

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 1291

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Chapter 1291

On a rainy night, Wayne took off from Moonlit Lake, citing some business he had to attend to back at the company.

Two hours later, he arrived at a small town in M City, standing outside a morgue.

Sean had arrived earlier. Seeing Wayne, he quickly strode over.

Wayne could smell the stench of death through the walls and doors.

Sean said, "President Silverman, I just went in. There are 8 members of the Atticus family... Despite some decomposition, they're still identifiable."

Sean and Atticus were old schoolmates. It was Sean who introduced Atticus to Wayne, which led Atticus to work for Wayne.

However, due to the nature of the job, once Atticus started working for Wayne, he didn't interact privately with Sean anymore.

The Atticus family had 8 people in total.

Besides Atticus, his wife, and their kids, Atticus's parents and his wife's parents were also killed.

Wayne asked, "Did you find out who did it?"

Sean didn't answer. Wayne stared at him, "Do I need to ask twice?"

Sean was silent for a moment, then pulled out his phone and showed Wayne a photo.

In

the photo was a wooden board smeared with patchy blood and rotten flesh. However, a sentence written in red was still easily recognizable. It read. "Dedicated to the Wayne couple."

. Wayne was furious when he saw this.

Sean said, "Orson found a similar message."

He then flicked to the next photo in his gallery.

This time, the message wasn't written on a wooden board but on the back of Orson's newlywed wife.

Orson's family had it worse.

They lived

in a coastal city and were originally a big family of 27, including his brother and sister's families. But now they were all dead.

The autopsy showed that Orson's family died a few days earlier than Atticus's family, by about four or five days.

The Atticus family was hacked to death, while the Orson family, according to the autopsy results, was frozen to death.

Their bodies were found in their own seafood freezer. All 27 of them, young and old, were frozen into ice sculptures.

When they opened the

door, the first thing they saw was the bloody message on the back of Orson's newlywed wife.

Sean roughly filled Wayne in on the situation at Orson's.

“So far, there are no useful clues at either location. We have no idea who did this. I initially thought it might have been the R Country royalty, but Orson’s time of death ruled that out. Simon hadn’t even died yet.”

Not only was Simon still alive, but Olivia Whaley had just recently passed away as well.

Felix hadn’t even arrived in H Country yet.

Wayne asked, “Are there any other insiders missing?”

Sean shook his head, “As soon as we confirmed these two were dead, I contacted all our insiders. No one’s missing.”

“Why they...”

It was clear that the killer was targeting Wayne.

But out of all the insiders, why Orson and Atticus?

Since three years ago, these two have barely done anything for Wayne.

If the killer was trying to provoke Wayne, choosing someone who’d worked for him recently would have been more effective. And

Orson and Atticus weren’t exactly easy targets.

“Did they jointly investigate anything?” Wayne asked quietly.

As Wayne’s longtime right-hand man, Sean could anticipate Wayne’s thoughts.

He quickly handed Wayne the information he’d found, “Orson and Atticus were in different regions, so there weren’t many cases they could work on together. I’ve found these six cases.”

Wayne quickly scanned through them.

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In the end, his gaze landed on something from six years ago.

“Did they investigate Heatherway Rosso?”

“Yes!” Sean nodded, “**Before** your engagement, Orson was in charge of investigating Heatherway’s overseas background. The issue of your wife’s forged pregnancy medical report was investigated by Atticus.”

Wayne frowned, while Sean was nearly overwhelmed by the stench of the corpse.

“President Silverman, you should leave soon to avoid smelling like this place.”

Wayne snapped back to reality and glanced at the morgue.

“Do they have any remaining family?” He asked.

Sean shook his head, Wayne’s anger was nearly palpable..

“I swear I’ll make whoever did this pay!”

With that, Wayne strode out, and a cool breeze greeted him at the door.

Suddenly, a light bulb went off in his head..

“Sean.”

“President Silverman, I’m here.” Sean quickly walked over.

“Do you think the killer organization Olivia found is the best in this industry?” Wayne asked.

Without hesitation, Sean nodded. “Before being defeated by Mrs. Jared, the Viper Organization was definitely a top-tier killer organization.”

“So, is it possible for a top-tier killer organization to fail to kill Jeffery Whaley?” Wayne asked Sean, looking at him.

In truth, he already had an answer when he asked the question.

He immediately called a number. “Do **you** still have the leader of the Viper Organization? He’s still alive, right? Well, ask him something for me...”

After hanging up, he quickly told Sean. “I need to see Jeffery immediately!”

“Understood, I’ll arrange it right away!”

But tonight, the weather took a nasty turn as a thunderstorm raged throughout the city.

Ivy, scared by the thunder, ran to Cory’s room.

Rosalynn walked downstairs, waited **until** they **both** fell asleep, and then carried Ivy back to her own room.

After tucking her in, Rosalynn glanced out the window.

In the darkness, tree branches were wildly swaying **in** the wind.

She picked up the remote, closed the curtain, and checked the time.

It was already late at night, and Wayne hadn't come back.

When he left, despite trying to stay calm, he looked visibly upset.

Rosalynn had a feeling **that** something serious had happened.

She stepped out of Ivy's room, ready to call Wayne when his call came in.

Rosalynn quickly answered. "Are you back?"

"Didn't I tell you not to wait up for me?" Wayne's voice was gentle but a bit helpless, "It might be a while before I can get back; go to sleep like a good girl; I'll be home by the time you wake up."

"Is something wrong?" Rosalynn asked worriedly, "Don't hide things from me."

Wayne was silent for a moment. "One of my former employees died and I came to check on his corpse."

"**Who?**" Rosalynn was taken aback.

"Atticus."

The name was vaguely familiar, but she couldn't place it.

"Was he murdered?" She asked.

Wayne grunted in affirmation.

"Okay. The weather is terrible tonight; be careful. Ask the driver to slow down; I'll be waiting at home for you." Rosalynn said gently.

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"Alright, hit the hay."

Rosalynn still felt a bit uneasy after she hung up the phone.

Instead of going back to her own room, she turned around, went back to Ivy's room, and laid by her side.

Ivy woke up in a daze.

"Mom..."

"Sweetie, Mommy's going to sleep with you tonight."

Ivy nodded, snuggled up to her mom, and fell back to sleep in no time.

She was muttering in her sleep.

"Liam, I've done this problem eight times; I don't want to do it anymore... I really don't want to do it anymore..."

Rosalynn couldn't help but laugh.

The car had been on the highway for over two hours and finally arrived at the prison where Jeffery was being held.

Jeffery had been brought out and was waiting for Wayne.

Wayne pushed open the heavy door and walked in.

Jeffery glanced at Wayne. "I thought it was someone else; turns out it's you." His tone was full of sarcasm.

Wayne sat opposite Jeffery.

"What? Now that Olivia is dead, have your feelings for her resurfaced? Is that why you left your wife alone in bed in the middle of the night to come get revenge on me?"

Jeffery knew how to get under Wayne's skin.

Ableson stepped forward and kicked Jeffery in the waist. "Talk nonsense again, and I'll bust your mouth!"

Jeffery clutched his waist, grimacing in pain but still laughing.

However, his laughter soon faded when Wayne threw a piece of A4 paper onto the table in front of him.

After Jeffery glanced at it, the smile on his face slowly disappeared and he started to panic.

"What are you trying to do? Don't hurt innocent people! Wayne, I'm telling you, if you dare to hurt them, I won't let you off even if I die!"

“I don’t know how many people have told me that in this world. They’re all dead now, and not a single ghost **has** come after me.” Wayne laughed.

The A4 paper was nothing special,

Before Jeffery surrendered himself, he had uploaded a pay-per-view video of Olivia’s edited murder process. The paper was the account **info** for the video’s profits.

The account belonged to the parents of Jeffery’s deceased girlfriend.

Jeffery set a high price for the video and it got quite a few views. The revenue for the first month had already exceeded one million dollars.

“What the hell are you up to? Are you trying to avenge Olivia? Have you forgotten what she did to you?” Jeffery’s eyes were red.

His girlfriend was an only child, and her death left her parents with no one to provide for them, hence why he thought of making the pay-per-view video.

It was quite popular **in** some overseas countries.

But he never thought that despite the website’s promise of information encryption, the details would still end up in Wayne’s hands.

“Jeffery, how did you survive?” Wayne ignored Jeffery’s protest.

Jeffery stiffened. “Just got lucky, that’s all!”

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“Feeling lucky?” Wayne stared **at** him, “Your sister hired the best hitmen in the world. Luck alone wouldn’t keep you alive.”

Jeffery frowned, “What are you on about?”

“No one came to rescue you?” Wayne asked.

Jeffery laughed dejectedly, “**If** someone had, would I be in this state? Would my girlfriend be dead?”

He lifted his mutilated hand and shouted with raw emotion.

Ableson moved to kick him again, but Wayne gestured for him to stop.

Jeffery didn’t seem to be lying.

“That lunatic was like a cat toying with a mouse. He wasn’t in a hurry to kill us, he just wanted to torture us...” Jeffery still looked terrified as he recalled those gruesome scenes, “He made us watch as he sliced us, piece by piece! My girlfriend screamed non-stop! If I hadn’t played dead and found a chance to escape, do you think I would have survived?”

Wayne felt something was off the more he heard. He never cared how Jeffery survived before.

But now...

“How did you come up with the idea to kill your sister like that?” Wayne continued to probe.

Jeffery was a fool, but the way he killed Olivia was very well planned.

The equipment purchase, the drugs, the fake IP for streaming, and the injection to keep Olivia conscious.

“Why are you asking all this?” Jeffery was puzzled.

“If you don’t want those two to get into trouble, you better spill the beans; no omissions.” Wayne tapped on the A4 paper in front of him.

After a two-second silence, Jeffery reluctantly answered, “After I escaped, someone saved me. After learning what happened to me, he taught me some **tricks**, including how to make money by uploading videos online.”

“Where is he now?”

“I don’t know. When I was about to recover, **he** said my enemies were coming. He disappeared the next day. Don’t ask me who he is or what his name is; I never asked.”

“I’ll have a sketch artist come later. Describe what he looks like.” Wayne said.

“You want me to betray my savior?” Jeffery scowled.

Wayne chuckled, “Are you sure he’s your savior?”

“What do you mean by that?” Jeffery was clearly nervous.

Wayne glanced at the latest message on his phone.

“I just asked the leader of the Viper Organization. He said the guys sent to kill you have been missing since that day. His team is known for being efficient and clean. When they kill, they kill. There’s no torture before death.” Wayne stated calmly.

Fear was growing in Jeffery's eyes.

"You mean, the one who came to kill me wasn't the hitman Olivia hired, and the ones she actually hired are dead? The one who kidnapped me and my girlfriend and the one who saved me are on the same side?" He asked incredulously.

"Do **you** have another explanation? Jeffery, do you really think you could have escaped from those guys on your own and that someone just happened to show up and save you?" Wayne said, "After your disappearance, not only were the police searching for you, but my wife and I had people on it too. You said the guy who saved you also lived in the slums. If he could evade so many people, do you really think he was just an ordinary guy?"

"No way!"

Jeffery immediately denied it vehemently.

"Ableson, wait here for the sketch artist. Have him describe what the one who tried to kill him and the one who saved him look like."

Wayne didn't want to say anything more.

By now, he was pretty sure that Olivia, Orson, and Atticus's deaths were all done by the same gang.

If things went as *he* expected, the reason these people were so cruel was because of Hatherway.

Sean and Wayne stepped out of the prison together.