

The Secret Heir Return To Wealth And Love

Chapter 2

When Jacob regained his composure, he realized that Rosalynn had already departed.

He gazed at Wayne in disbelief and exclaimed, "Was that your graceful Secretary Tesdal whom I just saw?"

Wayne's expression

turned somber, and a hint of panic and bewilderment flickered in his eyes, unbeknownst even to himself. Naturally, he recollected his prior arrangement with Rosalynn. Nonetheless, he couldn't fathom that she would truly abandon him merely because he was entering into matrimony.

Over the years, she had been completely compliant to him, fulfilling any despicable demands he made...

How could she defy him?

How dare she defy him!

Wayne rose, ignoring the chattering Jacob. With a menacing aura, he strode off to pursue Rosalynn.

Rosalynn disliked dragging things out. After handing in her resignation, she planned to proceed with the handover immediately.

But just as she returned to the secretary's office, Wayne followed in, radiating coldness.

"Does President Silverman have any other instructions?" Rosalynn looked at him, her customary docility completely gone.

Wayne's countenance grew even more shadowed, his face betraying a mix of anger and confusion. "Rosalynn, haven't I been good to you? What is this game you're playing?"

Wayne's steps grew deliberate as he approached Rosalynn, emanating an overwhelming presence. Sensing a surge of discomfort, Rosalynn paled slightly, her instincts urging her to create distance between them. However, Wayne firmly grasped her wrist, pulling her

closer to him.

“President Silverman, we agreed from the start that I would leave when you got married,” Rosalynn said in a deep voice.

Wayne emitted a cold, mocking laugh, his eyes brimming with derision. “So, the 20 million. and the villa aren’t sufficient?”

Rosalynn tensed up, a nauseating wave washing over her as she recalled Wayne’s previous remark: “With enough money, she’s willing to do anything!”

She fought to hold back, struggling to break free from the man who humiliated and trampled on her.

“Wayne, let go!”

“Rosalynn, my patience is limited, I don’t have time for your playing hard to get. State what

n’s wrist getting tighter. you want,” Wayne’s voice was icy cold, his grip on Ros

As if he was going to break that slender wrist.

Even now, Wayne still thought that Rosalynn wanted to leave because he hadn’t given her enough money.

Just like in the beginning, Rosalynn was unwilling to sell herself. But what about later? When there was enough money, she obediently climbed into his bed and let him have his

way.

So, it was just because he hadn’t given her enough money. She couldn’t really want to leave him!

Rosalynn’s brows furrowed as she gazed at Wayne. She felt a sense of relief. Throughout the years, she had always been aware that she was merely a replacement—a stand-in for someone else in Wayne’s affections.

All the tenderness Wayne had shown her had never been truly meant for her. If she had allowed herself to indulge in it even a little, wouldn’t she now be riddled with emotional wounds from Wayne’s callousness, enduring unbearable pain?

“Wayne, I quit!” Rosalynn looked at him, “My mother was driven to death by a mistress, I would never be a homewrecker.”

Inside the secretary's office.

A brief silence fell, leaving only their breathing

Even Wayne, who was struggling to understand, realized that Rosalynn was truly cutting ties with him.

"You haven't visited your grandmother in a long time. I'll give you a month off to think it over," he said, suppressing his anger and softening his tone.

Her grandmother...

Rosalynn froze for a moment. Then, she became even more resolved.

"There's no need to think, I've made my decision."

"Rosalynn Tesdal!"

Wayne could no longer contain his anger. He had humbled himself and given her plenty of opportunities! Yet, she still refused to appreciate his goodwill!

"You're nothing more than a substitute for Olivia. I've spent five years getting used to you. Do you really think I can't live without you?"

Yes, he was just accustomed to her. It wasn't as if there were no other substitutes, but he was too lazy to adjust.

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effort to its success. Now that she was contemplating leaving halfway, she worried about the potential impact on the project's progress.

Just as she was lost in her thoughts, Rosalynn's phone began to ring. The caller ID displayed it was a call from the health center. Some time ago, her best friend Paige Owens had returned from studying abroad and had been concerned about Rosalynn's well-being. Paige had convinced her to undergo a medical examination to address her friend's worries.

Anticipating that the results of her examination were now available, Rosalynn answered the call, hoping to gain some clarity.

"Ms. Tesdal, we're calling from Mercy Health Center."

"I know, just email me the digital version of the medical report," Rosalynn replied.

She was ready to hang up, but the other party cut in first, "Ms. Tesdal, you're pregnant!"

Rosalynn was taken aback, "What?"

"I said, congratulations, you're pregnant, 8 weeks!" The voice on the other end was as jubilant as if it were Christmas.

Rosalynn was dumbfounded.

She was pregnant? How could that be?

She and Wayne had always been careful!

“Ms. Tesdal, we offer the nation’s top private obstetrics, and luxurious nursing center to support...” The other party was enthusiastically advertising.

Rosalynn was dumbstruck, she hadn’t heard a word.

“I understand, I’ll contact you if I need to.”

Once she came to her senses, Rosalynn mumbled a few words and hurriedly hung up the phone.

Then she looked out at the autumn rain.

She was stunned for a while. Then, her rationality slowly returned, quickly weighing the pros and cons in her mind.

She looked at her flat belly, thinking: I can’t keep this child.