

# Love Burned She Rose Unscathed Novel

## Love Burned Chapter 51 - 60

### Chapter 51

The meal was a feast for the senses, a classic roast with all the trimmings, yet Carlisle squirmed uncomfortably with each bite. As soon as polite society would allow, he made an excuse and left.

The house fell eerily quiet. Roseanne was left clearing the dishes, Hertha's words echoing in her head unbidden. "Murray's got a perforated ulcer."

Her mind wandered. Clatter! A plate slipped from her grasp, shattering on the floor!

Instinctively reaching to gather the pieces, she nicked her finger on a shard. A sharp hiss escaped her lips as tears, unbidden, splashed down onto her hand.<sup>8</sup>

After six years, not just days or months, habits were deeply ingrained in her. At the news of Murray's hospitalization, her first instinct was worry, an urge to visit him at the hospital.

But reason held her back. Roseanne thought she would gradually get used to not worrying and not shedding tears for him anymore. From the brilliance of their love to the weariness of companionship and separation, the cracks had been forming for a long time. Maybe it was from his first broken promise or perhaps his first lie. When Roseanne looked back, only fragments remained. Six years could be enough for a touching love story or a tragedy that wasn't worth remembering.

Fuming. Hertha stormed down the stairs in high heels. Rushing, she stumbled over some trash in the hallway, cursing the building. "What a dump! It's filthy, absolutely infuriating!"

Her phone rang.

"Murray, what's up? Shouldn't you be resting?" she snapped, still seething, yet her tone softened slightly, remembering Murray was sick. Murray had just woken up in the hospital to find Hertha had gone out.

"Hertha said she went to find Roseanne to get her to visit you," Cliff explained with a shrug as if it was out of his hands.

Murray's gaze flickered, waiting another forty minutes, his eyes repeatedly darting to the door amidst bouts of thirst and restlessness. Finally, he couldn't take it anymore and dialed Hertha's number. "Where are you?"

Hertha mumbled, "Out."

Murray pressed, "How long till you get here?"

Having failed to drag Roseanne along and not keen on returning to the hospital to annoy Murray, Hertha hesitated. "Maybe I won't come back. Til head home first, pick up the chicken soup Mom made for you, and..."

"Roseanne isn't with you?" he cut in, sensing something off.

Oops! Hertha sighed. "No."

Murray clenched his jaw. "Who told you to find her? What does my being in the hospital have to do with her? Can't you all understand what a breakup means? Always meddling!"

"Yeah, I'm meddling. So, it's just me who's annoying, okay? You two are just too noble and detached to care!" Hertha snapped back, fed up with being treated like a doormat.

Murray asked again, "What do you mean?"

Hertha scoffed coldly. "Roseanne said it herself. Your issues have nothing to do with her anymore. Whether you're sick or worse, she wants no part of it. She's not interested in visiting you at the hospital! Happy now?"

"Hello? Murray? Murray!"

The call went disconnected 8

In the hospital room, Sadie observed Murray's deep, brooding gaze, then the shattered phone on the floor. Another phone bit the dust! Instinctively, Sadie clutched her newly replaced phone. She couldn't afford to lend it out again.

Chapter 52

As the temperature soared, the meteorological office issued a red alert.

The temperature had hovered around 95 degrees Fahrenheit for a week, pushing Owen's research to the brink of a breakthrough after relentless calculation and verification

Finally catching a break, Owen was exhausted and trudged to his seventh-floor apartment, looking forward to a good night's sleep to recharge. However, a sudden noise from across the hallway halted his steps.<sup>8</sup>

Pausing, he turned and knocked on the door opposite his. "Roseanne, are you in there?"

There was no response. Owen knocked again, but still nothing.

Hesitating for a second and contemplating whether to call for help, he heard the door unlocking. Roseanne peeked out, leaving the door just ajar.<sup>B</sup>

"What's up?" Her demeanor was casual as if the knock had merely interrupted her day, her voice as calm as ever betraying no sign of distress.

Yet, Owen couldn't shake off the feeling that something was off, like a rose wilting without water.

He was silent for a moment under Roseanne's puzzled gaze

Suddenly, he spoke, "You mentioned you worked on a paper last time. How's it going?"

Roseanne replied, "I submitted it two weeks ago. I've been reviewing and waiting for the results for two months now."

Owen adjusted his glasses. "I have a paper, a work in progress. Would you be interested in taking a look?"

Roseanne was surprised.

Twenty minutes later, in Owen's apartment, sitting on the couch, Roseanne scanned the paper in her hands, her eyes lighting up

Focusing on biological sequences and discussing initial values in biological changes, Owen's paper wasn't breaking new ground topic-wise but approached the subject from a novel angle. The verification methods and conclusions were all innovative. But innovation meant it required substantial, compelling data support.

Roseanne asked Owen, "Is this your paper?"

Owen nodded. "I started it in my sophomore year."

Roseanne felt a mix of emotions.<sup>8</sup>

No wonder the bioinformatics professors were still upset about Owen switching from biology to physics years later. It was like he was made for it, cranking out top-notch work even as a sophomore.

Roseanne kept asking, “Why didn’t you publish it?”

“I thought I could perfect it. Look. These two sections lack solid experimental data to back the conclusions. After switching my major, physics consumed all my time, leaving none to complete it.”%

A hint of regret flashed in his eyes.

Roseanne pondered. “Then why show it to me today?”

“Ms. Payne sent me your undergraduate paper recently, asking if I could suggest a new topic

“I noticed you’ve tackled similar subjects before” he pointed at the paper in Roseanne’s hands. “So, I’m asking, are you still interested in continuing this line of work?”

A spark ignited in Roseanne. The deeply buried passion seemed on the verge of resurfacing. She hadn’t set foot in a lab since graduation.

Roseanne wasn’t sure. “Can I?”

Though unpracticed for a while, the procedures were in her memory.

Yet, fear lingered, doubting if she could still adapt to the lab work as before.

“As long as you want to, there’s no issue Owen reassured. “Next October, the Academy of Sciences will form a research group, open even to graduate students, focusing on genetic sequences. You’ll have the chance to apply once you start if you get into grad school this

Led by several academicians in General Biology, the group

oup had gotten the green light last year, still under the radar to the outside world but well-known within Kingswell University!

Chapter 53

For Roseanne, that was a rare opportunity.

h “If you’re interested, you can take this back and have a look. He pulled out a flash drive and laid it before her, “It contains all the experiment details.”

Roseanne looked up, her bright eyes sparkling with excitement. “Thanks, Ill give it some thought.”

By ten o’clock, it was about time for Roseanne to head home.

Owen walked her to the door.

“I just live across the hallway. You don’t have to walk me out,” Roseanne said with a chuckle.

Yet, Owen glanced at her inadvertently exposed finger, gently reminding her, “You shouldn’t keep that band–aid on for too long. Clean it with the iodine, and it’s best to let it breathe.

Roseanne instinctively curled her index finger, “Thanks. I’ll remember that.”

17

Owen didn’t say much more, just nodded slightly, then turned to pick up a small pot of pink succulents. This is for you.<sup>7</sup>

Roseanne blinked in surprise, admiring the palm–sized plant with its chubby leaves that faded from green to pink, so adorable. “Really? For me? It’s so cute.”

Owen nodded sincerely. “Yeah, I was walking by a flower shop a few days ago and noticed there was just one left, so I picked it up. Consider it a thank you for that fish dinner you treated me to last time.”

Roseanne smiled. I’ll accept it then. But really, we’re friends. You don’t need to be so formal next time. There’s no need for gifts.”

Her eyes twinkled like stars in the clear night sky, full of life and brightness.

“Sure,” Owen felt a soft flutter in his heart.

York and Cliff had planned a visit to the hospital room early in the morning.

York was carrying a lunchbox with something that resembled care and precision. “Murray, don’t say I don’t look out for you. Guess what I’ve got you here? Blueberry almond oatmeal! Heh!

“Knowing your stomach’s been weak, you need something light. I had my chef get up early to make this. Don’t be fooled by its modest look. It’s full of nutrients to have you bouncing back soon!”

Cliff glanced at the fragrant blueberry almond oatmeal, then at York's smiling face, barely suppressing a smirk, wondering if York was there to deliver food or stir trouble.

They all knew well enough that Murray wasn't fond of soups except for the stomach-soothing oatmeal Roseanne used to make. Anything else was as good as invisible to him.

As expected, Murray barely tasted it before grimacing and tossing the spoon aside. Forget it! It tastes weird! Where did you find this chef? Can't even make a decent oatmeal.

York raised an eyebrow. "Come on, you're too picky. It tastes fine to me."

Murray's face was expressionless. "Then you have it."

York huffed, "It's not really about the oatmeal, is it? My chef's a big, tough guy, and he just doesn't match up to a sweet girlfriend cooking you oatmeal with love, right? Oh, right, ex-girlfriend.... My mistake.!"

"Ahem, ahem!" Cliff coughed violently, trying to stop York.

But it was too late.

Murray snapped, "Get out!"

York grabbed the lunchbox. "Fine, I'm goi

going! With that attitude, it's no wonder Roseanne won't return. If I were her, I wouldn't either!"

With that, he made a swift exit.

lep on his sore spot. You're unbelievable!

Cliff chased after him, scolding, "You knew he was upset, yet you still had to step on

York shrugged. "Even you know Roseanne is his sore spot. Yet he's still playing tough. If he wants her to visit, why doesn't he say it? Always trying to act all indifferent"

Cliff just shook his head in disbelief.

"Hey, Cliff, maybe you should play Cupid here?"

Chapter 54

Roseanne finished her morning jog, had a refreshing shower, and stepped onto her balcony to admire her collection of succulents, Joined by a new addition, a pot of pink succulents standing out among the green. Gently poking it with her index finger, she admired the soft, tender plant, feeling a wave of happiness.

Her buzzing phone on the table snapped her out of her reverie.

Seeing “Cliff” flash on the screen, she answered with curiosity. “Cliff? What’s up? Calling at this hour, is everything okay?”

Cliff greeted, “Hey, Roseanne, how’ve you been?”

“Good, you?”

It was his chance

Cliff straightened up. “I’m... not doing great.”<sup>8</sup>

Roseanne frowned. “What’s wrong?”

“Probably too many late nights and drinks. My stomach’s a wreck. I can’t really eat anything, but I’ve been seriously craving your homemade blueberry almond oatmeal. Any chance...” Cliff didn’t mention Murray wanted it, opting for a roundabout plea.

Though she’d met Cliff through Murray, Roseanne had formed her bond with Cliff independently of Murray over the years. He reached out, especially when he was feeling unwell.

After checking her watch, Roseanne replied, “Sure. I’ll head out and grab some groceries. Swing by around noon?”

“Ah! Thanks, Roseanne! You’re the best! Love you. I’ll call you later“)

Roseanne chuckled.

By noon, Cliff followed the directions to a quaint neighborhood near Kingswell University, navigating several winding alleys before finally parking near the designated spot.

Walking down the shaded lane, he found the building. Remembering her mention of the seventh floor and the lack of an elevator, he gulped.<sup>3</sup>

Minutes later, panting and sweating as if he’d lost half his life in the effort, Cliff stood at her door.!!

Roseanne let him in, immediately handing him a glass of water. "Are you okay? Was it that bad?"

Catching his breath, Cliff waved off the concern. "Just a bit out of shape, Roseanne. How did you end up in such a secluded spot?"

He meant to say "run-down" but thought better of it at the last moment.

"It's peaceful, and everything's within reach." She handed him the freshly made blueberry almond oatmeal. "Eat it while it's hot. I've packed some apple pies, too. Be careful not to spill

The aroma hit Cliff, and he understood the craving. He nodded, "Thanks, Roseanne. I owe yo

As he left, he hesitated, turning back, "Roseanne, you..."

you dinner

Before he could finish, Roseanne checked her phone, "It's almost one. I need to head out. I walk you out."

His unspoken words swallowed, Cliff nodded, "Okay."

Roseanne watched his sports car disappear before letting her smile fade. She could guess what Cliff wanted to say but no longer wanted to hear it!

Rushing to the hospital, Cliff set the container down on the small table in front of Murray.

"This should satisfy."

Murray skeptically opened the lid, but after one taste, his expression softened. Despite the harsh words and actions, was there still a soft Spot?"

He took another bite, eyeing the door. "Where is that woman?"

"Who?" Cliff was clueless.

"The one who made this. That woman has decided to return?" Murray raised an eyebrow, scoffing, "What does she take my home for? A hotel? She comes and goes as she pleases?"

Chapter 55



Corley lounged on the couch, a smirk playing on his lips as he watched Cliff's awkward fidgeting. "Well, you shouldn't worry. After all, Cliff fibbed about craving it. That's why Roseanne would cook it up. And she's not showing up anytime soon.'l

Murray's expression darkened instantly, his gaze slicing toward Cliff, icy and sharp. "Did I ask you to go? Who gave you the right to decide on your own?"

Cliff shrank back slightly, clearing his throat. "I was just concerned about your health. You've barely eaten anything these past few days. If Roseanne hadn't made that oatmeal, you'd still be starving.."

Murray remained silent, his face a stone mask.

"I stopped by Roseanne's earlier. The place she's staying now is tiny and rundown, with no elevator. Climbing seven flights of stairs daily. you can tell she's having a rough time, Cliff ventured further, trying to read Murray's reaction.

Despite his words of disdain, a flicker of worry crossed Murray's eyes momentarily.

"Yeah, he still cares, Cliff thought

Just as Cliff was about to add something else, a high-pitched 'Babe' echoed from the doorway. Both Cliff and Corley couldn't help but shudder at the sound. It was like nells on a chalkboard.

Millie hadn't heard from Mumay in days. Calls went unanswered, and it was only after asking York she learned that Murray was in hospital for a gastric bleed. Panicked, she skipped her classes and rushed to the hospital.

Seeing Murray in his hospital gown, looking pale, she pouted, tears welling up. "Babe, I'm so sorry. I just found out you were in hospital. How are you feeling now? You look pale. Should I call a doctor for you?"

Her barrage of questions, mixed with endless crying, was grating on everyone's nerves, not just Murray's but also Cliff's and Corley's.

Rubbing his forehead, Murray soothed her. "It's alright now. There's no need for tears.2

He couldn't help but miss the days with Roseanne, how even in distress, she'd have everything organized and under control...

Always keen at reading the room, Millie noticed the shift in Murray's demeanor and toned down her emotions, her sobs subsiding to sniffles, though her eyes remained red, filled with concern and sorrow.

Seeing her quiet down, Murray softened. "My getting sick was sudden, but it's nothing serious. I'm okay now. You should head back to school.

Millie bit her lip. "Are you sure you don't need me to stay? I could make you s  
some oatmeal.

Cliff couldn't help but chuckle at that. The famous oatmeal was still untouched, and yet here was someone offering to make more. The irony was just too funny.

Having had little interaction with Cliff and the others, Millie felt a rush of irritation at his laughter. Was making oatmeal that laughable?2

After catching on to the jest, Murray's brows knitted together. "No need. You should head back to school."

Sensing his impatience, Millie quickly acquiesced and left.

As soon as she was gone, Corley, silent most of the time, stood up. "So, will you eat that oatmeal or what?"

Murray wanted to refuse, but glancing at the carefully made oatmeal, he begrudgingly admitted, "Who said I wouldn't eat it?"

## Chapter 56

Roseanne had been grinding through two exam papers in the library, stumbling over each final question. She racked her brain for ages, to no avail, and then remembered seeing a similar problem in a book. She got up and headed to the lending area to search for that book and its problem type.!!

After a few minutes of searching, she found it and was about to return to her seat when a book caught her eye.

The title was "Genetic Sequences: Recombination and Fusion. And she remembered something Owen had said, prompting her to pull the book from the shelf.

As she flipped through the pages, she was surprised that the book's viewpoint resonated deeply with her thoughts, She turned more pages, her excitement growing, and she became completely engrossed in the material.

Her phone vibrated in her pocket, and a message popped on the screen.

Leda: [Guess where I am?]

Roseanne thought it was some word game and was about to reply when a thought struck her. [You're at school, aren't you?]

[Bingo!]

Immediately after Roseanne stepped out of the library, she saw a figure standing under a tree.!

"What brings you here all of a sudden?"

"Just passing by and thought I'd bring you some treats." Leda lifted a bag, the delicious aroma wafting through the air. "I've made the delivery, so I should be off."

"Aren't you going to join me?" Roseanne asked.

Leda waved her off. "It's all for you. I've got tons to do." She sighed, "I've just taken on a new project and been busy with work for three days. I only slept eight hours in total these few days. I woke up to my dad summoning me. It's just madness!!

A designer, Leda only took on a few big projects a year, each demanding her full attention, often leaving her no time to rest. This time, it was a rush job, or else she wouldn't have got dragged into it

"This gig has a bit to do with the Sherwood family," she said, a mischievous glint in her eye, "Interested?"

"Not interested," Roseanne cut her off before Leda could finish, handing her an umbrella, "Aren't you busy? Don't forget the sunscreen."

Leda watched her walk away, raising an eyebrow. She hadn't even shared the details yet. Looking down at the project brief, it was true. The Reynolds family's rival was the Sherwood family.

Meanwhile, after sending Millie off, Murray cleared out York and Cliff, who were there for the spectacle.

The once noisy hospital room fell silent. Rubbing the temples, Murray looked at the IV needle in his hand and yanked it out without a second thought. Blood oozed from the puncture site. He scowled, dabbing it with a tissue before putting on his jacket, ready to leave.

"Mr. Murray! You can't leave the hospital now!" After entering to change his IV bag, a nurse tried to stop him.

Murray frowned. "Move!"

Intimidated by the cold fury in his eyes, the nurse stepped aside, watching him leave before reporting to the hospital authorities.

Murray hated the sterile smell of hospitals and the helplessness of being a patient. He wanted to go home.

Sure enough, Beverley's calls started flooding his phone.!!

Concentrating on driving, he ignored the calls until the constant ringing became too much to bear, and he eventually picked up with one hand.

Beverley's voice came through, frantic and fast. "The hospital just called me, saying you left without discharge. Do you have any idea of your condition? You need to go back..."

## Chapter 57

Murray couldn't stand it any longer. After seconds of listening, he hung up and promptly switched his phone to airplane mode. Finally, he had some peace.

Walking through the front door, Murray felt his irritation fade as he sighed heavily.

As he went upstairs, for some reason, he found himself drawn to the kitchen instead.

The kitchen was spotless, with all the utensils neatly arranged, conjuring up images of Roseanne bustling around. She used to spend hours making oatmeal. She'd prepare the ingredients the night before, cleaning and soaking them. By the morning, everything would be ready to be cooked with the oats.

He found it all too cumbersome and asked her not to bother, but he'd come home to find a warm, stomach-soothing oatmeal waiting for

him every evening.<sup>2</sup>

Eventually, he stopped protesting, contentedly enjoying the food and her affection.

Lost in thought, suddenly, he heard the front door open from the outside.

"Mr. Sherwood?" Sadie greeted. Beverley had sent Sadie over.

After Murray stormed out of the hospital, Beverley, worried about her son being on his own and unable to cope, asked Sadie to keep an eye on him.<sup>38</sup>

Murray gave a quick order. "Sadie, could you make some oatmeal?" before heading upstairs.}

Sadie was left in confusion. Oatmeal again? When in the world was Ms. Cole coming back?!

Feeling exhausted and overwhelmed, Sadie put on her apron and reluctantly started to make the oatmeal despite her internal cries of despair.<sup>3</sup>

Once the oatmeal was ready, she took it upstairs, only to find Murray asleep in bed.

His face was pale, and even in sleep, his brows furrowed. Sadie gently placed the oatmeal down and returned to the kitchen to clean up. before quietly leaving.D

In the middle of the night, Murray slept restlessly, feeling a burning sensation in his stomach.

The cold needle pierced his vein, a liquid flowed in, and gradually, the burning sensation subsided, though he still felt hot.

Beverley stood by the bedside, watching her son delirious with fever, feeling angry and heartbroken. At ten o'clock, she had tried calling Murray, but no one answered. Worried something might happen, she hurried over to the villa.

Just as she feared, upon entering, she found him burning up with fever, delirious and unable to be awakened, repeatedly calling out for

Anne.

She immediately contacted the family doctor.

"Dr. Lee, how's Murray?" asked Beverley.]

"I've taken his temperature. It's coming down. The fever is ultimately due to his chronic stomach issues. I prescribe some medication and have it delivered. Ensure to follow the dosage instructions.

Murray's fingers twitched, and not wanting to disturb his rest, Beverley followed the doctor into the hallway.

After finishing an IV drip, as the nurse was setting up another, Murray opened his eyes, saw the blurry figure, and shielded his eyes with his arm, speaking hoarsely, "Can I borrow your phone to make a call?"

With the phone in hand, he dialed the familiar number. After two rings, the call connected. He swallowed, his throat rough and seemingly blocked, struggling to speak.

On the other end, Roseanne was in a deep sleep, roused by the ringtone. She groped for her phone and answered with a sleepy "Hello?"?

However,

ever, no one spoke.

Roseanne could barely open her eyes and was ready to hang up, thinking it was the wrong number.

Chapter 58

On a quiet night, a whisper floated through the darkness from the other end of the phone, "Anne, it hurts."

Murray's voice was shaky, betraying his pain. In that instant, Roseanne felt sympathy.

Murray was strong, stubborn, and never one to back down. Whether it was drinking himself into a stomach ulcer or working so hard that he forgot to eat, he pushed himself to the limit. During those times, Roseanne had tried everything to help him recuperate.<sup>8</sup>

She ensured he ate three square meals and even learned some massage techniques from an experienced physiotherapist. After much effort and time, she managed to get his health back on track.

Yet, all she got in return was a terse "You're a bother." And sometimes, when his patience ran thin, he'd frown and snap, "Why are you acting like my mom?"

The memories, long buried, resurfaced in her mind, but the wave of sympathy quickly faded.

Roseanne replied, "I'm not a doctor. If it's that bad, go to the hospital."

When he heard her cold response, Murray's grip on the phone tightened, yet he persisted, "I want the oatmeal you make."}

Roseanne stayed silent, listening.

No more words came from the other end, resulting in a silent standoff. Finally, Roseanne was the one to hang up.

Murray remained motionless, holding the phone. Thinking he was asleep, the nurse glanced over and was surprised to find him awake, his complexion pallid.

"Sir, are you..." The nurse's voice trailed off in concern.

Murray returned the phone and closed his eyes, worn out and silent.

The next day, Roseanne was already up as dawn broke.

She dialed Cliff's number. "How's your stomach? Feeling better? Still want some oatmeal?"}

Deep in sleep, Cliff thought it was a prank call, not even opening his eyes. But the moment he heard Roseanne's voice, he sat up immediately, "Roseanne! Ah, Roseanne, your oatmeal was delicious. I finished it in a few bites and have been craving it ever since. I wish I could have it daily."

Roseanne didn't expose his lie, telling him when to come and pick it up before ending the call. She and Murray could never return to what they once were. Doing this much was all she could offer.

After a few days of rest, Murray nearly returned to his old self. During this time, Millie brought him oatmeal daily. Murray would ask her to leave it to cool down each time, planning to eat it later.!!

Today, as usual, Millie arrived early, placed the oatmeal down, and snuggled up to him.

"Babe, you're finally getting better. You don't know how worried I've been these few days."

Murray smiled but said nothing, aware of her regular visits. Finally, he asked, "Aren't you skipping classes to be here?!"

Millie shrugged with a playful grin. "I've skipped them. You're more important, after all. I wish I could be with you 24/7, caring for you, cooking for you..."

Murray paused, surprised.

He remembered how, early in his relationship with Roseanne, he had wanted her to skip classes to spend time with him. She had refused no matter how much he pleaded, leading to a spat where they didn't speak for days."

Ultimately, he apologized, and their dates consisted of him accompanying her to class. He'd watch her, captivated, while she focused on her studies. They had loved each other so fiercely and possessed so many vibrant memories. How did they end up there?!!

Murray felt a sudden sense of disorientation."

Millie looked up and saw a distant look in Murray's eyes as if he was gazing through her at someone else, lost in thought

Chapter 59

Millie felt a twinge of unease, gently nudging Murray's arm. "Babe, what's up?"

Murray snapped back to reality, waving it off. "Nothing. I'm fine now. Focus on your classes. You don't need to check up on me. I've got a ton of work of the office coming up, so I won't have much time to hang out."

Millie paused for a second, then nodded with a smile. "Okay, got

As she left the luxurious mansion, her smile gradually faded, and a heavy feeling settled in her heart, darkening her eyes. Something had bothered Murray. And it wasn't there before.

After hesitation, she pulled out her phone and dialed York's number. Among Murray's close friends, York was the only one she had contact info for

When the call connected, she put on a bright smile. "Hey, York, good evening. Has something been going on at the hospital? I left the house, and Murray seemed a bit off. Is Roseanne causing trouble again?"

On the other end, York, who had just met a girl he liked at the bar, replied absently, eager to return to his evening. "Nobody's shown up. She's just been making oatmeal."

With that, he hung up in a hurry.

It was as she thought. Millie bit her lip, her gaze turning icy as she put away her phone.

The next morning, she headed to the library and found Roseanne deep in her studies.

Millie went to the point. "Murray is my boyfriend now. Since you two broke up, let's make things clear. Cut out these unnecessary actions and just let go completely!"

Still mulling over a problem from her study material, Roseanne found Millie's claim amusing but responded sternly. "Don't worry. I'm not the type to revisit old flames. He's all yours."

Watching

Millie storm off, Roseanne pushed aside the distraction and focused on her work again.

As she left the library in the evening, she bumped into Carlisle. He had been busy with classes and hadn't been to the library in days, making the encounter a pleasant surprise.

Their last dinner had been awkward due to an unexpected interruption from Hertha, leaving Roseanne feeling she owed him a proper meal

you free?" Rose



Roseanne offered.

\*This time, let me make it up to you with a home-cooked dinner. Are you

Carlisle's face lit up with joy. "Of course! I wouldn't miss it!"

Her cooking was legendary.

From a distance, the sight of them laughing and walking side by side caught Murray's eye, turning him red with rage, his grip on the steering wheel whitening."

Last time, hearing Beverley complain about them meeting in the library, and with Leda refusing to share her current address, he had hoped to luck out by visiting the library.

But what did he see? Roseanne was chatting happily with another man, not the same one from the restaurant encounter.

What was she trying to do? She had succeeded if she aimed to pick some random guy to make him jealous.

Fuming, Murray drove after them, following them to a rundown alley. The place was in disrepair, with peeling walls covered in moss, and the narrow pathway felt claustrophobic.

He suddenly remembered Cliff mentioning that Roseanne lived in a 'not so great' area, but he hadn't imagined it would be this bad. Unable to drive further, he parked at the alley entrance and followed on foot.

Meanwhile, ahead of him, Roseanne was oblivious that someone was following her.

## Chapter 60

Carlisle deserved to be Madeleine's star pupil, and even though he and Roseanne weren't on the same academic track, they found common ground in their conversations.

Roseanne enjoyed their deep dives into the discussion. She was gearing up for grad school exams. Though she had a firm grasp on most of the material, she was still trying to catch up with the cutting-edge research trends in her field, which meant diving into piles of academic papers, a task that took time. Being a grad student, Carlisle had a leg up on Roseanne in this aspect, who had been out of the academic loop for a few years."

Behind them, Murray watched the pair chatting with envy and frustration, clenching his fists. Roseanne was so cold to him, ignoring all his pleas, yet she was laughing so freely with another man.

Roseanne had prepared a feast, a mix of flavors and dishes that could cater to any palate. It wasn't Carlisle's first time praising her cooking skills, but the spread surprised him.

"All this is just for the two of us? Isn't it a bit much?"

Roseanne chuckled. "You've been such a great help. I wanted to show my gratitude with a proper meal."

our review

Carlisle scratched his head, embarrassed. "I haven't done much. You're reading your possible."

materials more efficiently than I thought

During their study sessions, he was impressed by how quickly Roseanne progressed, Not only could she apply concepts broadly, but her retention was exceptional. He didn't need to explain most things twice.

"Studying is just one piece of the puzzle. I really appreciate your help in finding research papers and giving me access to the original resources available to Kingswell University students," Roseanne added.

Carlisle was stunned. "So, you've been tackling papers on top of your review..."

He suddenly understood why Madeleine held her in such high regard.

After the meal, Carlisle stayed a while before noticing how late it was. He got up to leave.!!

Roseanne walked him out, taking the opportunity to take out the trash.

Carlisle thanked her once again. "Your cooking is amazing. Thank you"

"You're welcome."

"So... Carlisle hesitated, "Ill head back to campus snow. See you at the library tomorrow?"

Roseanne agreed, "Sure."

As they spoke, Owen approached, likely just returning from the lab, his expression still marked by a trace of his professional rigor. "Mr. Reynolds!" Carlisle straightened up immediately. "You live in this building, too?"

Owen glanced over, noting Roseanne standing beside a young man.

He recognized Carlisle. "Kingswell University?"

"Yes, Mr. Reynolds. I'm from the School of Life Sciences. I took your course on the Basic Principles of Physics."

"Hmm."8

Roseanne attempted a greeting, but Owen's gaze seemed to pass through her!

Carlisle stepped aside, and Owen went up the stairs without another word.!!

Roseanne shrugged.

"I had no idea Mr. Reynolds lived here, too. What a coincidence! Carlisle was visibly excited, "I've attended his lectures before. They're fantastic. My roommate tried to enroll this semester, but the class was full in seconds. I heard more girls managed to snag a spot... Owen paused at the stairwell, glancing back at the two. That young man, Carlisle, if he remembered correctly.

Was this the first time he'd seen someone else at Roseanne's place? A boyfriend, perhaps? Shaking his head, Owen continued on his way. What did it matter to him?

After Carlisle left, Roseanne took a detour to another

r alley to cl

to dispose of the trash.!!

Halfway there, a shadowy figure suddenly emerged, grabbing her wrist.

Roseanne's heart skipped a beat, preparing to fight back, when a familiar yet eerily macking voice stopped her