

# Love Burned She Rose Unscathed Novel

## Love Burned Chapter 61 - 70

### Chapter 61

“Look at you, Roseanne, moving up in the world, the man sneered, his tone dripping with venom. “Jumping from one guy to another, quite the party girl, aren’t you?”

His voice suddenly turned icy. “Who was that guy? What were you two doing upstairs?”

Roseanne’s smile vanished as her hand throbbed in his tight grip. She tried to pull away, but he was using brute force!!

The more she struggled, the tighter his grip became.

Roseanne shouted, “Murray, let go!”

Murray refused to let go. “Answer me first!”

Roseanne frowned, enduring the pain. “What’s it to you?”

“As an ex-boyfriend, I think it’s only fair I take an interest in my former girlfriend’s love life, huh?”

A laugh escaped Roseanne, a hint of sarcasm in her gaze. “Oh, so you admit you’re the ex-boyfriend. What brings you here, then?” Murray got momentarily choked up. “Can’t I just be passing by?”

Just then, an angry neighbor went into the alley, cursing, “Who the hell parked the car here, blocking the alley? Didn’t you see the road is narrow enough without your car clogging it up? Driving a fancy sports car doesn’t give you the right to be inconsiderate. How’s anyone supposed to get through?”

Murray was silent

Roseanne instantly realized the car that caused the commotion was Murray’s Porsche.

She couldn’t care less about his reasons for showing up. After disposing of her trash, she turned to him. “Whether I see someone new, one or two, or even three or four guys,

it's none of your business. We're over, Murray. You know what 'breaking up means, don't you?!"

"I'm not concerned about your future, and I'd prefer it if you stayed out of my present and future. Let's just be strangers from here on out And don't come to my place anymore. I wouldn't want your girlfriend getting the wrong idea. After all, since you chose to be with her, I hope you'll be faithful and committed for her sake."

Roseanne had weathered her storms and endured her wounds, so she didn't wish the same for Millie. Life in its prime should be about blossoming freely, not being tamished.

Everyone made their choices. Murray chose Millie, and she decided to break up. It was time for each to be responsible for their choices. Murray stood frozen, unable to comprehend what just happened.

As Roseanne walked away, Murray felt panic for the first time. It seemed something he owned was slipping away, and he couldn't grasp it back

"Are you serious, Roseanne?!"

"Yes. She didn't even look back

"You've said that before..."

They had their ups and downs, but Murray had never felt so uneasy befo

She spoke of "breaking up" calmly as if she wouldn't return.

before.

Murray reached out, wanting to hold her back, but he was speechless. The breakup was his idea. He was the one who let go of her hand first.

Back at her place, Roseanne sat quietly on the couch. Murray showing up wasn't a surprise. But unlike their hasty breakup before, this felt like a real goodbye.

After Roseanne left, Murray stood downstairs for a long time until the angry neighbor threatened to call the po Only then did he reluctantly leave.

the police to tow his car away.

The angry neighbor cursed. "Wow, so this is your car?"

ar? What's the

the deal? I've been yelling my head off. You got wax in your ears or what?" Murray floored the accelerator, racing back to his mansion in twenty minutes.}

Sadie was making oatmeal in the kitchen, startled by the commotion, thinking something had fallen. But then she saw Murray, a cloud of anger, storming through the living room without a word, heading upstairs.

Sadie's heart skipped a beat, wondering what set him off this time!!

## Chapter 62

Murray stormed into his room, his mind a whirlwind of emotion. He yanked open the wardrobe and headed for Roseanne's walk-in closet. He found all her designer bags, clothes, and even the neatly arranged jewelry and watches he had gifted her over the years. Nothing was missing.

His eyes landed on a cherry charm bracelet, and his breathing became erratic, his gaze fiery. He remembered vividly it was a present he had brought back from abroad for her on their third anniversary.

The word "cherry" was akin to "cherish" in his heart, symbolizing how much he treasured her.

She used to wear it all the time, hardly taking it off. And she had left it behind as if she was discarding her love for him piece by piece. Murray flopped onto the bed, realization dawning on him. Roseanne wasn't just in a mood—she meant every word. She truly wanted to break up with him.

Downstairs, Sadie heard a loud crash and instantly sprinted upstairs. As she reached the doorway, she brushed past Murray, storming out with a thunderous expression.

"Mr. Sherwood..." she called out, wanting to ask what had happened, but Murray just walked away without looking back."

Turning her head, Sadie almost couldn't catch her breath at the sight. Murray had the luxurious jewelry cabinet smashed to bits, clothes with tags still attached strewn about, and the Bohemian rug was a mess. It was a sight too painful to behold.

Sadie recalled how she had cleaned the kitchen after disposing of the spoiled oatmeal and then faced with another mess to tidy up. Sadie sighed, "Dear God, could he cut me some slack?"

The club was blasting with wild lights and comy songs, filled with scantily dressed guys and girls dancing like crazy in the center. Murray was off to the side, drowning his sorrows in drink. He had ordered a bottle of whiskey, gulping it down not for enjoyment but as a form of release.

The dim lights cast a shadow over his handsome features, adding a layer of mystery and allure. Women passing by were drawn to his charisma, ignoring the chilly aura he exuded, edging closer with interest

“Hey, handsome, drinking alone is so boring. Let me join you.” Wearing an off-the-shoulder top, the woman leaned forward, revealing a glimpse of her cleavage, a sight most men would linger on.

However, Murray glared at her coldly and snapped, “Get lost!”

His deep, intimidating gaze made the woman back off, too scared to stay.

After dismissing the unwanted attention, Murray returned to his drink. He was almost through with the bottle of whiskey when he glimpsed a familiar figure. He chased after her, calling out, “Rose...”

The woman turned around, her shock quickly changing to a flirty smile as she moved closer. “Were you looking for me, handsome?” Realizing his mistake, Murray frowned and withdrew his hand. Roseanne would never act so boldly.

“Sorry, WID

wrong person,” he said.

Disappointed, the woman muttered as she watched him walk away. “Turns down a sure thing. What kind of man is he?”

Fed up with the club’s sleazy atmosphere, Murray finished his drink, grabbed his coat, and headed for the exit.

Just then, a familiar voice stopped him.

“Murray!” York slapped him on the back excitedly. “When did you get here? Why didn’t you tell the boys? We’ve got a private room upstairs. Come on, let’s have a drink together.”

Chapter 63

Murray massaged his temples. “No more for me. You guys go ahead.”

Watching him leave, York felt puzzled. He knew Murray was never one to miss out on a party like this. Could it be that he made up with Roseanne? That made sense. They just got back together, and it was probably not the best time to be out partying.

“Hey, York, we’re waiting on you now.” Someone called out from near the staircase.}

York shook his head, dismissing the thought, and rejoined the crowd.

When Murray got to the villa, it was already 10 p.m. Sadie had cleaned up his room and walk-in closet and had all of Roseanne's stuff neatly organized.

He went to the study. The wall-to-wall bookshelf was almost full of biology-related books. Although Roseanne didn't continue her studies, she never fell behind in her field, often spending entire days there. These books were her legacy.

She used to boast about which books were out of print, which ones she had found original copies to reprint, and how much effort she had put into organizing them. Whenever she talked about her achievements, her smile was bright.

His gaze lingered on the bookshelves, then he smirked slightly.

Murray went downstairs to find Sadie, who was about to leave after taking out the trash. "Let me borrow your phone."<sup>2</sup>

Sadie instantly became defensive. "Uh, Mr. Sherwood, you broke my phone last time."<sup>3</sup>

Murray retorted, "Didn't I get you a new one?"

Sadie was at a loss for words

"Hand it over."

"I, I just bought it..." The thought of it breaking again pained Sadie.

Murray's patience wore thin. "I'll have someone send you two iPhone 16s later."

"Really?" Sadie immediately perked up and handed over her phone.<sup>4</sup>

With the phone in hand, he called Roseanne.

This time, before she could speak, he cut in, "If you said we should break up cleanly, please take your trash from the study with you. You have one day. I'll have them thrown out if they're still here tomorrow."

Roseanne was initially stunned, quickly realizing he referred to her professional books as trash, "Okay."

After she hung up, Murray stared at the phone, his lips pressed tightly together.

Knowing the books were heavy and hard to move alone, Roseanne called Leda. "Leda, are you free tomorrow? I have some books at Murray's villa. Could you help me move them?"<sup>8</sup>

Leda agreed immediately, "Sure, you put so much effort into those books, Leaving them for that jerk is a waste. I'll pick you up in the morning."

"Thanks."

However, the following day, Owen showed up instead of Leda, Owen usually sported a scholarly look with shirts and trousers. But he was dressed casually in a simple white tee and light blue jeans, his soft hair falling naturally over his forehead, giving off a youthful vibe.

"Why are you here? Where's Leda?" Roseanne asked, clearly surprised.

"She overslept and asked me to lend you a hand at the last minute."

o today well

Roseanne was speechless. She guessed right. Leda had probably partied too hard last night and couldn't get it was better than no help at all.<sup>3</sup>

Roseanne smiled. "Thanks, I appreciate it."<sup>8</sup>

Chapter 64

On the way, after a brief exchange, Owen and Roseanne fell into their worlds of silence."

Owen had picked his usual ride for the day. Perhaps sensing Roseanne's somber mood, he kept the car at a considerate pace, neither too fast nor slow.

Upon reaching the suburbs, the security guard at the gated community greeted Roseanne with a nod. "Ms. Cole, I haven't seen you for a while. Have you been away on business?"

Roseanne gave a weak smile but said nothing. Owen glanced at her and decided not to ask any more questions.

They arrived at the villa in silence, and Owen parked the car

"I'll just be a minute. Just need to grab some books," Roseanne said, stepping out of the car.

Owen offered to help. "Do you need a hand?"

She shook her head. "No, it's just a few books. I can manage."<sup>!!</sup>

With that, she headed toward the villa <sup>8</sup>

The doorbell chimed, and Sadie's voice floated through, "Coming!

Upon seeing Roseanne, Sadie exclaimed with surprise, "Ms. Cole!!

You're finally back!

Roseanne smiled. "Just here to pick up some stuff..."

"Are you..."

Before she could finish, looking like he'd just rolled out of bed in his pajamas, Murray stood at the top of the stairs, arms crossed, a smirk playing on his lips.

"Here alone? You sure you can handle it?" He held a coffee mug, looking down with a cold gaze.

"Wasn't the deal to take my stuff and go? Whether I can carry them is my problem," Roseanne retorted, heading straight for the study. As she passed by Murray, he followed.

In the study, Roseanne methodically packed the books into sturdy canvas bags. Each movement was careful and deliberate. Murray watched from the sidelines, leaning against a cabinet, his gaze icy as Roseanne sweated through the effort without asking for help

Murray suddenly snapped as Roseanne was ready to drag the bag out ten minutes later.

He cursed, kicked the books aside, and grabbed her by the shoulders. "Roseanne, do you not see me standing here? What am I to you? You wouldn't return for anything, and now, here you are, willing to step into this house for some damn books."

Roseanne gasped for air, struggling. "You're hurting me. Let go!"

But Murray was beyond reason, his eyes blazing. "Answer me! What am I to you? Your lap dog, to come and go at your beck and call?" "Murray, remember, you wanted to break up. Have you forgotten? And if we're talking about coming and going as one pleases, wasn't that always more your style? What, can't handle a taste of your own medicine?"

She pushed against his grip, eager to put distance between them.

Murray's anger surged at her disdainful look. He stepped closer.

Instinctively, Roseanne stepped back, tripping over a couch and falling into a seated position.<sup>8</sup>

Murray t

towered over her, noticing her flushed cheeks from the effort and the nervous bite of her lip, deepening its hue.!

Her quick breathing made her chest rise and fall, taking him back to countless passionate nights they'd spent together.

His emotions overwhelmed him, and without thinking, he leaned down to capture her lips.

"Anne..."

Roseanne recoiled in shock and anger, pushing against the imposing frame above her. "Murray! What are you doing? We're over!" Ignoring her protests, Murray tried to reach for her clothes.

Roseanne clung to the hem of her shirt, pleading, "Stop, please..."

Chapter 65

Her voice was raspy, laced with a tremble and terror, like a frightened sparrow, desperate yet hauntingly beautiful. Murray's body burned hotter, discarding her blouse, his hands venturing under the hem of her skirt. ll

Panic surged through Roseanne. "Murray, what do you want from me, your ex-girlfriend, when you could have any girl you desire? Why force me? If you're so horny, I could call Millie right now for you."

"Ah! Don't do this!

When he saw her dodge, a mix of anger and defiance lit up in Murray's eyes. "What's the matter? Are you feeling distant just a few days after breaking up? It's not like you haven't been with me before. Why play the virtuous woman now?"

Roseanne trembled with rage. "You bastard!"

He sneered, gripping her chin, "You think you're worth anything after leaving me? Only a fool would want a woman who's been with other

men."

Tears streamed as Roseanne gazed at the man she had loved for six years, realizing she never truly knew him. "Why are you looking at me like that?" Murray chuckled lowly, focusing on her trembling lips, "You want it?"



With that, he kissed her forcefully. Then, he pried her hands apart bit by bit, maliciously tearing her blouse.

She cried, and he laughed. It was then Roseanne realized the physical strength disparity between men and women. She stopped struggling, taking it as being bitten by a dog.

Just as she was about to give up hope, she suddenly felt lighter. An unexpected force threw the man off her.

Caught off guard, Murray stumbled back several steps until he was stopped by a cabinet, finally steadying himself.

Having waited for Roseanne for a while and guessing she might be having trouble with the heavy books, Owen knocked on the villa's door to offer his help.

After Sadie opened the door, he immediately heard the commotion upstairs and rushed up without a second thought. Upon entering the room, he saw Murray forcibly pinning Roseanne on the couch, ignoring her struggles and attempts to resist.!

Roseanne's skirt was lifted to her waist, her blouse torn, and she could only stare in despair as tears fell.

At that moment, Owen lost all sense of reason and calm.8

How dare he?!

"Are you okay?" He in

"Are you okay?" He immediately undressed his jacket, covering Roseanne, and helped her sit up.

Roseanne was shaking terribly, her face streaked with tears, her once bright eyes dull and lifeless as if trapped in a nightmare.8

"Roseanne!" Owen steadied her shoulders, his voice firm, a comforting presence, "It's okay now. You're safe. Can you tell me, are you alright?"

"Roseanne!" After calling her name three times, Roseanne slowly responded, her pupils focusing, and she looked up at him, "Mr. Reynolds..."

She was trembling.8

Owen's warm hand gently stroked her back. "It's okay. Now, you're safe."

"Yes!" Roseanne nodded vigorously, tears flowing freely."

Seeing the two hugging as if nobody else was around, Murray glared at Owen and recognized he was the guy from the restaurant, a malicious smile curling his lips. "So, it's you, huh? What number are you in Roseanne's line of suitors? Playing the hero?"

Bang! Before Murray could finish, a powerful punch landed on his face.

Chapter 66

Murray was no pushover and punched Owen back with a flash of anger.<sup>8</sup>

"You think you can take me on? Who do you think you are?" He swung, hurling insults, "Back when she and I were together, you were nowhere to be seen..."

Owen intercepted Murray's punch with a calm, almost chilling composure, contrasting Murray's boiling rage. "And what about you? What's your role in all this? An ex who can't let go, or worse?"

Each word from Owen was like a knife, targeting Murray's weak spots.<sup>R</sup>

"Looking for trouble, are you?" Murray snarled, trying to free his fist <sup>8</sup>

But Owen kept a firm grip, unshaken.

"Enough!" Roseanne had finally regained her composure. Standing up from the couch, she clutched the jacket Owen had lent her, not sparing Murray a glance.

She turned to Owen and looked down. "Mr. Reynolds, I'm sorry you had to witness this mess."

Owen frowned, asking, "Should I call the police?"

Roseanne hesitated, "Let's just go."

"Okay." Respecting her wishes and not wanting to get further entangled in someone else's drama, Owen agreed.

Roseanne looked at her books on the floor. "These are my books. I'm afraid I don't have the strength now. Could you help me carry them? Thank you."

Bending down, Owen scooped up a canvas bag and supported Roseanne as they left.

Murray stood there, watching their departure, fury overtaking him as he kicked a decorative plant pot by his feet in frustration.

Roseanne watched the mansion grow smaller in the rearview mirror Six years was neither long nor short. When she first moved in, she was full of hope, decorating the mansion and tending the garden together.}

She hadn't expected to leave like this. At last, the mansion and everything in it were behind her, no longer a part of her life.

Roseanne lowered the car window, letting the wind whip through her hair, leaning back in the seat with her eyes closed, drained.

Owen remained silent, occasionally glancing at Roseanne through the rearview mirror. Seeing that she had fallen asleep, he pulled near Kingswell University and silently stared out the window.

Roseanne's sleep was fitful, but exhaustion overpowered her, needing even a moment's rest.

d over

Feeling the silent support from Owen, she opened her eyes and looked at him with mixed emotions. "Thanks for helping me again."

Owen played it off. "It was nothing."

But Roseanne's gratitude was more than that, for all the times he'd helped, for respecting her privacy and preserving her dignity.

"Hmm." There came a faint sound, and Roseanne's cheeks flushed as she covered her stomach. She hadn't eaten all day, and the hunger hit her suddenly as the adrenaline faded.

Trying to hide it was futile. Owen heard it instantly.

Owen suggested, "You probably haven't been to the Kingswell University diner in a while, huh? Feel like revisiting old times?"<sup>2</sup>

Roseanne blinked in surprise.

Fifteen minutes later, they were walking into the Kingswell University diner

With its century-old reputation, Kingswell University always boasted an iconic library and diner. When Roseanne was a student, the school diner was famous for its variety, offering dishes from all over the country. Over the years, with more exchange students, it had even started serving international cuisine, embracing a global palate.

Chapter 67

Roseanne always had a soft spot for the cozy diner on the second floor during her college days. The person serving the comfort food with a smile was a round-faced lady who always carried an air of happiness. Whenever Roseanne showed up, the lady would chatter away cheerfully, then generously scoop an extra helping of meat onto her plate.

From a distance, she could spot the familiar serving window. Nothing had changed. It had been three years since graduation, and Roseanne wasn't sure if the lady would still remember her.

As Roseanne joined the line, the lady was busy serving, not uttering anything. But when she felt the heft of the serving spoon, her face broke into a smile. "Thank you."

Owen paid for the food, and they found a spot to sit down.

Roseanne smiled. "It's been a while, but it tastes like before."

The chef's skills hadn't faded over the three years. If anything, they had improved.

Roseanne reminisced, "Back in college, I'd often lose track of time in the lab and forget to grab lunch. When I'd head out, it was almost 1:30 PM, and there wasn't much left. But that lady always saved a chicken leg for me."

Owen had been right behind her in line, recalling how the lady's impatience turned into a warm smile when she saw Roseanne.

Poking at the food in her bowl, Roseanne suddenly wanted to open up. "I didn't get along well with my roommate. Aside from Leda and Ms. Payne, the diner lady was probably the kindest person to me. And now, there's you."

Owen paused.

Roseanne continued, "School's great, right? it's quiet and pure, the perfect place to focus. Honestly, reapplying for grad school might have been the best choice I've made."

After their meal, they didn't rush back, opting instead for a stroll around campus. A gentle breeze kissed them when they walked along the gravel paths and passed under trellises draped with vines. Soon, they found themselves by Kingswell University's most picturesque spot, Mirrorlight Lake. The lotuses were out of season, but the lake was still dotted with their round leaves, presenting a scene of understated elegance.

Feeling tired, Roseanne found a stone bench to sit on, with Owen quietly sitting beside her.

"The breeze here is refreshing." She leaned back on her hands, watching the lotus leaves drift lazily on the water's surface, her mind settling into a peaceful calm.}

Owen remarked, "Kingswell University has been pushing for environmental conservation these past two years, and it's been effective. That's why the lake is so clean. It is nice to sit here and enjoy the breeze."

After a moment's silence, Roseanne suddenly spoke, "About earlier..."

"He's your ex-boyfriend, right?" Owen said.!

Roseanne turned to him.

The man adjusted his glasses, meeting her gaze without flinching. "Sorry, I overheard your conversation before I entered the study." Roseanne gave a faint smile. "Yeah, we just broke up. It was messy. My apologies for that scene."

A sense of understanding flashed in Owen's eyes behind his glasses as he remembered the argument and the mention of six years. He had his suspicions but preferred not to pry into others' affairs. It dawned on him then that the man he had seen that day wasn't her boyfriend.<sup>8</sup>

As the sun set, they didn't stay much longer and decided to head home.

Owen helped Roseanne carry her books to her doorstep. As they parted, he handed her a tube of ointment. "I bought this on the way back. It'll help heal faster."<sup>1</sup>

Roseanne paused, guessing he must have bought it while she was asleep. Accepting it, she pressed her lips together and murmured. "Thank you"

## Chapter 68

Roseanne had just moved into her new apartment and was busy setting up her place, starting with the books she brought. After painstakingly placing each book on the shelf, she was drenched in sweat, clearly showing how hard she'd worked.

Feeling exhausted, she took a refreshing shower and headed to the living room. On the coffee table was a tube of cooling gel she had bought earlier. Opening it, she carefully applied the mint-scented ointment to the bruises on her chest and waist with a cotton swab. The cool sensation quickly eased her pain.

It was still early, but Roseanne felt a headache coming on and was too tired to read after a long day. She lay down and quickly fell asleep.

She was jolted awake by a nightmare in the middle of the night. Murray had been chasing her like a ghost in her dream, and she couldn't shake him off. The fear felt so real that she woke up clutching her shirt collar, gasping for air.

It was still dark outside, but she was too scared to go back to sleep. She reached for her phone to call Leda, but there was no answer. Feeling anxious, she saw that the light was on in the neighboring apartment's balcony.

Hesitating for a moment, she decided to message Owen.

[Can't sleep?] she typed.

There was no immediate reply, and her phone buzzed as she was about to give up and try to go back to sleep.!!

[Look outside at the sky.] Owen had replied.

Roseanne looked up to see the night sky filled with twinkling stars.

[Do you

you see the constellation that looks like a pair of twins? That's Gemini,] Owen texted.

He then went on to tell her the story of the Gemini twins from Greek mythology, about how they were born from a golden egg, with one bringing disasters and the other being a protector of humanity. The story ended with their sacrifice and how they became a constellation as a blessing from the gods.

[Finding something rare can make you feel better, right?] Owen concluded.

Roseanne smiled, touched by the effort Owen had put into his messages. She replied, [Thanks, I do feel better now.]

On the other end, Owen smiled at her response before returning to his work. However, he soon received another message from Roseanne."

[Happy to share this view of the stars with you. Goodnight.

Meanwhile, Murray was angry and frustrated in his study in another neighborhood. The sight of Roseanne getting close to Owen had enraged him. In anger, he smashed a whiskey glass against the wall.

His phone pinged with a message from Millie, his on-and-off girlfriend, asking if they could meet soon. She mentioned she missed him and had planned some dates for them.

Seeing the message, Murray realized he had been clinging to something that was over. If Roseanne could move on, so could he. Millie was his girlfriend, after all.

Chapter 69

Over there, Millie nearly leaped out of bed with joy when she saw the message.

She had been dropping hints and making moves on Murray for a while, even flirting outright, but Murray hadn't bitten once. She'd almost resigned herself to another rejection when he agreed out of the blue.

Millie sprang out of bed, eager to change and head out.

Her roommate was still up and asked with curiosity, "Millie, where are you off to in the middle of the night?"

"That's for me to know. A moment of bliss is worth a thousand gold, right? Only our campus queen here would rush off like this for her rich and dashing boyfriend." Engrossed in a video game, another roommate interrupted with a jest, turning Millie's cheeks crimson.

Previously, Murray's reluctance to touch her left Millie insecure, as if he could pull away at any moment. But this time, she'd officially be Murray's girl if they went through with the sex. So, she even chose a matching lingerie while picking out her outfit.

She took a cab to the villa, but before she could even knock, the door swung open from inside. Murray quickly pulled her in.

The next second, she found herself pinned against the wall, receiving a passionate kiss. Millie was stunned before she mustered up

up her courage and responded with inexperienced enthusiasm.

As they kissed their way to the living room, Murray pressed her onto the couch, his entire body weighing down on hers. His urgency was almost overwhelming, making her tilt her head back!!

Soon, the fiery kisses trailed down her neck, moving lower, his hands expertly lifting her top, his touch stirring anticipation and desire within her. Her heart pounded, breaths quickened, eagerly awaiting his next move. However, upon feeling her black lingerie, Murray suddenly stopped.<sup>8</sup>

"What's... what's wrong?" Millie didn't understand.

Murray rolled off her, sitting on the couch. "Sorry, get up for a moment."

Still dazed and confused, Millie felt like a bucket of icy water dumping on her, chilling her to the bone.

"Murray, did I do something wrong?" She reached out, trying to reignite his desire, but he caught her wrist before she could touch him.

Murray looked at her coldly. "I don't like to repeat myself,

With her lips pursed in disappointment, Millie sat up, not daring to say another word.

Murray's expression softened as he helped adjust her dress, his tone gentle "Good girl, it's late. I'll have my driver take you home."

Soon after, the driver arrived.

Millie watched his retreating figure. Since the moment she arrived, he had been avoiding her gaze, and even then, leave, he remained silent. Biting her lip, she finally exited under the driver's urging.

as she was about to

Murray lit a cigarette and watched the smoke spiral up. Images of Roseanne flashed through his mind. Closing his eyes, he dialed York's number. "Where are you?"

Meanwhile, York was about to make his move with a girl when he saw his buddy calling. He gestured for silence and picked up. "This 'late at night, what's up, insomnia?"

Murray said coldly, "Find me a clean girl. I need to blow off some steam."

York paused, puzzled as he thought, 'Hasn't Murray just made up with Roseanne? And he's already playing with fire like this?"

Chapter 70

"Finally seen the light, huh?" York sprang up from the couch. "Done playing the devoted boyfriend?"

Murray didn't even blink an eye at York's teasing, his face expressionless. "It was just a show nothing we haven't done before."

York clapped his hands, relieved his buddy was back to his old self. "Okay, I'll set you up right away. Clean and hassle-free."?

No sooner had he hung up the phone than York sent over an address.

[Eclipse Lounge1080.]

[I've been eyeing this

chick for a while, still a virgin. She's all yours.



Murray's lips twitched into a smirk as he grabbed his jacket and headed out. Under the deep night sky, it was time to release himself.)

The following morning, clad in a bathrobe, York emerged from the neighboring room. After a night of heavy drinking, he woke up midday. Murray stayed in a luxury suite reserved for him in Eclipse Lounge, owned by the Gibson family, which was more spacious than a typical three-bedroom apartment.

Yawning, he ruffled his hair, feeling parched. Deciding against water, he poured himself a red wine and headed to the living room.

When he stepped out, he spotted the sexy silhouette of a woman, bare shoulders marked with tantalizing red spots. Her eyes were filled with sorrow and pity as she looked at Murray, but he was unmoved, simply paying her off.

Murray looked up, meeting York's amused gaze, lazily lighting a cigarette.

York rolled his eyes. "That puppy dog look, even I'm almost swayed, and you're as cold as ice. Have you ever heard of being a gentleman?"

to pity?!"

Murray's cool smirk was his reply. "I paid her service. What's there to pity?"

"Fair enough." York raised his glass, "Drink?"

Murray shook his head. "No thanks."

Only York, the lush, would think of drinking this early in the day.

The flame flickered at his fingertips as Murray took a shallow drag, blowing out rings of smoke that filled the air with a hazy veil. Despite the night's escapades, he didn't seem too pleased.

York's eyes darted around, leaning in. "Aren't you worried about Roseanne making a scene?"

Murray frowned deeply. "Why would she? Just an ex. She doesn't have the right."

Ouch! Looks like getting back together is out of the question!!

But then, York was confused. "What about Millie? Why would you rather have me find you a call girl from Eclipse Lounge than sleep with her?"

Millie had a decent figure and face, not quite Roseanne, but her youthful vibe was quite enticing. Yet there Murray was, with such a tempting offer, and he wouldn't touch her.

Murray exhaled a ring of smoke. "A decent woman, too much trouble."

York laughed. "And since when were you afraid of trouble with Roseanne? She seemed like the type to take things seriously."

Murray paused and added after a long while, "Yeah, which is why it took six years to dump her."

York laughed heartlessly. "That sounds just like you."

In mid-October, Roseanne finally received an email response from SCI. Her paper had passed the preliminary review. Leda was utterly shocked. "Oh my God! Anne, you're a genius! That's the SCI we're talking about! Holy cow!" Roseanne shrugged it off. "Cool it. It's just the preliminary stage. Nothing's set in stone yet.!"

Leda had faith in Roseanne. "With your skills, the next two rounds of reviews shouldn't be a problem. Don't worry. ""