

# The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love

## Chapter 10

The cruise ship would dock the next morning. Tonight, there would be an all-night party, Of course, for guests who didn't want to make a fuss, there were luxurious rooms

available for rest.

Evan couldn't stay with Rosalynn for long. He was the host and needed to attend to his guests.

Since she was also tired, Evan arranged a room for her to rest. Back in the room, Rosalynn finally had the time to call Paige to report on her work.

Paige was having fun with some friends and hung up after a brief chat.

Rosalynn collapsed onto the bed, her hand gently resting on her lower abdomen.

"Little one, Mommy's been a bit neglectful these past few days. Be a good baby, and once Mommy finishes handing over her work, I'll take good care of you."

She hadn't been lying there for long when her phone rang. The ringtone was Wayne's exclusive one. Years of work instinct made her sit up and answer the call right away. Then she suddenly realized how ridiculous it was.

This damn instinct!

"Come to room 1899." Wayne's voice was cold and emotionless, enough to chill anyone over the phone.

Rosalynn frowned, "President Silverman, what's the matter?"

"I have a headache."

Wayne had a history of headaches.

It was said to be a sequela from a car accident.

"Is Ms. Walley there? Pass the phone to her..."

"You come here and teach her."

Rosalynn felt helpless but thought that this was indeed part of the work transition. And since Ashley was there, what was she afraid of Wayne doing?

Inside room 1899.

“Wayne, is it true that Rosalynn and Mr. Evan are actually together?” Ashley’s voice quivered with a mix of curiosity and self-deprecation. “I’ve been hearing a lot of gossip about it tonight... She is incredible. She broke up with you and already managed to find another wealthy man! Unlike me, I’m so clumsy that I can’t even bring you happiness...”

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Wayne, with his tie loosened and a couple of buttons on his shirt undone, sat slouched on the couch. His complexion turned pale as a sheet, and Ashley’s words only served to intensify his pounding headache.

“Didn’t I tell you not to mess with her?” Wayne asked coldly.

Ashley looked confused, “Wayne, I didn’t... Did I just say something wrong?”

“Ashley, don’t attempt to outsmart me,” Wayne’s eyes turned dark and filled with a menacing warning, “or else I will find a replacement for you sooner than you think.”

Ashley shivered, no longer daring to argue. “I got it,” she meekly replied.

Wayne closed his eyes once more, shutting out any further conversation.

At that moment, the doorbell rang.

Ashley took the initiative to open the door. When she saw Rosalynn, her face contorted, but she refrained from provoking her in front of Wayne.

“Lynn, you’re finally here!”

Rosalynn ignored her and walked straight in. When she saw Wayne, she frowned unconsciously.

“Come here.” Wayne said.

Rosalynn approached, “President Silverman, don’t you have  
have any

medicine?”

“No, give me a massage.” Wayne’s voice was a little weaker than usual, without much of its usual coldness and oppression.

He even sounded slightly pitiful and wronged.

Rosalynn hesitated, then approached Wayne’s side and noticed his pale complexion and colorless lips.

Wayne raised his head as he usually did, and Rosalynn took a seat.

He rested his head on her lap in a natural and intimate gesture, which infuriated Ashley as she watched.

“Ms. Walley, President Silverman has a headache problem, and you must always have medicine with you when you accompany him on trips.” Rosalynn spoke while gently massaging Wayne’s forehead, “If the medicine doesn’t help, you may need to massage him...”

“Shut up, it’s so noisy!”

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Wayne’s eyes gradually opened, his gaze landing on Rosalynn, who had lowered her own

eyes.

She continued to tenderly massage him, her touch soothing and gentle.

However, the next moment, Wayne grabbed her wrist, turned over, and pressed her onto

the sofa.

“Why are you so eager to hand over your work? Have you found your next boss already? Is it that fat mine owner, or Mr. Evan? Or maybe even Wallace?”

Rosalynn froze for a moment, then struggled, “Wayne! What nonsense are you talking about? Let me go!”

“So, I can’t get married, but it’s okay for you to play mistress for someone else, is that it?”

“Wayne!” Rosalynn shouted.

Wayne shut his mouth but didn't let go of her. He still controlled her hands above her head and pressed his knee against her legs.

"What do you think I am?" Rosalynn locked her gaze onto him, her eyes brimming with restrained tears. "I sacrificed myself to save my grandmother, not because I'm some kind of promiscuous woman. I am not a slut!"

The weight of the word "slut" struck Wayne deeply, leaving a mark on his conscience.

"I saw you accepting the business card from the mine owner, and I saw you with Evan..." Wayne's eyes reddened, his anger intensifying! Lowering his head, he punished Rosalynn with a forceful, punishing kiss.

Rosalynn felt her lips break from the roughness. She was about to go crazy.

Ashley was still there! Did Wayne know what he was doing? And to think he used the lips that kissed someone else to kiss her!

Rosalynn felt disgusted!

"It hurts!"

H

For the first time, Rosalynn avoided his punishing kiss.

Wayne froze for a moment, then grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at him.

"You dare defy me?"

"Why shouldn't I? I'm not your toy anymore!" Rosalynn looked at Ashley, "If you want to play, someone else is waiting for you!"

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What toy? Rosalynn is a toy?! Nah, she isn't! She's the one who'll become Mr. Silverman in

the future!

"Rosalynn, you're getting bolder huh?" Wayne gritted his teeth, "You came to teach Ashley, right? Damn right, you gotta teach! Teach her carefully!" Wayne must have lost his mind.

He yanked off his tie and, under Rosalynn's astonished gaze, tied her wrists together. Rosalynn was familiar with this move.

“Wayne!” Rosalynn exclaimed.

“What’s the most important role you have by my side? Forgot it in just a few days?”

“No...”

Rosalynn shook her head, not believing that Wayne would humiliate her to this extent.

“No what?” Wayne pinched her chin and gave her a chilling smile, “Aren’t you really good at

it?”

Rosalynn knew. Wayne was so pissed off that he went nuts. She couldn’t provoke him any further!

“Wayne, I wasn’t trying to take his business card. That guy was so annoying; I just wanted to find Mr. Mason quickly and let him look at the proposal again. As soon as I got the card, I threw it away!”

Wayne looked at her.

Rosalynn continued, “There’s nothing between me and Evan. Please... don’t be mad anymore...”

