

## **CHOSEN 1821**

### Chapter 1821

Winston arched an eyebrow as he entered the cozy kitchen, a smile on his lips. "Congrats on the new pad, Rose"

"Thanks a lot."

"Except that your neighbor is still me

Rose smiled and said. "Actually, I owe you one for scouting this place out for me"

She shut the door behind them, following Winston into the kitchen. It's kinda ironic, isn't it? I invite you over to The R City, and you end up finding my new digs 'c2

Winston placed the grocery bag on the countertop, a smirk playing on his face. "Well, when it comes to social connections, us guys have a bit of

an edge"

He couldn't shake the guilt he felt towards her. That damned witch Chloe, always assigning tasks and then skirting the blame when things went

south

"Why don't you hang back while I get things sorted? I'll give you a holler when it's ready."

"You sure you don't need a hand?"

She shook her head, her voice light. "The world's simplest meal is just stew."

Winston didn't press further.

True to her word, it wasn't long before Rose called him to the dining room. Stepping in, Winston couldn't help but marvel. Women were truly magical creatures – in such a short time, she'd transformed the entire table into a feast. The pot in the center bubbled with inviting steam, casting a cozy glow around the room.

"All set already?"

"It's just a matter of washing some veggies. Have a seat."

He did as told, watching as Rose busied herself with adding food to the pot and adjusting the heat. It wasn't long before she served him a plate of food

Winston watched her careful movements, a mysterious smile playing on his face.

"Back at Summit Ridge University, there was this girl whom no one dares to provoke. She was elegant, delicate, and assertive. It's hard to believe that the once famous figure on campus, known for her charisma, has now become so homely, especially with such a caring nature"

Rose paused, setting the fork aside. "Nobody owes me anything. And no one has the obligation or duty to look after me. You've got to have some life skills, or you'll starve living alone"

He looked at her for a moment longer, then picked up his fork, diving into the stew with enthusiasm. "Hmm, this is genuinely both healthy and convenient – and delicious to boot. There's nothing quite like this."

She burst out laughing, caught off guard by his praise. "Aren't you exaggerating a bit?"

The taste is spot-on, and if we're being honest, it's all thanks to the chef"

Rose rolled her eyes, feigning annoyance “You’re laying it on thick. Can’t you be a bit more genuine?”

“It’s all heartfelt, really I ran it through my mind several times before saying it. If I kept it in any longer, my thoughts would’ve started to tre

With her back of her hand pressed to her forehead, Rose laughed uncontrollably, her shoulders shaking with the effort to contain herself. “Men

are natural liars”

Winstons lips curled into a slight smile as he watched her “Your veggies are ready”

She looked up, glanced at the pot, and reached for the spoon.

The hospital staff didn’t dare stop Morrison as he stormed out his assistant trailing behind, trying to offer was already descending the steps, his figure disappearing into the car

she given his qonation. But

He drove back to the villa at breakneck speed only to find it shrouded in darkness. A frown creased his bion. He watched the spare key bum flower pot by the door and entered the silent house

When he opened the door, it was pitch dark. The absence of light was a bad omen. He alwa but now it was off But she just told him that she was at home Was she playing her for a fool

He didn’t bother to remove his shoes as he made his way upstairs The motion

draped in darkness Flicking on the light he found it empty along with the guest rooms and the study

leaving the living room light an

in the hallway, but his bedroom was end

His face grew taut as he realized that all of Rose's belongings were gone her laptop her notes, the trinkets on her desk, even her parenting books The closet was bare of her clothes, and the bathroom was emptied of her personal belongings

All the toiletries in the bathroom, toothbrush, towels, hairdryer, even the comb and hairpins – absolutely everything of hers was gone, nothing was left behind.

The living room was missing her cup, her shoes, her dog, and all her decorative pieces. In the kitchen, her plates, utensils, and even her spices

had vanished.

Standing in the hollow living room, Morrison felt his anger seeping away, replaced by a deep, unsettling dread. He finally took out his phone, his call log flooded with Rose's name. Most of the calls didn't go through, except for the first one, with a call record lasting a mere thirty-six seconds. In the end, she hung up his call for a dog

The sofa...

His lips pressed into a thin line as he dialed the number, his heart heavy with an emotion he couldn't quite name

The phone rang just as Rose was dropping noodles into the boiling pot. Her hands moved a bit faster at the sound, and Winston set down his fork to answer it "Let me take care of that. You get the phone"

"You sure you know how?"

Winston raised an eyebrow at her. "You gotta give me some more credit than that"

Rose gave an apologetic smile, handed him the noodles, and went to the living room. The caller ID made her hesitate, but she took a deep breath before picking up

“What is it now?”

“Where are you?” Morrison’s voice was eerily calm, a stark contrast to his usual temper. This calmness made his underlying cold fury all the more perceptible.

“At home”

“Which home?” Before she could finish, Morrison cut in.

Rose paused for a few seconds. “You’ve been discharged?”

“Where are you right now? His tone was as flat as ever, not the stillness of a windless lake but the ice of a frozen sea, every word heavy with

chill

Instead of answering directly, Rose said, “If you’re out of the hospital, we should no longer delay our divorce. Everything has been said. It’s a good thing for both of us, so let’s get it over with. Besides, someone has been waiting for you. I’ve already spoken to Megan and Molly They shouldn’t interfere with you and Mona anymore.”

She hesitated, then added, “Morrison, I’ve tried to make amends as best as I could. There’s not much left to say. I don’t want to make an enemy of anyone, least of all you I was wrong before, and I’m truly sorry.”

Morrison was silent for a while before responding with icy detachment, “You think I can’t find out if you don’t tell me?”

Rose pursed her lips. "I'm not trying to hide from you. After all, in R City, you have the power to find anyone easily Besides, we'll have to meet if we're going through with the paperwork."

Before she could finish, Morrison hung up.

Her words cut off, Rose stared at the phone that had disconnected on its own, furrowed her brows, but then tossed the phone aside and returned

to the dining room.

Winston looked up at her and served her some food with a ladle. "Have you really decided?"

Rose sat down and picked up her fork, knowing Winston had overheard her call

"Yeah"

"Are you really willing to let go?"

"It was my unwillingness to let go that made me do wrong in the first place. I've been dragging my feet until now. But the longer it goes on, the more I feel I'm just torturing myself. I tried, and I had what I wanted Letting go is best for everyone."

Winston watched the overly calm woman, a flicker of alarm in his heart. Indeed, when a woman made up her mind, it wa

She was cruel to others, even more so to herself

Morrison hung up the phone and immediately dialed his assistant

"Mr Witt?"

“Find out where Rose is right now”

“What?” The assistant, already shaken by Momsong icy tone, couldn’t grasp the request right away

“Are you deaf?”

The assistant humedly replied. ‘Il find out right away Mr Witt”

Trembling he hung up and blinked before it hit him, and he quickly began fipping through his contacts

sight to behold

After the dinner, Winston didn’t linger and soon left. A single man and woman alone at night can be awkward, and it seemed prudent not to overstay his welcome

“Call me if you need anything I’m just across the hall. Take care of yourself

Rose nodded with a smile. “Thank you so much, I really do appreciate it”

“You better ask me for help more often, or else I won’t have an excuse to come over for dinner.”

“You don’t need an excuse. I have to eat anyway, and cooking for an extra person isn’t much trouble.”

“Alright. Get some rest. Goodnight”

“Goodnight.”

Two hours later, Morrison found Rose

It was nearing ten o'clock when a knock came at Rose's apartment door. Living alone, especially pregnant, she had opted for a simple one-story layout, so the knock was loud and distinct. Startled awake, she quickly pulled on a cardigan and opened the door, with her little dog Moon scampering to her side, barking at the visitor.

"Who is it?"

"Rose"

Morrison's voice, deep and frosty, came through the door, making her frown. As expected, he was able to find her doorstep in just two hours.

"What do you want this late?"

"Open the door"

Rose hesitated for a moment. "We could meet at City Hall tomorrow."

"Are you opening it or not?" His voice carried a clear threat.

Rose didn't respond, but suddenly there was a sound of another door opening.

"Ah, you're out of the hospital?"

Morrison spun around to see Winston standing in his doorway, wearing a gray bathrobe loosely tied, showing off his well-built physique.

The sight made Morrison's typically stoic face tense with anger, the veins on his forehead bulging.



He turned back toward Winston, his whole body radiating a dangerous aura.

“Did you bring her out here?”

Winston neither confirmed nor denied. “I did help her find the place.”

Morrison’s face grew even colder, his jaw muscles tensing visibly. He pulled something from his pocket, and Winston’s eyes narrowed, a smile touching his lips. “Do you know she’s still my wife?”

Winston nodded. “But from what I hear, not for much longer”

A punch thrown with all the force of a gale landed squarely on Winston’s face. He took it head-on, stumbling back against the wall with a grunt. Wiping the blood from his lip, he tightened the tie of his robe and stood up to face Morrison head-on.

The smile vanished from Winston’s face as he swung back at Morrison

Two handsome men were brawling in the hallway, and Rose, standing behind her door, could hear the scuffle. It was clear what was happening and she flung the door open

in front of her the men were locked in fierce combat, punches slicing the air with force. Morrison, heir to the Witt family, was trained from a young age. Winston was clearly at a disadvantage, another punch sending him to his knees. He leaned heavily against the corridor wall, gasping for

breath

Morrison didn’t fare much better. His suit was no longer in shape, and his hair was disheveled. She had never seen him in such a disheveled and certainly not Winston in such a state either

It took Winston a moment to find his humor, a wry chuckle escaping him as he said “I gotta admit, I’m theiled we had this brave?”

He pushed himself off the wall, standing tall despite the obvious cuts marring edge as he looked at Morrison It proves I'm a real threat to you doesn't

split up. I stop at nothing to have her

handsome face His gaze was candid yet good with a sardonic

I be worried about me

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With those words, he sauntered over to where Rose stood, "Get back inside. You're pregnant What if you get hurt?"

Rose blinked, puzzled by his sudden declaration. She had never heard him express any romantic interest in her in private

Winston's statement was too much for Morrison to bear. With a sudden movement, Morrison grabbed the back of Winston's robe and threw a

punch.

Rose was standing right beside them. Winston didn't even try to block the punch, instead, he gently nudged her towards the apartment. The punch landed squarely on his gut, and he doubled over, coughing up blood

"Winston!"<sup>c2</sup>

Rose was shocked and rushed to check on him. Without a second glance at Morrison, she shoved him aside.

Caught off guard, Morrison, already battered, slammed against the hallway wall. The impact shook him to the core, as he clutched his chest, wincing at the pain.

He looked up to see Rose, kneeling on the floor, cradling Winston's face with an urgency that couldn't be faked.

"Winston, are you okay?"

The sight of blood at the corner of Winston's mouth made her wipe it away without a second thought. Her eyes filled with worry, guilt, and unshed

tears.

Seeing this, Morrison's heart clenched, suffocating him with jealousy. So she cared about Winston? She felt pain and sorrow for him to the point of tears? She could cry for another man?

Morrison scoffed coldly Rose, was this your so-called love? How quickly it changed! Can she love him and just as easily turn to love someone

else?

The assistant had just given Morrison the address when he arrived, only to find two men brawling in the hallway. When he saw Mrs. Witt push her husband aside and run to another man, he instantly regretted following him here.

He stood there, clueless about what to do.

Mrs. Witt had moved out of her house with Mr. Witt to live with a movie star? Did that mean the husband was cuckolded?

He had just arrived and didn't know the situation, except that the man in front of him was wearing a bathrobe and Mrs. Witt was in her pajamas.

“Riley, take him to the hospital”

The addressed assistant paused, looking at the man in front of his president’s wife. The “he” that Mr. Witt referred to must be Winston. But if he was really going to take anyone to the hospital, shouldn’t he take Mr. Witt?

“No need!” Rose’s voice cut through, cold and firm.

Morrison watched her, his expression unreadable.

She stood up, grabbed a down jacket from the hall closet, “Don’t bother. I’ll take him to the hospital myself”

She put on her coat and without changing her shoes, struggled to lift Winston up

“Rose” Morrison called her name, his voice raspy from the pain. “Don’t forget I’m your husband. You and he aren’t at a point where you can say that yet

Rose met his gaze, her eyes red-rimmed but icy.

Morrison flinched at her look, clutching the fabric over his chest, “Riley can take him.”

“Do you think I can trust you?”

Morrison hesitated. “What do you mean?”

“You almost killed him just now I don’t believe you’d be so kind as to let your man take him safely to the hospital”

Morrison watched her his Adams apple bobbing with unsaid words "Do you think if I really wanted him dead, vending ham to the hospital with you would make a difference?"

Rose's eyes trembled 'How could you?

She was icy and furious, a rare expression for her towards him. He straightened up, letting his hand tap his chest, and prepped closer to

Rose, supporting Winston with his arm around her shoulders and holding his sit tightened her grip as Manson approached. Because of her nervousness, her arm around Winston's waist gripped tighter her fingers

bathrobe

This entirely normal instinctive reaction now seemed to Morgan like intimacy and dependency

In front of her husband she was openly affectionate with

man

She feared him but relied more on Winston. This realization, alongside the scene before him jabbed at every nerve in Mamwors body. He clenched his fists, numb to his own pain. As he pushed Winston away from her Rose's eyebrows furrowed. "What are you doing?"

Morrison hesitated, but still forcefully pulled Winston away and tossed him towards Key. Rose was about to walk over to him, but Motion

snapped her wrist.

"Come home with me."

Rose trembled with rage, glaring at him with nothing but cold fury. "Home? Which home? This is my home right here!"

Morrison tightened his grip, "Rose, don't push me."

She twisted in his grasp. "Then stay away from me. I'll never bother you again for the rest of my life!"

She pushed him away with her free hand and pulled her own back, approaching Riley to take Winston's arm.

"I got this."

Riley hesitated, "Madam"

"If you don't hand him over, I'll call the police for harassment."

"Take him," Morrison's voice suddenly faintly resounded, speaking in short, indifferent phrases. Riley could discern the underlying restraint in his tone Riley pursed his lips and forcefully pulled Winston away from Rose's side

"Relax, ma am. I'll get Mr. Winston to the hospital safely. That's what the Mr. Morrison ordered.\*

Rose let out a mocking laugh, "That's precisely why I don't trust you."

Riley choked on her words, glanced at Morrison beside her, and quickly left with Winston in tow. This place was no longer safe for them to linger

Rose followed, and this time, Morrison didn't stop her. But as they reached the downstairs, Morrison suddenly grabbed Rose forcefully, shoved her into the car, and took off.

Riley's car with Winston vanished into the night.

"Morrison!" Rose protested, fumbling with her seat belt. "Stop the car!"

Morrison ignored her. "I told you not to mess with me, Rose You'd better keep quiet now."

It was already past eleven, and there were still quite a few vehicles on the road. Morrison's car was speeding, his hands gripping the steering wheel tightly, knuckles turning white. He stared ahead with a furrowed brow, his gaze cold and stern.

He was in a foul mood indeed, but Rose was also pushed to her limit. "I need to go to the hospital."

The car seemed to speed up even more..

Rose clenched her fists "Morrison, have you lost your mind?"

"Buckle up," he instructed calmly.

Unsure of what Morrison might do next, Rose complied and fastened her seat belt, His mood lightened slightly at her obedience, and he eased up

on the gas

"What do you want from me?" she asked after a tense silence.

"Home"

More silence

"I want to check on the hospital first

“Morrison!”

With a roar from Rose, Morrison suddenly jerked the steering wheel, pulling the car over to the side of the road Rose’s hands tightened, ankarty

creeping in

Morrison turned to look at her, his dark eyes boring into hers with an icy stillness. “Rose, what is he to you that you’re so worried about him?”

“He was hurt because of me, Morrison You may not care, but it’s my fault he’s in this mess.”

Morrison watched her for a moment, then a cold smile curved his lips

“So his heartfelt confession to you was for no reason? Do you even know who your husband is?”

“My husband? Rose echoed, her voice heavy with sarcasm as she met Momsons gaze My husband has another woman in his heart My husband left me all alone at home right after the wedding My husband had Winston not pushed me out of the way just now, my husband might have hurt his own pregnant wife What a husband’

She scoffed, “What woman would want such a husband? He’s not en as good as a friend. What use do I have for han?\*

Morrisons eyes, usually as calm as a deep pool now cracked with icy fissures Twouldn’t have hurt you He was just trying to empress you. You fell for that?”

“I believe him. At least he shows he cares, which is a lot more than doing nothing

Morrison closed his eyes, then opened them sharply, a flash of anger visible “Rose, you are pregnant so I won’t harm you But that doesn’t mean I won’t harm someone else. If you continue to care for others, I won’t hesitate to destroy them His voice was alarmingly calm but laced with undeniable danger



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Rose felt a chill, “You’re completely unreasonable!”

“So don’t make me angry. I won’t touch you, but someone else will pay the price.”

Rose frowned, her gaze on him almost as if she were looking at a monster.

“Have you truly lost your mind?”

Morrison’s lips twisted into a smirk as he unbuckled his seat belt and leaned in close, resting his forehead against hers. “Yeah. I fear nothing. Rose. In R City, no one can touch me, so I can do anything.”

His sudden proximity carried a sickly intensity, and his words sent a thick shiver down her spine.

“If you don’t want that man to die in the hospital, behave. I’m in a bad mood, and if you keep this up, I can’t guarantee what will happen.”

He had reached his breaking point.

Upon finding her gone from the villa, witnessing Winston by her side and sensing her distant and angry gaze, a tumult of emotions surged through Morrison, intertwining rapidly within him. If it weren’t for the instinct to not scare or harm her, he wouldn’t be speaking to her so calmly

now.

As he spoke, his breath caressed her skin. Rose tried to push him away, but their closeness was unyielding.

They were so close to each other, yet it's under a harsh standoff.

And then Morrison did the unthinkable, kissing her amidst his volatile moods, like a demon playing with her emotions

Tonight. Rose couldn't help but be frightened by his demeanor. In the past, she would have welcomed and enjoyed his touch. After so many years of longing, how could she dislike it? But now, she turned her head to avoid his kiss, her profile expressing coldness and clear rejection.

Morrison narrowed his eyes, grasping her chin.

Rose sighed, "What do you want? Morrison, I thought I'd backed off enough. How much more do I need to do before you're satisfied?"

"There are many ways to please me. Just don't anger me again, and any will do."

He let her go, and the car moved forward once more.

Rose bit her lip. She didn't know how to make him happy. "I don't want to go back."

"You'd better stop talking."

Rose closed her eyes, feeling for her phone but finding nothing. Soon, they reached the mansion. Rose wouldn't get out, but after a brief hesitation, Morrison carried her inside.

She bit her lip, carried into the pitch-dark villa. Midway, he used his elbow to turn on the entrance light, and when the light hit her, she closed her eyes slightly.

She was carried up the stairs and laid on the bed where she had slept alone for the last few months, her expression dazed. Actually, she had just moved out today, about to spend her first night away from this place. Yet, here she was, back again.

Morrison was clad in a suit, his jacket unbuttoned. Both the coat and the shirt beneath it were a wrinkled mess, and his once crisp white shirt sported a few scattered bloodstains.

The chaos in the apartment's hallway had been too intense, and in the dim light of the car, she couldn't see clearly. But now, as she looked at him, her expression was slightly dazed

Catching her gaze, Morrison's lips curled into a half-smile. "Don't worry. I'm alright."

—

Rose lifted her eyes to meet his "I remember back in college you were into all sorts of martial arts wrestling and judo."

With a proud nod. Morrison replied, "Got top ranks in all of them. Impressive, huh?"

A flicker of concern passed through Rose's eyes, growing more intense.

Morrison reached out with his left hand, gently touching her hair that draped over her chest. "Really, I'm fine."

But Rose suddenly pushed his hand away, stood up from the bed, and headed straight for the door. Morrison's face darkened as he reached out and grabbed her forcefully. "Where do you think you're going?" She looked back at him with a cold indifference "Morrison, I have to go to the hospital to see Winston." The air between them froze, and her wrist felt like it was about to break under his grip

Chapter 1823 "So, all those questions you asked me earlier, you weren't really concerned about me, were you?" Morrison asked. Rose looked at him, "You just said it was fine." "But what about the beginning?" Rose pressed her lips together, "Clearly, Winston is in much worse shape than you." Morrison's icy stare locked onto her, and the taut string that was Rose's composure grew even tighter,

as if one more tug would cause it to snap. Enter title... In just a few days, the way she looked at him had changed so much. Before, he could clearly see the worry she held for him. But now, the concern on her face was for someone else. He wouldn't have it. He stared at her, his dark eyes like a pool of ink, as if determined to detect any trace of deceit in her expression. "Rose, you're doing this on purpose, aren't you?" She frowned in confusion. "You're trying to provoke me, to make me agree to a divorce, right? All this talk about setting me free to be with Mona, it's just an excuse for you to get out of this marriage." Rose's expression tightened, "Think whatever you want. As long as we can get a divorce, your thoughts don't matter." She was used to it anyway. In his heart, she was never the good person, was she? "You're so eager to divorce me to be with Winston?" Morrison's voice was heavy with accusation.

Rose's eyes snapped shut, "What I do after the divorce is none of your business. Who I'm with is my affair. I can't possibly spend my life alone." Morrison felt the last thread of his restraint snap. He yanked Rose into his arms, rough and unyielding. Her face paled as she was suddenly crushed into the soft bed beside them. As the world blurred before her eyes and Morrison's overpowering scent enveloped her, she realized she was trapped. Her hands were pinned above her head, powerless to resist. "Rose, I've warned you countless times tonight not to push me. You've really outdone yourself. You've completely exhausted my patience" His words were sharp and fierce. Rose trembled with fear, sensing the cold weight behind each syllable. She had a terrible feeling about what might happen next. Morrison, his chest heaving with pent-up anger, aimed all his fury at her. He held

her wrists with one hand and with the other, he violently tore her nightgown to shreds. The memory of her nonchalantly wearing that nightgown in the hallway, as if it were the most natural thing, made him want to rip it apart. Their interaction was surprisingly natural. He was in a bathrobe, and she was in pajamas. Just the thought of it sent a sharp pain through his head. "Morrison!" Rose's face turned ashen with fear, but Morrison was relentless. It wasn't until Morrison's body brushed against her exposed stomach that she jolted with shock. Somehow finding the strength, she broke free from his grasp and slapped him across the face with all her might. The sound echoed with a chilling clarity. Morrison froze, his movements halted, yet he still pinned her legs beneath him, looming over her with a terrifying gaze.

His cold eyes flickered briefly. Gently, he brushed her disheveled hair aside with a tenderness that belied the situation. "Rose, you said you loved me, right? Then why are you so set on divorce? Isn't life with me enough? You fought so hard to marry me, didn't you?" Her lips trembled, "No, it's not enough. They were right. I am the dark-hearted other woman who couldn't control her desire for you. I thought I was better than any other woman, and I didn't consider myself a vile person. I thought I could make a place for myself in your heart, but I was naive." Morrison leaned in, his forehead against hers, his voice a low murmur, "But I don't want a divorce now... His intimacy made Rose's gaze waver. "So stop making a scene. We have a long life ahead of us." But Rose shook her head, "It's impossible. Things are much more difficult than I imagined. I thought I could handle it, but I can't. I can't stand having a husband who loves another woman." That was the root of the problem. All her beliefs were just that, mere beliefs. Morrison's brow furrowed, "You mean Mona?" Rose didn't want to speak her name, turning her head away. But Morrison wouldn't allow it, pressing his forehead against hers, forcing her to look at him. "I

decided to marry you with no intention of getting back with her. She's in the past" Something in Rose stirred, her eyes lifting, her long lashes brushing Morrison's skin. "It's too late? she said quietly. "As long as she's in your heart, we can't move forward" Morrison's eyes narrowed, his gaze intense as he watched her, his frown deepening. Rose stared directly at him, saying, "You don't need to tell me how I should feel.

I admit I knew about Mona's presence initially, but I didn't want to let her and your relationship bother me. I wanted to gradually remove her from your heart, but now I realize that it's impossible." "Did you suddenly understand this now? If Winston hadn't come along, would you have continued like this with me?" She bit her lip, "Think what you like. If it makes you feel better." A vein pulsed on Morrison's forehead. His temper, uninvaded for years, trampled on again and again by this woman. His gaze turned icy, but when he saw the fear flickering in her eyes, he forcefully suppressed his anger. "Are you afraid of me?" Rose bit her lip, her eyes downcast, her trembling lashes betraying her true state. Morrison leaned in and gently kissed her lips, a softness that left Rose lost in a daze. "You're my wife, I'd never hurt you. Just be a good girl, okay? From now on, I'll only cherish and love you." His low, warm murmurs were filled with allure, carrying both temptation and a tender intimacy that left Rose lingering in a daze. Her mind went blank, but her eyes inexplicably welled up with tears. He spoke of cherishing and loving her. These were dreams she dared not even entertain in her sleep. Her relaxed body made Morrison feel more and more satisfied. His hand gently rested on the subtle swell of her belly. "This is our son. Do you think he'll take after me?" he mused. Almost instinctively, Rose murmured back, "Yes, he will." A light chuckle escaped Morrison's lips. "Well, whatever you say goes. But he really is ugly"

Rose blinked, and the next second, Morrison's lips gently kissed the gentle bump. Her body shivered. "Even if he's not the most handsome, he's still our son. I'll give him everything— the best of everything." Rose's eyes slowly misted over. His words tonight, without a doubt, had pierced straight to her heart. He spoke of cherishing and loving her. And he spoke of giving their son the best. The image of a cozy, blissful family of three—once a distant dream now seemed within reach.

"Do you like that?" he whispered low. Rose bit her lip, eyes closed, too shy to respond. "Hmm?" He pressed her for an answer, his tone firm. Suddenly, Rose's eyes snapped open, meeting Morrison's smiling gaze. She opened her mouth, struggling to speak, but a string of phone rings abruptly cut through the silence. Rose quickly pursed her lips, swallowing her words. She turned her head towards the bedside, where Morrison's phone had been flung in the earlier chaos. She could vaguely see that the caller ID was a saved contact, not an unknown number, but from her angle, she couldn't make out the name. Rose looked back at Morrison, her expression beginning to clear. "Just ignore it." Morrison's lips curved into a half-smile. She didn't mind. But the phone was relentless, ringing over and over, refusing to be ignored. Annoyed and disrupted, Morrison's face darkened with irritation as he finally

answered the call. "Hello?" "Mr. Witt." It was his assistant, Riley's voice. Morrison was in no mood for interruptions. "This better be life or death." "Mr. Witt, Mona almost jumped off a building. She's very distressed right now." Morrison's brow furrowed in an instant. "Jumped off a building?" The room fell

silent, save for the voice on the phone, which Rose could hear all too clearly. In an instant, the warmth of moments ago felt like being doused by a bucket of ice water, from head to toe. Watching their positions now, her lips twitched into a sardonic smile. Rose, so easily beguiled by a man's sweet words, was indeed foolish. "I told you to watch her. How could you almost let her die?" His voice grew cold, clearly expressing displeasure and perhaps even anger about the matter. Anyone could tell that Mona's life and death were far from trivial to him. "I'm sorry, Mr. Witt. It was my oversight. Mona suddenly wanted some fruit. When I came back with it, I found her nearly jumping out the window." "How is she now?" "She's been causing a scene. Mr. Witt, you should come. She won't listen to anyone else. If she finds another chance..." Morrison looked down at Rose, to see her gazing back at him with a detached look. "Keep an eye on her. I'll be right there." Rose's lips curled up into an almost imperceptible smile. Morrison hung up, and leaned down to kiss her lips softly. "Mona's had a bit of trouble. I need to go check on her. You stay home and be good."

## Chapter 1824

Rose remained silent as Morrison casually wiped himself with a tissue from the

bedside table before rising to sift through the closet for a fresh set of clothes.

Crisp shirt, wool sweater, and a neatly tailored suit — everything was

meticulous.

Rose watched from the bed as he dressed, chuckling slightly before her eyes

slowly shut.

After Morrison closed the wardrobe, the room fell silent for a moment, followed

by the sound of the room door opening and closing again.

Enter title...

Rose's eyes fluttered open, staring blankly at the ceiling, lost in thought.

Seconds later, she attempted to rise for a shower, but before she could even throw back the covers, the door burst open.

Turning her head, she saw Morrison re-enter the room. Their eyes met, Rose breaking the gaze first. "Why'd you come back?"

Stepping closer, Morrison grunted an acknowledgment. "Forgot something."

He walked over to the nightstand, pulling out a box from the drawer and shamelessly transferring its contents—bags of something—into his pockets.

Rose bit her lip hard, averting her gaze as her hands trembled slightly. Then she heard footsteps approach, and before she could react, she was scooped up from the bed.

Startled, she looked up to find Morrison setting her down at the edge of the bed.

"What are you doing?"

Morrison remained silent, turning around without a word, followed by a series of movements.

Moments later, Rose was dressed in an oversized knit sweater, a baggy coat, and loose trousers, all belonging to Morrison, who then carried her out the door.

Her brow furrowed, and she asked again, “What are you doing?”

“You’re a handful, always running off. Can’t have you disappearing on me again.” Morrison spoke bluntly, wrapping her more tightly in his coat before placing her in the car.

It wasn’t until Morrison himself got in that Rose spoke in a cold tone, “Why are you dragging me along to see Mona?”

He glanced at her, a hint of a smile playing on his lips as he started the car.

“To make sure you don’t bolt.”

Rose fell silent.

Sensing her mood turn sour, Morrison added, “Something felt off when I left.

Seeing you just now proves that I was right. You’re a real puzzle, and to prevent any wild thoughts and the hassle that follows, I figured it’s best to bring you



along—cut off any lingering hopes.”

Rose furrowed her brow, cut off what hopes? Knowing that Mona was important

enough to make Morrison leave her side at any moment was enough for Rose

to give up any remaining expectations.

Why making another painful incision in her heart?

“There’s nothing left to cut,” she muttered dismissively, but then realized going

to the hospital might be an opportunity to check on Winston.

Half an hour later, Morrison carried Rose straight into the hospital.

“I’ll can walk. Put me down: He glanced at her and finally set her down in the

elevator, but he kept hold of her hand. Even as they reached Mona’s hospital

room, he showed no intention of letting go.

Rose looked at him with confusion. “What are you trying to do?”

“Isn’t the answer obvious?”

Rose’s expression hardened. “I don’t want to see her right now”

Morrison pulled her inside anyway.

Rose stopped at the inner door of the room, insisting, "I don't want to see her."

Riley emerged from the room, and greeted Morrison with a quick "Mr. Witt"

Morrison gave him a cold look. "How is she?"

"I told her you'd come. She's calmed down a bit."

After saying that, Riley glanced awkwardly at the silent Rose. "Ma'am."

Rose remained quiet.

"You two wait here" commanded Morrison as he entered Mona's room.

In the hospital room, doctors and nurses crowded around, forming a circle

around the entire room. Upon seeing Morrison, they all stepped aside.

Mona, disheveled and dazed in her hospital gown, rose from her bed and

hesitantly reached out to Morrison, her tears a mixture of guilt and plea.

"Morrison! I'm sorry, I truly am. I admit I was selfish, but all I wanted was to be

with you, without all those obstacles. Because... because I'm just someone with

nothing, completely unworthy of you. I'm terrified of facing your family. Morrison,

Do you understand? My intentions were pure, truly.”

“You need to calm down.” Morrison’s voice, muffled by the door, was deep and steady.

Rose clenched her jaw, her hands curled under the long sleeves, her gaze flickering as she took a step back.

The urge to flee consumed her. She knew Mona’s place in Morrison’s heart.

Now, with Mona humbling herself before him, how could he not be moved?

She didn’t want to hear the tender words Morrison would use to comfort her.

Head lowered, she stared at the door for a few seconds before turning away.

“Ma’am.” Riley, noticing her retreat, softly called out.

Inside the room, Morrison withdrew his hand from Mona’s grasp.

Mona sobbed, shaking her head. “Morrison, Rose wants to divorce you, right?

This time, I won’t run away anymore. Just stop being angry with me, and I

promise to face your family bravely. I will try my hardest to get their approval.

Please...”

She was tired of wandering alone, without support or money. Her dreams and life were shrouded in darkness. She yearned for stability, and only Morrison could offer her a secure life and everything she desired. The days of having nothing were unbearable.

She was a woman with no family background, unable to live the life she wanted on her own.

“Morrison, I know I was wrong. Please forgive me: “Mona; Morrison said, his voice carrying a complex tone as he faced her.

Compared to Mona’s agitation, Morrison’s voice remained unnervingly calm and detached. The room fell into silence for a few seconds before Morrison spoke again, “I made myself clear the last time we talked. I got it all wrong from the start. The person I love isn’t you, and I’m certainly not leaving Rose. You already know that.”

Mona bit her lip, a look of despair washing over her face as she stared at him.

“But what about me? Morrison, have you ever thought about what your decision has turned me into?

“What am I? Why should I be the one running this losing race between you and Rose? Why should I be the one to prove that Rose is the one you truly love?”

Morrison’s voice was firm. “If you insist on dredging up past follies, all I can say is I’m sorry. Whatever you want, just say it, and I’ll try my best to accommodate.

But leaving Rose to be with you, that’s absolutely out of the question.”

Mona let out a hollow laugh. “What else do you think I want?”

A few seconds of silence followed before Morrison looked at her, his expression colder than ice.

“What else? You know I love her, and I’ll never leave her. Yet today, of all days, you choose to threaten jumping off the building. Riley wasn’t just out buying groceries for a few minutes. If you really wanted to jump, why wait until he came back and opened the door? Do you think I’m someone who would cave to threats?”

Mona's hands clenched tightly together, her eyes darting away.

"Everyone can be immature at some point, especially when confused about

feelings. You held up the past in front of me, trying to evoke sympathy. Tell me,

knowing that divorce is impossible for me, what other purpose did you have in

making such a scene?"

Mona's body tensed, and she remained silent for a long time.

"How much money do you want?"

Mona stiffened suddenly, looking up at Morrison with shock in her eyes.

"What did you say?"

"I mean no insult, but pride and dignity can be disposable in the face of money.

Don't preach to me about high morals; they're easily defeated by reality and

cash. Money is the most direct and useful thing. Whether it's for your future life

or your career, you'll need it. But..."

Morrison paused, "Take the money and leave immediately. Do not to show up in

front of me again”

Mona’s eyes flickered. “Now you’re the one asking me to leave? Morrison, you

once said where I go is my business...”

“I don’t care, but the problem is that someone else doesn’t want to see you now.

Mona clenched her teeth, shaking with emotion. “Rose?”

Morrison remained impassive. “She hasn’t said anything. It’s me who’s tired of it.

She keeps bringing you up between us, and it is an endless drama. If you don’t

leave, she’ll never happily live with me.’

Mona scoffed. “Do you really think you can be together with clear consciences?”

“What heinous crime have I committed? Mona, you should know when to stop.

Don’t exhaust my patience.”

“Morrison, what if I really had jumped today? Would you still dare to say these

things?”

Morrison fell silent for a while before nodding.

Chapter 1825

Winston chuckled softly, shaking his head. "That dude packs a serious punch.

Must've had some serious training"

"He's the only son of the Witts, and everyone knows you can only truly rely on yourself."

Winston nodded, understanding completely. You couldn't have an army of bodyguards with you every second, nor could you trust everyone completely.

Nothing was safer or more reliable than your own two fists.

Enter title...

"I wonder how many more times I can take a beating from him," Winston mumbled under his breath before cursing softly, "Damn!"

Rose looked at him, surprised. "What's eating you, playing solitaire with your thoughts over there?"

Winston grimaced, grumbling back, "Nothing"

Rose frowned slightly, watching him quietly.



Winston was genuinely frustrated. The escalating tension between the couple contemplating a divorce elicited a pang of guilt within him, even though he was just following orders.

It was clear they both had feelings for each other. Rose was open about hers, which made things simpler, but Morrison? The guy was as emotionally dense as a brick wall.

Did Winston have to keep taking hits until Morrison realized his own feelings for Rose? How dumb was Morrison, and how miserable did that make Winston?

This was just...

The more he thought about it, the more he felt shortchanged. Why the hell did he have to put up with this crap? He deserved an award for being the ultimate wingman.

Who else would selflessly take a punch, offering their face up for the good of someone else's love life? Damn it!

The more Winston thought about it, the colder his expression became.

“Rose, seriously, Morrison’s emotional intelligence is so low it’s in the basement.

It’s exhausting being with him. Dump him already. What do you even see in him beyond that pretty face? What’s tying you down so much?”

Rose sighed, her voice tinged with regret, “I’ll admit that I got swept up by his looks. In hindsight, there’s a sea of handsome guys out there. I’ve got options:

Winston nodded, “Like me, for instance”

A slight smile played on Rose’s lips, “Well, you are the darling of the silver screen. Your face is definitely crush-worthy- Winston snorted, his face the picture of arrogance. “Finally, you’re making sense. Go ahead, fall for me. I’ll let you in on some of the perks my fans would kill for.”

“Like what?”

“Anything, really. I’m not one to lose out. I took a beating for you from Morrison more than once. You owe me”

Rose pursed her lips, “What kind of compensation are you thinking about?”

Winston's eyes gleamed mischievously as he suggested, "How about your heart in exchange?"

Rose raised her eyes to meet his, her silence stretching between them.

Suddenly, the hospital room door swung open. Morrison strode in with a frosty aura, his face set in a grim line. Rose turned to him, her forehead creasing ever so slightly. Before she could speak, Morrison pulled her into his embrace.

"He's waiting for your answer. What's the hesitation about?" he pressed.

Rose frowned, "That's a big decision. I need to consider my current situation before responding to such a question."

Morrison's face darkened, "Consider? Rose, what are you playing at?"

"What else? I need to weigh my options based on what's happening right now"

Morrison's face turned an ashen hue, "Are you trying to send him to an early grave?!"

Rose glanced at him coolly, "You could always try. What do you think would happen if you did send him off?"

Morrison's face fell further.

What would happen if Winston really died at his hand? It would be just like if

Mona had actually been hurt. They'd be divided by a life taken, and what good

could come of that? She would probably hate him for life.

Rose stepped away from his embrace and walked towards the bed, "You got

hurt because of me, as my guest and key ambassador. I can't shirk

responsibility. Tell me what you need, and I'll make sure you're looked after.

It's my duty.

Morrison's frown deepened at her words, "What do you mean, 'your duty'?"

Don't forget, as your husband, I'm still a patient myself. You have not just a duty,

but an obligation to me."

"A patient who can beat a perfectly healthy man to a pulp still needs looking

after?"

Morrison glared, "Do you think I got injured for no reason?"

Rose smiled wryly, "You think it's my fault? If that's the case, shouldn't you be the one taking care of Winston, since you put him in this state?"

Rose continued, "So, at this moment, I must be the one who's surplus to requirements. It's getting late. You two sort yourselves out."

With that, she was already at the door, opening it.

As the door clicked shut behind her, leaving Morrison and Winston alone, an electric tension crackled between them. Their eyes met, and it was as if sparks flew in the air, silently clashing in an invisible battle.

"Just stay away from me. Being around you is bad luck."

Winston broke the silence first, his disdain for Morrison palpable. Why should he pay the price for Morrison's stupidity? The thought just soured his mood further.

Already disliked, Morrison's expression turned even darker.

"Indeed, just looking at you makes me want to finish the job. Expecting me to look after you..."

"Get out!" Winston cut him off, waving his hand in disgust. The idea of Morrison

caring for him was laughable – Winston had plans to live a little longer.

Morrison glowered at him, “Consider this a warning. Stay away from my wife, or else, next time...”

“You’ll kill me?” Winston scoffed, “I bet Rose would never forgive you. Believe it or not: Morrison clenched his teeth in rage, “Don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

The conversation ended there, but Morrison couldn’t contain his restlessness any longer, marching towards the door.

That woman, Rose, was too much of a handful. She actually had regrets?

“Crushing on Winston’s mug? Really? And contemplating giving herself to him?”

The door swung open, and there was Rose in the lobby, waiting for the elevator.

Morrison strode over, slipping his hand between the closing doors at the last second, forcing them open again.

Rose looked at him coldly. “Why are you not taking care of Winston?”

“I’m still a patient here”

Rose stepped out of the elevator. "Then I'll take care of him: Morrison grabbed her arm. "Over my dead body."

Rose frowned. "Morrison, this isn't the time for jealousy. Winston got hurt because of me, and he's not just a friend, but also my key ambassador. The product launch is just days away. Do you have any idea what kind of mess we'll be in if he shows up bruised and the press gets wind of it?"

Morrison's face soured. "He was flirting with a married woman. He deserves whatever the media throws at him."

"He deserves it? So are you basically admitting that there's something between him and me? If this scandal overshadows my launch, do you really think that's going to be a laughing matter for me, for you, or for the Witt family?"

Morrison pressed his lips together tightly, silent for a moment.

Rose tried to pull her hand free, but Morrison didn't let go. She looked up at him, and he seemed awkward. "I'm the one who hit him; I'll arrange for his care. Just don't go."

His last words were barely a whisper, filled with a mix of stubborn pride and vulnerability.

A small smile appeared on Rose's mouth imperceptibly. "Who knows what kind of caretaker you'd send?"

Morrison pulled her back towards him, causing her hand to slip off the elevator button as the doors closed.

"As long as you stay away, I'll hire the best nurse." His husky voice warmed the shell of her ear, flushing it red.

Rose blinked, only to feel Morrison's restless hand on her waist and his lips grazing her earlobe, his breath wandering erratically. She dodged him a few times before pushing him away, her face a mask of cool detachment. "Looks like

Mona is okay: The mention of Mona caused Morrison's brow to furrow uncontrollably. He was sick of hearing that name.

"You don't need to worry about her anymore. I've made things crystal clear"



“Clear about what?”

The elevator opened to Morrison’s floor. Rose stepped out first, with Morrison

close behind. “That I won’t divorce, and I won’t be with her: A cold laugh

escaped Rose. “If I were her, knowing you have feelings for me but feeling

forced to leave because of another woman, I would be resentful.

You say you won’t divorce, but perhaps she thinks it’s such a sacrifice for you.

She might just ‘help’ you out, so the lovers can finally be together.”

“Who said I have feelings for her?” Morrison was getting visibly frustrated.

This woman always assumed things about him.

“So, who is in your heart?” Rose threw the question at him as she walked into

Chapter 1826

Her hands clenched suddenly, then slowly released.

The chill at her slender fingertips mirrored the trembling of her heartbeat—

irrepressible and uncontrollable.

Morrison seemed to have used brute force, a stark contrast to his earlier frantic

desperation.

In fact, it was as if he wanted to devour her whole.

“Damn fool, I love you.”

“Every time I see you, I want to fuck you.”

Enter title...

“Every damn day, I want to do those things couples do at night with you.”

If his last sentence had come first, then all those explicit things he said before

would seem justifiable—a reason she could accept.

He said he loved her...

Her eyes uncontrollably reddened. Her clothes had already been mostly

stripped away. The oversized shirt she wore of his was easy to remove due to

its looseness.

The sound of plastic scraping distracted Rose, her eyes freezing as she pushed

Morrison away. She turned her head to dodge his kiss.

Noticing the pile of things beside them, Rose pursed her lips. She shifted back, and her cheeks were flushed, "Why did you bring those items to the hospital?"

Morrison shrugged off his jacket. "Didn't I bring you too?"

He loosened a few buttons of his shirt collar, looking down at her with a gaze smoldering with intensity.

His lips brushed against hers, then grazed her ear, his voice seductively husky.

"After tasting the flavor tonight, do you think I could just let you go?"

All these years, I've been looking for a legitimate reason."

Rose, flustered by his blunt words, retorted, "All these years, and you finally find a reason? Yet, the moment you hear Mona is in trouble, you rush off.

How can you say she's not on your mind when you leave at such a critical moment?"

Morrison's expression soured, his pride stung. He had been denying his shameful desires for the mermaid-like beauty in his arms for years, but now, the thought of her made him ache to flip her over until she was begging for mercy.

However, this woman was ruining the mood.

“It’s not about her. Rose, if you bring her up again, you can forget about sleep tomorrow night. It’ll be the perfect excuse to indulge myself”

Rose looked surprised at the man now revealing his true colors, “You think I want to talk about her? Isn’t she the one you hook up with? You were the one who was on the bed with me, and you got worried when you heard she was in trouble, didn’t you? After divorce, whether it’s her or you, it has nothing to do with me.”

“Rose, do you know how annoying it is for you to talk about divorce all the time?”

“If you agree, you can only hear it once in your life.”

Rose paused for a few seconds, then pushed Morrison away.

His face immediately darkened, and when he saw Rose slipping away from him, he moved his arm to block her way. “I just want you.”

Rose bit her lip, "You are thinking about other women, but your body is lusting after me. You're dating spiritually and physically. Don't you feel trashy?"

"Are you out of your mind? I said I don't love her."

Rose turned her head and didn't look at him.

Morrison's impatience grew, but he resisted the urge to lash out, his voice low and controlled.

"I went to see her because if something happened to her, it would be bad for everyone. With today's unreliable internet laws, you know what people can say.

If this blows up, who knows what they'll drag you through?"

Rose watched him silently.

"You're already making a scene about feeling wronged with me. If another issue arises, and others start criticizing you, how can I have peace of mind?"

Rose countered, "Who's making a scene with you?"

"You're not. Nothing's wrong. You just decided to pick a fight with me."

Rose frowned, "So it's my fault?"

"It's my fault. I! shouldn't have gotten involved with other women while we were in school, and I shouldn't have left you in the middle of our makeout and went to 'worry' about someone else. So, I'm here to make it up to you."

With that, Morrison's intent was clear as daylight.

Rose swiftly held him back. "Not here. This is a hospital!"

"I locked the door"

Despite the assurance, Rose resisted, pushing against his shoulders, "So

Morrison, you're saying you came to the hospital because Mona's issue might cause bad press for me?"

Morrison paused, his face tensing slightly, "Mostly, I didn't want to be the laughingstock."

Rose smirked cynically, "I thought so. How could you possibly do it for me..."

"Rose, you're a damn fool," Morrison cursed, his anger bubbling once again.

Rose's lips tightened, and she remained silent.

“You’re always such a fool.”

After a while, Morrison tied up Rose’s slightly damp hair, carrying the glowing, soft “mermaid” into the bathroom. He held her close, turned on the shower, and thoroughly washed her before tucking her back into bed. Then he loomed over her, “You see now? Next time you defy me, the consequences will be worse, got it?”

Rose barely opened her eyes, glanced at him, then turned away, leaving him with an indifferent back.

Morrison sighed. Damn woman, when did she get such a temper?

After a quick shower, he came back to bed and pulled the woman, who was turned away from him, into his embrace.

Rose was exhausted. She felt his presence, her eyelids fluttered but did not open, knowing who it was and letting it be.

The room was brightly lit. Her face in his arms was almost blindingly glowing, and her skin was flawless. Just like the rest of her, soft and smooth.

He had never wanted to admit it before, not even considering saying it out loud.

Now that he had, it didn't seem to be such a big deal. After all, he had already made the worst impression possible on Rose. Nothing else mattered.

Even if he was the worst, she still loved this face.

Morrison's brow furrowed in sudden irritation as another man's face intruded on his thoughts, along with Rose's words— "Well, who wouldn't feel flattered by the attention of a big-time movie star?"

He had overheard their conversation in the hospital room, crystal clear from outside.

Glancing down at Rose, he lifted her chin with his hand, examining her face from either side. Even with her eyes closed, there was no denying that the woman was beautiful.

A face worth swooning over.

With her looks, her company, and her own net worth, damn, it wouldn't be



surprising if she kept a boy toy on the side.

And when it came to Winston, well, he had to admit, it's very possible.

His expression grew darker as he studied her peaceful sleeping face, growing more irritable by the second.

Why the hell did she have to doll herself up to look so damn good?!

Beautiful, rich, and financially independent, it seemed snagging any man she wanted was as simple as snapping her fingers. No wonder she could brazenly bring up divorce without a care in the world.

This set Morrison on edge. He felt like a country bumpkin who feared his wife would run off with someone else every day.

His grip on her arm tightened reflexively, his brow creasing even deeper.

Sleep eluded him, and insomnia had set in.

The next day.

A persistent knock at the door woke the two sleeping figures. Rose's eyes fluttered open, heavy with sleep. The light streaming in from the window

furrowed her brow slightly.

## Chapter 1827

Morrison paused, processing the words.

Really?

Without a word, he made his way to the bathroom. The reflection that stared

back at him was haggard, a weary shell with puffy, swollen eyes ringed with dark circles.

This wasn't just looking bad. He hardly recognized the person in the mirror.

The previous night's worries about Rose possibly running off with someone else had kept him tossing and turning until the wee hours of the morning.

Enter title...

Normally, a late night at the office would be no big deal, but last night, lying in bed, he felt more drained than after a week's worth of overtime.

He knew Rose had a thing for good looks, and that very fact had granted him a

chance to spend the night with her. And now, with his face a wreck, wouldn't she be even more restless? Especially since they had a bona fide actor living downstairs.

His complexion was sallow, making him look all the more unsightly. He turned the tap and splashed his face with water, trying to wash away the fatigue.

Rose finished dressing and opened the hospital room door. After a moment, the door suddenly swung wide open, and several people let out a surprised "Huh."

"How odd, it was just locked, and now..."

They stopped short when they saw Rose, clad in an ill-fitting men's suit that was clearly not designed for her, standing beside the hospital bed looking at them.

Molly's eyes flickered with mirth as she turned to the medical staff beside her.

"Thanks for your help. Now that the room's open..."

"Ma'am, we need to conduct the routine check-up," said the doctor with a friendly smile, as morning rounds were the norm to assess patients'

conditions.

Molly set the thermal container aside on a cabinet and looked at Rose with a

warm smile. "Rose, where's Morrison?"

Rose felt her cheeks flush. The meaning behind Molly's smile was all too naked,

and she knew exactly why. After all, the previous night, they had indeed

engaged in unspeakable acts.

"He's in the bathroom."

Morrison came out of the bathroom, looked at the room full of people, and

frowned slightly. His gaze shifted from Molly to the thermal container, which he

opened to find layers of breakfast delights: the top layer held muffins, the

second layer biscuits, and the bottom layer oatmeal.

Taking the container, he walked over to Rose and handed it to her. "Go sit over

there." His voice was cold, his eyes briefly flicking to the sofa and coffee table

with clear intent.

Molly raised an eyebrow as Morrison climbed into the hospital bed and gave the

medical staff a chilling glance. They promptly began their cursory examination.

Rose, holding the container, watched from where she stood.

“Mr. Morrison, it seems you have some new injuries.”

Morrison looked at Rose, still standing there, and said, “What are you waiting for?”

She blinked, hugged the container, and settled on the sofa, peeling an egg.

Finally, Morrison looked back at the doctor and gave a noncommittal grunt.

The medical staff were at a loss. “We need to take some detailed scans to see what’s going on,’ they said.

Molly frowned. “How did you get these new injuries?”

“It’s nothing; Morrison said dismissively.

Rose lowered her head and took a bite of the egg. “Mr. Morrison, since you haven’t had breakfast yet, would you like to go for a check-up now?”

“I’ve said it’s fine, no need for a check-up.”

The doctors looked at Molly, a little embarrassed. Molly, however, looked at

Rose and then nodded, "He's probably fine"

If there was really something wrong, how could he still have the strength to have sex? It's not like he could risk his life with a broken arm or leg to indulge in such activities.

Rose took a bite of the muffin. She's trying to be completely transparent, and acted like everything that happened yesterday had nothing to do with her.

In the end, the medical staff gave up on further examinations. Instead, one of them left Morrison with a word of advice, "Mr. Morrison, given your current condition, you should abstain from any strenuous activity. Some things are better left until after you've fully recovered. It would be much more... efficient."

Rose nearly choked on her muffin at these words. "Cough. cough, cough."

She quickly took a few sips of oatmeal.

Morrison sat up, glaring at the doctor who just shrugged with a smile. "You should be more careful. You don't look well today, and normally people don't

have the energy for certain activities. It would be quite embarrassing if you were to have an accident midway.”

Morrison’s complexion turned even more sour. An accident midway? What kind of accident?!

As Morrison was about to lose his temper, the doctor chuckled and led the group of medical staff away with a smile.

Molly felt a bit awkward. After all, she had maintained a certain level of reserve throughout her life. Hearing about the private matters of her son and daughter-in-law, it was inevitably uncomfortable for her.

The room fell into an awkward silence. Rose, still blushing, took another bite of her muffin.

To break the tension, Molly finally spoke up. “How did you get those new wounds?”

Morrison pointed at Rose. “Her fault, he said.

Rose met Molly’s gaze. “Really? Complaining about your wife to your own

mother?"

"It's the truth"

Molly snorted. "If having a wife is so much trouble, I, as the mother-in-law, certainly cannot tolerate it. Divorce her. I can't afford a daughter-in-law who stirs up such drama. Once divorced, you go your separate ways, and she can find whomever she wants."

The very image of a difficult and formidable mother-in-law.

Morrison frowned. "I thought you liked her?"

Molly spoke with a maternal certainty that brooked no argument. "But you're my own flesh and blood, my dear boy. You fell right from my own tree, so to speak. Sure, I don't mind her, but no amount of fondness can trump the love I have for you. Your grandma and I, we've been talkin'—we just want you to be happy. If you truly don't love Rose, then we won't stand in your way of a divorce. And as for Mona, if she's the one you want, then go ahead, son.



Marry her. We'll make sure she has a grand entrance into the Witt family, no slights or slurs, I promise. All we want is for you to be happy, and we're willing to meet you halfway on this."

Rose slowly lifted her head to look at Molly, while Morrison's face twisted into an expression of utter distaste. "You can leave now if you're just here to rile me up."

He wondered if they were deliberately trying to make his life more complicated.

Was it not enough that he was already on edge?

Molly arched an eyebrow, her voice laced with incredulity. "What's with the attitude? You were unhappy when we tried to keep you from Mona, and now you're still upset when we're giving our blessing. What will it take to please you?"

"IL had no intention of divorcing once I was married."

"That won't do." Molly's voice rang clear and crisp. "You don't love Rose, and all this quarreling—it's plain to see she's not the daughter-in-law I was hoping for.

But that doesn't mean she can't be a treasure to someone else. A marriage

without love is no happy union. Even if you're reluctant to divorce, you can't

deny Rose her chance at happiness. She owes you nothing."

Morrison clenched his jaws tightly. "if you're done, then please leave."

Molly ignored his request, turning instead to Rose with a direct proposal.

"Rose, since Morrison doesn't love you, there's really no point in dragging this

marriage out any longer. As your mother-in-law, I'm not pleased with the

constant chaos between you two. Divorce seems like the best option."

Rose stood up gracefully. "I admit I haven't been the daughter-in-law you

deserved. I'm grateful for your care these past days. You're right, a loveless

marriage can't be happy. Since Morrison has someone else in his heart, I won't

cling to him."

Morrison leaped to his feet. "Have you lost your memory?!" he demanded.

Rose frowned in confusion. "What do you mean?"

"I've said it clear as day—I love you. You! How could you forget something this

important?”

A reluctant smile flickered at the edge of Rose’s lips.

Molly, still eyeing Rose with a challenging look, pressed on. “What’s that? You

just said you love Rose? Morrison, don’t be absurd. Don’t say something so

insincere just to save Witt family’s image. You’ve been pining over Mona for

years, and now you suddenly love Rose? Who would believe such a story?

Certainly not Rose herself. Do you think you can fool her?”

“Who says I’m doing this for the Witt family? Is the Witt family so fragile that a

single divorce could bring it down?”

“If it’s not for the Witt family, then don’t you find it ridiculous to claim you’ve fallen

in love with Rose overnight?”

“I’ve never loved anyone else!” Morrison was growing impatient, his own mother

constantly singing a tune contrary to his.

Molly’s face darkened. “What are you saying? Morrison, you better explain

yourself clearly today, or I won’t accept Rose as my daughter-in-law any longer.

Even if you refuse to divorce, I'll never let her step foot in the Witt family home again. Don't you realize the impact a good or bad mother-in-law relationship can have on a family?"

Morrison gritted his teeth, glanced at Rose, who stood there in silence with her head lowered. It seemed like the issue of divorce wasn't something she was currently concerned about.

If the relationship between Molly and Rose was poor, and his mother ended up

#### Chapter 1828

Morrison had reached his breaking point. The woman was growing more and more brazen by the day. Did she think he was invisible?

Stuffing a sandwich into his mouth and gulping down his coffee in a few swift swallows, he stood up, his face the color of thunder, and marched out of the hospital room.

By the time Rose reached Winston's hospital room, a small crowd had already

gathered, mainly young women, all huddled around the small glass on the door, trying to sneak a peek inside.

“Seriously, it’s really Winston?”

Enter title...

“Definitely, I almost bumped into him at the door. He’s staying in this room.

“I heard he came to R City, but why would he be in the hospital?”

“No idea, but it looks like he got into a fight, his face and head seemed banged up.”

“A fight? If the media gets wind of this, won’t it blow up into a big deal?”

“Getting into trouble right after arriving in R City, if this gets out, it’s going to be a sensation!”

Rose’s heart sank at these murmurs, a bad feeling creeping up on her. An

international movie star, in a brawl in R City and ending up in a hospital...

Scores of people were waiting for just one slip-up, and if this incident went public, it would be a devastating blow to his career.

Her expression darkened. All of this happened because of her, and if anything serious happened, she couldn't escape blame.

Hospital security and a few plain-clothed individuals, likely Winston's management team, started to shoo the crowd away, sticking to a firm "no comment" policy.

Once the hallway cleared, Rose approached the door, about to knock, when a familiar force wrapped around her waist, Morrison's familiar scent enveloping her.

She turned, finding Morrison beside her with a scowl, his arm possessively pulling her close. He grunted at her gaze.

"Incorrigible woman."

Rose was still brooding over the recent events, particularly that Morrison was responsible for Winston's hospitalization and the potential media frenzy. She was far from pleased. As his voice fell, she pursed her lips and elbowed him

hard in the ribs.

Caught off guard, Morrison winced, his face momentarily contorted with pain.

Rose shot him a cold glance and knocked on the hospital room door.

“Damn...” Morrison muttered under his breath, following her in as the door

swung open. He was determined not to leave Rose alone with that man named

Winston.

Winston looked particularly unwell, and the overnight nurse arranged by

Morrison seemed uneasy. The room was also occupied by members of

Winston’s team. They greeted Rose upon her arrival.

Feeling a twinge of guilt, Rose asked, “Has the doctor been by? How’s he

doing?”

Winston’s assistant, clueless about the true cause of his hospitalization,

attempted a weak smile at Rose. “Ms. Rose, what brings you here so early?”

After all, she was the current “big spender, and with Winston’s temperament,

getting him to suck up to anyone was tougher than climbing to heaven. So,

handling these patrons required utmost care.

Winston could afford to be haughty, but they couldn't follow suit. They didn't have that privilege.

Though they were well aware that their relationship with Rose was purely transactional. Without Winston, the Spotlight Beauty company's products wouldn't achieve the desired market impact, and sales figures would suffer.

But, as the party footing the bill, they had to handle the matter delicately.

Rose offered a faint smile, "Winston was hospitalized, and I had to show my concern. After all, I invited him to R City. If anything goes wrong, I can't shirk responsibility"

The assistant looked uneasy. "Ms. Rose, you exaggerate. It's Winston who's caused trouble that may affect you"

Rose didn't directly reveal that Winston's hospital stay was due to a beating from her so-called husband, which could spark media interest.



“What’s important is that he’s alright: “Fortunately, it’s nothing serious. He should be up for our product launch.”

“That’s good to hear.”

Winston shot her a frosty glance. This woman, the epitome of a ruthless capitalist, was first in line when there were benefits, but at the first sign of trouble, she’d be the quickest to flee.

Did she not understand why he was in this mess? She was clearly avoiding the real issue.

“Have you had breakfast?” Rose asked gently.

“Winston’s a bit grumpy. He’s not one for breakfast.”

Rose glanced at Winston, whose complexion was particularly sullen, and was reminded of one of his absolute no-nos.

His morning mood was infamous. He used to put on a bit of charm for her, but now, not an ounce was in sight.

Raising an eyebrow, she remarked, “Winston, breakfast is a must”

He glared at her, silent.

“You can’t fight properly on an empty stomach. Morrison had plenty just now.”

Winston’s lips twitched. Was she provoking him?

As if on cue with Rose’s words, the topic of her sentence appeared before them.

The assistant had no idea why Rose was bringing up a brawl and Mr.

Morrison when she was simply encouraging Winston to eat breakfast. He was

utterly confused until he saw Morrison and promptly greeted him with a cheery

smile. “Mr. Morrison, it’s such an honor to have you visit Winston”

In R City, everyone knew about the power of the Witts.

Winston was about to explode from his assistant’s reaction.

Morrison, with his air of aloof nobility, gave a curt nod and glanced at Winston.

“As the ambassador for my wife’s company, it’s only proper that I check in on

him”

Winston was so frustrated. These two, Rose and Morrison, were as fake as]

they come.

His anger simmering, Winston's lips twitched into a smile when he took in

Morrison's disheveled appearance. "Did you have a run-in with a vampire last

night? You look absolutely drained."

Morrison's expression darkened instantly. Everyone turned to look at Morrison's

face, and they stifled their laughter, not daring to make a sound.

"Rose has always been about looks, and with you looking like this, be careful

she doesn't ditch you for a better face."

With that, Winston turned to his assistant, stroking his own face, "How's my face

looking?"

"Winston, your face is always perfect. Even with the bandages and bruises

you've got an edgy charm that's hard to fault"

Winston smirked, satisfied.

Indeed, while the assistant's words sounded sycophantic, they were true.

Even with a white bandage wrapped around his head and bruises on his face,

Winston's rugged features exuded a wild beauty.

He was reminiscent of those rebellious bad boys from high school who managed to look even more appealing after a fight, the kind that left many girls' hearts racing.

If it weren't for his status, there would surely be plenty of women vying for his attention, regardless of his injuries.

"Rose, wouldn't you agree?" Winston asked, turning to her.

Rose nodded, "Mhm." As soon as she spoke, Rose felt a piercing cold gaze drilling into her.

Winston's mood seemed to have improved as he provocatively looked at Morrison, only to burst into laughter upon seeing his already sour expression worsen.

"Hahaha, Rose, I honestly think you could do better. Come on, open those bright, beautiful eyes of yours and tell me, who's more worthy of your affection?"

Me or him?"

Winston's words made Morrison's face contort with indignation.

The assistant nearly collapsed right there and then. What kind of otherworldly

conversation was this? Implying a preference between him and Mr. Morrison for

Ms. Rose's affections? They were a married couple, for heaven's sake!

What was Winston implying with those words? Didn't he realize the terrible

social repercussions if word got out? Was he tired of his smoothly sailing

career?

The assistant looked around the hospital room fearfully, noting only a nurse who

seemed just as bewildered.

Caught between embarrassment and resignation, Rose glanced at the assistant

but said nothing. Morrison stepped forward, pulling Rose into his embrace.

Narrowing his eyes, he threatened Winston, "If you don't want to end up in the

morgue, think before you speak"

The assistant gripped the footboard of the bed, legs trembling.

This was a clear yearning towards someone else's wife; it was no wonder

Morrison was livid.

Those in the entertainment industry might seem glamorous, but they were also

the most vulnerable. Every aspect of their lives was magnified, and a single

false step could ruin everything. Offending a powerful tycoon could ruin

someone's life in an instant.

Winston's personality was undeniably brash, but he had spent many years

abroad without making enemies. He was freshly back in the country, and

nothing had been settled yet. If a visit to R City meant stirring up such trouble,

how would they cope?

"Mr. Morrison, please don't be upset. Winston was just joking."

Morrison shot him a cold glance, "I have eyes; do I not know when someone is

joking?"

The assistant was on the verge of tears. "So, you should take it as a joke"

## Chapter 1829

“I can’t stand the thought of losing sight of you. It’s strange, but right now I want to be with you every single moment. Sweetheart, just be good. Stop giving me a hard time.” Morrison held her tightly, each word punctuated with a kiss that he pressed upon her over and over again.

Rose ducked her head, trying to dodge the constant barrage of kisses that he lavished upon her without warning. Yet her heart fluttered uncontrollably because of the words he whispered so close to her ear.

That pleading tone, mixed with a seductive coaxing, didn’t seem like something Morrison would ever utter.

Enter title...

But she was certain that it was definitely him.

Morrison had been acting out of character for the past few days, but considering her past interactions with him, it didn’t seem so unusual after all.

After all, she believed that during their school days, he often clashed with her,

and considering their many years of conflict, his sudden change in demeanor

seemed to reveal his true nature.

She thought that she knew a little bit about his subtle and dark quirks. Still, this

felt like a complete turnaround.

She never thought that one day he would truly act like a brat, being

unreasonable and domineering one moment, only to transform into this clingy

person the next. He was like a stubborn child, who wouldn't let her leave when

he caught her.

Compared to his handsome and aloof exterior, their situation was completely out

of the norm.

Her lips were taken captive by his. He was holding her so tightly she couldn't

struggle, and she could only lift her chin, being completely trapped by him.

She was eventually pushed back onto the hospital bed again. Considering the

baby in her belly, she placed both hands behind her to support her body, not



letting herself sink too deeply into the bed.

“That’s enough...” In the end, Rose whimpered and turned her head away,

avoiding Morrison’s kiss. Her face was flushed and her ears were red.

Morrison did not continue to kiss her either, but chose to hold her firmly in his

arms instead. Despite the awkward position, he held on to her, clearly intending

not to let her have the slightest chance of leaving. He was acting just like a child

on his first day of kindergarten, clinging to his mother’s leg, refusing to let her

go.

The more she thought about it, the harder she found it to resist laughing at the

absurdity of it all. She certainly didn’t recall having such a giant baby son.

At the sound of her laughter, Morrison looked up, his dark gazes shimmering

with a mix of bewilderment and relief. “What’s so funny?”

Rose glanced down at him, “I’m laughing at how childish you’re being.”

Morrison frowned, tightening his hold on her. “It’s all your fault. Here I am, laid

up in the hospital, and you’re still giving me grief”

Rose fell silent for a few seconds, then said, "Morrison, did I ever tell you just how awful you really are?"

He paused for a moment before replying, "You might have mentioned it. You used to talk smack about me behind my back in school. I've heard those kinds of things about myself too many times."

Rose was taken aback. Back then, she only complained about him because he was always so confrontational, and it infuriated her.

"And you were just as bad, always scowling at me. You could manage to be warm and kind with everyone else, so why was it that with me, you were either sarcastic or as cold as an ice sculpture?"

Morrison's eyes hardened.

Rose pressed on, "And now, all of a sudden, you are telling me that I'm the one you've always loved—how am I supposed to believe that? Is that how you love someone? By flirting with other women while you 'love' me?"

Her voice carried a serious undertone. The memories of their school days were still vivid in her mind. Many years had passed; those were among the few memories she had with Morrison. However, they had always been her memories alone.

Her treasured memories, which always brought her joy and heartache.

“Back then...” Morrison began, the atmosphere turning heavy with his suppressed voice. “You were the defiant rich girl, looking down on everyone, too proud for your own good. Dressed to the nines every single day, drawing the gaze of all the boys. Always ready to pick a fight with me, arguing until we were blue in the face. If I actually admitted to liking you, wouldn’t I have been a madman?”

Rose bit her lip, frustrated by the way his narrative twisted her past. “What do you mean I dressed to the nines? And when did I ever seduce the boys?”

Morrison scoffed, as if the memory of her in those days was vivid in his mind, his expression mirroring the way he used to look at her.

“Then why did you always dress up so flashy? Wasn’t there always a flock of foolish boys trailing you whenever you showed up? You always got the best seat at the basketball games, and half your electives were filled with guys. Every weekend, a crowd waited to ask you out, and—don’t tell me you didn’t accept tampons from a guy during your period.”

Morrison was getting more and more infuriated as he spoke, his face becoming increasingly unpleasant, and his voice growing heavier.

Rose blinked in surprise, lost in the distant memories he was dredging up.

And then, the mention of tampons... She did recall such an incident.

Her period had come early once, and a male classmate had offered his jacket with a small pack of tampons and tissues in the pockets. It had certainly saved her from an embarrassing situation.

Looking back, she realized she never properly thanked him. But she was young then, too embarrassed to express her gratitude properly.

As for the rest, she could only recall fragments of those days. Her memories were mostly filled with Morrison—and she certainly didn't have the capacity to remember all those scattered incidents.

"I got my period early, and I was in a tight spot. I was grateful for any help I could get. Who cared who it was from? How did you even find out about that?"

Morrison didn't say anything to that.

Rose raised an eyebrow, her beautiful eyes narrowing as she gazed at him.

"If you knew about it then, why didn't you help me? Someone else did a good deed and I appreciated it. Why are you mad about it?"

Rose propped herself up with her hands behind her, her body leaning sideways as she looked at him. Her protruding belly was right in front of Morrison, and the scene unexpectedly exuded a sense of warmth.

"You sure have a good memory about all these things, Morrison, when exactly did you start taking an interest in me?"

Morrison frowned, his voice slightly gruff, "Heck knows."

Rose smirked, "The more I know now, the more I'm convinced you're not up to snuff. If you've been taking an interest in me from way back when, why on earth did you have to go and pick a fight with me? If you had been straightforward, none of what followed would've ever happened."

He pursed his lips, "Do you think you are straightforward? You clearly love me, but you don't say it"

A scoff escaped Rose, "You expected me to confess to a guy who already had a girlfriend? I may have feelings, but I also have pride and dignity."

She paused, her voice trailing off, "You're quite something, you know. You managed to bend my backbone, made me willing to toss aside my pride. I gambled everything, and yet, in the end, beneath the abyss you offered was only a deeper abyss."

Morrison's face stiffened, a hint of embarrassment clouding his features. "I admit that was my mistake"

He could never quite pinpoint those bizarre, indescribable feelings he had for

her. Had it not been for someone else's nudge, he might have spent his whole

life unable to acknowledge his true feelings for her.

How could he? From the start, everything about her rubbed him the wrong way.

Seeing her irritated him, not seeing her even more so. She was like a thorn in

his side, and he had a masochistic streak to even admit he loved this infuriating

woman.

Rose remained silent, merely gazing at him. So much she wanted to say, yet so

much she couldn't.

To speak them out would seem melodramatic. To stay silent felt like all the years

of quiet endurance were for naught.

They could have been together from the start, and all the missed opportunities

and their bittersweet experiences could have been replaced by happiness and

joy. That would have been a hundredfold the bliss.

But a miss was as good as a mile...

She loved him, but he was also the culprit who had ruined years of her love life.

“Morrison, everyone pays a price for their mistakes.”

Morrison remained silent, the atmosphere growing heavy.

Rose exhaled a heavy sigh. Before she could act, Morrison suddenly pulled her

close, burying his face against her belly. “Fine, I’ll pay the price. Any cost is

acceptable, except losing you: Rose’s heart jolted at his words. Anything but

losing her? Did that mean, to him, she was more important than anything else?

She looked down at the man with his head against her belly, both childish and

obnoxious. Yet she was at a loss for what to do.

He was acting like a petulant child. Backing down, trying to please, admitting

faults, apologizing, even being unabashedly needy... He was doing everything

that seemed impossible for him.

If she continued to dwell on the past that couldn’t be changed, it would be overly

petty and pointless. Morrison was right. It was all just a hassle.



## Chapter 1830

Morrison jerked his head up to meet his gaze, then glanced at his phone.

“Your timing is impeccable.”

Riley flashed a goofy grin, “Congrats, Mr. Witt.”

Morrison arched an eyebrow, “Congrats on what?”

With a blink, Riley chirped, “Congratulations on clearing up the misunderstanding with your wife. I am sure the two of you will live happily ever after’

How could that be! Lookat her, did she look like she loved him?

Enter title...

She must’ve taken him for granted the moment she had him. He put his heart on the line, and she just did not treasure him.

The more he stewed, the more aggrieved and angry he felt, giving Riley a frosty look as he said coldly, “You know what day is December 22nd?”

Riley paused for a beat before quickly replying with a smile, “Of course, it is your

birthday.”

The boss’ big day? He had to know it — it was critical.

He thought his quick response would showcase his loyalty and maybe earn him

some praise, but instead of commendations, Morrison’s expression became

increasingly unpleasant.

“That damn woman, even my assistant knows, yet she doesn’t. Hmph, figures.

It’s not the first time she’s stood me up. Love, huh? Doesn’t even know my

birthday. Liar...”

Riley was flabbergasted. What on earth was going on? Had Mr. Witt been

turned daft from his hospital stay?

All this nagging and fussing, wasn’t it just like a disgruntled woman?

The handsome man looked so ridiculous, sitting alone on the hospital bed, but

Riley dared not ask; he just stared, dumbfounded.

Morrison kept mumbling away, his face turning sourer by the minute, until he

suddenly spoke up with a heavy tone, "Arrange it. On December 22nd, I want a birthday bash!"

Riley grimaced, mouth twisting as his features scrunched together in barely concealed chuckle. What was a man pushing thirty doing, throwing himself a birthday party?

"Spread the word! Nothing too elaborate. Just a quick trend on social media oughta do"

Riley was speechless. A social media trend, and he called that not too elaborate? Something was seriously off with Mr. Witt. Seemed like it was time to plan for a lawsuit against the hospital. A perfectly normal person, just a few days in the hospital, suddenly underwent a drastic change in temperament. It was really worth looking into.

"Did you get that?"

The ominous tone made Riley shiver, and he quickly replied, "Yes, Mr. Witt, I got it."

With that, he turned to leave, reaching the door when Morrison called out again.

“Wait a second”

Riley’s steps halted in an instant. Turning around, he asked, puzzled, “Anything

else, Mr. Witt?”

Morrison stood up from the bed, his brow furrowed, eyeing him, “How did you

know about Rose and me making up?”

Something had felt off right from the start, and it finally clicked.

Last night, it had just been him and Rose; no third party could’ve known what

happened. How did an outsider like Riley find out about their reconciled

affections?

Riley’s eyes flickered, “Well, last night...”

Morrison glared, “When?” He better not have been eavesdropping in the middle

of the night.

Riley innocently explained, “Last night, while you were in Mona’s room...”

Morrison's frown deepened.

"We were just outside the door when you talked with Mona. We heard

everything quite clearly. You and Mrs. Witt haven't reconciled?"

Morrison's head snapped up, his eyes narrowing, "What are you saying?"

Riley: "Huh?"

"You're saying you and Rose were outside Mona's room last night, and you

overheard our conversation?"

Riley nodded, "Yeah. Didn't you ask us to wait at the door? We didn't mean to

overhear.

Morrison pressed on, "When did Rose leave?"

Riley's face twisted awkwardly, unsure how to respond, and said vaguely: "She

heard everything before leaving, just a minute or two before you came out.

Morrison fell silent, standing still, his gaze introspective. After a long moment, he

let out a cold laugh, a clenched-teeth whisper breaking the silence, "That damn

woman, playing me for a fool!"

Riley shuddered. Mr. Witt like this was downright scary. What on earth was wrong between these two?

Last night Rose had heard Mr. Witt's heartfelt confession, yet their relationship still seemed on the rocks.

Riley pondered without a clue, and only one thought crossed his mind— What the hell's all this fuss about?!

"Anything else?"

"No, just remember the birthday party."

"Will do."

Riley stepped out, the door closing behind him.

Morrison remained, his face tight and lips pressed in silence. A blush spread from his ears, a clear sign of his turmoil.

Damn it!

Morrison rubbed his burning ears, sat on the bed, and then rubbed his face

hard. Now thinking back, every word Rose said to him last night was a trap.

Including his own mother, who came the next day to trick him further, these

women were completely outrageous.

They had played him like a fiddle. And he had played along flawlessly. He'd

been completely taken for a ride.

Morrison lifted his head from his hands, his brow furrowed in thought. So, did

Rose really not know his birthday, or was it all an act? It all came full circle,

landing squarely back on that one niggling issue.

Well, he was going to settle this score once and for all.

Riley acted swiftly, and the address for the birthday banquet was quickly settled.

Almost immediately, it became a trending topic.

Yeah. It was indeed pretty low-key.

Yet this trending topic seemed to drop from the sky, awkwardly out of the blue.

Even if he was the formidable head of the Witt family in R City. His tendency to

keep a low profile made this sudden splash a bit hard to swallow for some.

[Isn't this trend marketing a bit too embarrassing?]

[Does he have to make such a big deal about a birthday? Wasn't he always lowkey before?]

(Well, the setup does seem grand. Guess all of R City's elite will be there to join

the party. No wonder it made the trending list.)

[He used to be discreet, but this sudden showiness feels a bit off. I mean, a

grown man in his late twenties throwing a birthday party like this?]

[Feels like some fancy-pants tycoon throwing a fit like a little princess, haha,

why do I find it kinda cute?]

[If the guy's got the cash, why shouldn't he celebrate his birthday? Since when

are birthday parties exclusive to girls? Can't men celebrate their birthdays too?]

The whole affair was the talk of the town, especially since the protagonist of the

trending topic was from R City, making the locals particularly interested.

Anyone with even the slightest connection to Morrison was chattering excitedly.

At Spotlight Beauty, being the protagonist's wife's employees, they were



naturally caught up in the buzz.

The speed of the internet was an unstoppable force. Rose couldn't possibly be unaware of it. At first, she doubted the rumors, but after checking the trending list herself, she could only sigh in resignation.

It was true.

The trending topic was awkwardly parachuted in, and it was embarrassing to say the least.

Her assistants had just finished discussing the details for the upcoming launch event when concerns were raised due to this unexpected turn of events.

"Mrs. Witt, with Mr. Witt throwing such a high-profile birthday party on the same day as our product launch, it's bound to steal our thunder,' one of them fretted.

"We thought we had a clear shot at capturing the spotlight this time, but we didn't expect to clash with Mr. Witt's birthday."

"It shouldn't matter too much, should it? Our Winston's influence is not to be underestimated, right?! How much impact can a birthday party have? We're

launching a new product, and it's backed by the world-renowned perfumer Star's

award-winning creation. It's globally recognized. There's no major conflict"

"A minor impact is still an impact. We obviously don't want to lose any

customers. Maybe, Mrs. Witt, since you'll be celebrating Mr. Witt's birthday

anyway, why not invite him to make an appearance at our event? Two birds, one

stone, and it might even draw more attention, right?!"

"That's actually a brilliant idea"

The assistants were all in agreement, seeing this as an opportunity rather than a

problem, potentially adding even more luster to their event.

Rose glanced at the trending list that had been stubbornly high all morning, her

expression souring slightly.

Did they make sense? Of course, they had a point, and it was probably the best

strategy.

But could Morrison, with his cunning mind, not have thought of that himself?

Buying a trending spot? It was clearly meant to remind her of what day it was,