

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 381

Chapter 381

“Uncle is so awesome, huh? You like him that much?” Hilaria was jealous and poked Ivy’s nose.

Ivy mumbled.

“Of course he’s awesome.” So awesome that Ivy wished he would marry Mommy and become her dad.

But she couldn’t say that out loud.

Mommy didn’t seem to like Handsome Uncle that much.

Everyone was fussing over Ivy.

Cory was sitting in the corner playing video games, as if the noise of the world had nothing to do with him.

Seeing this, Rosalynn squeezed in beside him: “Honey, do you want to go with your sister?”

“Where to?” Cory asked

“To the amusement park,” Rosalynn replied.

Cory didn’t even bother lifting his eyelids, giving a cold answer: “No.”

Rosalynn opened her mouth as if to say something but changed her mind.

She just leaned against Cory, watching everyone fuss over Ivy

Ivy’s tears came and went quickly.

In no time, she was giggling, snorting out a bubble of snot after Paige teased her.

Rosalynn felt a mix of emotions.

The next morning, Laura took Ivy to the agreed meeting place.

“Uncle!”

As soon as Ivy saw Wayne, she ran towards him.

Laura watched in amazement.

Though the young lady had always been lovely, she seldom got this close to someone she barely knew.

Plus, Laura increasingly thought that the young lady resembled Mr. Silverman in some ways, making her seem even more like her father!

Rosalynn sat in the car, watching her daughter being hoisted by Wayne.

Her eyes felt a bit sore and swollen.

“Where are her parents?” Wayne asked Laura after the lift.

Laura hesitated then quickly replied: “Both are busy.”

A clear displeasure emerged in Wayne’s eyes.

No wonder Ivy was so attached to him; her parents didn’t give her enough love.

Throughout the day, Wayne took Ivy to the shops that Rosalynn used to like, then to the amusement park.

Ivy was fearless.

He accompanied her on every child-friendly ride, and even when it came to the Haunted House, Ivy dragged Wayne in.

After leaving the amusement park, Ivy was dragging her feet.

“Uncle, what shall we eat for dinner?” she asked.

Meaning Ivy wasn’t going home yet, she still wanted to have dinner with Wayne!

Wayne knew Ivy was hesitant, so he patted her head: “Wanna go see the kittens?”

Ivy nodded eagerly: “Yes, please!”

“Then let’s eat nearby!” laughed Wayne.

Ivy nodded continuously, then looked at the exhausted Laura: “Laura, can you tell mom my?”

“I will.”

Laura nodded and called Rosalynn.

In fact, Rosalynn had secretly followed them in the amusement park all day.

She knew Wayne had a bad temper, and Ivy could be stubborn.

She worried that spending a whole day together, Ivy might annoy Wayne, and if he dared to scold Ivy, she would have Ivy brought home immediately, never to see Wayne again!

But...

Instead, she saw an extremely patient Wayne.

He would squat down to fix Ivy's messy hair, tie it up in a very ugly way.

Laura couldn't bear it and rushed over to re-tie Ivy's hair properly.

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He'd also help cover Ivy from the sun.

He'd carefully feed Ivy water, buy her all sorts of little toys. He'd even line up to buy her limited edition kids' meals just for the little figurines inside. And when Ivy couldn't walk any further, he'd carry her on his back.

In short...

Wayne acted like a loving father.

She answered Laura's call.

Before Laura could speak, Rosalynn said lightly, "She just wants to spend more time with her uncle. Let her be. Just don't stay out too late."

"Got it."

Laura hung up the phone: "Miss, you're good to go."

Ivy was super thrilled, and she went off with Wayne.

President Silverman had a child's car seat installed in the car today.

Wayne let the driver take the wheel while he sat in the back and chatted with Ivy.

As the two chatted away the conversation turned to Ivy's art exhibition.

"You're going to have your own art exhibition?" Wayne asked.

Ivy nodded her little head: "Would you like to come? Ivy can send you an invitation!"

"Of course, I'd love to." Wayne answered without hesitation.

Ivy was so happy her little legs were swinging: "Ivy'll invite uncle!"

want to thank you in advance then. Wayne said with a smile.

The driver in the front occasionally glanced back. Amazing. He'd been with President Silverman for over a decade, and this was the first time he'd seen him smile so much.

No exaggeration, it was more than he'd seen in the past decade.

Especially these past few years...

President Silverman has never been one for jokes or laughs. Since Secretary Tesdal's death, it's become even rarer to see him smile.

"After the exhibition, I will introduce my mommy to you!"

After such a happy day, Ivy wasn't discouraged about matchmaking her mommy and uncle. In fact, she was more determined than ever! "My mommy is the most beautiful person in the world!" Ivy declared proudly.

"I can see that. How could a beautiful girl like Ivy not having a mother as beautiful?" Wayne said, complimenting Ivy.

"Uncle, you're so right!" Ivy nodded without any sign of shyness.

Wayne chuckled helplessly.

When they arrived at the vet, Ivy insisted on hopping off the car by herself.

The kitten seemed much more energetic today.

Ivy crouched down in front of the glass display and greeted the kitten.

The kitten seemed to recognize her and kept crawling towards her.

Ivy was touched and heartbroken.

As she wiped away tears, she spoke to the kitten, "Kitty, Ivy will be going home soon. Be a good girl here and listen to uncle. I'll miss you very, very much!" Wayne didn't disturb Ivy.

A new nurse who hadn't heard Ivy calling Wayne uncle thought they were father and daughter.

She said to Wayne, "You've raised your daughter wonderfully. She's very caring."

Wayne was momentarily stunned but somehow, didn't refute the idea of Ivy being his daughter.

"Right, she's very kind-hearted. Wayne replied.

From the vet, Wayne took Ivy out to **dinner**.

Ivy was so cute that she attracted attention wherever she went.

Wayne used to hate being the center of attention.

But today was different, as more people came by, praising Ivy's cuteness. He didn't mind at all, even felt a little proud that so many people liked Ivy.

During dinner, Ivy ate at a snail's pace.

Not because the food wasn't good.

But...

She didn't want to finish dinner so quickly and then part with uncle.

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How does that saying go again?

All good things must come to an end.

No matter how much Ivy stalled, it was time for the two of them to part.

In front of the car.

Wayne took out a box and handed it to Ivy. "This is a phone I got for you, Ivy. I've already installed a chat app, and I've added myself as your friend. Whenever you miss me, just text me, okay?"

Ivy took the box and finally couldn't help but start to sob.

Wayne hugged her tenderly.

"Don't worry, I'll come and visit you," Wayne promised.

Ivy didn't know what to say to Wayne.

Her mommy wouldn't let her see him again.

"Uncle, I will work hard on my drawings and try to have an art exhibition as soon as possible!"

That way, Uncle could come to her exhibition, and she could see him.

"Alright." Wayne patted Ivy's head gently, "You should get in the car now; it's getting late. Your parents must be worried."

Ivy buried her face in Wayne's neck.

Muffled, she said, "no parents, just mommy."

Wayne paused, "What did you say, Ivy?"

"I don't have a daddy" Ivy's voice was filled with tears.

Wayne never expected Ivy never mentioned her daddy because she didn't have one...

"Ivy..."

Wayne was a bit flustered.

"Uncle, can Ivy call you daddy?" Ivy asked while sobbing.

Wayne's heart ached as if it was being cut.

He thought about his own child and his foolishness and distrust.

"You...you can." Wayne's voice trembled a little.

Ivy hugged him and cried out, "Daddy."

Wayne instinctively held Ivy tight.

“Ivy, it’s okay. I’m here for you. I will protect you like a father. Whenever you need me, I’ll be by your side,” Wayne promised solemnly.

Ivy nodded, finally letting go of Wayne.

Wayne also let go of her.

He smiled gently, and his big hand wiped away Ivy’s tears.

Ivy sobbed.

“Uncle, Ivy has to go home now.”

“Alright Wayne smiled and nodded.

Ivy cried and waved goodbye to Wayne. Laura then picked her up and put her in the car seat.

“Mr. Silverman, I can’t thank you enough,” Laura said with red eyes.

“Be careful in the future.”

Ivy had told Wayne a lot today, including how Laura protected her with her body and got bitten and bloody by a dog.

“Yes!” Laura nodded.

“Can you tell me Ivy’s mom’s contact?” Wayne hesitated for a moment and then asked.

“Huh?” Laura paused for a moment, hastily shaking her hands, “No, I can’t!”

Wayne frowned and asked, “Does she know I’m the CEO of Bane Corporation?”

“Yes.” Laura nodded.

Wayne: “...

So many people want to use his connections to succeed

But Ivy’s mom doesn’t want to get close to him?

“Well, Mr. Silverman, I’m going to take Ivy home then...” Laura finished talking and got in the car.

As the car door closed.

Wayne heard Ivy's crying.

It made him hurt.

He wanted to stop the car and hug Ivy back.

But...

She wasn't his child. What right did he have to do that?

Rosalynn saw Wayne and Ivy part for the second time.

It hadn't been that long in between.

But Wayne was clearly more attached than ever.

He stood by the roadside, looking regal but... somehow like a lost stray dog in Rosalynn's eyes.

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Comparing Rosalynn's thought of his determination to make her have an abortion with his appearance today is like a split.

Some things happened and couldn't be forgiven, simple as that.

Rosalynn rolled up the car window, no longer looking at him, and followed Ivy's car towards their home.

Wayne went to check on the kitten again.

He didn't really want to keep the cat, but just to save it for Ivy's sake and then find a reliable employee to adopt it.

But now...

President Silverman changed his mind.

He'd still keep the cat, but couldn't take it back to the apartment since it was full of Rosa's stuff, and it wouldn't be good if the cat messed it up. Wayne looked at the kitten.

His mind was full of thoughts.

He didn't want to go back to his apartment, so he drove aimlessly around the city until he finally parked outside Gabriella's studio.

The studio was brightly lit.

Wayne didn't know if she had finished work yet or not.

He found out the answer the next morning.

He saw Rosalynn's car coming from afar.

Seeing her parking spot occupied, Rosalynn was somewhat puzzled.

She got out of the car, walked to the other car, and wanted to see if they had left a phone number.

Only when she got closer did she see someone seemed to be asleep, curled up in the car.

She walked over to the window and gently knocked a few times.

The person inside the car woke up quickly, and when the window was rolled down...

Both Rosalynn and the irritated man inside the car were stunned.

"How come it's you?" Rosalynn asked, frowning.

Wayne's face didn't look too good, and his hand pressed against his stomach as if in great pain.

"Just passing by, I had to stop here because I wasn't feeling well, I'm leaving now, Wayne said, and then frowned heavily, as if terribly in pain. Rosalynn frowned, "You can't drive like this, you should call a chauffeur."

"It's okay, I just ate something cold yesterday..."

Cold?

Rosalynn lowered her head; was it when he had ice cream with Ivy at the amusement park?

Wayne's stomach has always not been very good, so he's been particular about what he eats.

Right now, it seems that his stomach is even worse than before.

As Rosalynn thought this, a little voice in her head shouted, "Don't pity the jerk, or you'll end up miserable!"

Rosalynn snapped back to reality.

She made way for Wayne to leave.

Wayne hesitated, disbelief in his eyes.

He looked so pitiful, and she still insisted on him leaving?

Wayne's face was paler.

He started the car and slowly pulled out of the parking spot.

Rosalynn got into her car, parked it neatly, got out and locked the car, about to walk towards the studio.

Then she heard a loud bang.

She quickly turned around.

Wayne's car had hit the wall. The wall was tilted, and half of Wayne's car's head was wrecked.

"Wayne!" Rosalynn cried out in shock.

She immediately ran towards him.

Thick smoke poured from the crashed car, the airbag in the driver's seat had already popped out, and Wayne's head was covered in blood, unconscious.

Rosalynn felt a shiver down her spine.

Fortunately, Wayne hadn't locked the car door.

After opening the door, she unbuckled Wayne's seat belt, called his name while dragging him out of the car.

She pulled him away from the vehicle.

Then she immediately checked his limbs: his hands and feet weren't broken...

What about internal injuries?

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10-13

And his head?

He had a history of being in a vegetative state!

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The people in Rosalynn's studio heard the huge commotion outside and rushed out one after another.

"Gabriella!"

Lola exclaimed, running fast in her high heels.

When she got to Rosalynn and saw she was fine, she took a deep breath in relief.

But the next second...

"Wayne!!" Lola covered her mouth with one hand, stepped back two steps, pointed at the person in Rosalynn's arms, and then looked at the wrecked car and wall. "When I got here, this car was already parked here! Could it be... Wayne went nuts, knowing that his sweetheart couldn't take down the FreshBite project, despicably came here to stake out, wanting to hurt you, so our project wouldn't move forward?"

Lola was always exaggerated.

But Rosalynn didn't expect her to be this exaggerated.

"If he's Wayne and wants to take me down for his sweetheart, why doesn't he just hire a hitman? Why would he come himself!" Rosalynn said as she took out her cell phone and dialed 911.

She quickly reported the address and looked down at Wayne.

His face looked terrible...

At this moment, Wayne furrowed his brows, seeming to come to his senses.

Rosalynn's expression instantly became cold.

"President Silverman, can you hear us?" Lola and others crowded around, asking questions in unison.

Wayne opened his eyes, ignoring everyone else, only looking at Rosalynn.

"It hurts..."

Then he uttered.

"His arms and legs seem fine. Could it be internal injuries?" Lola asked in a low voice.

Rosalynn was also worried about that.

At this moment, Wayne's hand clutched Rosalynn's like a drowning person grabbing a straw.

Rosalynn was taken aback.

She instinctively wanted to shake it off.

"Gabiella, don't move around, in case he really has internal injuries and bleeds heavily!" a friend reminded.

Rosalynn: "..."

"Bear with it, stay awake!" Lola also persuaded.

She knew her boss didn't like Bane Corporation's president, Wayne.

Once, a financial magazine used Wayne as its cover man of the year.

During those days, the boss was so busy that she didn't even have time to rest. When she saw the magazine, she went back and threw the magazine into the trash

can.

Since then, Lola had been more cautious when visiting magazines and never brought anything related to Wayne into the boss's office again.

There was a hospital near Rosalynn's studio.

The ambulance arrived quickly.

When the medical staff came to carry the injured man, Rosalynn instinctively instructed, "I'm afraid there might be internal injuries. Please be careful, everyone. By the way, his stomach seemed to hurt a lot before the accident."

"Got it." The accompanying doctor nodded.

Rosalynn thought she wouldn't have to deal with anything else.

However...

After Wayne was lifted onto the stretcher, his hand still held onto Rosalynn's tightly.

"President Silverman, you're going to the hospital. Let go of me," Rosalynn said coldly.

She didn't know if Wayne was awake or not.

After she finished speaking, the hand holding hers tightened even more.

"Don't..."

He heard Wayne frown and say.

"What's going on?" a friend next to Lola asked her in lip-synch.

Lola shrugged.

"Honey, I'm sorry... Don't be mad at me, don't ignore me..." At this moment, Wayne suddenly looked at Rosalynn in a daze and said something that shocked

everyone.

"H...honey?"

"He..." Rosalynn was about to explain.

"You're a family member, right? Family members must accompany the patient in the ambulance. In case there's a serious situation at the hospital, we'll need a family member's signature! The doctor said anxiously.

Wayne's head was injured, and he didn't seem very conscious.

The doctor was worried about internal bleeding in his brain.

"I'm not..."

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“Hurry up! After this one, we got a high-fall injury nearby to pick up!” the driver urged.

The medical staff quickly carried Wayne toward the ambulance.

Wayne tightly held onto Rosalynn’s hand and wouldn’t let go.

She reluctantly got into the ambulance and, with a speechless expression on her face, headed to the hospital with the siren blaring.

On the ambulance:

The doctor did a quick check on Wayne.

No major issues were found.

“But we still need to do an MRI on his head,” said the doctor.

Rosalynn nodded.

She took out her phone and called Lola.

“Gabriella!”

Lola answered instantly.

“First of all, I’m not his wife, and I don’t know him that well, which is ridiculous!” Rosalynn was somewhat impatient.

The doctor and nurse looked at her.

Rosalynn kept a poker face: “You guys continue preparing for the meeting. If I can’t make it back in time, let’s do an online video conference.”

“Alright!” Lola agreed firmly.

Rosalynn hung up.

She tried to pull her hand away.

Still couldn’t.

She shouldn't have called an ambulance in the first place.

She should have shoved Wayne into a car, dragged him to a deserted suburb, and chopped off that hand of his.

Soon, Wayne was sent to the hospital.

Emergency department in a public hospital as different from private hospitals; everywhere was crowded with people.

Wayne was placed in an emergency room, waiting for the MRI.

When the medical staff left.

Rosalynn patted his hand: "Wayne, I won't leave, so please let go. You're hurting me

Wayne opened his eyes, and his red eyes were full of an aggrieved look that Rosalynn couldn't understand.

"Don't lie to me," he said, sounding just as aggrieved.

"President Silverman, I may not like you very much, but I wouldn't just leave you alone in the hospital." Rosalynn lowered her head and **tried** to pull away her hand

again.

This time, Wayne let go.

She took out a disinfecting wipe from her bag, frowning as she wiped the blood off her hand.

"Do you hate me that much?" Wayne asked softly.

Rosalynn didn't look at him and said, "President Silverman, would you like a crazy stalker who's been bothering you?"

Wayne's brow furrowed slightly, and his eyes became even redder.

He looked deeply into Rosalynn's eyes, a myriad of emotions stirring in his gaze.

In the end, he remained silent, not saying a word.

He pressed his hand over his stomach, lowering his eyes.

Rosalynn glanced at his hand, hesitated for a moment and asked, "Do you need me to call someone, President Silverman?"

"No one," Wayne answered coldly, "I'm done with the Silverman family."

"What about your assistant or secretary?" Rosalynn asked.

"I don't need them here. They're annoying." Wayne looked serious.

Rosalynn licked her slightly dry lips: "Got it."

She took out her phone.

"What did you get?" Wayne looked at her.

Rosalynn flipped her phone, the screen showed Ms. Whaley's name.

"I'll call Ms. Whaley."

"Rosalynn!"

Wayne suddenly sprang up, snatching her phone away, anger giving a bit of color to his pale face.

"Wayne, give me back my phone!"

Rosalynn stood up as well.

The next second, however, Wayne suddenly clutched his stomach in pain and curled up his body.

"You..." Rosalynn was a little dazed.

In so much pain still, he tightly gripped her phone.

This guy was unbelievable.

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"If you don't wanna stay, just leave!" Wayne gasped, eyes reddened, "You don't have to push me away towards other people!"

"President Silverman, everyone knows that Ms. Whaley is your lover..."

Before Rosalynn could finish speaking, an infuriated Wayne spat up blood.

The bright red, thick blood quickly spread across the hospital bed.

"Wayne!"

Rosalynn gasped and hurried forward, one hand holding him while the other pressed the call button.

"What's the rush?" Wayne looked at her, his face flushed abnormally, "You hate me so much, wouldn't it be perfect if I died?"

"Even if it were a hobo who spat up blood in front of me, I'd still be worried"

After answering, Rosalynn felt inexplicably guilty. She looked for medical staff and pressed the call button again..

"What's the matter?" The nurse's station finally responded.

"The patient is vomiting blood," Rosalynn replied.

A moment later, Wayne was wheeled away.

Rosalynn held a bunch of papers, bustling around the hospital.

When all the tests were done, and Wayne had been sent to the ward.

Rosalynn asked the doctor before ordering takeout food that Wayne could eat.

"The report's out, just a mild concussion on your head, but your stomach is in worse condition." Rosalynn looked at the report. Wayne would get a medical checkup every six months when she was with him, and she would receive the reports.

So she always knew that his stomach wasn't in the best condition.

But... it wasn't as bad as now.

Now he has a bleeding stomach...

"Gastric bleeding." Rosalynn handed over the report.

Wayne glanced at it, closed his eyes tiredly, and did not take it.

Rosalynn was speechless.

She put the report back on the side cabinet.

“If you have something to do, go and do it.” This time, Wayne spoke softly.

There wasn't much emotion in his tone..

Rosalynn had been waiting for this sentence.

“I really do need to go back for a meeting.” Rosalynn grabbed her bag. “President Silverman, your assistants and secretaries are hired to work for you. You better call them over.

Wayne lay down, turned his head away.

His whole body screamed rejection.

Rosalynn thought, back then, wouldn't I have coaxed you?

Whatever. If there's no one around, starving to death and enduring the pain would be his own doing.

You get what you deserve!

With these thoughts in her mind, Rosalynn picked up her bag and strode towards the door.

Wayne listened to the sound of footsteps, his eyebrows tightly furrowed.

It felt like his chest had been stabbed dozens of times.

She really left...

She really left...

In the past, when he was sick, she never left his side, always coaxing him to take medicine and eat.

Wayne recalled the scenes from the past.

His chest aching so bad that he could barely breathe.

He didn't know how long he had been tormented when the door of the ward creaked open.

The footsteps of several people came in.

"Is he asleep?" The voice belonged to the attending physician.

"I guess so." The nurse replied.

"Then I'll come back later." The attending physician said.

Soon after, the noisy footsteps gradually faded away.

After a while.

Wayne sighed, wanting to grab his phone and arrange for a transfer.

At this moment.

The sound of high heels rang out again.

Wayne was slightly taken aback.

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A little later, a beautiful hand passed the phone over.

He looked up and saw Rosalynn's numb face.

"I thought you..."

"Eat this." Rosalynn handed him the packed food.

Wayne glanced at it: "I'm not hungry..."

"You either eat, or I'll pour it on your head. Your choice." Rosalynn said with a straight face.

She blamed herself for still having compassion for Wayne.

This kind of jackass, wouldn't it be a blessing for society if he starved to death or killed himself?

Wayne chose the former.

He opened the lid of the food on the small table; it was steaming hot.

Wayne looked at the plastic spoon and raised his eyebrows unconsciously, looking at Rosalynn.

Rosalynn stared back at him with her arms crossed.

Like, are you going to eat or not?

Wayne: "..."

He reluctantly picked up the plastic spoon and started eating slowly.

Rosalynn dragged a chair to the corner, put on headphones, turned on her laptop, and connected with the studio.

"Gabriella, is Wayne okay? He won't die, right?"

"Hmm." Rosalynn replied coldly, and then said, "Give me a brief report, focus on the important points."

Although the team was full of gossipers, during work hours, they were all business.

Everyone explained their refined plans concisely to Rosalynn,

Rosalynn rarely commented throughout.

Her delicate fingertips danced on the keyboard, taking notes.

Still, something was off.

That indescribable feeling of wrongness lingered in the room.

As Rosalynn contemplated with her eyes downcast, she felt a burning gaze.

She looked up and met Wayne's intense eyes.

She gave a "what do you want?" expression.

Wayne looked away with a smile, thinking she looked absolutely radiant when she was focused on work.

Her eyes dazzled.

Having listened to all the details, Rosalynn didn't rush to say anything: "Continue with the plan."

After ending the video call, Rosalynn checked her phone and thought it was about time ...

Right on cue, someone rushed in from outside.

"Wayne!"

Wayne's mood, which had just improved, plummeted when he saw who it was.

Rosalynn closed her laptop and stood up.

Wayne's gaze, scorching hot, fixed on her.

"Where did you get hurt? How could you have an accident in that place?" An anxious Olivia reached to touch Wayne's hands and feet.

Wayne raised his hand to stop her. "I'm okay."

"The conditions here are terrible. I'll contact the hospital for a transfer immediately!"

As she spoke, Rosalynn had already approached Wayne's bed.

She was grateful that even though she couldn't help but worry about Wayne's safety, her mind remained clear.

Before coming back, she had called Olivia and told her the hospital's address and Wayne's room number.

Ms. Jared!"

Olivia turned around, her eyes teary, and looked gratefully at Rosalynn.

"Thank you so much for bringing Wayne to the hospital. If anything happened to him, I don't know what I would do..." Olivia's tears streamed down.

"It's okay." Rosalynn patted her shoulder and said, "**But**, Ms. Whaley, President Silverman's stomach doesn't look good. You need **to** take good care of him and get it treated urgently. Otherwise, the consequences might be bad."

Stomach?

Olivia wasn't quite sure about Wayne's health, since he always seemed healthy....

“His schedule is irregular, and he doesn’t eat properly..” Olivia pretended to be very knowledgeable. “Anyway, I understand. I will take good care of him.”

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“Mhm Rosalynn gave a slight smile. “Well, I better get going then. There’s a ton of stuff waiting for me at the studio.”

“Tll see you out..” Olivia pretended to be polite.

Rosalynn hurriedly declined, “Ms. Whaley, you better take care of Mr. Silverman instead , don’t worry about me.”

After that, Rosalynn finally looked at Wayne, “President Silverman, you take care and get some rest.”

Wayne stared at her, as if wanting to swallow her whole.

Rosalynn felt a chill down her spine and quickly slipped away!

“Wayne, what’s wrong with your stomach?”

As soon as Rosalynn left, Olivia hurriedly looked at Wayne and asked with concern.

“When did you get to know her?” Wayne asked.

Olivia was taken aback, “Ms. Jared?”

“Right.” Wayne nodded.

“Remember when I told you I was trying to win over FreshBite? Not long ago, we met on the golf course. I know what you’re going to ask, and yes, I was also shocked by her appearance!” Olivia covered her heart, “I even called you that day to tell you, but when she introduced herself as Gabriella, Hilaria’s granddaughter, I didn’t want to get your hopes up for nothing...”

Wayne still looked at her indifferently.

Olivia clenched her teeth.

“Of course, I have my own selfish reasons too. I know you’ve always been unable to let go of Secretary Tesdal. Suddenly, someone who looks almost exactly like her appears, and I’m afraid you’d transfer your feelings for Secretary Tesdal onto her...”

Tears kept streaming down Olivia’s face.

“Wayne, I’m scared of losing you... I’m scared you won’t even look at me anymore...”

Wayne’s frown deepened.

“Wayne, I’ve checked, and she’s really not Secretary Tesdal.” Olivia continued, “At first, I also planned that if there were any clues that could prove she is indeed Secretary Tesdal, I would tell you no matter how much I didn’t want to let you go! But because I’m sure she’s not, I...”

“How did you make sure?” Wayne asked.

His tone was icy cold..

“I investigated her entire life.” Olivia said seriously, “Not to mention her school records, I contacted her classmates from childhood till now.”

Wayne’s face darkened.

“You’re looking awful.” Olivia’s tone was full of worry, “Can we not talk about this right now? Let me get you transferred to another hospital first!”

Wayne didn’t say anything.

He felt great at the moment; so much so that he could even chase after Rosalynn, drag her into the car, bring her home, tie her up and lock her away so she could, never escape from his clutches again.

Thankfully, he still had a bit of sanity left.

So her name is Gabriella, huh?

Wayne looked at his hand. When he grabbed her left hand earlier, he had distinctly felt a faint scar on the back of her hand....

That was from the day she was cut by the glass in Sales Department 1.

Wayne exhaled softly.

Being aggressive with Rosa would only backfire.

Today, he would play innocent so that she wouldn't have the heart to be cruel to him!

Wayne was soon transferred to one of his own private hospitals.

Olivia wanted to stay and look after him but, before she could even open her mouth to offer, something else happened.

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Chapter 390

Wayne's family's maid of over twenty years was rushed over.

"You can go back." Wayne leaned on the hospital bed, flipping through the contract documents, and gave the order to leave.

Olivia didn't want to leave.

"Wayne, I..."

"Olivia," Wayne looked at her. "I told you last time, if it wasn't for you, I would've drowned long ago. You're my lifesaver."

Olivia stood there, not saying anything, holding onto her sleeves.

"Before, I really thought I was deeply infatuated with you, but later on..." Wayne's eyes suddenly became more determined. "I fell in love with Rosa."

Olivia felt as if she had been hit by a sledgehammer.

This was the first time Wayne had clearly **told** her that he loved Rosalynn.

"Wayne, can you stop talking please?" Olivia clenched her fists, not noticing the pain from her nails digging into her flesh.

Her feelings were a mix of panic, fear, and hate.

"I didn't want to clear things with you earlier because I worried for your mental state, which is why I never said anything. But now, even for your own sake, I can't hold back any more." Wayne was resolute. "After truly loving someone, I realize that my infatuation with you when we were young was just an illusion because I was overly grateful to you for saving my life."

So, even after being together for more than half a year.

He and Olivia never held hands, kissed, or even thought about sleeping together.

But later, he had an almost sick obsession with Rosalynn's body.

"An illusion?" Olivia began to cry. "You're just going to erase our beautiful past with one word?"

Wayne looked at her. "Olivia, you'll always be my savior. I also owe you for your last marriage. So I will still take care of you for the rest of your life. You really should find someone more suitable for you."

"Why are you so determined all of a sudden?" Olivia cried and laughed at the same time. "Is it because you met Gabriella? Can you ever get tired of getting one substitute after another? She's Hilaria's granddaughter. If she really cared about you, why would she have called me over today?"

Wayne didn't want to argue with Olivia about whether that person was Gabriella or Rosalynn.

"I've said everything I need to say. Go back."

After Wayne finished, his gaze returned to the contract.

Olivia stood in tears, looking at him for a long time. She saw his determined attitude and left gritting her teeth. She stormed into the parking lot.

Just as she was about to get in her car, she heard a voice she hadn't heard in ages.

"Olivia?"

Olivia's spine stiffened.

She turned around and saw two people standing not far away – an old woman and a carelessly man.

"Sis, it really is you, huh?" Jeffrey Whaley looked Olivia up and down. "That outfit looks expensive. I heard after your divorce, you went back to Wayne?"

"Olivia..." The old woman, with tearful eyes, reached out to Olivia.

Olivia frowned and avoided her. "Don't touch me!"

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"How can you talk to mom like that?" Jeffrey's face turned fierce. "When the Silverman family said you could marry into the R country's royal family and become a princess, was

n't it you who agreed to it because you thought it was more impressive than staying with Wayne, who had become a vegetable?"

"You guys lied to me! You never told me Simon was a lunatic who could go insane at any moment!" Olivia stared resentfully at the people **in front of her**, thinking about the wrong decisions she made in the past, gritting her teeth with anger.

Simon was tall and very handsome, with brown hair and blue eyes.

Before getting married, Olivia had high hopes for her life after marriage.

Although everything was fine at first, the good times didn't last long...