

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 461

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Chapter 461

On the surveillance footage...

Wayne bent down to pick up the severely damaged phone.

He fiddled with it for a bit. It seemed like that the phone was completely busted.

He called a staff over, had a few words with him, who quickly ran off. Not long after, he brought back a phone.

Wayne took the phone, and said thanks to the little helper.

He dialed a number, and soon the phone rang.

The incoming call was from an unfamiliar number.

Before Hilaria could speak,

Ivy couldn't wait to answer the phone, "Mister!"

"How did Ivy know it's me?" came Wayne's gentle, amused voice on the other end of the line.

Ivy realized she had slipped up.

But the clever girl quickly added, "Only mister would call Ivy!"

"Oh, right." Wayne chuckled, "I just accidentally broke my phone. Did I scare Ivy?"

"Nope." Ivy shook her head.

She didn't mention anything about thinking that he was kidnapped.

Cory took back his laptop, his eyes downcast, and whispered to Hilaria, "I'm going back."

Who knew that right after he said that, they heard Wayne ask, "Is Ivy's brother there too?"

"Yep!" Ivy quickly replied.

Cory paused for a moment, but didn't say anything or greet Wayne, and went straight back to his study.

Hilaria watched his small figure, and felt a little strange inside.

Cory seemed to be a bit excessively cold towards Wayne.

Although he didn't seem to be very enthusiastic about anyone except his mom, he still had basic manners.

As Ivy quickly continued the unfinished conversation with Wayne, Hilaria got up and walked towards Cory's study.

When Ivy was on the island, she didn't stay in her room to paint. She always painted in front of the floor-to-ceiling window in the living room. Cory deliberately set up his study on the first floor.

Although he never said it out loud,

The adults all knew that Cory wanted to be by his sister's side whenever she needed him.

Usually, the door of his study was left ajar, so he could hear if his sister was up to anything.

For example, he came out as soon as Ivy started crying just now.

But now,

Cory had closed the door tightly.

Hilaria stood at the door for a while, respecting the child's privacy.

Though curious, she eventually decided not to push the door open and went back to Ivy's side.

In the study, Cory sat on his custom-made computer chair, looking at the enlarged surveillance footage on the screen with a blank expression.

How could the phone be accidentally smashed so badly?

Cory pondered for a long time.

He reached out his chubby little hand and slid the progress bar of the surveillance video backward.

Before long, he saw a woman rush up to Wayne, rudely snatch the phone from him, and then smash it to pieces in plain view.

This woman...

Cory frowned slightly.

Olivia, the former queen of a certain royal family in the R Country, rumored to be Wayne's first love, and the person who had been substituting for his mom when she was with Wayne.

Over the past five years, she had been close to Wayne.

Numerous times, the outside world had speculated that they would marry

All of this information came from a handy TikTok video about Wayne and Secretary Tesdal after the incident at the science museum.

Last time, at the painting exhibition, that lady was with Wayne all the time,

Were they fighting? So intensely?

Could it be that they were breaking up?

Cory was thinking like this

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He paused the video, filtered out the noise, and amplified the human voices.

Then he picked up the milk on the table and sipped it, continuing to play the video.

Cory thought, it was just an ordinary couple's quarrel.

But unexpectedly, he heard something he never expected.

Cory always thought Wayne was a bad guy who abandoned his wife and child, but he said he never loved Olivia and that he loved mommy more than his own life.

In these five years, he wasn't with Olivia, and the online stuff wasn't real.

Although he was a child prodigy, Cory, who was still a child after all, fell into confusion after the shock.

Since he loved his mommy so much, why did he later force his mommy to fake her death and run away?

Paige and Granny Hilaria hated him too.

What on earth... happened?

Cory bit the straw, lost in thought.

He thought about it, changed his IP, and entered the internet.

Then Cory felt shocked again.

Wayne's grandma had passed away, which Cory knew about when he read the financial news.

Although Natalie wasn't as formidable as Hilaria, she was also outstanding among women.

At the time, Cory thought, how come her grandson would be like that?

But he never thought that a few days later, mommy would be a family member attending Natalie's memorial service to express her condolences with Wayne.

Cory, who was a child prodigy but still a child, looked pensive, feeling like his brain was about to burn from all these mysteries.

So, did mommy and Wayne make up?

He pondered in the study for a long time.

He wanted to ask his uncle, but considering his uncle's age and the fact that he had never been in a relationship, he felt that if his uncle knew, things would only get more troublesome at home.

So, Cory got up and went out to find Hilaria.

At this point, Ivy had already hung up the phone.

Happily, like a little bird, she ran circles around the living room with her doll.

Seeing Cory come out, she immediately ran over, "Brother, uncle said he's going to send us gifts! Granny Hilaria agreed!"

Cory's feelings were complicated.

He appeased Ivy and walked over to Hilaria: "Granny Hilaria, can I play with your phone for a moment?"

Hilaria gladly handed it over.

Cory took the phone and fiddled with it.

Just as Hilaria was about to speak: "Cory..."

"Granny Hilaria, is this my mommy? And the uncle next to her looks so familiar." Cory handed the phone to Hilaria, and his beautiful eyes twinkled. Hilaria glanced at it subconsciously, just as she was about to say something to Cory, her thoughts flew away.

She took the phone, her eyes almost popping out in shock.

"Where did you get this picture?" She asked Cory.

"On the internet." Cory answered.

Hilaria: "!!!"

Soon, Hilaria discovered that this matter was also being discussed on large social platforms both at home and abroad.

Cory saw Hilaria's expression darkened.

He got up and sat next to her.

'Granny Hilaria, did mommy really marry this person?' He asked quietly so Ivy wouldn't overhear.

If it was Wayne who married his mommy and became her dad, she should be happier than anyone else.

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Hilaria frowned.

If it were before, she would definitely answer right away that it would never happen.

But now...

Looking at these sets of photos.

The two of them were simply a perfect match made in heaven.

Suddenly, she was not so sure of the answer.

But, she looked at Cory, who was too young to see his mom about to marry a strange uncle online.

He must be worried and afraid, right?

Hilaria thought for a moment, gently hugged Cory, and said lovingly, "Cory, no matter who your mommy marries in the future, you and Ivy will be the most important to her. So, there's no need to worry, okay? Granny Hilaria will always be your strong backup!"

Cory looked at Hilaria.

He was such a young child, a genius in intelligence, but not so clear in emotions.

He didn't understand why he was so uneasy.

Why did he really want to get some answers from others?

It was not until he heard Hilaria's soothing words that Cory realized, he was worried that Mommy would not want him and his sister anymore. Cory didn't

say anything. He just leaned into Hilaria's arms, with some unspeakable emotions swirling inside.

"However..."

At this moment, Hilaria suddenly changed the subject.

She let go of Cory, picked up her phone again, clicked on a photo, zoomed in a bit, and said, "Cory, you help Granny Hilaria look, is this person Paige?"

Cory tilted his head and looked closer.

They both agreed.

It was Paige!

Wayne didn't try to hide his whereabouts, so it wasn't hard to find.

Rosalynn drove to the ancient church.

In the middle of the parking lot, there was a huge, flourishing ancient tree,

Rosalynn was so angry she was about to explode, but after getting out of the car, the wind gently brushed past the old tree, making a tranquil rustling sound.

It calmed her soul.

It wasn't Rosalynn's first time to be here.

Before Old Mrs. Silverman completely lost consciousness, Wayne had been busy, and she had accompanied Old Mrs. Silverman here once.

When she was standing under the tree looking up, an old priest recognized her.

"Long time no see," the old priest greeted her.

Rosalynn turned back and remembered this old priest, who she had chatted with for a long time while drinking tea together.

"Father, long time no see," Rosalynn nodded slightly.

“The funeral hall for Old Mrs. Silverman is over there,” the old priest pointed to the south.

“Thank you.”

Rosalynn thanked him and was about to leave.

She really didn't have time for pleasantries today; she came to deal with Wayne.

At the hall, Rosalynn didn't spot Wayne.

“Wayne went to the dining hall,” one of the young priests answered her unasked question.

Rosalynn just nodded.

She took a look at Old Mrs. Silverman's kind portrait.

In her heart she silently said. “Granny. Ms. Tesual has to bother your peace. It's really not Ms. Tesdal's fault. It's your grandson Wayne who is too

cruel. Please forgive me.”

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“You're here.”

Wayne's voice came from behind.

Rosalynn turned around, staring at Wayne with her eyes almost spewing fire.

President Silverman had been looking quite haggard lately.

He banged his head the other day and broke it open, then he had stomach bleeding. He had been running around for the funeral lately as well. He had lost a lot of weight.

“Wayne!” Rosalynn gritted her teeth in anger.

“I've already explained to Grandma; you were the one being unreasonable, you forced me!” Rosalynn

took a step towards Wayne, “Why did you take such a big risk, manipulating the media to release that kind of news? Was it fun?”

“Rosalynn, who pushed you?” Wayne grabbed her wrist, pulling her close to him, his eyes filled with anger and breath ragged, “Who turned me into this? You said you didn't want to take responsibility, but have you ever wondered whether I wanted to?”

“Wayne, what is this that you turned into?” Rosalynn looked puzzled, “You're still fearless, only caring about your own interests, without caring how others feel. Tell me, what have I changed about you? What responsibility should I take?”

“I didn't want it to be like this.” Wayne stared at her, frowning, “I showed my weakness, I begged you, but you? Even when I was abandoned in a dark corner, you still don't need me!”

“Why should I take responsibility for a killer who wanted my child dead?” Rosalynn roared, “And my five years of loneliness, Noah's incident, and when my grandmother died, your coldly hanging up the phone!”

Rosalynn finally lost it.

“Wayne, do you deserve me? You don't!”

She finished, trying to shake off Wayne's hand.

Rosalynn really didn't understand. He had so many options; why did he insist on clinging to her?

She just wanted a peaceful life.

She never wanted to go back to the past.

Wayne would never change; he would always be the same Wayne.

Rosalynn's words were like a sharp knife, tearing through Wayne's heart.

"Give me a chance." Wayne looked at her, with a pleading expression, "Rosa, come back, and I promise I'll never make the same mistakes." "You don't deserve it." Rosalynn still replied.

Wayne was silent for a second, then chuckled. He looked down at himself, his shoulders shaking with laughter.

Rosalynn watched him, her brow furrowed.

"Alright then." Wayne repeated, "Since it's like this, I'll just have to keep being an unreasonable person."

"Wayne!" Rosalynn yelled angrily.

Wayne pinched her chin, his smile disappearing without a trace, and the pleading look in his eyes gone.

"If being a good person means losing you, I'd rather be bad to the core. Rosa, nothing is more important than you." He said, placing his thumb on Rosalynn's lips, gently touching, "Get the divorce sorted out quickly. Otherwise, once I find out who that man is, you won't need to mention divorce again, I'll have my own ways."

Wayne and Rosalynn locked eyes.

He laughed softly and added, "I'll make you a widow straight."

Though that husband didn't exist **at** all.

Angry and frustrated, Rosalynn opened her mouth to bite Wayne's thumb.

Wayne didn't dodge, letting her bite down hard. When the pain hit, he just wrinkled his brow slightly, not even struggled.

Rosalynn tasted blood in her mouth, **salty** and tangy.

The **two stared at** each other for a moment.

Finally, Rosalynn let go, pushing Wayne **hard**, but he **didn't** budge.

Immediately after, Wayne kissed her.

Rosalynn panicked.

This was Old Mrs. Silverman's **mourning hall**; had Wayne gone completely mad?

The taste of blood entwined between their lips, as Rosalynn desperately tried to push him away.

But Wayne was like an unshakable wall, Rosalynn couldn't budge him.

And *just* like that, he stole her breath away.

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Waiting until Wayne was lost in the kiss, Rosalynn seized the opportunity and finally pushed him away successfully.

Wayne wobbled a bit, then looked at his bleeding thumb.

"You didn't bite it off, so you still love me." Wayne looked crazily at Rosalynn.

Rosalynn stared at him as chills ran down her spine.

"Wayne, I never wanted things to turn out like this." Rosalynn wiped her mouth disgustingly.

The smell of blood lingered in her mouth and made her very uncomfortable.

Wayne looked at her gloomily,

"It's your fault, Rosalynn said word by word, "From *now* on, it's war between me and you, Bane Corporation and the Jared Group."

"Good!" Wayne agreed without hesitation.

"I'll disturb Hilaria's peaceful later years that she enjoys so much!" Wayne stared at Rosalynn, "Rosa, I've already said, nothing else matters to me except you. Whoever tries to stop me from bringing you back, I'll fight them to the end."

"Wayne!"

It had been a while since Rosalynn was last threatened by Wayne.

He always knew how to hit her where it hurt the most.

Hilaria was old and had been struggling with the Jared Group's affairs in the past two years. Rosalynn could not bear to watch her fight Wayne for herself.

"If you can't bear to leave her, then come back with your daughter. I'll treat her as my own." Wayne took a few steps towards Rosalynn. Rosalynn immediately retreated defensively.

Wayne's heart ached again. He didn't want this – for her to hate and fear him.

But he was more afraid of living without her, like the past suffocating and painful five years, he couldn't take another day of it.

He wanted to bring his loved one back home, their home...

And for that, he could sacrifice everything, forgive her for leaving, her betrayal, and love and protect her daughter.

As long as... she came back.

"I won't let my child grow up with a father like you." Rosalynn said firmly, "Wayne, broken mirrors can't be mended. If you dare to hurt my family and friends again..."

Rosalynn stared at Wayne.

And said word by word.

"I'll definitely kill you."

Wayne's eyes trembled violently.

Years ago, Maddie Fuller said the same thing when she found out he wasn't her son.

"Wayne, you monster, I'll definitely kill you! I will!"

In this world, there were too many people who wanted him dead.

But, Rosalynn's name was never among them.

Now she said she would definitely kill him.

"Do you really want me dead?" Wayne walked towards Rosalynn step by step.

Rosalynn frowned and retreated.

She backed into the corner of the table with nowhere left to go.

Wayne closed in, grabbed the fruit knife on the table, and handed it to Rosalynn. “You can do it now to save your friends and family from my wrath.”

His eyes were bloodshot, his face pale.

At this moment, he looked more vulnerable, helpless, and desperate than ever.

Pain shot through Rosalynn’s heart.

Wayne never used **to** be like this. He was always prideful! How could he be vulnerable and helpless? How could he become desperate?

“Enough. If you want to die, find a place where **no** one is around and get **it** over with. Don’t do it in front of Old Mrs. Silverman!” Rosalynn turned her head away, still frowning.

But her tone wasn’t as harsh as before.

After a moment of silence, the knife clattered to the floor.

Wayne hugged Rosalynn and buried his head in her neck.

Warm tears rolled down her pale skin, and Rosalynn stiffened.

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Wayne hugged her tightly, holding back his quiet sobs.

At first,

Rosalynn was still stiff and on guard.

Slowly, she couldn’t help but start to relax.

She wanted to push Wayne away but couldn’t bring herself to do it.

Rosalynn became even more upset.

In the end, her rationality could not beat her instincts.

During the years she spent as the stand-in, she had fantasized many times that one day, Wayne would forget about Olivia and fall in love with the real her.

Then she would take Wayne to meet her grandmother and tell her that he was someone who she could trust.

For the rest of their lives, she would be with Wayne in a small, but warm house, living life peacefully.

But fate had other plans – she was never able to take Wayne to meet her grandmother, and she eventually became completely hopeless and disappointed in Wayne.

But just as all hope was lost, Wayne started to fall in love with her.

Yet, those differences, those moments of desperation that haunted her dreams, became huge barriers in her heart that she couldn't cross.

Her past scars were just so deep that she didn't dare to believe that Wayne's love was real.

After a while, Rosalynn gently pushed Wayne.

"What are you crying for? You're the one who screwed up, so don't act like I'm being mean to you," Rosalynn said sternly. "Let go of me, and go clean up that mess on social media!"

"It wasn't me," Wayne replied but didn't let go.

"Then who was it?" Rosalynn was getting angry again.

"I just didn't stop it; the buzz was natural," Wayne defended himself.

Rosalynn chuckled in disbelief, "So, you are saying I should thank you for that?"

Wayne didn't say anything.

That's when Rosalynn noticed the mottled bloodstains on the brick floor.

After all, they were in a funeral hall, and the sight of blood wasn't very suitable.

"Wayne, let's get out of here for now, don't bother the dead," Rosalynn said solemnly. "And go take care of your finger."

A little later,

In the corridor, Rosalynn expressionlessly tended to Wayne's wound.

"You should get a shot later," Rosalynn suggested, concerned about the depth of the cut.

Wayne kept looking at her, as if his eyes couldn't even blink anymore.

"You lied to me," Wayne started, his voice a bit hoarse.

Rosalynn frowned, and inadvertently, her grip tightened.

Wayne winced in pain.

Rosalynn panicked a little and then snapped at Wayne, "Who lied to you?"

She had lied to Wayne way too many times.

"You still love me," Wayne said this sentence with unusual confidence.

Rosalynn didn't say anything.

Her grip tightened even more.

"Ouch!" Wayne couldn't help but cry out in pain.

"Love you?" Rosalynn scoffed. "If I wasn't afraid you'd purposely neglect your wound and bother me later, I wouldn't even be doing this!" Wayne didn't say anything.

After two seconds of silence, he suddenly leaned in and kissed Rosalynn on the lips.

Rosalynn was left speechless, feeling numb, and she didn't even get angry.

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"Is it fun?" She looked at Wayne, helplessly asking, "You think a few more kisses would change anything?"

"Well, if it can't change anything, might as well have a few more kisses." Wayne said and simply embraced Rosalynn's waist, kissing her deeply.

Rosalynn: "..."

After the kiss, Wayne held her tight, "Honey, I really did change... Can you give me another chance, one more try, please?"

His request was so sincere, and Rosalynn sighed helplessly.

"Wayne, I want to know, if I hadn't gone to that funeral yesterday, what would you have done?" Rosalynn didn't answer him and changed the topic instead.

"Who knows?" Wayne gently kissed her ear, "Anyway, you came yesterday, and that was the best thing ever."

"Stop touching me!"

Rosalynn pushed Wayne away.

Wayne didn't let go, instead holding her even tighter, "You haven't agreed yet."

"That's impossible." Rosalynn frowned and said, "What's the point of trying more? If I'm not satisfied eventually, will you let go?"

"If you're not satisfied, I'll keep changing myself until you are."

"Long story short, you just can't bear to part with me." Rosalynn concluded.

"We'll definitely make up." Wayne was full of confidence.

Definitely?

Rosalynn lowered her eyes, "Do you still want your fingers?"

Wayne couldn't resist touching her for a few more moments.

Finally, he obediently sat down and let Rosalynn deal with his wounds.

Actually, this wasn't the first time Rosalynn had helped him with his wounds.

Before, his beloved *Rosa* really held him in the palm of her hand. Even with the slightest injury, she would immediately help him.

Now, Wayne was filled with regret. If it hadn't been for the marriage alliance back then, she wouldn't have wanted to leave, and none **of the** subsequent events would have happened.

Rosalynn bandaged Wayne's fingers.

She carefully put the used items back in the first **aid** kit.

"I'll seriously consider what you **said**." Rosalynn looked up, her clear eyes looked **at** Wayne without any ripples, "But, until we make up, **in the** public's eyes, Gabriella and Wayne, cannot have any connections."

"Okay!" Wayne agreed immediately, seeing Rosalynn finally gave in.

But still looked a bit worried, "Will you **really** consider **it**?"

"Mm—
hmm." Rosalynn nodded, "Alright, I have things to do. I'll leave first. Remember **to get** y our shots."

Wayne **didn't** really want **to** let Rosalynn leave so quickly.

"Have you had lunch yet?" She **was** just **getting up**, and Wayne grabbed her **hand**, looking up at her.

Since she came over **in** such a rush at lunchtime, so she perhaps hadn't eaten, right?

"The food from the restaurant across the church tastes pretty good, you should eat **before** you **go** back, don't starve yourself."

Rosalynn was actually quite hungry, so she **didn't** hesitate to agree.

Wayne sat across from Rosalynn, watching her eat **her** meal slowly.

"Tomorrow, **Grandma's** lawyer will **read** her will, you **should** come **too.**" Wayne **pour**
d her a cup of coffee.

"What am I supposed to do?" Rosalynn took a sip of the coffee.

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The scent of coffee beans filled her nose, making it quite enjoyable.

"In grandma's will, there's also a part for you," Wayne answered.

In fact, he never really understood why his strict and serious grandma, who seemed to dislike everyone, was so fond of Rosa. But now, he sort of got it.

His wife just had that kind of charm that made people like her involuntarily and become attached to her.

"Oh, that's for Rosalynn, right?" Rosalynn lowered her eyelids, and the coffee before her eyes steamed up a layer of white fog.

Wayne paused for a moment. Then, lowering his eyelids, he said, "You are Rosalynn."

"Legally, Rosalynn is dead," Rosalynn said flatly. "I won't go, so as to avoid unnecessary trouble."

"It's the jewelry collection she gathered over the years," Wayne whispered.

Rosalynn's fingertips stiffened slightly.

She remembered one year attending an elder's birthday party with Wayne in the Silverman family.

She happened to overhear Maddie and several other ladies chatting.

One of them mentioned the grandmother's jewelry collection, "You're gonna inherit all those jewels when she passes, right? Be sure to invite over to see them!"

Maddie replied nonchalantly, "She said long ago that those jewels are for my son's wife."
"

“Wayne’s wife? Isn’t that favoritism?” someone else commented.

Maddie was clearly displeased, but she feigned indifference, “I don’t lack jewelry. I can buy whatever I like. If she wants to give it to my son’s I’m happy.”

Remembering that, Rosalynn finished her coffee and put down the cup, “I’m full. Let’s go.”

Wayne escorted Rosalynn to the parking lot, the ancient tree still there, rustling its leaves.

“Drive safe.” Wayne reminded her.

“Okay,” Rosalynn got into the car and rolled the window down just before leaving, warning Wayne again, “Don’t pull any tricks again; otherwise, you’ll have no chance!”

“Understood!” Wayne nodded immediately.

He looked as behaved as a kindergarten kid waiting for his teacher’s praise.

Rosalynn: “...”

It was difficult for her **to** keep getting angry at him. Where did he learn this trick **to act so** obedient?

Hmm... **It** somehow seemed familiar.

Thinking about **it**, Rosalynn drove **down the** hill and **returned to** the studio.

Meanwhile, online discussions about Wayne’s new wife continued to heat up.

And the studio was **also** buzzing with gossip.

When Rosalynn **returned**, everyone **who** had been discussing the **matter** immediately dispersed.

Rosalynn strode straight toward her office. Arriving **at the door**, she pondered for **a** moment and then **went back**, saying, “Wayne used **to be my** fiancé. The late Natalie **was very** kind **to** me and someone I respected. I went **yesterday** also **to** say my farewell. **That’s** all there **is to it**. **You** guys don’t have **to** make assumptions. **The FreshBite** project **is** due **in** two **days**, **have** you all finished your **work?**”

“I’m just about **to wrap** things **up!**”

“Same **here!**”

“Good, let’s have a meeting in the conference room at 4 pm,” Rosalynn finished and confidently headed back to her office.

Outside, **there was a brief silence that lasted for several seconds.**

Then, people started cursing in their native languages, expressing disbelief.

“Fiancé?!”

“I thought he was just her ex at most!”

“Now I see why Bane Corporation’s Oilvia has such animosity towards Gabriella Jared!”

“Damn! Olivia is the current girlfriend, right? No way, we can’t let Gabriella Jared lose to an ex’s current girlfriend. I. et’s get moving, everyone! We gotta win that FreshBite project!”

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The people in the studio suddenly became excited, like they were all hyped up.

Only Lola remained calm.

Is Olivia really the current girlfriend?

She looked it up on the internet today.

Although there were always rumors about Olivia and Wayne. Wayne never acknowledged the relationship with Olivia publicly.

Not to mention that day...

After the car accident, Wayne called Gabriella his wife...

Intriguing!

Lola flipped through her phone’s photo album again.

She found the picture of Secretary Tesdal, *the* one who already died in a plane crash, who looks so similar to Gabriella.

And Gabriella said Wayne was her former fiancé.

It was well known that Wayne’s only publicly acknowledged fiancée, besides Heatherway Rosso who he personally denied, was Secretary Tesdal.

Could it be...

Gabriella Jared was the Secretary Tesdal who died in the plane crash?

That's why they *look* so similar, huh?

Lola felt like she had discovered a huge secret, and hurriedly deleted those two extremely similar comparison photos.

Rosalynn's warnings about Wayne were indeed effective.

Before the meeting, she received a WhatsApp friend request from Wayne.

Rosalynn accepted it.

Wayne immediately sent a picture of an orange cat.

The cat was squatting on Wayne's thigh, looking very comfortable.

[A kid I know gave me a kitten, thought I'd show it to you.]

Wayne sent another picture of a skinny, sickly looking kitten.

But she found the pocket the kitten was in very familiar.

It should be Ivy, that kid he was referring to.

[I have a meeting to attend. [Rosalynn replied.

[Okay...] Wayne's ellipsis made it feel like he was particularly hurt while sending the message.

Rosalynn thought for a moment.

She added: [Don't forget to get your shots.]

She understood now that Wayne needed to be handled according to his wishes. Don't let him make a scene, otherwise, he might go crazy.

Anyway, just keep him stable for now.

Wayne immediately replied with an adorable nodding emoji.

Rosalynn was totally helpless and speechless.

What the hell...

But she still breathed a sigh of relief, at least Wayne won't make a fuss again, right?

She wasn't quite sure though.

However, what she didn't expect was...

Wayne might not **be** causing trouble anymore, but onlookers still would!

The ancient church wasn't a popular tourist spot, but there were still some older believers who came **to** worship every day.

Today an old lady came with her granddaughter, **who just** passed her **job entrance** exam.

The granddaughter **didn't** believe in **gods**.

While her grandmother **prayed**, she **wandered** around, watching **TikTok** as she **strolled**.

Recently, she enjoyed **following the gossip** about **Secretary Tesdal** and President Silverman.

Videos recommended by the app were all related. Today, they even pushed a video titled, "President Silverman and his wealthy wife" She watched with great interest.<

As she was scrolling vigorously, she looked up and saw two people kissing under the corridor behind the fake mountain.

She didn't know what was going on in her head at that moment, but she secretly took a few pictures with the camera hanging around her neck.

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Then she hid behind the fake mountain and zoomed in on the photo. This dude is just too crazy, actually doing this kind of thing in a church!

Along with the enlarged photo, her mouth opened wide in surprise.

In the photo, if it was not Wayne, then who was it? As for the one who was intimate with him, her front face wasn't captured.

At that time, the young girl's first thought was, was Wayne secretly dating someone again?

Secretary Tesdal was gone, and he was already with another woman!

The girl decided to capture crucial evidence and expose Wayne's real character on the internet, so that the woman with him could see his true colors and dump this jerk.

She pretended to be a tourist, wandering around and followed the two of them to the restaurant.

Unfortunately, she couldn't see the front face of the woman being intimate with Wayne.

Because she was afraid of being discovered, she didn't dare to get too close. Following them from afar and unable to hear their conversation, she felt anxious. Wayne accompanied the woman for a meal, and then they went to the parking lot. The girl was so anxious, afraid she could not capture the woman's front face,

However, she was lucky.

As they passed an ancient tree, the woman suddenly turned her head. The wind blew her shoulder-length hair, and her beautiful earrings sparkled in the sunlight, forming a beautiful halo.

The girl took several consecutive photos, afraid of missing the front face.

It wasn't until the woman drove away that she lowered her head to check the pictures.

Upon seeing them, she couldn't believe her own eyes!

The woman's appearance... it was too much like Secretary Tesdal.

And the length of her hair...

She took out her phone and flipped through the photos of the "President and his wealthy wife."

Comparing them carefully.

The hairstyle, the eyebrows...

It was the rich girl!

She looked up at Wayne's giant figure, standing there sending his wife away, the example of an ideal husband.

As She instinctively took more photos, a weird thought crossed her mind.

The rich girl looked almost like Secretary Tesdal, so did Wayne love the wealthy girl, or did he still have feelings for Secretary Tesdal?

When she got home, the girl organized the photos and posted them online while the discussions about Wayne and his wife were still viral.

“I think I’ve encountered President Silverman and his rich wife! Can someone help me verify this?!”

She posted all the photos she could.

A total of 12 photos.

From kissing, to Rosalynn leaving with Wayne pitifully holding her hand, to him accompanying her for lunch, sending her off in the car, and watching her leave from the roadside, everything was there.

The comments started pouring in.

“Girl, you’ve captured a whole drama!” This was the **top** comment.

The rest were all in awe.

“I thought it was just a joke, but it’s **true**. **In the** video where he was holding hands not letting go, Wayne looks like he’s about to cry!”

That photo by the ancient tree is just stunning!”

“**Why** does Wayne have to be intimate with a woman in a church?”

Someone **replied**, “Right? They’re practically inseparable! Of course, if it were me, I’d understand!”

The popularity **of the** video skyrocketed like a rocket.

Gradually, in **addition to** the supportive comments, there were also some doubting ones, “The woman didn’t show her face the whole time, and her **hairstyle is very** similar, **but who** can **guarantee** that **it’s** the rich girl from **the** funeral?”

“**Still** doubting!”

“Wayne is setting up such a deep and emotional character again. Does he still remember Secretary Tesdal?”