

# The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love

## Chapter 7

Jacob smirked. This guy still said so stubbornly, but it looked like he was about to explode.

But, is Rosalynn really here to hook up with guys?

Jacob watched as Rosalynn made her way through the crowd. She didn't hesitate at all and seemed to have a clear goal in mind.

He followed the direction she was going and looked ahead. At the end of the deck, there was a classical music band.

Jacob nudged his chin in the direction of a man and exclaimed, "Hey, isn't that Wallace, the CEO of Prodigy Inc.?"

Wayne merely cast a casual glance in that direction, clearly unsurprised.

Jacob's eyes widened in disbelief, "Oh! You said you weren't attending this party, yet here you are! You knew Wallace would be here, so you came specifically to seek him out! Is it about the project that Secretary Tesdal is handling?"

Wayne's gaze turned icy, piercing through him as he spoke with disdain, "A mere disposable substitute? She isn't even deserving of that."

Jacob: "..."

"I came to the party because Ashley wanted to Wayne added.

Jacob let out an awkward chuckle.

Wayne was typically not one to engage in lengthy conversations, so the more he spoke, the more his guilt became apparent. As this realization dawned upon him, his irritation, and impatience became evident, visibly reflected on his face.

Rosalynn didn't expect it to be so difficult to approach Wallace.

A few steps away from him, a bodyguard stopped her.

"Sorry miss, but no one is allowed to approach him at the moment."

"I'm looking for Mr. Mason." Rosalynn said.

The bodyguard's expression remained neutral. "If you have any matters to discuss, you can make an appointment with Mr. Mason's secretary. He's not dealing with any business today."

Rosalynn kept silent.

Perhaps hearing the commotion, Wallace glanced over. Unlike most other men, he didn't show any interest or greed when he saw Rosalynn; in fact, he frowned with a hint of disgust.

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Rosalynn had already investigated Wallace. He was known for his upstanding character and had a strong marriage. Since his wife passed away a couple of years ago, he had been mourning her and even spent half a year in the hospital to recover. He wasn't interested in women and even despised those who tried to cling to him.

Rosalynn's striking beauty made her appear less like a typical business person, and it seemed that the man assumed she was there to bother him. He exchanged a few words with those around him, and they all began dispersing, engaged in casual conversation and laughter.

As she stood there, Rosalynn overheard Wallace expressing his disappointment to someone nearby. "That harp looks exquisite. It's a shame the organizers didn't invite a harpist to play it."

Her attention was drawn to a gleaming golden harp resting on a music stand in the distance.

What a coincidence – Rosalynn's grandmother had been a famous harpist, and she had learned how to play from her. Although she hadn't played much in recent years, she'd always play for her grandmother when visiting. Her skills weren't masterful, but her music was always pleasant to listen to.

As Wallace left, his bodyguard followed, no longer stopping Rosalynn.

Rosalynn walked straight to the harp and sat down. She took a deep breath and her slender fingers gently plucked the strings. Immediately, a beautiful sound filled the air.

Wallace, who was about to enter the banquet hall, stopped in his tracks and turned around.

Rosalynn's long hair flowed down and she focused intently on her playing. The music she had learned since childhood was etched into her very being, her fingertips guided by muscle memory as they created a melodious tune.

Many people were attracted by the sound and crowded around.

Wallace quickly retraced his steps, a sense of curiosity and intrigue overcoming him. It was peculiar how his perception of this woman had shifted so rapidly.

From appearing questionable moments ago, as she began playing the harp, she emanated an air of serenity and elegance.

As he observed her, he couldn't help but be reminded of himself

from 40 years earlier when he had first encountered his wife. Jacob and Wayne also took notice of Wallace's captivation, sensing the reminiscent emotions stirring within him.

"Secretary Tesdal can play the harp too?"

Wayne didn't respond. He didn't know Rosalynn could play the harp either.

The soft light cast upon Rosalynn made her look pure and sacred, untouchable. This

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made Wayne feel like she was a stranger, incredibly distant from him. It was as if she  
st five years. wasn't the same person who had been with him for the

This thought emerged, and the darkness in Wayne's heart weighed even heavier.

He had been deceived by Rosalynn for five whole years!

Evan Lockner, the handsome birthday boy, was dragged back to his parents by a bodyguard.

He was supposed to be on a vacation overseas right now.

However, his parents insisted on hosting a birthday party for him. They wanted him to get to know some big shots, as he would have to deal with them when inheriting the family

business.

While Evan's mother engaged in business conversations with the guests, Evan found himself growing increasingly bored. However, amidst the monotony, a melodious sound reached his ears, captivating his attention.

Instinctively, he turned around, and in that very moment, his previously lackluster eyes sparkled with newfound excitement and intrigue. When Rosalynn finished playing, she sighed in relief. She hadn't made any mistakes.

A brief silence followed before applause rang out.

Rosalynn gracefully stood up and curtsied in response.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Wallace coming towards her.

However, just then...

"Miss, could you kindly present your invitation? Two stern-looking cruise ship staff members approached her, their expressions intimidating.

Ashley, *not* far away in the crowd, watched with glee.

Rosalynn had attracted quite a bit of attention, but now everyone would see her for the shameless woman she really was.

No invitation, sneaking onto the cruise ship to hook up with men – despicable!

Speechless, Rosalynn wondered, since she had never been asked for showing her invitations in any parties before.

Baffled, she looked over and spotted Ashley.

Ashley strategically maneuvered herself to be in Rosalynn's line of sight, clearly seeking recognition. As Rosalynn's gaze fell upon her, Ashley's smug expression couldn't have been more apparent – it practically screamed" did it." Rosalynn's countenance turned grim.

Ashley was present, and so was Wayne...

In the vicinity, a group of individuals who already held

dislike for Rosalynn began

engaging in loud discussions, further exacerbating the situation.

“No way, she came to hook up with guys and doesn’t even bother buying an invitation? Trying to get something for nothing?”

“She’s good at doing business, haha.”

“I knew from the start she was shady, and turns out she sneaked in!”

“Lockner family’s security is kinda crappy, huh? They let someone like her slip in...”

“Miss, show your invitation!” Seeing Rosalynn not responding, the staff yelled louder and more fiercely.

Ashley was loving every second of it. However, her amusement didn’t last long.

When she instinctively looked back at Wayne, he was no longer on the second floor. After searching, she found Wayne and Jacob had come downstairs and were heading in their direction. A thought suddenly popped into Ashley’s mind: Wayne was coming to save Rosalynn!

“I’m sorry...” Rosalynn spoke helplessly.

A voice sounded from behind the crowd. “She doesn’t need an invitation.”

Everyone turned to look at the source of the voice. Rosalynn did too, and when she saw who it was, she was dumbfounded.

Why was it him?

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