

# Love Burned She Rose Unscathed Novel

## Love Burned Chapter 141 - 145

### Chapter 141

Keeping up appearances was all that mattered, nobody wanted to stir the pot.

Caught in the middle, Murray Sherwood often played the role of Switzerland, avoiding confrontation at all costs. He neither initiated discussions nor inquired too deeply, adopting a see-no-evil, hear-no-evil stance.

The thought of resolving the ongoing tension between his girlfriend and his mother was a bridge too far!

Roseanne Cole understood his position and never pressed the issue.

—

For instance, she never cornered him with questions like where they should spend Christmas Eve with her or with his mother, Beverley. She spared him the dilemma.

Looking back, she realized all her concessions, patience, and understanding were merely self-consolation.

Men don't cherish; they take for granted and deem it their due.

Roseanne said, "Yeah, I missed my parents, so I bought a ticket home."

Her words were simple, but Leda Reynolds knew that mustering the courage to return home wasn't easy for her.

"How are your aunt and uncle? It's been ages since I last saw them. Say hi for me."

"They're good, actually asked about you over dinner."

Back in college, the Coles knew Leda was their daughter's best friend. During summer breaks, they'd often send Roseanne back with local goodies for her.

Leda now found herself craving Norris Cole's homemade beef stew.

"So, when are you heading back? Planning to stay long?"

Roseanne pondered for a moment: "Might be a while. It's been so long; I want to spend more time with them."

Leda nodded, "Makes sense. They must miss you a lot."

On the phone, Leda's eyes suddenly sparkled as she stumbled upon something on her iPad: "Hilarious, just saw something funny."<sup>2</sup>

Roseanne: "What is it?"

"Didn't you see?"

"No."

Leda then remembered she had blocked Murray a while ago.

"Cough! Gotta tell you—Millie just updated her status. Looks like Murray got her a Hermes Kelly bag. Total show-off move, right?" Leda wasn't even sure when she added Millie, but stumbling upon the post felt like watching a drama unfold: "Talking about a Christmas gift, and there's a pic with their hands, making sure everyone knows Murray spent Christmas Eve with her. But then, Cliff, bless his heart. either clueless or stirring the pot, made a comment that stood out among all those envious ones."

[Wasn't Murray just at Starlight? He made it home already?]

The comment section turned awkward real quick.!!

Leda couldn't help but smirk: "So petty, a Hermes bag and she's all happy. Think about when you were with Murray, you could have anything you wanted..."

If only Millie hadn't been so showy, but her pictures and chat logs were too obvious!!!

Yet, the real kicker was a post Murray made two minutes ago-

A photo of a hand holding a wine glass, with their master bedroom in the background, vaguely showing a photo frame on the nightstand. It was a picture of him and Roseanne from their trip to the North Sea two years ago."

Caption: [Drunk, missing her.

"Serves him right! Why doesn't he just drink himself to death?!" Leda was in full rant mode, but sensing silence on the other end, she quickly cleared her throat, "Ah, why dwell on such unlucky things during the holiday season."

Chapter 142

Roseanne offered a slight smile, "It's fine, no need to tiptoe around it."

Despite her words, the atmosphere still dipped into an awkward silence.

Suddenly, the background noise on Leda's end grew louder, "Anne, gotta go, the family dinner is starting, and my mom's been looking for me everywhere."

"Sure 2

After hanging up, Roseanne was about to put her phone down when several messages popped up.

It was Corley Sullivan.

He sent over some international lawsuit documents, a notice of acceptance, and briefly updated her on the current progress. The rest were documents that required her signature.

International lawsuits were more complex and time-consuming than domestic ones, so Roseanne was somewhat surprised by the quick progress."

After downloading the files and signing them online, she forwarded them back to Corley.

He acknowledged them immediately, sending back a message with a hint of jest:X

"You trust me that much? Not afraid I might sell you out?!!

Roseanne replied, "You wouldn't"

Corley felt a warm surge in his heart and couldn't help but smile.

He was evidently pleased by her response and lazily typed back

"Don't worry, it's just the usual paperwork, nothing beyond the current lawsuit."

Roseanne raised an eyebrow, unfazed by his explanation.

She wasn't naive. She had scrutinized every document before signing. Moreover, if Corley had any ulterior motives, he wouldn't resort to such a roundabout and amateurish tactic.

Two seconds later, her phone vibrated again-

Corley: "Happy Christmas Eve. I hope my wish c

comes true next year."

Roseanne flipped her phone over and placed it face down on the bed. After all, she wasn't Santa Claus; his wishes were none of her business.

"Anne, your dad made some cookies, come and eat-"

Madge's voice echoed from downstairs, prompting Roseanne to quickly respond, "Coming!"

At eight, the holiday's special broadcast began.

Roseanne, enjoying the cookies with her parents on the couch, occasionally savored a cherry her mother fed her—she couldn't be happier!

At midnight, accompanied by the TV host's countdown, fireworks soared into the night sky outside, bursting into a myriad of colors, a dreamlike spectacle.

In the yard, Norris was also setting off firecrackers.

Madge stood by, covering her ears, yet reminding her husband, "Be careful.."

As the firecrackers ignited, crackling sounds filled the air, heralding a smooth and prosperous year ahead.

Roseanne watched her parents in the yard with a smile. Suddenly, she felt her phone vibrating in her pocket. An unknown number was

was calling.

She never answered calls from strangers, but noticing the Lumina City IP address, she decided to pick up

"Merry Christmas."

A familiar, calm, and cultured voice came through, bringing a wider smile to Roseanne's face as she gazed at the fireworks in the sky. "Mr. Reynolds, Merry Christmas,"

Owen Reynolds had inferred from Leda's hints that Roseanne might have returned to her hometown.

After the family dinner, he retreated to his study to reevaluate some experimental data. However, halfway through, he suddenly stopped. his gaze dulling towards his phone

Two seconds later, he reached for it, dialing Roseanne's number for the first time since they had exchanged contacts./

As the dial tone beeped, his heartbeat slightly quickened until the call connected. Before she could even speak, he found himself saying, "Merry Christmas-"

## Chapter 143

That same head sent blessings her way, and the girl's gentle, serene voice seemed to carry a hint of laughter.

In Owen Reynolds' mind, an image surfaced: her, holding her phone, a slight smile on her face as she wished him a Merry Christmas.

Fireworks exploded, illuminating her smiling profile.

It must have been beautiful

On Christmas, Roseanne was allowed to sleep in until eleven.

Sunlight crept up the windowsill, its brightness seeping through the curtains. She opened her drowsy eyes to see the shadows of tree branches, cast like dancing claws on the fabric.

Is the sun out?!

hdrew the curtains back.

Sitting up, she yawned, walked to the window, and with a swoosh,

Sure enough, daylight glittered on the snow-capped mountains in the distance, blindingly bright.

Norris and Madge were in the yard, reading books and basking in the sun.!!

Norris, ever so attentive, knew Roseanne had woken up the moment he heard the window open. As a teacher, he always had a strict sense of time and disapproved of Roseanne's habit of sleeping in.

He lifted his tea cup, took a sip, and said, "It's all your mother's doing, sleeping till this hour, meals all out of whack, do you even care about your stomach anymore?"

"Young people these days, no regard for their health. Wait till you're older, then you'll understand..."

Madge stuffed a slice of orange into his mouth, "Will you stop nagging? She's graduated, not your student anymore. It's the first day of the year, let her sleep in, will you?"

Then, turning to Roseanne by the window, “Don’t mind your old–fashioned father. There’s breakfast on the table for you, just warm it up?” Roseanne smiled, “Got it!

With the sun high in the sky, after breakfast, she joined the tea–drinking, sun–basking session.

“Dad, what’s this

stea? It smells amazing.”

Roseanne sniffed the tea cup; the tea had a light, fragrant aroma, not overpowering, with a subtle hint of date, reminiscent of fine pastries, rich and unique in flavor.

“This is some old white tea Halley Cole left us a few years back, Norris took a sip, smacking his lips, “Indeed, it’s quite nice. Halley Cole, the only son from Maddox’s family, Roseanne’s cousin.<sup>8</sup>

“I thought you didn’t like tea?”%

Like many girls her age, Roseanne favored milkshakes and fruit teas over the slightly bitter, acquired taste of pure tea!!

She chuckled, “People change, right? I didn’t like it before, but suddenly, I do now’

A couple of years ago, Murray was always drinking, so she tried to get him to switch from alcohol to tea.

Unfortunately, Murray couldn’t quit drinking, but she ended up falling in love with tea herself.

Madge, sensing something, frowned and gave Norris a look before changing the subject, “You have the nerve to talk, you’ve drunk all the tea in the house. Did you forget the doctor’s advice? Drink less tea, more water

Norris touched his nose, silent.!!

Roseanne didn’t get to enjoy her schadenfreude for long before Madge turned to scold her, “And you, young lady, always cooped up at home, how is that proper? With the weather this nice, go out, don’t just sit around and mold=”

Just like that, Mrs. Madge pushed Roseanne out the door.

Minutes later, she stood in the crisscrossing alleys, suddenly unsure of where to go.

Not wanting to run into any neighbors, she thought for a few seconds and chose a less populated, quiet path.

Aimlessly wandering, letting her feet decide her path.

Yet, unwittingly, she found herself at Horizon Future Middle School—where Norris taught, and where she had spent three years of high school.

#### Chapter 144

It was the middle of winter break, and most students were off enjoying their holidays, leaving the campus looking like a ghost town. The security guard spotted her standing at the gate, sizing her up with a quick glance. “Must be college break, here to visit your teachers. huh?”

Despite it being the holidays, a buzz of activity remained as seniors were stuck in prep classes for their final exams.

Before Roseanne could utter a word, the guard, with his hands clasped behind his back, waved her in, clearing his throat softly, “Go on in, but keep it down. Don’t disturb the seniors in session.”

Roseanne thought to herself, “Silence is golden,” indeed.

She wasn’t there to see any teachers, so she steered clear of the academic buildings.

Instead, she wandered around the sports field a couple of times before deciding to leave. On her way out, she passed by the school’s trophy case.

And there it was, her own photograph.

Beneath it, a small inscription read:

“Roseanne: Class of 20xx, Valedictorian in Science, accepted into the Biology program at Kingswell University.”

The wind was picking up, causing her to avert her face slightly.

Leaves rustled and danced in a mini whirlwind on the ground. What started as a sunny day quickly turned overcast.

Roseanne raised her arm to shield her face from the wind, ready to leave, when suddenly, she heard someone cry out, “Mr. Cole—

Looking up, it was indeed Nomis!!

She recalled him mentioning just the previous night, during the Super Bowl party, that he had to drop by the school today to deliver some test papers to the seniors.

And here he was.

“Mr. Cole, you’re early. Don’t you have tons to do at home on Christmas’ Day??!”

The greeting came from a female teacher around Norris’ age.

Roseanne recognized her; they lived in the same faculty housing complex, albeit in different buildings

This teacher also taught Physics, sharing the research group with Norris. While Norris took the honors classes, she handled the regular

ones.

Thus, Roseanne had never been her student, but her daughter, Teresa, was in the same class as Roseanne.!

“Ms. Hunter,” Norris greeted with a smile. “Not too busy at home, actually.”

“Really? Your daughter, Roseanne, she’s not coming back for the holidays again?”

The words were barely at the edge of Nomis’ lips when Helen continued, “It’s just... she’s changed ever since going off to Lumina City for college. Abandoning her studies, and now, it seems, her family too.”

Norris attempted to interject. “Actually Roseanne-“8

“No need to explain, I get it. Such a shame, really. She was such a bright student. Now, taking shortcuts like some misguided youngster, just goes to show how the glitz of the big city can blind you

Norris’ smile faded slightly. “Who says my Roseanne is off track?”

Helen’s smile faltered as she realized she might have said too much in front of Nomis.

But what was with Norris’ expression? She hadn’t made it up!!

Roseanne’s move to Lumina City for college and her failure to return was a fact!!

Dropping out of her master’s program without even trying to fake it!!

Rumors had it she latched onto some wealthy benefactor, becoming the other woman in a messy affair. There’s no smoke without fire, right?

“Mr. Cole, I understand your position, and it’s unfortunate. To see such a promising daughter go astray... Back then, we shouldn’t have let her attend Kingswell University.



She could have stayed closer to home, attended Pinehollow University, or even gone to the city for Z University. Why chase after something out there?

“Now, look where it’s gotten us. Once the bird flies the coop,

o, it’s gone for good. You both must feel so unlucky...”

Chapter 145

Norris’ face had turned a deep shade of red, anger evident in every line of his body. “Mr. Baker, my daughter Roseanne is an exceptional child. Whatever you’ve been saying about her today, wherever you heard it from, I’d appreciate it if you’d keep it to yourself from now on!” “Because it’s all nonsense! Slander, even! This is not the behavior expected of a role model.”

With those words, Norris stormed off, his departure radiating fury.

Helen rolled her eyes, “Pfft, done the deed but can’t handle the talk? Exceptional child, my foot! Ruining the school’s reputation, shameless...”

Remember how proud

Norris used to be.

Having a daughter who was top of her class, swept awards in competitions like they were going out of fashion. The pride of the entire grade, if not the whole school.

Every parents’ meeting, Roseanne was all he could talk about, beaming with pride.

And what did it amount to?

So what if she got into Kingswell University? In the end, she’s just another rich man’s plaything

Ugh–8

Halfway through the conversation, Roseanne ducked behind a display window, unable to bear the thought of her father’s face as he endured the insults and slander. He was a man who cherished his reputation, upright and honest!!

Nor could she bear to think how heartbroken Norris would be if he found out she was there and had heard everything

So, she hid !

After handing over the test papers and answer sheets to the senior year coordinator, Nomis left!

Just as he reached the school gates-

“Dad!”

“Anne? What are you doing here?”

Roseanne replied, “Just wandering around and ended up nearby.

“Is that so... Looks like it’s going to rain soon. Don’t listen to your mom, let’s hurry home.”

“Okay” Roseanne got onto the rear seat of his bicycle.

“One, two, three- Nomis gathered strength and pedaled hard, propelling the bicycle forward.

“Dad, I’m sorry...”

“Huh? What are you apologizing for?”;

“For not coming to see you and mom for so many years...7

Letting you face so much pressure and all those rumors.

Nomis: “What are you talking about? You’re here now... That’s what matters.”

“I should have gone in to see. Your picture is still up in the display window!”

Roseanne was surprised. “Really?”

“Your competition certificates are there too. Remember the first time you entered the physics competition, and I asked if you were nervous? What did you say?!!

Roseanne replied, “What did I say? I forgot.”

“You said, I couldn’t care less.T

“Really? Was I that bold?”

“You were bold in high school! Relying on your good grades, utterly fearless!

“Oh, now I’m embarrassed...”

“Ha ha hat

On the way back, as expected, it started raining

The rain mixed with snowflakes, falling on their clothes, i icy cold to the bone.