gently stroked her cheek, "If I can't find my wife, I'm not a good husband, right?"

"Are you hungry?" Erica glanced at the time, "It's already this late? You must be starving you didn't even have breakfast!"

She stood up, taking Larkin's hand, "Come on, let's go to the cafeteria!"

Larkin didn't move.

Instead, he pulled Erica back.

Erica lost her balance and grabbed onto Larkin's waist to steady herself.

"What's up?"

“We’re not going to the cafeteria Larkin reached up, removing a small dead twig that had fallen into her hair, “The Prior is cooking. We’ll eat there.”