

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love Chapter 471

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Chapter 471

The girl who posted the video didn't share those photos showing their faces, worrying a bit that she might get herself into trouble.

But as *the* massive popularity rolled in, that concern was long gone.

When the doubts about Wayne reached their peak, she thought the timing was about right and put up another video with full face photos. The caption reads, "Please stop the hate. I didn't want to post this and disturb the rich lady, but the internet trolls are too much."

As soon as the front-facing photo was posted, the discussion soared again.

Fans of Secretary Tesdal and President Silverman, who originally despised the expose of Wayne's marriage and refused to get involved, jumped in the discussion immediately.

Fans of Secretary Tesdal and Wayne, fans of Olivia and Wayne, and fans of the latest rich girl and President Silverman all got involved.

It was instantly a chaotic mess.

Today, Rosalynn had a meeting to finalize all the details of a proposal. The meeting was long, and by the time it ended, it was almost 8 PM.

By the time she saw the discussion on the Internet, it was too late to do anything about it.

When Lola came to her office, she saw Rosalynn, who threw her phone onto her desk, still displaying the gallery of photos.

Rosalynn held her forehead, filled with anxiety...

“Gabriella, it’s time to go off work.” Lola wanted to ask her boss so many questions right now, but she didn’t dare to when the words came to her lips.

“Yeah, you guys go ahead.” Rosalynn waved her hand, “I’m waiting for a friend.”

Paige had just called, on her way over.

Lola’s ears perked up.

“Is President Silverman coming to pick you up from work?” she blurted out.

Rosalynn looked at her, and Lola immediately covered her mouth in panic.

Rosalynn’s expression was exhausted and helpless: “President Silverman can’t make it, it’s Paige.”

“Oh...”

Lola was somewhat embarrassed.

Rosalynn waved her hand again, “Off you go.”

Lola agreed and hurried away.

As people in the studio kept leaving, Rosalynn stayed there with a headache. It wasn’t long until her phone rang again.

She thought it was Paige arriving, but when she looked at the phone, it was a text message from an unknown number.

“Shameless homewrecker, stealing someone else’s husband, you’ll pay for this!”

Rosalynn frowned.

Then, similar messages came pouring in, one after another.

Obscene language **and curses** repeated over and over.

Before long, Jaime called.

“Sis, are you being harassed **with text messages?**” Jaime **asked**.

Rosalynn **responded** affirmatively.

“**Hold on.**” **On the other end**, Jaime **typed rapidly**, “Done! **It won’t** happen again.”

“Thanks.” **Rosalynn** rubbed her **forehead**.

-There were very few **people** who **knew** her **phone number**.

Even among her colleagues **at the studio**, **only Lola** got her number.

Who would **send** such **bizarre** messages?

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Rosalynn didn’t think much about it because the answer was obvious.

At this critical moment, the one who would accuse her of being a home wrecker could only be related to Wayne. In recent years, there was only one woman around Wayne, and it’s Olivia.

“Sis, I told you not to go back. You just went back and you’ve already made such a big fuss!” Jaime worriedly said from the other end, “Wayne’s a sly guy, and you can’t beat him. Just give up on that project and come back!”

“Do you think if I go back now, everything will be as before?” Rosalynn replied with exhaustion, “Wayne is crazier now than ever.”

Jaime was silent for a moment.

Then, he said word-by-word, “What if I find the best assassin to get rid of the root of the problem?”

“No!” Rosalynn immediately and sternly rejected, “Jaime, I absolutely will not allow you to do such a thing for my sake! Besides... **it’s** Wayne, do you think you’re the only one who wants him dead? Look at how well he’s alive now, and how many of those who wanted him dead are still alive?”

Jaime’s breathing was a bit heavy.

“Sis, you don’t want me to do this, or you still can’t let go of Wayne and don’t want him to die?”

Rosalynn was silent for a moment.

“Jaime, I don’t want you to do this, nor do I want Wayne to die. He’s Cory and Ivy’s father.” Rosalynn said very seriously.

“Anyway, this is my problem, and I’ll handle it well.” Rosalynn said solemnly.

Jaime was silent for a moment, and hung up the phone without saying a word.

He was the one who was the most protective of his sister.

That jerk Wayne almost killed her!!

Even after all these years, when Jaime thought about **it**, he couldn’t help but feel scared

.

Such a terrible person wanted to make up with his sister?

In his dreams.

After the phone **call** disconnected.

Paige called in.

“Are you here?” Rosalynn asked.

“Two minutes!” Paige replied, “I just passed by the bakery you like, and bought your favorite cake!”

Rosalynn’s tense nerves relaxed a bit. “Alright.”

“Wait for me then!”

Paige’s voice sounded quite cheerful.

It seemed that Baillie had helped her relieve the pressure from Hilaria.

Rosalynn got up and walked to the side of the road outside the studio to wait for Paige.

As soon as she walked to the roadside, Baillie’s car stopped in front **of** her.

Inside the car.

“You go ahead and do your thing, later, I’ll go back with Rosalynn.” Paige said to Baillie while taking off her seatbelt, “Drive carefully and let me know when you get there.”

Baillie nodded with a smile.

Paige waved, took the cake, and got out of the car.

Rosalynn smiled **at** Baillie, “Mr. Scott, your wife is in my hands now, rest assured.”

“I’m very reassured.” Baillie smiled quite gracefully.

“Co on! Go on!” Paige blushed, urging Baillie to leave.

Baillie was obedient.

After saying something more to Paige, he left.

“Hmm, getting along well?” Rosalynn took the cake and teased on purpose.

Paige’s cheeks were still flushed.

*Hilaria called

me! I told her **about** my marriage and she got very angry, almost yelling **at** me. Baillie heard

it and talked **to her** for more **than** ten **minutes**. **When I got the** phone back, Hilaria became gentle, telling me to take him to **dinner** on the **Island whenever I have time.**”

If Paige had a tail, she definitely wouldn’t help but wag her tail right now.

“Making Hilaria yield in ten minutes, he indeed is reliable.” Rosalynn said sincerely.

Paige nodded, her cheeks still flushed, “Dear, I feel like I haven’t been this happy in a very long time.”

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That feeling of total freedom, it was just so freaking awesome.

It seemed like even breathing was smoother than usual.

Baillie had invested in a lot of properties in H City.

He picked out several of the best houses in the best locations and took her to see them one by one.

There were three places that fit Paige’s tastes perfectly in terms of neighborhood, location, and layout.

In the end, Paige picked one that was more convenient for Baillie to go to work.

After choosing a house, Baillie also prepared some forms for her to think about and fill out gradually in the next few days, which were about home decoration issues and functional requirements, and so on.

Baillie seriously told her, “This will be our home for a long time, and I want to do everything I can to make Mrs. Scott feel satisfied and comfortable, which will also make me happy.”

Paige briefly told Rosalynn about the house selection process.

As she stirred the whipped cream on the cake, she said, “To be honest, whenever I’m with Baillie, it feels unreal. Are there really people like him in this world?”

“Yeah, look, you’ve met one, haven’t you?” Rosalynn laughed.

Paige’s happiness was plain to see.

In just two days, her state of mind had transformed.

“Oh, right!”

Paige suddenly remembered.

“What happened between you and Wayne? You two were even caught giving each other a passionate French kiss!” As Paige said this, she was about to flip the pictures when Rosalynn stopped her hand, “That was him being shameless and forcing me!”

Paige replied, “Keep making stuff up, I have proof!”

Netizens said they couldn’t even tell the two apart.

Paige also saw that Rosalynn’s eyes had softened!

How was that coercion?

“Damn internet!” Rosalynn finally cursed through gritted teeth.

“Baby, I’ll say it again: life is short. If you want to make up, just do it, and let the future take care of itself!”

Having been through breaking ties with the Sutton family, her mom, and her quick marriage with Baillie, Paige had come to realize that no matter what worries or schemes you have, if you’re doomed, you can’t escape it no matter how much you plan. And if it’s destined to be yours, you will get it in the end.

It’s better to just go with the flow – you might even get some surprises.

“I know. I’ll finish this project first, and he needs to deal with Old Mrs. Silverman’s affair, so let’s talk about it later.” Rosalynn took a bite of the cake. It had been years since she had tasted this. The once much–

loved cake now seemed a bit **too** sweet **to** Rosalynn. If even the cake was like that, what about people?

Leaving the studio, Rosalynn and Paige originally planned **to go to** a restaurant for dinner.

But now that Rosalynn's face had been exposed on the internet, if they were recognized, it would be another bunch of troubles.

So the two ordered takeout and directly went back **to** eat.

Late at night, Rosalynn took a shower.

When she opened WhatsApp, there were already more than a dozen **unread** messages from Wayne.

In addition to explaining to her that the new social media trend chart had nothing to **do** with him, he was sending pictures **of** odd **little** trees, rocks,

and ants moving house in the church...

The last message was half **an** hour **ago**.

"Wify, **got my** shot."

Although **it** was just a **text** with **no expression**, **to** Rosalynn's **eyes**, it seemed like Wayne was seeking **complishments**.

Rosalynn thought **about** it and replied, "Alright."

Wayne immediately responded, "Have you finished work?"

"Yep." Rosalynn **replied**.

Now her relationship with Wayne seemed to have completely reversed.

In the past, she would send lots of messages, and either he wouldn't reply or only give a few words back. When he was impatient, he'd send a

voice message.

Now it was Wayne's turn.

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The feeling was subtle and hard to describe.

“Darling, I’ll be out for a few days. No one’s home to take care of the plants. Can you please go and check on them?” Wayne sent a message. Rosalynn felt a bit of a headache.

She didn’t reply, just turned off her phone and the lights and went to bed.

Paige had just finished blow-drying her hair when she received a message from Baillie.

“Sleeping yet?”

Paige hurriedly replied, “Not yet!”

“I’m downstairs at your place.” Baillie replied.

Paige pulled open the curtains and looked down to see Baillie leaning against his car, staring at his phone.

An unspeakable excitement instantly enveloped her.

She quickly replied, “Coming right down!”

After replying, she sneaked out of the door, went downstairs and opened the door.

Baillie looked up and immediately smiled at her slightly tired face.

“What’s up so late?”

Paige ran up to him.

Although Paige was not short, Baillie was still pretty tall.

Baillie looked down at her, “I thought if you weren’t asleep we could see each other again before going to bed.” Paige felt like she was floating.

She had never experienced such a thing when she was with Logan.

So this was what normal love was like...

“Mr. Scott, I just realized you’re a bit clingy.” Paige said with a smile.

Baillie also smiled without giving a straight answer, “Right, I forgot to give you this.”

He opened the car door and handed Paige a file bag.

“What’s this?” Paige took it.

Baillie didn’t say anything, signaling her to look for herself.

“How mysterious.”

Paige loved the sense of mystery, opened the file bag, and took out the contents.

When she saw what it was, she looked **at** Baillie in surprise, “Land transfer **certificate?**”

“As a wedding gift for you.” Baillie answered.

Paige looked again, “This **is the** land we talked about. But **Baillie, this** is too expensive **!**”

“Expensive?” Baillie smiled, “But **I still don’t think it’s** enough **to** marry you.”

Paige looked at him, sure he **wasn’t** joking.

“Baillie...” Paige swallowed, “Am I **really that good?**”

Such an expensive ring, and land **worth** hundreds **of millions...**

*Otherwise, why would I **want to marry you?**” **Baillie said confidently, “Now, don’t think too much, it’s time to sleep.”**

He held Paige’s shoulder, turned her **around, and walked her a step forward.**

Raige **felt** like she was walking on clouds.

She took two **steps and** looked **back at Baillie, hesitating.**

Baillie had given her so **many** things, **yet** she seemed **to have never given him anything.**

Paige walked back.

“What’s wrong?” **Baillie wondered.**

Paige **thought about it, gestured for him to bend** down.

Baillie did, and Paige kissed his cheek, “Goodnight.”

Then she ran back into the house like she was fleeing for her life.

After closing the bedroom door, she leaned against it, her heart racing as if it wanted to jump out.

Baillie, outside the door, was also puzzled by the sudden kiss.

It took him a while to touch his cheek and stand up.

That night, Baillie didn't sleep well. The next morning, he went to urge the people responsible for the renovation to speed up the process.

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Cory, the kid, was also having a sleepless night.

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Ever since he saw his mom and dad's social media trending rankings in the morning, he had been following it all the time.

Naturally, he missed the whole kissing in the church thing in the afternoon, which came as a big shock for Cory.

He tiptoed out of his room and went to his sister's room.

Ivy had been unhappy since she came back, but today, after talking to Wayne on the phone, she seemed much happier, even smiling as she slept. Cory looked at his sister, lost in thought.

On the internet.

Rumors of Wayne's new wife and Secretary Tesdal's body double have been buzzing for two days.

Bane Corporation and the Silverman family had yet to respond.

And the identity of the mysterious woman who looked so much like Secretary Tesdal was widely debated.

But no one came out to clarify.

Online heat always came and disappeared quickly.

Soon, a new topic appeared, and there was less discussion about the rumor.

That night, in the ancient church, Wayne pushed the door and entered, and the room was full of people from the Silverman family.

Those who had time all came here, after all, it was the reading of Old Mrs. Silverman's will.

It was well known that the Silverman Group had a lot of money, but Old Mrs. Silverman had even more money than them. With just a bit of cash from her pocket, she was able to provide a good life for an average family for a few years.

Who wouldn't want to get a share of the benefits?

Maddie and her husband were there too. Ever since she found out that the child in her belly was **not** actually hers, **she** had turned old overnight.

Perhaps because she lost faith in life and lost control of her figure, now she was unrecognizable compared to before.

Seeing Wayne, Maddie's eyes were **full** of hatred, as if she wanted to swallow Wayne alive.

Her husband, on the other hand, was much more composed.

Later, Maddie found out that her husband had sperm problem, and he knew it would be impossible for him **to** have offspring, so he probably knew that child his wife was carrying wasn't his.

But to continue enjoying the wealth and prosperity provided by his mother-in-law, **he turned an** blind eye.

Now, he didn't care about the reading of the will, because before Old Mrs. Silverman was diagnosed **with** dementia, he had already given him a considerable amount of assets privately.

Back then, Old Mrs. Silverman knew that Wayne was cold-hearted, and she was aware **of her** poor health. **She** worried that after her death, Wayne wouldn't take care of her younger son.

Maddie was furious.

Old Mrs. Silverman treated her harshly all her life, only saw her for her womb, and **in the** end, the inheritance she left for **her** son was also **a trust fund**.

It had nothing to do with Maddie.

"Everyone is here. Please read will."

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Wayne sat down and gestured to the gray-haired lawyer.

This lawyer had been hired by the old lady a long time ago, and most of the Silverman family had met him.

The lawyer nodded slightly, then, he took out the notarized will.

Regarding the division of property, Old Mrs. Silverman had given all her shares in the Silverman Group to Wayne.

As for the movable property and financial products, they were converted into a family trust fund. In the future, anyone in the family who had difficulties in starting a business or studying could apply to the trust fund, and if they met the requirements, they could receive money.

Almost all of the remaining real estate was also under Wayne's name, and the old lady left a villa for Maddie.

Maddie didn't feel grateful at all. She just felt that the old lady was treating her like a poor.

After dealing with the shares, movable property, real estate, and financial products, it was time for everyone to take a share of the coveted jewelry collection.

The lawyer spoke calmly, "All the antique jewelry under Miss Natalie's name will be inherited by Miss Rosalynn."

"What?" Maddie couldn't sit still any longer.

Her misery had started with Rosalynn!

If it weren't for her conflict with Heatherway, how could she have angered the monster Wayne, and ended up in a mental asylum for half a year? Although Wayne didn't torture her physically and took good care of her with food and drink, seeing those crazy people every day made her live in constant fear.

"That doesn't count! Rosalynn is dead now!" Maddie shouted.

The lawyer spoke calmly, "According to the law, Rosalynn's legacy will be inherited by her successor."

"Her entire family is dead, where would she get a successor? Besides, these antique jewelry pieces have been passed down through generations in the Silverman family, why give them to an outsider? In my opinion, it is only right that the Silverman family should split it!" Maddie continued. "I'll keep Rosa's share on her behalf. Thank you for your worry." Wayne, who hadn't spoken much, gently tapped the armrest of the sofa with his slender fingertips.

"Wayne, are you trying to have them all to yourself?" Maddie asked.

The other Silverman family members watched as the mother and son faced each other, not daring to speak.

“Mom, this is what Old Mrs. Silverman left for my fiancée.” Wayne looked at Maddie, his tone calm and cold, “If you like antique jewelry, I can buy more for you. But nobody is allowed to touch Rosa’s things.”

“You!!”

Wayne’s address to Maddie as “Mom” was like a dagger to her heart.

“Wayne, isn’t it rumored on the internet that you’re already married? Who is that woman at Old Mrs. Silverman’s memorial service?” a relative suddenly asked.

“You’ll find out in the future.” Wayne’s tone was still casual.

“My classmate told me that you found someone who looks very similar to Rosalynn and made her Rosalynn’s stand—in. Is that true?” a girl who looked around 14 or 15 years old raised her hand.

Wayne looked at her.

She seemed kind of scared of Wayne, hiding behind her mother.

Her eyes also became fearful.

“So you found another substitute?” Maddie sneered, “You wouldn’t be thinking of having that girl pretend to be Rosalynn and take away those jewelry and antiques, would you?”

“You can think whatever you want.” Wayne stood up, “I can’t **let** you guys leave empty-handed, so I’ve asked the finance department to prepare some money. When you leave, please remember to take a check .”

With that, Wayne left.

The Silverman family members remained in the room, looking at each other

“Sister-in-law, you called us here and said there was a benefit **for** everyone. Now, besides getting an empty check of the trust fund, we haven’t received anything else!” a woman with an imposing demeanor, hands on her hips, questioned Maddie.

“**You** think things will just fall into your lap without doing anything?” Maddie seemed impatient. “**If** you want the money, go and get Wayne to give up **those jewelry** and antique s. I’m telling you, just selling a little bit of those would make you rich for a while!”

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After everyone listened to those words, they looked at each other, expressions varied.

Finally, that fierce-looking woman shouted loudly, "Since we're here, can we really afford to waste more time? Let's go!"

She walked out.

Outside the door stood a young man in a suit.

He held a stack of checks in his hand.

"Come here to get your checks. One per household, same amount for everyone."

The woman frowned, "Such a small amount of money and you're using a check, is this for charity?"

The young man smiled and handed her a check.

The woman took a look and her eyeballs almost popped out, "One hundred thousand?"

Except for the already wealthy members of the Silverman family, most people were excited to hear about the news, and rushed forward to get their checks.

When all the checks were handed out, the young man's once meticulous hairstyle was now messed

1. up.

He let out a long breath, tidied up his messy hair, and continued to smile, "President Silverman has a

message for you all."

Everyone looked at him happily.

The young man spoke gently, "The check is now yours. But if you keep listening to those with ulterior motives and continue to be entangled in something you shouldn't get involved, I am not sure if you can get the money that they promised. There is one thing that I am certain. Is that you can kiss this hundred thousand check goodbye."

"You must be kidding! The jewelry and antiques Wayne took possession of are worth billions. Are you trying to deceive us with this meager amount?" Maddie sneered.

"According to the law of inheritance, even if Ms. Tesdal passes away, these jewels and antiques do not belong to any

one of you. No matter how much you make a fuss, you won't be able to put a dime into your pockets, and you'll only end up wasting your time," the young man smiled, lowering his gaze and then said, "Besides, if you upset President Silverman...it won't be just about money anymore, don't you think?"

Everyone was shocked.

Considering Wayne's methods and actions and their newly-acquired hundred thousand dollars in hand, their choice was pretty obvious now.

Initially, there was nothing for them in the will. Getting one hundred thousand each from Wayne was considered a huge bargain for them.

If they continued to follow Maddie's lead, they would be the ones to suffer the consequences.

After all, unlike Maddie who was Wayne's mother, they were just distant relatives.

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Once they understood this logic, the decision to stay or leave was easy to make.

"Hey, we're all reasonable people. The will was written by Old Mrs. Silverman, how can we go against her wishes and snatch these possessions?"

Hearing these words, Maddie was immediately pissed off.

"Are you guys crazy? You are really giving up on this for just one hundred thousand?! We're talking about billions worth of jewels! Billions!!"

Everyone looked at her as if she was nuts.

"They just said that the will clearly specifies who will get what. How can we have the audacity to snatch things that do not belong to us!"

"Sister-in-law, you should stop fighting with President Silverman. We're all family, why do you have to

make a fuss like this?"

"Yeah, we know you didn't get a big share of the inheritance from Old Mrs. Silverman, but that villa is worth around a hundred million! It's pretty good!"

"Yeah, compared to our hundred thousand, you got way more!"

Everyone chattered.

Maddie's face turned pale with anger.

Afterwards, she could only watch helplessly as the people she had called happily left one after

another.

As night fell, a sigh came from Maddie's side: "Maddie, what's the point? Wayne is not your child, but you gave birth to him. If you do not cause any troubles and fulfill your role as his mother, wouldn't it be nice to live a rich and carefree life in your later years??"

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"Me, causing trouble?" Maddie looked at her husband with red eyes, "I could've had my own baby, but that Old Mrs. Silverman put someone else's embryo in my belly. I thought I was pregnant with my own baby, so I didn't go for another round of IVF! Your Silverman family ruined my chance to be a mom! Can you blame me for hating your family? I wish the Silverman family to be completely eradicated, with no descendants left!"

"Can you chill out, especially since we're in a church?" The man lowered his voice, seemingly fed up, "I think you better go to a mental hospital and get your brain checked out!"

With that, the man stormed off.

Maddie clenched her fists and swung them angrily in the air, followed by a few shrieks.

Finally, she glanced towards the memorial hall, eyes filled with vile resentment.

It was all Old Mrs. Silverman's fault!

She left Maddie with nothing but a dilapidated house!

The old lady disgracefully favored her oldest son, and even after her death, she left all her shares and properties to Wayne!

The more Maddie thought about it, the angrier she became.

She headed straight for the memorial hall.

She wanted to smash the place to smithereens!

As she approached the entrance, she was stopped by a few tall bodyguards.

"Ma'am, President Silverman said you don't need to pay your respects."

“She’s my mother—in-law! Why can’t I pay my respects? Wayne! You monster, come out here and tell me why!”

Maddie’s curses filled the ancient church.

Rosalynn had just arrived and heard her.

On her way in, she saw some familiar faces from the Silverman family, and she knew they were probably here to hear the will.

They all seemed satisfied with the outcome of the will.

She was quite surprised. In theory, leaving all the jewelry, diamonds, and antiques to a dead person. should’ve been enough to enrage the Silverman family.

Wayne claimed that his bitten thumb had become infected and argued with her all day without going to the hospital. She wouldn’t have come over to handle it otherwise.

Even though Rosalynn was led in by a young priest from a side entrance, Maddie still spotted her.

“You’re that woman from the memorial meeting, right?” she said loudly upon seeing Rosalynn’s shoulder-length hair, “Let me tell you, don’t flatter yourself! Wayne is an emotionless monster; he doesn’t like you. You’re just a substitute for Rosalynn!”

Rosalynn: “...”

It seemed that the revelation of Wayne’s background had hit Maddie so hard that she had lost all her poise.

Rosalynn arrived at a room in the back, where Wayne was waiting at the door.

Seeing her, he immediately stepped forward, “I wanted to pick you up from the parking lot, but I was afraid of being photographed again and upsetting you.”

Rosalynn glared at him without saying a word, and entered the room with a cold face.

Wayne followed her in and closed the door.

Rosalynn put her bag on the table, “Wayne, tomorrow is FreshBite’s presentation. You insisted that I come here, is it about your beloved Olivia?”

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Wayne was smiling, but when he heard this, he immediately frowned: "Olivia is not my Rosalynn crossed her arms and looked at him coldly.

beloved."

Wayne took a few steps towards her: "What nonsense are you spouting now? If she's my beloved, why am I begging you like this?"

At the beginning, the obstacle between Rosalynn and Wayne was Olivia, which still existed even

now.

The content of Olivia's daytime text bombardment was aimed directly at Rosalynn's sore spots, every word meant to strike a chord if Rosalynn cared about it.

If she didn't have a relationship with Wayne, why would she be so angry?

Rosalynn had once been someone's substitute, and she would never forget the fear and helplessness when her world was on the brink of collapse upon seeing Olivia in that hospital.

She didn't like Olivia.

She also didn't want to become someone like Olivia!

So if she was really going to consider starting over with Wayne, things between him and Olivia must be cleared up.

If it was confirmed that Wayne, regardless of his intentions, had been with Olivia in the past five years, Rosalynn would never look back.

"During these past five years, the sweet daily life of you and Olivia has been covered in numerous gossip reports. She accompanied you through life and death, and helped you deal with the turmoil of the Silverman Group. Throughout these years, you've always been her support..."

"Those are just nonsense!" Wayne said seriously. "Go check the media that's been reporting these rumors, which one is still around? As for the support thing... I did help her because she saved my life."

Rosalynn looked skeptical: "Are you telling me now that you and Olivia haven't gotten back together?"

"Of course!" Wayne said very seriously. "You are the only one I have ever loved, I'm not that kind of unfaithful guy."

Rosalynn: "..."

She couldn't believe he still remembered the words she once said to Wayne about Heat herway's brother.

"Where's the first aid kit?" Rosalynn didn't want to talk about this anymore.

In fact, during those years with Wayne....

She never knew if she was his only woman, or if he would also try out other women at the same time. At that time, she played the role of an obedient girl.

An obedient girl wouldn't ask him which women he slept with other than her.

But she would hear about his love affairs from time to time.

So, as for Wayne's statement about only having her, she both believed and doubted it.

Believing because Wayne wouldn't stoop to telling such despicable lies for her sake.

Doubting because... with Wayne's current state of mind, who knew what nonsense he would say to get her back?

Wayne asked the staff to bring the first aid kit.

Rosalynn sat across from him, unwrapped the bandage, and frowned when she saw the wound.

Seeing this, Wayne didn't feel any pain, but rather a sense of joy.

"I'll take care of it again, if it doesn't get better tomorrow, go to the hospital," Rosalynn said carefully as she worked.

Wayne agreed.

As Rosalynn carefully cleaned the wound for him, he couldn't help but grin.

"I cannot believe you can still laugh right now?" Rosalynn glanced at him. "If the infection gets serious, you won't be able to save this hand."

"With you taking care of it so well, it definitely won't get infected." Wayne had more confidence in Rosalynn than in himself.

After treating the wound, Rosalynn said softly, "My child is quite mischievous. They keep getting hurt from fighting with chickens or falling while playing with skateboards. I'm afraid others won't handle it properly, so I do it myself."

Wayne was slightly taken aback.

It reminded him that she also had a daughter.

Hearing her gentle tone when talking about these things, Wayne felt a softness in his heart: “Even fighting with chickens?”

“Yeah.” Rosalynn replied, “Hilaria spoils her too much. She set up a special garden for her with lots of animals. The first thing she does when she wakes up every day is to go say hello to each little animal. That chicken was bought from the market, originally meant to be cooked, but she saw it and cried her eyes out, so we kept it.”

Wayne just listened

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One can imagine that this child was lively, adorable, and kind-hearted.

Just like Ivy.

“And the next day, she got into a fight with that chicken. She got her arm scratched up by it, and Hilaria was so mad she cooked the chicken that night.”

When Rosalynn thought about this, she still found it quite funny.

When Ivy found out the chicken was cooked, she was sad for a few seconds, but the chicken was so delicious that she apologized to it while tearing up as she ate two big chicken legs.

From then on, all the poultry sent to the island had to be processed first. Hilaria really didn't want Ivy to make friends with chickens and ducks anymore.

“She's really adorable,” Wayne gently said.

Rosalynn looked up at him, then looked away, nodding her head, “Yeah, she really is, everyone who has met her likes her.”

“I would like her too!” Wayne immediately said.

Rosalynn kept quiet and didn't respond. Yeah, you definitely would like her.

“All done.”

Ignoring his words, Rosalynn used gauze to re-wrap the wound: “Don't get it wet, and don't let the wound split open again. I'm very busy tomorrow and won't have time to treat you.”

“Got it.” Wayne nodded.

“I’m going now.”

Rosalynn wiped her hands, grabbed her bag, and was about to leave.

“I’ll walk you out.” Wayne stood up and followed her,

Rosalynn couldn’t hear any more mockery from Maddie, so she didn’t refuse.

The two walked one after the other along the peaceful old road at night.

“Have you set the date for the funeral?” Rosalynn asked.

“Yeah, the 17th,” Wayne replied, “would you like to come?”

“No.” Rosalynn shook her head, “After the FreshBite presentation, I have to go back and be with my daughter.”

Wayne hesitated for a moment.

And then he finally reached out, grabbed Rosalynn’s arm, and pulled her back into his arms.

Due to the suddenness, Rosalynn’s forehead hit his chest.

She winced in pain, covering her forehead and looking up, her eyebrows knitted together.

“Let your aunt bring her over,” Wayne said solemnly, “don’t allow you to see that man over there!”

Turned out, gentleness was just an act.

“He’s not there!” Rosalynn gritted her teeth.

“You guys are separated? He is not treating you well?” Wayne asked seriously.

How contradictory could he be?

He both wanted the man to treat her badly, so she could return to his side without hesitation.

But he also feared that man would make her miserable all these years.

“What do you need to know that for? Didn’t you tell me to choose between divorce and widowhood?” Rosalynn managed not to roll her eyes.

“If he’s bullying you, treating you badly, you don’t have to choose. Just be a widow,” Wayne said seriously.

Rosalynn looked at him and she couldn’t help but laugh,

“So, if someone’s bad to me, they have to die, what about you then?”

Wayne’s hand clearly trembled a bit.