

## Chapter 3

The bitterness of the Love Eraser sent me into a dizzy haze.

I slept for two days.

On the third morning, I opened my eyes.

I lay on the familiar large bed. Everything around me remained unchanged as if I was still the mistress of this house.

I glanced at the clock. It was 7:35 a.m.

Startled, I rushed out of bed, intending to make Fraser's favorite breakfast.

But after two steps, I froze and wondered what I was doing.

The instinct of a mother was powerful, still shackling me even now.

But once I beat that instinct, indescribable disgust surged through me.

It became worse, especially when I thought of Fraser's cold face and his seven years of rejection toward me.

Who did he think he was?

I'd rather have anything than have him!

I strode back inside and opened the long-sealed window. I used to drown in my own depression and loathe the morning sun.

For the first time in years, I let the light in.

Sunshine spilled into the room, and I squinted, gazing outside. There, in the garden, bloomed the roses I had planted

with my own hands.

They were vibrant, lush, and beautiful.

I still remember when I had first planted them, Antonio had held me close and whispered, "Grace, you're my rose. You bloom in my life and fill it with fragrance."

I frowned. A sudden wave of nausea struck me.

How utterly sickening!

Back then, I had been so touched I wept, answering his words with a passionate kiss.

Now, I shook my head vigorously, dispelling those revolting memories.

I was no one's rose anymore. I was my own rose!

I would no longer bloom for someone else.  
Instead, I would bask in my own radiance.

A soft laugh escaped me, a rush of  
newfound passion and vitality swelling  
within.

This was rebirth!

The Love Eraser really worked.

Like an excited young girl, I ran to my  
vanity and started rummaging through my  
makeup.

It had been years since I last put on any  
makeup. Antonio had long stopped taking  
me to parties, and Fraser had never wanted  
me at his school events.

I had become a forgotten woman, losing all  
interest in my once-beloved luxury

cosmetics.

But now, the interest was back.

Half an hour later, my hair was elegantly pinned up, and my lips were painted a fiery red. As I stared at my reflection, I couldn't help but think of those vibrant roses outside.

"Grace Parrish, you still got it," I thought.

I opened my wardrobe, pulling out high-fashion pieces one after another.

So many of these clothes had been gifted to me, yet I had never even touched them.

Now, not only would I touch them, but I would wear them.

In the end, I chose a white dress, wrapping myself in soft elegance.

I looked stunning.

"Grace Parrish, you really do still have it."

I chuckled at myself inwardly, reminiscing about the past.

White dresses had always been my favorite.

Antonio had loved them on me, too. He once said he fell for me hardest when he saw me playing the piano in a white dress at our school's New Year gala.

Even after marrying him, I still wore white dresses, just for him.

Then, his first love returned, wearing a white dress and an updo just like me.

In an instant, I became nothing but a stand-in.

I let out a cold laugh, eager to climb to the third-floor piano room.

The place had always been well-maintained by the maids, yet I hadn't set foot in it for years.

Ever since Irene came back, I had never touched the piano again.

My fingers brushed over the keys, and for a moment, it felt like another lifetime.

Then, the door swung open. Fraser said irritably, "Hey, you're awake? Why haven't you made breakfast yet? Don't you know I'm running late to school?"

We had plenty of maids, but I was always the one who made Fraser's breakfast.

Because he only ate what I cooked. Even



after seven years of rejecting me, he never rejected the breakfast I made.

I looked at him and said coldly, "Don't you have hands? Can't you make it yourself?"

Fraser looked stupefied, then delighted. "You don't love me anymore? The Love Eraser really worked!"

Of course, it did.