

Love Burned She Rose Unscathed Novel

Love Burned Chapter 41 - 50

Chapter 41

Madeleine turned to Roseanne. “You have a good memory. There was a book in this series about genetic testing, right? I can’t find it.”

Roseanne didn’t have a photographic memory but had a knack for remembering the important stuff. She had flipped through the book Madeleine talked about at the library a few days ago. Her gaze shifted to the bookshelf, scanning until her eyes lit up. “Ms. Payne, is this the one you’re looking for?”

Madeleine glanced at the cover. “Yes, yes, that’s the one! You’ve got eagle eyes. I’ve been searching for ages, and it was right under my

nose...”

“Carlisle, come here. This book, along

ng with these primary research papers, should be enough for now. Take them with you, can dig up anything else later.”

“Thank you, Professor.”

and I

ril see if i

Carlisle reached out to take them. He had been scrambling to gather enough resources for his graduate thesis. Hearing Madeleine had the original texts, he had come over first thing in the morning.

It was then that Madeleine remembered to introduce them. “Anne was my student, and she’ll return as one soon.

Carlisle paused, taking a moment to catch on. “Oh, planning to be your postgrad?”“8

Madeleine laughed, then turned to Roseanne. “This is Carlisle, a second-year master’s student gearing up for his PhD. He’s been reviewing lately, too. You two could keep each other company.”

Roseanne nodded slightly. "Nice to meet you. I'm Roseanne."

Realizing Roseanne was also Madeleine's student, Carlisle took out his phone, offering to exchange contact information. "It'd be great to hit the library together. Maybe we can discuss our projects and help each other out."

After a brief chat, Carlisle had to leave for class.

Roseanne remembered the muffins on the table and grabbed a plate from the kitchen to serve them up.

Madeleine's eyes sparkled at the sight. "It's been ages since I've had this. Did you go out of your way to buy it?!!"

The bakery downtown was famous for its hard-to-get muffins.

Roseanne replied without mentioning the nearly hour-long queue she endured. "just happened to pass by, so I picked it up."

Madeleine said with a happy smile, "You, my dear, that's so sweet. That place is too far, and you must have waited a long line." Roseanne playfully hugged Madeleine's arm. "It's no trouble at all. It was quick."

Madeleine gently tapped her on the head. "Okay, no more sweet talking. I've got a few assignments for you. Why don't you give them a try?"

"You didn't invite me over

ver just to watch me do homework, did you?" She playfully pouted.!!

Madeleine urged, "Less chatter, more study. I'm just looking out for you."

Roseanne nodded. "Got it, starting now."

Seeing her walk away with such energy. Madeleine smiled contentedly.

Roseanne spent the day at Madeleine's house, preparing a hearty dinner in the evening before cleaning up and heading home.

That night, while reviewing her notes, her phone buzzed

Carlisle: [Heading to the library tomorrow? Want to go together?]

After a moment of thought, Roseanne replied: Sure, see you tomorrow.

The following morning, Roseanne saw Carlisle waiting at the library entrance when arriving

“Have you had breakfast? Brought you something” Passing by the dining hall on his way from the dorm, Carlisle had grabbed an extra portion.

With a quick thank you, Roseanne finished the breakfast sandwich and coffee in no time, and they headed into the library together

Carlisle had snagged a spot on the second floor. As the elevator doors opened and Roseanne was about to step in, someone rushed past, beating her to it

It was Millie and her roommate.

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The alarm was initially at 7 a.m., but Millie couldn't peel herself out of bed in time, causing her and her friend to dash frantically, fearing they'd be late.

“Which floor?” Roseanne glanced at her before asking.

“Second floor” In contrast to her calm demeanor, Millie, running in a less than graceful manner, secretly clenched her teeth.

Stepping out of the elevator together, Millie noticed something odd when she saw the study materials in Roseanne's hand. “You're here to study at the library, too? Don't tell me you're thinking about grad school?”

Roseanne kept, and her expression was unreadable.

Millie couldn't hold back. “So many undergrads can't even pass those exams, and you, years out of college, think you have a shot?”

Without missing a beat, Roseanne replied, “Whether I make it or not isn't your concern, but are you saying you're one of those undergrads who couldn't make it?”

Millie was almost at her breaking point. She was a junior, not yet considering work, just starting to think about grad school. With a year ahead, she wasn't in a rush

Her roommate had made a detailed study plan, while Millie had half-heartedly gotten through college, thinking if she got in. If not, she always had Murray to fall back on

Roseanne's words hit a nerve. “You think everyone's like you? Whether I get in doesn't matter to me. He said he'd give me anything I want.”

Roseanne didn't care to elaborate, “Is that so? Well, good luck keeping that confidence.

With that, she caught up to Carlisle, who had already moved ahead with the crowd.

Seeing Roseanne's retreating figure, the roommate turned to Millie, visibly annoyed, and curiously asked, "Who was that?"

"Just someone I've seen around a few times. Let's go. Didn't you want to get good seats?"

Halfway there, something struck Millie, who asked her roommate. "Hey, do you know how to cook oatmeal?"

The roommate shook her head. "Huh? I've never tried. But there are tons of tutorials online. Just look it up."

Millie immediately downloaded a cooking app that detailed every step. After finding a seat, she spent the entire morning engrossed in it without flipping open her book.

About to offer some advice, her roommate thought better of it. After all, Millie had snagged a rich guy. Her future was bright, so why bother?

After exiting the library at noon, Millie went to the grocery store, returning with bags full of groceries. Her roommate was puzzled.

Millie announced confidently, "Starting today. I'll learn how to be the perfect girlfriend."

Roseanne wasn't the only one who could please Murray

pots, pans, and oats,

The moon was high, and the city lights never dimmed.

Worn out from work, Murray was dropped off at his mansion by his driver. An eager figure rushed toward him when he got out. "Babe, I've been waiting so long. You're finally back!"

Murray staggered back to maintain balance, signaling his driver to leave. "When did you get here?"

Millie smiled. "I came over in the afternoon. Do you always work this late? it must be tough. Let me give you a massage, yeah?"

Attempting to reach for him, Murray subtly dodged. "I'm not tired. Did you come over for something?"

Millie bit her lip, turned to grab a thermal bag at her feet, and pulled out the oatmeal. "You mentioned wanting oatmeal last time. I made this. Try it and see how it tastes?"

Murray frowned slightly, unlocked the door, and looked back at her. "Come in first"

It was the first time Millie had been allowed into the mansion since they started dating

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Her heart raced wildly inside her chest as she took a deep breath and followed him into the house.

She knew the mansion was large, spacious, and brilliantly lit, but this was her first time stepping inside. The decor was distinctly local, with a color scheme dominated by gray, black, and white, subtle yet luxurious in the details that mattered

As a sophomore minoring in art history, Millie could recognize the value of the surroundings. The paintings that adorned the walls held their prestige, though they were not from Monet. Even the seemingly inconsequential items, like a trash bin emblazoned with the LV logo, spoke volumes about the wealth contained within the space.!

Passing through the living room, they entered a meticulously maintained indoor garden adjacent to a home theater and gym, with a corner dedicated to a set of golf clubs. People said the mansion was part of a community with its golf course.

Pinching her palm, Millie thought back to before she met Murray. The most luxurious item she'd ever seen was a Hermes crocodile skin Kelly bag a classmate wore. A designer limited edition, it was worth a small fortune on the resale market, enough to buy a three-bedroom house in her hometown.

Yet, the unreachable Hermes seemed trivial in the mansion, scattered on keychains, pool tables, and lighters.

If she stayed by Murray's side, married him, and had his children, did that mean all this could be hers too?

She would have the grand mansion, designer bags, chauffeured rides, and servants at her beck and call.

Murray hadn't noticed Millie's daydreaming.

The oatmeal she'd made was thick, but he'd barely tasted it before putting down his spoon.!!

Millie blinked in confusion. "Why aren't you eating? Did I mess it up?!"

Murray replied, "I had a bite after work. I'm not hungry now. I'll have some later."

“Okay, but if you said it was bad, I’d be sad, you know,” Millie pouted, her eyes sparkling with innocence. “It’s my first time cooking for someone. Go easy on me.”

Murray affectionately ruffled her hair. “No classes today? Had time to make oatmeal.”

“It’s almost finals, not much going on. I plan to apply for grad school and spend the day studying in the library. Only got free in the afternoon to come see you.”

Millie recalled her encounter with Roseanne, her gaze flickering before she swiftly changed the subject. “The news said there’s a meteor shower coming up. How about we make time to watch it together?”

Murray hummed in agreement, showing no sign of impatience, though the absent-minded loosening of his tie betrayed his restlessness. “The news is hit or miss these days. We’ll see.”

Millie wisely dropped the subject.

“It’s getting late.” He stood up. “Til drive you back to campus.”

Millie bit her lip, remembering the low-cut dress she had changed into earlier. She smiled and looped her arm through his, brushing against him so lightly that it was like a breeze. “You’re in such a hurry to get rid of me?”

With her genuine smile, her teasing was like a melting candy in the air.

Murray smirked lightly. “I can’t control myself well.”

“Is there anything you’re afraid of?” Millie looked up at him, innocence and allure blending seamlessly!

“Sure,” he said, half-smiling.

“Murray, I... Millie wanted to tell him that she didn’t have classes tomorrow and could stay.

“Let’s go,” Murray didn’t wait for her to finish, grabbing the car keys. “Don’t want the dorm supervisor on your case again, do you?” Millie stuck out her tongue playfully and followed him

Reaching the door, she paused, “Murray, you said there are things you’re afraid of. Let me try one more thing, dare you?”

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“Huh?” Murray raised an eyebrow.!

“You dare to add my fingerprint to your system?” Millie pointed at the lock on the front door, her face drooping like a wronged puppy. miserably stating. Tve been waiting at your door so many times. Look at me, my hands and legs. One, two, three, all these bites. Can you bear to see me bitten up like this again?”

Murray said lightly, “Of course not”

“Yay!” Millie jumped up in excitement. “I did it on purpose. I wanted to get my fingerprint in so I can come over any time without sneaking around.”²

The man chuckled. “Still acting like a kid...”

Murray went ahead and added her fingerprint.

When remembering the oatmeal she made for him and the red bumps on her arms and legs, Murray reached into his pocket. “Here’s a card for you with a monthly limit. Treat yourself to something nice.

Millie bit her lip nervously. “No, no. I can’t take your money.”

Murray insisted, “It’s only right for my girlfriend to spend my money.”

*Really?”

Just take it. Don’t feel bad about it.”

“Well, okay. Millie smiled brightly. “Then I’ll bring you oatmeal again tomorrow!”

Murray waved a hand dismissively. “No need.”%

It just wasn’t the same. No matter how many more times he tried, it didn’t taste the same.

After a long day of studying, Roseanne and Carlisle parted ways outside the library.

Having aced his exams back in the day, Carlisle was full of advice for studying and even took the time to highlight

at key po Roseanne had intended to invite him for dinner, but Carlisle got a call from his roommate and had to leave, promising to continue their study session the next day.

points for her.

The heat of June was starting to make itself known. Feeling the onslaught of the heatwave, Roseanne returned home and turned on the air conditioning to feel alive again.

She opened the fridge, planning to make broccoli, bacon, and clam chowder. She had to treat her stomach right

After cooking, she heard a faint noise outside. Thinking it might be her neighbor, Owen, Roseanne opened the door but saw the cleaning lady instead.²

The cleaning lady asked, "Young lady? Need anything?"

Roseanne shook her head. "Nothing."

The next day, she arrived at the library at the agreed time with Carlisle and brought breakfast for both of them. Since Carlisle didn't take her money for yesterday's breakfast, it was only fair she did the same today.

Looking uneasy, Carlisle thanked her, "Th—thanks, you're too kind."

Roseanne's usual spot by the window, where the light was good and the crowd thin, was perfect for studying.

However, she didn't expect to see Millie there alone. Roseanne didn't care if Millie had chosen the spot on purpose and wasn't interested in guessing. She calmly took out her books and papers and started working

On the other hand, Millie seemed restless, frequently glancing over at Roseanne

Even Millie had to admit there was a serene beauty to Roseanne's focused profile, breathtaking in its tranquility. Perhaps that was why Murray still had her on his mind even after their breakup.

Millie gripped her pen tightly, recalling how Murray had rushed to Roseanne's side at the haunted house, leaving her behind without a second thought. He was panicked.!

Millie didn't have much say, but as Murray's official girlfriend, she couldn't afford to lose.

Having started his exam preparations from his first year, Carlisle had found a study rhythm that worked well for him.

Chapter 45

Under his influence, Roseanne found herself becoming significantly more productive.

By mid-morning, they had breezed through two sets of problems.

While reviewing her work, Carlisle was astonished to see Roseanne had achieved a staggering 95% accuracy rate on both sets.

Hearing Roseanne had only recently picked up her studies again after a three-year hiatus made her performance all the more impressive. No wonder Madeleine held her in such high regard.

Oblivious to Carlisle's thoughts, Roseanne excused herself to the restroom.

Millie saw her leave and quickly followed. "Wait up."

Roseanne turned around, unsurprised by her presence. "What's up?"

"Last night, I dropped off some oatmeal at his place, and he loved it. He ate it all. Millie couldn't help but smile, revealing dimples. "Not only that, but Murray asked me to stay the night.

"I never knew he had such a wild and irresistible side. He kept me up all night." Millie deliberately said in innuendos, her eyes fluttering shyly, embodying the image of someone thoroughly charmed and a little overwhelmed.

A pang of jealousy hit Roseanne hard, making it difficult to breathe.

"Jealous?" Millie whispered, leaning in close. "Regret, huh? Too bad that you've missed your chance."

Suddenly, Roseanne flashed a smile, locking eyes with Millie, and said deliberately. "How do you know he hasn't done this with anyone but you?"

Millie turned pale as Roseanne spoke without emotion, "Maybe you're just one of many. Definitely not the last."

Ignoring Millie's ugly expression, Roseanne walked away.

Finishing the last problem, Carlisle realized Roseanne's seat had been empty for a while. He was about to text her when he saw her return.

Noticing her pale face, he grew concerned. "Are you alright? Feeling unwell?"

Roseanne forced a shake of her head. "I'm fine, just a bit stuffy in here. Let's keep going."

Carlisle agreed, "Okay."

By five in the afternoon, their study session ended.

Recalling the missed dinner opportunity, Carlisle suggested, "There's a new steakhouse nearby that's got great reviews. Want to check it out? My treat."

Roseanne stood there, her mind miles away. Though it wasn't evident to others, she was distracted.

Hearing Carlisle's offer, she could only decline apologetically. "I'm sorry. I'm not feeling well today. Maybe some other time."

Carlisle didn't mind. "Sure, we'll plan for another time."

After she returned home, Roseanne collapsed on the couch, feeling all her energy sapped away."

The fish in the aquarium she had kept for a while now seemed bigger, bubbling away. Watching them swim lazily, Roseanne slowly drifted off to sleep.

She woke up later, only to find it was all dark outside. Glancing at her phone, it was already 8 PM. No wonder she woke up hungry. Slipping into her slippers, she made something to eat but then remembered her fridge was empty due to her recent busy schedule. She had planned to go grocery shopping but had forgotten. The supermarket was still open at this hour. The vegetable selection was slim, but the seafood section had fresh options.³

Opting for a codfish, craving a tangy flavor, she also headed to the condiments aisle. Just as she was about to grab a jar of pickles, her hand brushed against a warm one.

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Roseanne's gaze shifted as she noticed the man's hands first. They were slender and well-defined, contrasting the ready meals in his shopping cart. When she looked up, she found him already looking down at her.

Roseanne chuckled. "You're not seriously going to call that dinner, are you?"

With a slight cough, Owen replied, "Sometimes, after a long day, I can't be bothered with takeout. These are quick and easy."

"I did the math. These provide enough protein, vitamins, and carbs for a day," he added with a seriousness that made her laugh.?

"Looks like Mr. Reynolds has figured it out with scientific calculation and precision," Roseanne teased. "But, what would it be if you had to choose between these and a fresh, hot meal?"

Owen fell silent. The answer couldn't be more obvious. No one would choose a microwave meal over something freshly cooked.

With a sly smile, Roseanne said, "So, Mr. Reynolds, how about I cook dinner tonight? In return, you only need to do one thing for me."Z Half an hour later, Owen was staring at a fish on the cutting board, "This seems a bit tricky to deal with."

Roseanne cleared her throat. "Usually, the supermarket has a butcher to handle this, but they're too busy today. If you prefer..."

While rolling his sleeves and removing his glasses, Owen said, "Ill try."

"Okay," Roseanne nodded, secretly hoping to cut a corner with the tricky task of slicing fish.

But watching Owen in the kitchen, she suddenly felt guilty, wondering if it was too much to ask a physicist to slice the cod fish.! Seeing the evenly sliced fish pieces five minutes later, she dropped her earlier thought. Far from being an overkill, Owen was astonishingly talented.

"Will this do?" Owen asked.

"Sure. You could rival a professional chef with those skills, Roseanne complimented.8

Owen chuckled at her comment, a smile tugging at his lips. "I've never cooked before, but my biology background includes some dissection, so... ahem!"

Roseanne bought the fish, and Owen got some meats and tomatoes, resulting in a lavish barbecue dinner.

After dinner, Owen insisted on washing the dishes.B

Once they cleaned up everything. Roseanne spoke, "It's getting late. You'd better head back. I'll take care of the trash."8

Owen usually went for a night run, but it was nearly midnight, so he decided not to linger.

Roseanne had napped earlier and thought she'd struggle to sleep, but she drifted off soon after Owen left. She slept soundly, waking up refreshed before seven."

"I envy you, going to the library to study and then just sleeping. Me? I have to go on a blind date first thing in the morning. Leda complained while applying her makeup in front of the mirror, her enthusiasm waning at the thought of meeting a stranger.

"Envious? Why don't you join me at the library instead?" Roseanne teased, trying to lighten the mood.

Leda grimaced, "I'd rather go on the blind date."

She had never been the academic type. Getting into Kingswell University was a surprise. One genius like Owen in the family was plenty. There was no need for her to compete.”]

Leda remembered something. “Oh, I’ve edited the photos we took last time. I’ll send them to you.”

“Alright.”

Ding. Leda sent the photos.

Roseanne flipped through them, pausing at a few where she had a fox ear headband on, pulled into a face by Leda, looking innocent and pitiful.”

Chapter

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Some photos were of Leda, freshly off the rollercoaster, looking like she’d dodged a bullet. The sight was so hilarious that she couldn’t help but burst into laughter.

Scrolling to the end, she was about to lock her phone when she noticed two familiar figures in the background of her selfie. Her lips pursed slightly, realizing she’d accidentally caught Millie and Murray in the frame.

She was the star in the photo, and the others were mere background extras. Yet, how those two held hands made it seem like she was the Intruder in their world.

“Sadie, Sadie! Murray clutched his stomach, pale as a ghost, calling out twice.

But the mansion was eerily silent. There was no response.!!

He’d woken up early in agony. Waves of pain rolled from his stomach, leaving him cold and nauseous, but nothing came out when he tried to throw up. It was a familiar pain, his stomach ulcer acting up again.

Remembering he had antacids in the house, Murray rummaged through the cabinets only to find an empty box.

Bearing the pain, he called his assistant. Bring some antacids to the mansion, will you?”

Sensing urgency, the assistant rushed to the pharmacy and drove to the mansion, finding Murray pale and silent on the couch, sweating bullets.R

“Mr. Sherwood, your medication.”

Murray took the pills and water and gulped them down immediately.

The assistant asked with concern, "Do you need anything to eat?"

Murray waved him off. "Just go.

Relieved, the assistant left quietly.

However, less than an hour later, Murray was on the phone again.

"Do you read or see?" M.

"Do you see?" Murray

"What kind of antacids did you get? They're not working at all. How hard can it be to pick the right ones? Can't you

try to keep his temper in check, but the unrelenting pain made it difficult.

Noticing the medication wasn't his usual brand, he realized why it was ineffective.

"Sorry, Mr. Sherwood. I didn't check. Which brand do

you need?"

Murray stared at the box, his mind going blank, Roseanne used to take care of this. He had no idea about brands or manufacturers. Her choices always worked immediately.

Hanging up, frustrated, he dialed Roseanne's number. "Sorry, the number you are calling is currently busy..."

His face darkened, remembering Roseanne had blocked him. Then, the sound of the door opening. Sadie was back from grocery shopping!

Murray disliked strangers in his home, so she had fixed times for her duties.

Seeing her, he approached, "Sadie, your phone?"

Startled by his ghastly appearance, she asked, "Mr. Sherwood, what's wrong with you?"

Irritated, Murray snapped, "Just give me your phone. I need to make a call."

Dialing without a second thought, the familiar number connected quickly.

"Hello? Sadie? Her voice was clear and calm, and before the call, Murray had a barrage of questions and accusations.

throat, he could only muster, "My stomach's acting up.

But stuck in his

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At that moment, Roseanne paused, a memory flashing through her mind of a photograph where she and Millie were walking hand in hand, laughing together.

She spoke indifferently, "If you're sick, go to the hospital. I'm not a doctor"

With that, she hung up. Her tone was casual, sounding like the person on the other end was a stranger.

Fuming. Murray clenched his jaws so tight that his whole body trembled, and in rage, he threw his phone against the wall, smashing it to bits.⁸

Standing nearby, Sadie was speechless. That was her phone!!!

Roseanne's words had struck a nerve, making Murray's blood boil and his stomach ache even worse

With a stubborn streak worsened by spite, he stormed upstairs and locked himself in his room, thinking, "Does Roseanne think I can't manage without her? Ridiculous!"

Sadie glanced at her wrecked phone, remembered the call, and sighed, shaking her head. She couldn't fathom what Murray was letting someone as wonderful as Ms. Cole walk away

In the afternoon, after Sadie finished cleaning and was about to leave, she knocked on the bedroom door. "Mr. Sherwood?"!!

There was no answer. Thinking Murray was still upset, she didn't think much of it and left.

Thinking

Later, Hertha drove to the villa, expertly unlocked the door with a fingerprint scan, and stepped inside. "Murray. I'm here to relay Mom's message. This time, it's Miss Park from Columbia University, Murray, are you there?"

Frowning when she received no response, she dialed Murray's phone, only to hear the ringtone inside. Looking down, she saw the phone on the coffee table. If the phone was there, he should be home.

Puzzled, she headed upstairs.

“Murray? Are you in there? Mom wants us to have dinner with the Park family. Do you hear me?”

After knocking for ages with no reply, Hertha grew worried.

‘What’s going on? Why is there no sign of him?’

Frowning, Hertha called Sadie

Sadie said with worry on the phone, “Mr. Sherwood’s been home all day. He looked pale. Probably, his stomach was acting up again, and he’d been quiet. Hope he didn’t faint or something.”⁸

Alarmed, Hertha quickly grabbed a spare key to open the door. Sure enough, as soon as a ghost, collapsed on the floor, motionless.

As the door swung open, she found Murray pale

as

Hertha screamed, “Murray...”

The icy drip of the IV seemed to ease the unbearable pain slightly

Exhausted, Murray opened his eyes, his throat parched. “Water..” he murmured

Seeing him awake, Cliff hurriedly handed him a glass of water.

After quenching his thirst, Murray gestured for Cliff to take the water away.

“Murray, feeling any better? Hertha called us and said you passed out, scaring everyone to rush over

“Yeah, Murray, you always act like everything’s fine, then all of a sudden, you end up in the hospital and nearly give us all a heart attack.”

Murray glanced around the room. Several friends were there. Corley, York, and others had all come. Hertha was by his bedside, looking worried. And even Beverley had shown up.

But Roseanne was nowhere in sight.

Murray forced a smile. She was so heartless.

Murray asked, “What’s my situation?”

Cliff replied, "The doctor said it's due to irregular eating habits, and maybe you've been drinking a bit much lately. Uh, so you've got a perforated stomach,"

Hertha pouted, "Murray, gosh, you scared me to death! I walked in, seeing you lying there lifeless. Thank goodness you're okay, but the doctor said you need proper rest. Don't take it lightly."

Brooding since Murray woke up, Beverley finally erupted, "Where's Roseanne? With something this serious happening, why isn't she Chere?%"

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Hertha was puzzled.

If it had been any other time, Roseanne would have been at Murray's hospital bedside in a heartbeat, fussing over him with water and endless concern, her eyes brimming with tears. But this time, she was nowhere to be seen.

When Hertha voiced her thoughts, a deathly silence spread. Stone-faced, Murray said nothing. Cliff and York, who knew the situation, dared not make a sound.

Corley finally spoke up, his voice indifferent. They broke up. Didn't you guys know?"

Beverley frowned. "Still holding a grudge? How many days has it been? Her temper sure has grown!"

Upon hearing that, Murray's expression darkened.

"Ahem! Beverley, it might not be so easy to resolve this time..." Corley glanced at Beverley.

Beverley exploded, "What do you mean? Roseanne is putting on airs now?{"

"Mom," Murray interrupted coldly, his face stern, "it's truly over this time. I was the one who ended it."

"What?" Beverley was stunned, and Hertha was just as taken aback

Given the timeline, Roseanne's absence did seem unusually long

Without waiting to leave the hospital, Beverley immediately called Roseanne.!!

As soon as the call connected, Beverley sneered before Roseanne could speak. "Who do you think you are? your life! All these years, how much has he spent on you, and how have you repaid him? You ungrateful bitch, worse than a stray dog on

My son was a blessing in
the street!”

She gritted her teeth. “My son is sick now, When are you coming back...

On the other end, Roseanne listened quietly, not interrupting, and then calmly said, I’m sorry, but your son

is no longer my

concern. After ending the call, she blocked Beverley’s number. Then she opened her messaging app, deleted their conversation, and confirmed. She let out a deep sigh of relief, feeling an unprecedented sense of freedom.³

Shocked by the abrupt end of the call, Beverley tried calling back only to find the line busy. She was livid. “Fine! Have it your way, Roseanne! Just fine!”

Carlisle noticed a subtle smile at the corner of her mouth and asked, “Is something up?”

Roseanne shook her head, having just sorted out a mess!

As they left the library at the end of the day, darkness had fallen. The night breeze carried a hint of chill, and the dim streetlights cast a warm glow, rustling the leaves.}

Looking at Roseanne’s profile, pale and touched with aloofness, Carlisle gathered his courage. “You mentioned grabbing dinner sometime. Why not make it today? Of course, if it’s not convenient...

Roseanne thought it over. Carlisle had been a great help lately, and she had been meaning to treat him to a meal. “Sure, I’ve got some groceries at home. If you don’t mind, how about I cook for us?”

Carlisle was pleasantly surprised. “At your place? Uh, I mean...”

Roseanne nodded. “It’s just a fifteen–minute walk from here, quite close. But if you’d rather eat out, that’s fine, too. Your choice.”

Seeing her so unassuming, Carlisle felt disappointment and relief. “No, no, that sounds great. Homemade is clean and healthy. I’ll take you up on that offer, then,

Chapter 50

Roseanne checked the fridge when she got home, noticing a good amount of groceries left from the day before. She planned a hearty meal with beef stew, barbecue fish, prime ribs, and green beans.

Her deft movements in washing and chopping the food were a revelation to Carlisle, who was utterly clueless in the kitchen.

“It seems most people these days order takeout or eat out. Finding someone who prefers cooking their meals is becoming rarer,” he commented.

Roseanne offered a slight smile in response. “Everyone has their way of living. I happen to enjoy cooking for myself.”

Carlisle watched her bustling about, taking in the surroundings. The apartment was small but meticulously tidy and thoughtfully decorated.

Among which a physics book oddly stood out.

A small bookshelf in the living room caught his eye, filled with professional literature, among

He thought it was a bit rude to closely examine a lady’s personal space, so he stopped looking around

Soon, dinner was ready, filling the room with delicious aromas.

Carlisle was stunned after trying the prime ribs, his eyes widening in shock. “This is amazing. You’re skilled in the kitchen.

Having been accustomed to the heavy flavors of fast food, he found the dishes Roseanne cooked to be a delightful surprise.

“Heavenly,” he thought to himself.

Roseanne chuckled at his exaggerated expression. “If you like it, feel free to have more.”

Carlisle nodded, “Thanks so much for the dinner.” He added shyly, his eyelashes fluttering, “With your cooking skills and being such a wonderful person, anyone dating you would be lucky”

Before Roseanne could reply, a loud knocking interrupted them.

She frowned, setting her fork down. “Excuse me for a moment. I’ll see what that’s about.”

When Roseanne opened the door, Hertha began dragging her outside without a word.

Roseanne was bewildered

Hertha fumed, "Come on, we must go to the hospital. Murray's sick, and he needs you."

Roseanne didn't budge, her gaze dropping. "We've broken up. His matters don't concern me anymore."

Hertha couldn't believe what she was hearing. "Murray's got a perforated ulcer, and you're still holding a grudge till now? Do you even have a heart?"⁸

"Weren't you in love with him? Is this how you show your love? You know Murray didn't mean it when he suggested breaking up. You took it seriously, and now, you're stubborn, blaming him for not pampering you."

"During these six years, in what way did he not treat you well? Living in a mansion, wearing designer clothes, picking any jewelry you wanted, using a black card whenever you felt like it..."

Hertha rattled off these luxuries, her envy clearly showing. She didn't even have a black card.

"And to think I used to speak well of you. All I'm asking is for you to visit Murray in the hospital, and even that's too much to ask?"

Roseanne's expression remained indifferent, and her tone was even, "Yes, it's too much to ask. You can leave now.%"

"Fine," Hertha laughed bitterly. "Just remember what you've said today. I hope you keep this attitude and don't come back crying, begging my brother to take you back!"

With that, she slammed the door and stormed off.

As Hertha's footsteps faded, Roseanne's grip on the door handle tightened momentarily.

"Um, are you okay?" Carlisle asked awkwardly, having caught bits and pieces of the argument from inside.

Roseanne closed the door, turning back with a smile. "I'm fine. Let's get back to dinner."

He noticed her calm demeanor, sensing a subtle shift in the atmosphere.