

Love Burned She Rose Unscathed Novel

Love Burned Chapter 111 - 120

Chapter 111

Thinking fast, Roseanne turned and started swimming as if her life depended on it, which it did.

The school of fish around her sensed her panic and scattered in every direction.

She gritted her teeth and risked a quick look behind her, only to see the shark rapidly closing in on her

Looking around, she noticed the reef was all around her. But a dark cave was not too far away. Seizing the chance, she changed direction, propelling herself toward the cave.

She could almost feel the shark's breath on her neck, so close that she dared not look back. In the nick of time, she darted into the cave

Boom! The shark's massive body collided against the entrance, causing the surrounding coral to tremble.

The impact forced Roseanne's arm to bend awkwardly, sending a sharp pain through her limb. She tried moving her arm. Thankfully, it responded. She planned to wait until the shark left before attempting to surface.

However, within minutes, she noticed her oxygen becoming alarmingly thin. That was not right! Her instructor had assured her that a tank would last at least three hours. It hadn't been nearly that long. How could it be empty?

As the oxygen dwindled, the shark still lingered outside. Sweat beaded on Roseanne's forehead. When she thought she couldn't hold on any longer, the shark swam away.

She strapped on her oxygen tank, using every ounce of her strength to ascend, making the universal distress signal toward the designated spot.

Additionally, she pressed the emergency button she carried, hoping to alert the lifeguard immediately. But there was no response."

Without wasting a moment, Roseanne pushed herself upwards. If she ran out of oxygen, she feared the worst.

After what seemed like forever, her movements slowed, and as she began to suffocate, her limbs weakened and her body started to sink uncontrollably

Her eyelids grew heavy. The surface was so close. If only she could muster a bit more strength. But she couldn't hold on.

Tears filled Roseanne's eyes, and when she was about to give up, a familiar face appeared, reaching out to her.

"Annel"

"Roseanne, wake up!"}

Leda dragged her onto the boat, swiftly removing her oxygen tank and unzipping her wetsuit. Fresh air rushed into her lungs, and Roseanne breathed greedily.

However, her lungs felt like they were being pricked with needles the next moment, and she couldn't help but cough violently. That cough brought up several mouthfuls of water.⁸

As the sensation of suffocation faded, Roseanne felt like she was reborn.

"You scared me to death! I thought you wouldn't wake up!" Leda said, hitting her lightly while wiping away tears.

Roseanne was momentarily stunned, and her voice was hoarse. "I'm okay."

"I saw your distress signal and knew something was off. It felt like it took forever to find you. When I finally did, you were unconscious. I

was so scared."

Leda shuddered at what could have happened if she'd been even a second later.

Thankfully, Roseanne was safe. With that thought, Leda couldn't help but hug her and sob, "When I was giving you CPR, I was terrified. terrified that you wouldn't wake up...

Roseanne coughed again, smiling. "So that's who was kissing me. It was you, huh?"

"Stop it!" Leda scolded, "This is no time for jokes!"

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"Hey, she looks a bit off. Should we call an ambulance?" The often-overlooked instructor finally spoke.

At that time, Roseanne realized she was surrounded by a crowd, all of whom seemed to sigh with relief..

Leda snapped back to the moment. "I've called emergency services. How are you feeling now?"

"My hand might be injured." Roseanne moved it slightly. It was fine underwater, but she couldn't move

Leda asked with concern, "What the heck happened? How did you end up sinking like that?"

Roseanne paused before admitting, "My oxygen tank seemed to malfunction."

ve it at all.

Leda quickly grabbed the discarded oxygen tank. The tank looked intact, but the bottom had a hole! Though it was only the size of a pinhole, it was there!!

Leda's sharp gaze immediately turned toward the diving instructor.

"That can't be right! Impossible! We replace our gear every year, and we rigorously check everything before handing it out. We've never had a problem in all these years!" With a stern demeanor, the instructor immediately defended himself. "Besides, even if there was a real danger, our designated safety zone ensures quick rescue. There's no way a drowning could happen."

Leda grew more infuriated. "So, are you saying my friend is lying? Do you understand what could have happened if I hadn't driven the

boat over in time?'

Roseanne glanced at the diving instructor, who was trying to explain himself. His face was a mix of nervousness and anxiety, not feigning his reaction, which seemed utterly baffling.

the heated argument, Roseanne suddenly said, "I encountered a shark."

Leda gasped.

The diving instructor was incredulous. "That was impossible!"}}

"Blacktip reef sharks lurk beyond the safety zone but typically stay below two hundred meters deep. They're more cowardly than the other sharks, usually avoiding humans and rarely attacking."

Roseanne softly added, "The camera on my diving suit recorded everything. You can check the memory card now if you don't believe me.s

The diving instructor was at a loss for words.

"Oh my, what in the world happened here?" At that moment, the delayed arrival of the lifeguard, who seemed utterly unaware of the situation, added to the shock.

Glowering, the diving instructor wanted to punch him. "John, where the heck were you? Why didn't you respond immediately for the rescue?"

The lifeguard raised his hands in surrender, stepping back with a sheepish grin. "Buddy, I went to the restroom. That's all. So, what exactly went down here? Why does everyone look so grim?"

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Leda was instantly furious. "You've got the nerve to ask? You're supposed to be on lifeguard duty. When my friend was in trouble, desperately signaling for help, you were nowhere to be found. I have every reason to believe you deliberately delayed your response."

In deep-sea areas, the presence of a lifeguard was crucial. His absence could mean Roseanne might not have made it!!

Naturally, the lifeguard wasn't going to let such a serious accusation go unchallenged.!!

He defended himself cleverly and vigorously. "I just happened to have a bad stomach, okay? It's not like there's a rule against using the restroom during work hours. And encountering unexpected situations in the sea is pretty normal, right? Your friend is fine now, isn't she?"

He shrugged, his tone laced with indifference, which was incredibly frustrating

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Roseanne felt a chill down her spine as the breeze hit her, making her shiver involuntarily. "Achoo!"

Leda could see they were passing the buck around. She had intended to get to the bottom of it, but hearing Roseanne sneeze and cough again, she couldn't be bothered with the details any longer and had no choice but to get her on a medevac helicopter ASAP!

When they arrived at the hospital, seeing her drenched to the bone, a nurse handed her a set of dry clothes to change into.

Leda was concerned about Roseanne's hands and asked the doctor to check them thoroughly. Luckily, the examination revealed no real damage. There was no bone injury, just a slight sprain that would heal in a few days.⁸

They returned to the hotel on the island via a seaplane after picking up some ointment for the bruises.!!

Still fuming, Leda sought out the hotel manager responsible for the scuba diving service. The manager was courteous enough, but his words were all evasion, never admitting any fault on the hotel's part.⁸

During the argument, Murray happened to return from an outing. Hearing Roseanne's name mentioned and learning about the diving mishap, he pieced together the harrowing events from their fragmented conversation, feeling a chill at the thought.

Considering Roseanne was timid, always calling him when alone at home, needing his voice to fall asleep, he could imagine the fright she must have gone through.

He wanted to offer comfort, but then he noticed Corley, who had appeared out of nowhere, hovering around Roseanne, showering her with attention.

Murray bristled for a moment before composing himself and stepping forward. "Anne, I heard about what happened. The sea can be so treacherous. If there's any injury we haven't discovered yet, it could be troublesome. The Sherwood Group just funded a private hospital in Whitestone Bay. How about I take you there for a full check-up?"

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With a slight lift of his narrow eyes, Corley replied coldly. "The hospital's report is on the table, Mr. Sherwood. Didn't you see it? downtown hospital is good. There's no need to waste time with another check-up. Anne had a scare. What she needs now is rest, okay?" It seems Mr. Sherwood lacks attention to detail, he paused, suggesting more, "never truly understanding what a woman needs." Murray glanced at the report on the table, scoffing. That's just a small clinic. How can you be so sure of its accuracy? The Sherwood family's health center has top-notch equipment. The check-up wouldn't take half an hour, and seeing the results with your eyes is more reassuring than anything!"

Corley argued, "I don't wish to argue with you now. If you truly care about her well-being, you'd let her rest."

Murray retorted, "So, I don't want what's best for her, huh? But you, with that know-it-all attitude. Roseanne isn't one of your employees you can boss around."

Roseanne watched the two men go back and forth from barely civil to outright hostile. It gave her a headache. Tired of their bickering, she headed back to her room.

Roseanne looked around in confusion in the darkness, enveloped in a deep, soothing glow that gently rocked her. Feeling unwell, she tried to lift her hand but found her limbs heavy, as if weighed down by stones, completely unresponsive.” That sensation of being dragged down, as if about to plunge into an abyss at any second, jolted her awake with a start.!!

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Chapter 114

She looked around, the room devoid of light, submerged in a silence as profound as death

Thank God it was just a dream. Yet, she was gasping for air as if she'd just been dragged up from the deep ocean, desperate for fresh air. Ding! A night breeze swept through, causing the wind chimes in the entryway to tinkle softly. Roseanne glanced outside, the murmur of ocean waves distinctly audible. The lingering unease from her nightmare refused to dissipate. Unable to fall back asleep, she threw on a jacket and went for a walk.

The gentle breeze felt sharp against the cold temperature in the middle of the night. Roseanne wrapped her shawl tighter around her shoulders, her feet sinking slightly into the sand with every step. The stars hid themselves, leaving the night in darkness, with only a few sparse lights illuminating the shore.

Thinking back to the day's harrowing event, Roseanne couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. Her intuition told her they had overlooked some details.

Each incident seemed accidental, yet occurring together felt too coincidental. Although the lifeguard insisted his delay was due to a bathroom break, his over justification seemed forced

Roseanne locked up, stopping in her tracks.

Corley stood by the shore with his back to Roseanne and was on a phone call.

“Jared, what's the best move for a situation involving my friend?”

“Handle it privately? That's out of the question, International litigation is a hassle, but I'm not one to shy away from a challenge. Let's do it by the book.” He was fully aware of why the hotel's response was so arrogant.

It was an international luxury resort, known for having the prime spot on Maldor Beach. Even royalty would choose it for their vacations. They certainly had the clout to back up their attitude.

Unfortunately, they picked the wrong person to underestimate. Ending the call, he turned and stared into Roseanne's dark eyes.

Corley paused, then his lips curved into a smile. "Can't sleep?"

Roseanne answered softly. "Yeah, I couldn't sleep. Thought I'd take a walk."

The moist sea breeze brushed against their faces, bringing a chill.

Roseanne asked, "Were you talking about what happened to me?*"%

After a moment, Corley nodded. "Given it happened abroad, pursuing accountability is a bit different. I've never dealt with something like this, so I thought it best to consult a lawyer."

Roseanne bit her lip, then gestured toward a beach hut not far behind them, a 24-hour convenience store. "Want something to drink? My

treat"

of events. So, surprise flickered in his eyes, swiftly

Corley had expected her to avoid him like earlier in the afternoon, not

ot this turn of ey replaced by a gracious smile. "Sure."

How could he refuse her invitation?!

Corley picked a bottle of ice-cold beer while Roseanne opted for coconut water. They sat on nearby beach chairs.

Roseanne smiled. "Thank you."u

Corley caressed the beer bottle. 7 decided on your behalf without asking. I'm glad you're not upset. 3

He had chosen to let the corporate legal team start international litigation. As someone involved, Roseanne deserved to be informed

"Do you think so little of me?" Roseanne laughed lightly. "And what happened today must not have been a first-time incident."

Corley raised an eyebrow, prompting her to continue.

"Their reaction was odd, not shocked at all. Their first instinct wasn't to soothe the guests but to find excuses for themselves, and they did so with ease."

Corley listened quietly, then took out a business card. “Someone might contact you about this. If you have any questions, call this number

Roseanne looked at the card, Jared was a senior partner at Morningstar Law Firm and the gold–standard attorney serving the Sullivan family

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Roseanne bit her lip, tucking her hair behind her ear as she murmured another thanks. “Thank you.”}

Known for housing the country’s most elite legal team, the Sullivan family had stepped in on her behalf, cutting through the red tape that would have entangled anyone else for months.

For Roseanne, it was more than just a problem money could solve

Corley turned to her, his eyes shimmering with solemnity. “I’m not a saint, not even close to a good man. But because it’s you, I’m doing

this...”

Roseanne averted her gaze toward the sea in the cool night air, pretending not to hear. “What was that? I didn’t catch it.”

Corley chuckled. “Ah, no worries if you didn’t hear, I can repeat it. Want to listen?”S

Roseanne remained silent, signaling there was no need.

...X

Under the same night sky, Millie was meticulously applying a face mask in front of the mirror at a luxurious overwater bungalow of a

resort

You get what you pay for, indeed. The high–end skincare products Millie couldn’t afford before were at her fingertips, all thanks to Murray’s credit card, which she wielded without restraint. He never questioned her spending. Her skin had visibly improved from using these premium products.

Lounging on the couch, Murray got interrupted by her phone’s vibration, a nuisance that frayed his nerves. “Millie, your phone’s ringing.

“Oh, just ignore it. It must be another call from the academic advisor. So annoying! They keep calling...”

Murray was curious. “Academic advisor?”

“Yeah, I submitted a leave request before we left, and they keep checking in. Is that necessary?” She couldn’t help but roll her eyes at the thought.

Murray was silent, pondering. “So, did your advisor approve your leave?”

Millie didn’t care. “I guess so. Even if not, it doesn’t matter. Im already out of the country, so it’s no big deal. Everyone does it.”

Murray sighed, standing up. “I need some fresh air.”

Millie wanted to go with him. “Hey, wait. Il finish in a bit. Just wait for me...”

But all she got in response was the sight of him walking away.

Murray found himself thinking about Roseanne again..

Back in college, whenever they squeezed in some time for a date, Roseanne’s phone would buzz non–stop, receiving calls from some Ms. Payne insisting on discussing issues ranging from data inaccuracies to incorrect citations. At first, Murray could tolerate it, but as the calls persisted, irritation brewed within him. Yet, always polite and respectful, Roseanne would continue to answer each call with grace, even while trying to soothe his frustration.

“Don’t you find it annoying?” Murray had asked, visibly upset.

“Why would I?” Roseanne had responded, genuinely surprised. “It’s my responsibility. Ms. Payne calling to remind me is a kind gesture. How could I find it annoying?”

Indeed, Roseanne’s demeanor remained steady and calm, even amidst their arguments. She was always the first to initiate a dialogue and actively sought to resolve conflicts without being unreasonable.

Sometimes, Murray thought her chill vibe was almost freaky, like her sensible side was hiding any love for him.S

People said, “When a woman shows no emotional reaction toward you, she doesn’t love you. Don’t doubt it.”

But Millie was different. Murray could sway her emotions easily. A single look, a gesture, or a word from him could send her into anxiety or joy. She would adjust her mood to match his, complying unconditionally to his every whim and demand.

Thus, after six years of a respectful distance from Roseanne, encountering Millie’s adoring gaze turned Murray’s head instantly.

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Getting a kick

ick out of being needed and the focus of someone's life was amazing. But that was something Roseanne couldn't give him.

Yet, when he was with Millie, Murray felt something was missing, though he couldn't figure out what it was.

As they strolled, they found themselves by the seaside. Suddenly, Murray stopped in his tracks, his gaze growing colder, his expression darker?

Roseanne and Corley sat side by side on a beach chair not far off, laughing and sipping drinks together.il

After quickly slapping some serum over her face mask, Millie had rushed after Murray. But her fancy heeled sandals didn't make walking on the sandy beach any easier. She had to hustle a bit to catch up with him.

"Babe, what's..." she began, following his gaze, "Looks like Roseanne and Mr. Sullivan are getting along well, huh?" She smiled innocently, "They're even sharing drinks."

Murray remained stoic.

*From a distance, I thought they were a couple. But, you know, they do look quite good together."

"Babe, isn't it too much of a coincidence that Roseanne and Mr. Sullivan are vacationing in Maldor Beach? Could it be they planned this?" "Or maybe it's only a coincidence. I'm probably overthinking it." She mused, wrapping her arm through Murray's. "It's chilly by the beach tonight. Achoo..."

Millie had rushed out in a strap dress, forgetting to grab a shawl. And she was genuinely cold.8

But Murray showed no signs of offering his jacket, standing there with an iciness that Millie could feel emanating from him.

She clenched her fists jealously, though her face remained a picture of innocence. "Babe, it's cold. Let's head back, okay?"

Murray pulled away, turning to leave.

Left standing alone, Millie looked momentarily lost but quickly followed. "Babe, wait for me!

Glancing back toward Roseanne, she muttered, "Damn lucky!"

Finally catching up to Murray, they returned to their place.

Millie caught her reflection in the mirror as the running water sound filled the bathroom. Her dress flattered her figure, her skin smooth and fair, undeniably alluring.!!

Post-shower, wrapped in a silk robe, Murray was drying his hair when suddenly, a pair of delicate, fair hands reached for his chest through the opening of his robe.

Millie snuggled up close to him, whispering softly in his ear. Her movements were teasing, flirtatiously coquettish as she whispered, "Babe, you haven't touched me since that night. Don't you want me? I love you. Please don't push me away.!"

Murray didn't respond, and he abruptly pushed Millie away as she thought she had his consent, reaching for his robe's tie. His cold and distant voice followed, "I'm tired. Not in the mood."

Undeterred, Millie reached out again, only to be met with Murray's icy gaze, draining her of the remaining courage and leaving her standing there, dumbfounded."

Murray had no energy to deal with her antics and retreated to another room.

Watching him walk away, Millie felt her chest tighten, her temper nearly breaking free. She thought their relationship would have solidified after their last encounter, but he seemed more distant since then.

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Several times, Millie had made her move, yet Murray remained restrained. She couldn't wrap her head around it. What was his deal? Did he fancy himself a knight in shining armor for Roseanne's honor? Ridiculous!

Murray switched off the lights in the room, ready to hit the hay, but when his eyes shut, his mind was all images of Roseanne and Corley laughing and drinking by the seaside.}

He tossed and turned all night, sleep a distant dream.

The following morning, he dragged himself to the breakfast area, dark circles under his eyes, Millie clinging to his arm, cautious

And there was Corley, popping out of another elevator, trouble clearly brewing

Just then, Roseanne and Leda entered from another door, and Corley immediately approached with a smile. "Hey, ladies, good morning How did you sleep last night?"

His greeting was smooth and effortless!

But Murray could smell the cunning from a mile away

Leda nodded. "Not too bad."

Roseanne smiled. "Just a bit bothered by some mosquitoes, but other than that, fine

Corley suggested, "Shall we grab breakfast together?"

Leda agreed, "Sure."

The trio moved on, leaving Murray in the dust.

He scowled, tempted to follow, but Corley turned, "Oh, I forgot something. You guys head in. Ill catch up."

Leda waved off. "Okay, go ahead."

But Corley wasn't going back for anything. Instead, he approached Murray

"What do you want?" Murray frowned.

"Follow me. We need to talk," Corley dropped the line and headed toward the emergency stairs.!!

Murray disliked his tone but sensed it was about Roseanne. After a moments hesitation, he followed.

Leda noticed Roseanne's unusual behavior toward Corley and nudged her at the canteen. "I saw that. You usually don't give anyone but Murray the time of day What, having a change of heart, ready to dive back into the dating pool?

Roseanne answered helplessly. "What are you on about? He helped me out. I'm just grateful. That's all. Drop it's

Seeing she wasn't joking. Leda just shrugged. "Fine, it seems you've made up your mind."

Roseanne chuckled and forked a sandwich dripping in dressing into her mouth, "Focus on your meal."

In the stairwell, Corley said honestly. "I've had our legal team start proceedings against the hotel for yesterday's accident. It should be resolved in a few months if all goes well

Murray was imitated. "What's your point? Showing off your heroics? Are you out of your mind?"

Corley was used to Murray's outburst, hinting subtly, "Don't you think everything about yesterday was too coincidental?"

Murray narrowed his eyes. "What are you getting at?"

You know what I mean" Corley sighed

Murray frowned. Tve checked the security footage. The timing of the shark was too coincidental, but there was no evidence of foul play

know what you're insinuating Corley, but not everyone operates in the shadows like you

Chapter 118

Murray wasn't bom yesterday. When the drama with Roseanne went down, he figured it could happen. So, he demanded to see the footage without delay.

At last, they chalked it up to coincidence. The shark, the oxygen tank, and all were just a coincidence.

Corley frowned. "Listen to me...

Murray brushed off his hand, his voice icy, "I'm warning you to keep your distance from Roseanne, or you won't like what comes next!"}

Watching him walk away, Corley raised an eyebrow. Murray didn't mention Millie. Was it an oversight, or was he deliberately keeping her

out of it?

Millie stood there, uneasy. Seeing Murray approach with a stern face, she quickly flashed a smile and looped her arm through his, "Babe, I've been waiting for you. Let's go and grab some breakfast. I'm starving..." By the end, her voice trailed off, her cheeks puffing out in pout and playfulness.S

Murray merely grunted, not bothering to pull his arm away. He looked around and realized Roseanne had left. He shoved his hands in his pockets, irritated. Corley, that schemer, always had an agenda.

Roseanne had been on the island for a few days, finding stunning scenery and an incredibly open vibe. Tourists from all over the globe gathered there. They had different skin colors and spoke different languages, but none hindered interactions.

Just this morning, coming out of the diner, she bumped into a stunning black beauty. Fiery dreadlocks paired with a neon green bikini, she was bold and wild. Feeling Roseanne's gaze, she playfully blew a kiss her way.

Roseanne felt hit by her own hotness, her face went red and she almost choked on her own spit

Leda looked over, asking, "Are you okay? Caught a cold?"

Roseanne smiled awkwardly. "No, just... curious. Why are so many people in bikinis today?"

Surrounded by sea, the island saw its share of men and women in bikinis and shorts, but today seemed exceptional, with groups of them everywhere you looked.

"You seriously don't know?" Leda exclaimed.

Roseanne was clueless. "Know what?"

"Seriously, you came to Maldor Beach without doing research, huh? Today's the island's famous Bikini Day."

"On this day, ladies wearing bikinis to hit the beach, while the men carry a rose. You can surf, drink, dance, and socialize to your heart's content. As the sun sets, everyone returns to the beach, and the men gift their roses to the sexiest lady they find. The lady who collects the most roses becomes the princess of the night, receiving a mysterious gift from the hotel,"

"So..." she winked at Roseanne mysteriously. "I've got everything prepared to ensure you steal the show!"

Roseanne was baffled, "What?"

Five minutes later, Leda urged, "Are you done changing?"

A head peeked from behind the door, hesitating, "I feel like... this is a bit too much."8

Leda raised an eyebrow, pulled Roseanne out of the room, and pushed her to a mirror. "Oh my god! Look at yourself. How is this too much? You look stunning, okay?"

Leda admired her work, nodding in satisfaction. "Tsk, I've got such good taste. Look at this waist, these legs, this cleavage..."

"Hey!" Roseanne quickly cut her off. "That's enough!""

Just those words had her cheeks burning up. Taking a deep breath, Roseanne turned to the mirror.

The red bikini was the boldest choice, a daring two-piece that left little to the imagination, her skin glowing against the fabric.

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The part where Roseanne found the tiny pieces of fabric meant to cover her breast downright unacceptable had her exclaiming, “This is ridiculously

That was too embarrassing.

Roseanne said, “No way. I’m changing.”

“Hey!” Leda quickly grabbed her “What are you doing? You look fabulous, and some girls here are wearing less, Why the shyness?”

Roseanne freaked out. “Leda, give me a break, please... I can’t wear this out.”

“Aww, come on... Just then, Leda’s phone rang.

Seizing the moment, Roseanne wriggled free. “Leave me be. Go answer your blue-eyed puppy love!”

Reluctantly, Leda turned to take the call outside.

“Sweetheart, does this outfit look okay?”

“Uh-huh” Murray didn’t even look up.

Millie picked up another dress. “And this one? Isn’t the color too bland?”

“It’s f

I’s fine.

“What about this? Feels sexier... Millie was posing before the full-length mirror when she realized Murray y was on his phone, glancing her

way

Her eyebrows knitted, and her eyes widened in imitation. Just as she was about to lose her temper, something made her soften.

“Babe,” She fluttered into his arms like a butterfly, “out of these three, which one should I wear?”

Murray pointed at one without much thought. “That one.”

“Ah! That’s my favorite, too. It must be fate. So, I’ll... She bit her lower lip, “try it on for you, okay?”

Murray nodded. “Sure.”

Millie stood up and began undressing right there. It wasn’t until she unclasped her bra that Murray looked up, but the scene before him might as well have been thin air

He even frowned. “What are you doing?”

Millie froze in embarrassment.}

Murray added. “Isn’t there a walk-in closet?”

Ugh!

“Alright, I’ll go change over there.” Millie grabbed her dress and booked it out of there.

When she re-emerged, dressed, Murray had put down his phone and was massaging his temples, looking weary. He had rushed out on this trip, leaving a pile of work unfinished. Maurice had sent over a summary of urgent matters and had just finished dealing with them.S

“Changed?” Murray stood up.

Millie managed. “Yes, ready.”

“Let’s go then.” He walked out first without so much as a glance at her!

Millie’s enthusiasm felt doused in cold water. But she quickly adjusted her mood, thinking, ‘Huh, man! If he’s not looking now, he’ll surely feel possessive once we’re out and he sees other men looking at me.’S

With that thought, she tugged the fabric down a bit more. “Babe, wait for me.”

The beach was bustling. From afar it was a mix of all different skin colors, bikinis, and swimming trunks.”

Millie caught up with Murray but deliberately didn’t cling to him, even keeping a slight distance between them. As expected, she garnered quite a few whistles and attempts at flirting along the way. But Murray seemed oblivious, striding ahead.

Millie gritted her teeth in frustration;}

Reaching the outdoor beach, Murray lay down, leaving Millie standing awkwardly. Lying down beside him didn't seem right, either. She felt stiff and uncomfortable, her expression awkward. She came there for a vacation and romance, not to chase after a man who couldn't care less.

But then again, that man was Murray, a

Murray, and she felt it was worth it!

Chapter 119

"Hey, gorgeous, are you from Faeland?" A buff, good-looking foreign dude walked up, grinning and starting to chat.

Millie smiled sweetly back. "Yes, I am."

The two hit it off, chatting away. All the while, Millie kept an eye out for Murray's reaction.

Chapter 120

Murray was at the point of exhaustion, where shutting his eyes meant he drifted off into sleep, oblivious to the world around him.

"Wow!" Suddenly, the guy with handsome looks gasped, "She's breathtaking!"

Millie followed his gaze and saw Roseanne stepping out from a beach cabana, clad in a sleek black bikini set. A white chiffon scarf was loosely draped around her neck, fluttering and dancing in the sea breeze.

"My God! She's like a modern-day Marilyn Monroe! So damn hot!!

Millie shot the guy a cold look. "You think she's beautiful?"

The guy nodded enthusiastically. "Do you know about Marilyn Monroe? Imagine her in her iconic white dress walking down Hollywood Boulevard, the breeze lifting her dress, the scarf creating a spectacle..."

Millie clenched her teeth in frustration. "And what about me? Do you think I'm beautiful?"

"Gorgeous," the man praised without hesitation.

Millie pressed on, "And how do I compare to her?"

“Oh, it’s such a tough question. But honestly, I’d say she’s more striking if I had to choose.”

Millie’s expression darkened. She was tall and graceful, with smooth skin and wavy blonde hair cascading down her back, exuding a certain allure.⁸

On the other hand, Roseanne wore a modest bikini, its hem covering her thighs, and the color was a subdued black. But her skin was so perfect that the black made her glow.!!

Vaguely revealing her figure, the chiffon scarf was tender and seductive, carrying a hint of classical elegance. Uniqueness always stood out. Amid a sea of brightly colored bikinis, Roseanne’s understated elegance made her unique.

But what made Millie angrier was Murray’s reaction. Previously dozing off, he suddenly seemed to sense something, sat up, and his gaze locked onto Roseanne. A mix of surprise, admiration, and regret flashed through his eyes.

Millie’s jealousy twisted her features. She saw Roseanne as nothing but a gold digger, pampered by men, her delicate beauty due to a life of luxury. Was she pretending to be some dignified beauty, some elegant lady? Roseanne was just another girl trying to hook up with a wealthy man!!

Roseanne played the studious card, hit the library, and studied for exams, likely on the hunt for her next wealthy sucker now that Murray didn’t seem as into her. Hmph! Who did she think she was? Millie considered her leftovers.

“Babe, would you get jealous if other guys gave me roses?” Millie snuggled up to Murray, tilting her head to rest on his shoulder, purposely blocking his view of Roseanne.

stick

Murray pushed her away irritably. “It’s hot. Don’t stick to me.”

“Then, should I get you something to drink?”

“Yeah,” Murray responded absentmindedly, his attention quickly shifting back to Roseanne as soon as Millie left.

“Really? You changed the one I picked for you,” Leda eyed Roseanne disdainfully. “Black is too plain, and with a white scarf? You might as well have worn a one-piece

Roseanne cleared her throat lightly. “I feel comfortable this way.”

Leda rolled her eyes. “Fine, but don’t come crying to me when you don’t get any

Roseanne waved her off quickly, "Please, I don't want any."

But as fate would have it, what you feared often came to pass.

roses."

As the sun set, the Bikini Day's most thrilling event, the "Flower Giving commenced as scheduled. Nearly every man there offered roses to Roseanne.

At first, she said no, brushing them off, not wanting to take them. But as more dudes came over with flowers and folks started cheering, she had to take them so she wouldn't ruin the fun.