

Love Burned She Rose Unscathed Novel

Love Burned Chapter 91 - 100

Chapter 91

Corley kept his composure, his gaze fixed. “Did I not ask you? Weren’t you the one who told me to go after it? What’s got you so uptight now?%”

Murray’s mind raced back to their group chat from not so long ago, his face turning as white as a sheet.!!

Roseanne was trembling all over, nearly collapsing.)

Owen caught her quickly, steadying her. “Let’s get you out of here.”

Corley narrowed his eyes, blocking Owen’s path. “And where do you plan to take her? Don’t forget this isn’t some high school prom where you can come and go as pleased.”

Sensing the gravity of the situation, Murray glared over with a look as ferocious as a wolf’s, a storm of rage brewing in his eyes.

Owen lifted his gaze, his usually harmless and gentle eyes turning sharp and dangerous. “Mr. Reynolds from NexTech Innovations initiated the academic conference at the Starlight Tower Hotel. The meeting’s about to wrap up, and he was there today. A quick call, and he should be here in two minutes. If you don’t want the mess you’ve made today to reach the ears of the Sullivan and Sherwood elders, you’d best learn when to stop.”

In Lumina, the Reynolds family’s power and status were unmatched by either the Sullivan or Sherwood families. Plus, Owen went straight for the jugular, invoking the family elders.

Corley hesitated for a second.

for a second.

Murray couldn’t help but frown.

Owen added, “And if I’m not mistaken, the Reynolds and Sherwood families have a partnership. If this scandal sours relations, it’s not something you can handle all by yourself.”

His tone was measured, but Corley and Murray felt the warning in his words.

Owen didn't care for their reactions and calmly stated, "Move."

With a darkened face, Murray remained silent, and with a slight squint in his eyes, Corley had no choice but to step aside, letting Owen lead Roseanne away..!!

"Damn it!" Kicking a stone in frustration, Murray felt his chest was about to burst!!

Having witnessed the entire scene, Cliff and York exchanged glances, not daring to say anything.

Corley picked up his jacket and turned to leave. Murray watched his departing figure, his gaze dark and ominous.

Millie stepped forward, gingerly speaking. "Murray..."

Murray roared, "Get lost!"

On the way back, it began to rain, Raindrops pelted the car window, sliding down, trailing wet paths. The howling wind never ceased. Roseanne stared out the window, feeling a hole had been punched through her heart, her body shaking violently.

Suddenly, a warm jacket gently covered her, the unique woody scent of Owen enveloping her. Her pent-up emotions suddenly broke through, tears streaming down her face.

Hearing her soft sobs, Owen felt a heavy weight in his heart. He asked the driver to pull over and raise the partition, giving her some space to let it all out.

After a while, Roseanne calmed down, remembering the events that had transpired, her fingers tightening, "About earlier, I'm sorry. I... Owen spoke earnestly, "You shouldn't take those harsh words to heart."

"People's opinions are often one-sided, biased, and sometimes purely vindictive."

"One only knows what kind of person you are by spending time with you. At least in my eyes, you're remarkable.

"So, don't punish yourself for others' mistakes, okay?"

His tone was gentle, his gaze sincere, and because of his words, Roseanne slowly stopped crying. She looked up, their eyes meeting

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“Really?” Roseanne couldn’t believe her ears.

“Yeah,” Owen confirmed with a nod.

I

Taking a deep breath, she sighed, “Thank you, I feel much better now.”

Seeing her quickly adjust her mood, Owen felt more at ease.

Owen asked, “Are you hungry? There’s this amazing BBQ place nearby.”

Roseanne thought for a minute but didn’t refuse.

The place was known for its barbecued ribs. But knowing Owen wasn’t much for spicy food, they opted for something light.!!

The fiery side of the grill bubbled and steamed, looking incredibly appetizing.

Roseanne was still down, but the lively atmosphere around them helped lift her spirits.

of the

The ribs were tender and delicious, the vegetables fresh and vibrant. Even without much of an appetite initially, the sight and smell of the food were enough to make anyone hungry.

Outside, the storm raged on, but inside, it was warm and cozy. The hum of conversation from around gave the place a comforting feel, helping Roseanne’s mood improve.⁸

She noticed Owen was barely eating, his movements slow and deliberate. It seemed he wasn’t there for the food but to comfort her. Remembering how he had been there for her during a dark, rainy night before, in his quiet, unassuming way, Roseanne felt grateful from her heart!

“Thanks for today. I never thought I’d be in such an awkward situation. I didn’t know how I would have managed alone if you hadn’t been there. To me, what happened earlier was like a nightmare.”

Even though she told herself not to care, how could she not be affected?

As she snapped back to the present, she caught Owen’s clear gaze and couldn’t help but smile. “I’m in shining armor.”

so glad you were there, like a knight

“That’s not how you use t

that phrase, Owen chuckled.

Looking into his eyes, Roseanne heard his voice again. “You’re stronger and more resilient than you think.”

Owen wasn’t saying it to comfort her. He truly believed she was strong.

Roseanne paused as if seeing something new, then laughed, “Your glasses are all fogged up. Does that not bother you?” His glasses had fogged up from the steam, making him look somewhat comical.

A bit sheepishly, Owen took the glasses off and wiped them with a napkin. That’s why I don’t come to BBQ places often.” With a playful sparkle in her eye, Roseanne rested her chin on her hand, “So, BBQ places aren’t your thing, huh?”

“It’s not that I dislike them. They’re just kind of a hassle, you know?” Owen ex

plained as he cleaned his glasses and p Roseanne nodded, recalling the meals they’d shared at her place. Owen had never shown a preference for anything in particular.

put them back on.

Seeing her lost in thought again, Owen suggested, “Try the beef. It’s good...”

“Thanks, I wi

Roseanne replied, taking a piece herself.

Owen had to head back to the lab, so he could only drop Roseanne off at her building.!!

The rain had stopped, leaving the air moist and cold. Roseanne shivered and instinctively wrapped her coat tighter around her, catching the familiar scent of wood,

Looking down at the dark coat on her, she couldn’t help but laugh. Remembering Owen was only wearing a thin sweater, she wondered if he’d be alright!

But after hearing his continuous sneezing the next day, Roseanne concluded that men weren’t as resistant to the cold as she thought. “I’ve sent your coat for dry cleaning. It should be back in a few days.”

Owen waved a dismissive hand. “No rush.””

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It was just a coat, after all. Owen had plenty more in his closet.

“I came home to grab some clothes and have to head back to the lab soon.” His voice was thick with congestion, his face half-hidden by a mask, a dead giveaway he was battling a nasty cold.

“Hold on.” Roseanne turned and went inside, returning moments later with a thermos. “I made you some chicken soup yesterday. Drink it while it’s hot

At the mention of chicken soup, Owen’s brow furrowed slightly, an almost imperceptible reaction Roseanne missed as she added, “There’s also some cold medicine in the bag. It’s the usual stuff. Instructions are on the box”

Owen was rarely sick, and something about her concern made him momentarily consider refusing the thermos.

But then Roseanne added, “I mean, it’s really my fault you ended up catching this cold.

The hand he’d almost withdrawn to refuse the offer paused, then accepted the thermos.

Checking his watch, Owen realized he was short on time. “Thanks for the chicken soup and the medicine. I’ll have them.”

Watching him stride away, Roseanne closed the door behind her. Her latest paper still needed work, and she’d been digging through websites for days looking for resources !

Then there were the books and papers Madeleine had given her, all in German. While her German was good enough for daily conversations, she still struggled with the technical terminology and had to take time to look up words.

While immersed in her research, Roseanne found her thoughts interrupted by her phone ringing. Annoyed but resigned, she set down her pen and picked up the phone. “Hello?”

“I’m sorry about yesterday, but there are some things I’d prefer to say in person.” It was Corley.

After a brief silence, during which Roseanne pondered, she decided it was an opportunity to clear the air. They agreed on a time and place, and Roseanne hung up. The image of an angry Murray flashed in her mind, but she shook it off, refocusing on her paper.

...0

Their meeting place was the coffee shop they'd visited last time, not far from Kingswell University. Roseanne immediately spotted Corley sitting in their usual spot as she pushed open the door.

Wearing a coat draped over the chair next to him, Corley wore a Gucci dress shirt, the upper buttons casually undone, revealing his collarbone. It seemed to attract the occasional glance from a nearby table of young women

Ignoring the surrounding glances, Roseanne sat across from him. Corley asked what she'd like to drink.

Not in the mood for coffee, Roseanne got straight to the point. "I'm here to finish the conversation we didn't get to have the other day." Hearing her intention, Corley didn't seem upset. Instead, he smiled slightly, "Well, I also want to say I meant everything I've told you.") Roseanne frowned. Then you should know that I don't like you that way. There's no chance for us."

Corley shrugged. "I've always known that nobody's invincible and that nothing comes easy. But as long as it turns out well, that's what counts, right?"

He was determined and patient. Once he set his sights on something, he wouldn't give up until he achieved it. He was willing to wait and slowly wear down Roseanne's defenses.

After all, hadn't Murray won Roseanne over with persistence? If Murray could do it, why couldn't he?!!

Chapter 94

Roseanne could see Corley's confidence, and as she furrowed her brows, about to voice her concerns, a voice suddenly cut through the air. "Roseanne?"

Cliff was in the neighborhood for a dinner party, and as he passed by, he glimpsed through the coffee shop's floor-to-ceiling windows of Corley and Roseanne together.

A coffee shop was a quintessential spot for romantic dates. There was no doubt about it.B

For a moment, he thought he had seen it wrong, but lo and behold, it was them!!

Cliff wasn't shocked by Corley's audacity to make a move on a buddy's girl. After all, Corley had pulled off far more scandalous stunts in the past. But the idea that Roseanne might go for it? That was enough to make Cliff's jaw drop.

He couldn't help but shuttle his gaze between the two, his expression a complex tapestry of emotions, struggling to find the right words.

Not want to continue the conversation, Roseanne gave Cliff a smile and a wave before heading out of the coffee shop.#

Once she was gone, Cliff slid into her vacated seat, eyeing Corley across the table. “Seriously, man? You’re going for it?”

“What’s real or not?” Corley responded casually, sipping his coffee.

Cliff voiced his doubt. “But I doubt Roseanne’s into you.”

Corley paused, setting down his cup, “And why’s that?”

Cliff suddenly felt uneasy at the turn in Corley’s demeanor. “Well, two reasons. First, you’re not her type. Second, given your history with Murray, you two are a no-go.”⁸

Corley scoffed, not caring about Murray’s opinion.

“Spill it,” Cliff leaned in closer, lowering his voice, “When did you start falling for Roseanne?”

Corley gazed out the window, sipping his coffee before replying. “Pretty early on, I guess... around the time she got together with Murray,” “Man, you’re ruthless!” Cliff clenched his teeth, appalled at Corley’s shamelessness. “You’ve been eyeing your buddy’s girl!”

Corley smirked coldly. “Did I make a move when they were together? Now that they’ve split, why can’t I try?”

Cliff retorted, “You’ve been lurking from the start. That’s wrong!”

“Heh,” Corley snorted, “Weren’t you and York into the same girl back in high school?”

“L...” Cliff choked, “That was different. I was young and dumb. Plus, falling for someone isn’t something I can control...” Corley shot back. “So, I can control it?”

Murray didn’t appreciate what he had, so someone else would. Besides, Corley hadn’t swooped in until Murray and Roseanne broke up. showing considerable restraint given their history. He was merely pursuing what he wanted.

Seeing Corley’s stubborn stance, Cliff ruffled his hair, attempting to persuade him. “Look. Maybe just let it go? You know how headstrong Roseanne can be. A forced relationship is never sweet.”

Since the fallout, Murray had declared an end to their friendship, warning he would have Corley excluded from any gatherings he attended. The social circle trod lightly around the subject, fearing unintended consequences.

The reason behind their sudden fallout became a hot topic. Some speculated it was due to a failed business partnership or an uneven distribution of profits. Others thought it stemmed from familial tensions, with the elder family members forcing their hand. And then there were rumors about a dispute over a cocktail waitress.

The last guess became the most talked-about theory. Cliff remained tight-lipped, resorting to laughter whenever questioned.

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But deep down, Cliff couldn't help but feel betrayed by Corley. Brothers fighting over the same girl, and Corley had to be the first to lay it all out. What was he thinking?

Corley shrugged indifferently. "You don't need to lecture me. You can't tell if the fruit of force tastes sweet until you've taken a bite."

After leaving the coffee shop, Roseanne did a bit of shopping at the mall, picking up a new scarf and a cashmere coat. She then headed to the supermarket for some groceries.

When she emerged, the sky had darkened, Daytime ended early in winter prompting her to walk faster toward home. The night fell when she reached her apartment building.

Suddenly, a figure burst out from the shadows of an alley. For a moment, thinking it might be some homeless, a chill ran down Roseanne's spine, her hair standing on end.

However, when she realized it was Murray, her tension eased somewhat, only to be replaced by concern as she noticed his drunken stagger and the strong smell of alcohol on him.

His nose was red from the cold, a sign he'd been waiting for a while.

Leveraging his drunken courage, he grabbed Roseanne's hand. "Anne..." "Let go," Roseanne demanded, discomfort clear in her voice.

Somehow, she found his touch unbearable.

Murray didn't let go. "I won't let go until you come back to me. Will you?"

Roseanne couldn't fathom what madness had gotten into him. "You're drunk."

"Anne... I'm serious..." He was the second man to insist he meant it!!

Murray continued. "You asked me if coming back meant being the other woman. I've broken it off with Millie. Everything between you and Corley, I'll act like it never

happened. Yesterday, I was out of line, and I'm sorry. You can hit me or yell at me if you want...Z

As the night deepened, the streets grew emptier, and the weather forecast had warned this would be the coldest night of the winter, advising everyone to bundle up.

Roseanne hadn't felt the cold until then, but a chill seeped into her bones.

"I'm sorry," she said, her eyes downcast, her lashes fluttering slightly. "We can't go back to before."²

The moment was a turning point for Murray, always so stubborn and powerful, conceding defeat. But Roseanne no longer cared. "You should drink less for your stomach's sake." With that, she pulled her hand free and walked away.

Murray thought, 'She has told me to drink less. She still cares for me!

Murray saw it, his eyes lightening up with hope. 'Roseanne is the same as before, worried about my drinking habits. Does it mean I still stand a chance??

He caught up to her with renewed urgency, pulling her into his embrace. "Anne, you still care about me, right? Let's start over, please?" He leaned in for a kiss.!

Roseanne's eyes widened in shock, and she pushed him away, wiping her mouth in disgust. "Don't touch me!"

Murray froze, her repulsed actions and look of disdain slicing through him more sharply than any knife could.

The warmth from the alcohol in his system turned ice cold.

Roseanne continued, her voice steady yet cold, "I knew it for a long time. During all those years together, you weren't faithful. You thought you were clever, but a woman in love is like Sherlock Holmes. For those traces you didn't clean up, did you think I wouldn't see them?!"

The first clue came when he returned from a trip. Roseanne was unpacking his suitcase. There, she found a corner of a condom wrapper, barely the size of a fingernail, but instantly recognized it wasn't their usual brand.

Chapter 96

That night, she made an excuse about feeling unwell to sleep alone in the guest room. She was afraid spending another second with that man in their bedroom would make her lose control and throw up.

It was a pitch-dark night. The wind was freezing. Tears flowed endlessly.

The next day, she booked an appointment at the top-tier hospital's gynecology department for a thorough check-up. Thankfully, there were no issues. From then on, she consciously kept Murray at arm's length.

And he didn't notice a thing. How could he? While sleeping around with different flings, how would he realize he hadn't gotten physical with his girlfriend for long?

Roseanne blurted out, "I just find you so disgusting. Can you please stay away from me?"

Murray gasped for air as though someone had choked him. For a moment, he couldn't dare to meet her gaze. So, she knew everything. The sky began to drizzle again. The cold wind moaned, bone-chilling to the core.

Murray stood in the rain, letting it soak him through as if turned to stone, his gaze fixed on the fading silhouette of Roseanne, motionless.

Millie dashed through the rain, noticing his pale lips and the lack of warmth in his body, and cried out, "Murray, please take care of yourself. You'll fall sick if you stay out in the rain any longer!"

She stood by him, equally drenched and shivering. "You're standing here, but what about Roseanne? She doesn't care about you! I'm the one who loves you. I don't want us to break up. Please let me stay by your side, okay?"

Murray ignored her, his eyes red, and he pushed her away. "Leave me alone!"

"If you don't go, I'll stay with you!" Determined, Millie clenched her teeth, giving up on persuading him further.

Lost in his own world, Murray was oblivious to what Millie said or did.

Stubbornly, he hoped for Roseanne to soften, to turn back even just for a glance. But Roseanne walked away, resolute and stern. Overwhelmed by drunkenness and the cold, Murray couldn't stand any longer and collapsed on the wet ground.

Panicked, Mall

rushed forward. "Murray! Babe! Don't scare me. Please..."

She flagged down a taxi driven by a woman, and it took both of their efforts to lift Murray into the vehicle.

Back at the mansion, Millie hurried to change him into dry clothes and used a towel to dry his hair, too busy to care about her soaked state 3

The family doctor came in a rush, hooking him up to an IV, and by midnight, though Murray was still out of it, his complexion had somewhat improved.

In the dead of night, exhausted Millie caught snippets of Murray's mumbled dream talk. Leaning in, she heard him whisper "Anne" repeatedly.

Millie remembered the emotionless way he had spoken about breaking up earlier that day, her fears finally materializing.

But she wasn't ready to let go. How could she give up after spending so much time and effort to be by this man's side, pushing past the ex and securing her place?

With that thought, Millie's gaze over the sleeping man darkened

Finally, as if having decided, she bit her lip, undressed her clothes, slipped into one of Roseanne's pajamas left behind in the closet, and carefully slid beside Murray.

Half-asleep, Murray suddenly felt a soft warmth against his chest, a familiar scent, and struggled to open his eyes, blurringly seeing Roseanne in his dazed vision.

Chapter 97

She was back! Dressed in his favorite black dress that clung to her curves, her scent was intoxicating, her allure undeniable.8

This time, he was determined not to let go. With a swift move, he rolled on Millie, his lips finding hers in a desperate kiss, murmuring her name, "Anne, Anne, finally, you've forgiven me."

The night was a whirlwind of passion, only quieting down in the early hours.

Feeling content, Murray fell into a deep sleep.

When Murray woke up the following morning, he rubbed his throbbing temples, feeling as though needles were piercing through his skull. But the next moment, his body tensed as his elbow brushed against something warm.

Turning his head, he saw Millie lying beside him. Both of them were naked under the same blanket. Faint red marks adored Millie's neck. Her cheeks flushed a rosy hue, signs of a night spent in fervor

Murray shook his head, trying to piece together the steamy flashes of the night before. He slapped his forehead, frustrated. How did he end up sleeping with her?!

Millie was awake, feeling his movements. She slowly opened her eyes, looking adorably groggy, her initial confusion quickly replaced by a blush.²

Biting her lip shyly, she wrapped her arms around Murray. “Babe, you were so rough last night, I kept saying no, but you wouldn’t stop...” Before she could finish, Murray frowned, “What happened last night?”

His last clear memory was standing under Roseanne’s apartment building, watching her walk away without looking back. How he got home or ended up in bed with Millie was all a blur.³

Seeing his displeased expression, Millie flickered her gaze, and tears started to fall seconds later. You collapsed in the rain yesterday. and I took you home in a cab, then took care of you for a long time. I was going to leave, but you pulled me in, wouldn’t let me go, and then pinned me down. I kept saying it hurt, but you didn’t listen, and it ended like this...”

She bit her lower lip, looking up at Murray with trembling lashes, her pitiful state tugging at his heartstrings. “Last night... was my first time. You’re my first love, my first man, I love you and want to stay by your side. That’s why I went to you”

“If you want to break up, I’m not the type to cling on. I’ll leave right now.”⁸

As she said that, Millie threw off the blanket, picked up her clothes from the floor, and cried as she dressed.

Murray’s headache grew worse. As she bowed her head, the vivid love bites on her neck seemed to accuse him of last night’s actions. Millie struggled with the hooks of her bra, her hands trembling so much that she couldn’t fasten them. She looked like a drenched, homeless kitten.

Murray’s heart eventually softened. “Let’s not talk about breaking up for now. Let’s leave things as they are. Get dressed. I’ll take a shower and drive you back to campus.”

After the bathroom door closed, Millie dropped the pitiful act, a smug smile curling her lips.

Roseanne’s nightgown, which could have proven her proactive seduction, had been neatly tucked back into the wardrobe before Murray woke up.²

Who would have thought Roseanne’s gown was quite the lucky charm??

“If you’re going to game in, might as well play for keeps. Millie smirked in her heart.”

Chapter 98

As night fell, Murray had tackled a mountain of work when his phone buzzed. It v beer?

“Sure‘

Cliff. “Murray, It’s been ages, man. Fancy grabbing a

Murray left his study and changed out of his home clothes into something more casual. As he was heading downstairs, he saw Millie coming in through the front door taking off her shoes in the foyer.

Their eyes met, and both paused, stunned.

Murray asked, “What brings you here?”

Millie ignored his question. “Babe, you heading out?”

*Yeah “3

Millie bit her lip awkwardly. “Did... Did I pick a bad time?”

No reply came.

“I, um, I came straight after class. I didn’t skip or anything. It’s just that I’m feeling some down there after last night. I’ve been feeling off all day..2

“I was too embarassed to hit up the pharmacy alone, worried about getting weird looks. I remembered we had some pain relief patches In the medicine cabinet here, so I came over“}

Her explanation was hesitant, fearful of being a bother.

“I head back to campus now!” Millie waited for his response, which never came. With a determined bite of her lip, she turned to leave. But then, Murray called out to her. “Come here.

A smile flickered on her lips, quickly suppressed as she turned back. “Babe...71

Murray fetched the first aid kit, rifling through it before frowning. “None of these will work for that part.”

Millie’s eyes welled up. “So, what now? Pharmacy? But how can I even ask for...”

Her cheeks flamed with embarrassment.

Murray sighed, standing up. “Let’s go. I’ll take you to the clinic,

Millie sobbed. "It's fine. I don't want to be a bother..."

Grabbing his car keys, Murray was firm. "It's no bother. Cliff just wanted to grab a beer. We can head over after."!!

Millie hesitated to ask, "Can I... Can I come with you afterward?"

"Yeah."!

Millie's face was as red as a beet when they left the clinic.

Murray apologized, "Sorry."

"It's okay. I, I like it. As long as it's with you, I'm happy." Her eyes sparkled with an innocent joy.

Her carefree attitude only made Murray feel worse. He had mistaken her for Roseanne, and things had gotten complicated. He couldn't bear to think of the heartbreak she'd face if he brought up breaking up.²

"Get in the car." Murray opened the driver's side door.

"What?" Millie blinked, confused. "Where to?"

"Weren't you coming with me to Cliff's gathering?"

"Oh. She nodded obediently and climbed into the passenger seat.⁸

The party room was buzzing, heavy metal blasting through the speakers. Cliff was lost in his world, swirling his drink, "One-two-cha-cha-cha..."

York kicked him lightly. "Cut it out. Don't dance before me. It's nauseating."

Cliff raised an eyebrow. "Jealous? It is the latest dance craze. You should try it."

"I'll pass. I'm not keen on making a fool of myself. York stepped back with a look that screamed, "Stay away."!

"Where's Murray? You called him, right?" asked York.

Cliff answered casually, "No clue, but he said he'd make it"

York pondered for a moment. "Did you invite Corley?"

"Yeah."

Cliff gave him a thumbs up. "Bold move."

Everyone knew about the fallout between Murray and Corley. Inviting them both was like mixing fire and gasoline.

"You think I'm stupid, don't you?" Cliff snorted. "I called Murray after Corley bailed. Oh, speak of the devil. Here he comes."

Chapter 99

Upon hearing the noise, Cliff dashed to the door to greet whoever was coming.

In a flash, there stood Murray, arm in arm with Millie.

'Hold on a minute! Cliff let out a sharp hiss.

With a calm face, Murray greeted, "Cliff."

"Hey, Murray's here. Take a seat. Come on." Cliff hurried to welcome them, pouring drinks and offering snacks.

Later on, seizing the moment when Millie stepped away to the restroom, Cliff couldn't help but burst out, "Dude, what's going on? Weren't you two over? Why'd you bring her here?"

After a few drinks, Murray's gaze turned hazy. "She's young. Give it some time. She might not be able to accept it just yet."

Cliff felt a twinge of frustration. "Still young? She's in college, for crying out loud! Murray's playing the fool here!"

Cliff asked, "And what about Roseanne? You're not planning to win her back?"

If that were the case, Corley would be over the moon.

Mentioning Roseanne, a pang hit Murray's heart. "Who said so?"

"So, what's this then?" He glanced toward the direction Millie had left. "Playing both sides?"

Murray sipped his drink. "Don't rush it. Once I've settled things with Millie, I'll do my best to make things right with Anne."

Cliff bit his lip. He wanted to tell Murray that opportunities wouldn't wait and that Roseanne might have moved on by the time Murray had sorted the mess with Millie.

But seeing how determined Murray was, Cliff decided to keep quiet, not wanting to rock the boat.

The party didn't wrap up until the early hours.

Half-drunk, Cliff managed to sign the bill and got held into his car by the club's staff.

A designated driver was already in place, ensuring everyone got home safely.

York was okay, not much to drink, but smoked too many, carrying a lingering scent. He had extended his stay at a nearby luxury hotel, planning to head there.

As for Murray and Millie, they stood by the roadside waiting for their ride.

Attempting to be affectionate, Millie snuggled up to Murray's sturdy arm, looking the part of a woman in love. "Babe, it's so late. How about we head back to your place?"

Her implication was clear that she was willing to stay the night.

But Murray remained silent. After several seconds, he suggested, "You have class tomorrow. I'd better drop you off at your dorm." Millie's smile tightened, disappointment flashing in her eyes, but her words were compliant, "Okay, your call."

Murray's expression softened.

After ensuring Millie reached the gate of Grandstone Institute, he watched her disappear into the building before turning away. The driver inquired, "Mr. Sherwood, where to next?"

Murray looked out the window, opened the door, and stepped out, "Drive the car back for me. I'll take a walk around here."

While wandering, he arrived at the gates of Kingswell University, a place all too familiar. To win Roseanne over, he had spent countless hours waiting there.

Sometimes, a mere fifteen minutes would suffice to see her. Other times, half a day or more was not always with success. Yet, he never tired of it or found it bothersome.

Reaching a narrow alley that led to Roseanne's current residence, Murray didn't hesitate and went straight up.

The path

was so dark and strewn with debris that Murray tripped over beer bottles and trash multiple times.

Bearing the foul smell, he finally stood before that familiar door.

Knock! “Anne, i

Chapter 100

“Come on, Roseanne, I know you’re in there. Open up. Let’s talk.”

*Roseanne! Can you hear me?”

“Way to go, Roseanne, way

way to go! Locked the door, huh? You think that will stop me?” From pleading to calm and gradually raging, Murray’s patience was thinning by the moment

As he was about to give up and turn away, he was caught off-guard by a pair of stern eyes.

Frozen, Murray frowned deeply

Owen stood on the steps in the dimly lit, narrow stairwell, seemingly having just climbed up to

m this

Floor

Given the time, it was clear why he w

was there.

After the fiasco with Corley and Owen’s showing up, Murray was infuriated yet realized that the guys around Roseanne weren’t so nobodies

So, after calming down, Murray immediately had someone dig into Owen’s background. It turned out Owen was the youngest of the Reynolds family. No wonder even Corley stepped back.

Murray broke the silence. “Here for Roseanne?”

Owen spoke indifferently, “What if I am? What if I’m not?”

Murray cut to the chase. “You should know what she means to me.

Owen challenged, “And?”

Murray's eyes narrowed slightly. "If you were smart, you'd stay away from her "

"Sorry. I'm famously
sly not the smart type."

Murray lost his temper. "Roseanne is mine! She was. She's throwing a tantrum now but will always be mine alone."

Owen frowned. "She's a person, not an object. She doesn't belong to anyone. If she did, it would be to herself."

Murray scoffed, "Mr. Reynolds, you're well-read but know little about women. What's that saying? The depth of love breeds the fierceness of hate. Roseanne's acting out because she loves me too much."%

"Don't believe me? Knock on her door yourself. She won't open it for you, either. So, stop pining for what's not yours. It's a waste."

With that, Murray walked past him, striding down the stairs,

Owen watched him leave and glanced at Roseanne's door, furrowing his brows in confusion. He knew Roseanne wouldn't open the door for him. To be precise, she wouldn't open it for anyone because she wasn't even home.!!

On Maldor Beach, under a clear blue sky, the sound of waves was constant. The turquoise waters allowed a clear view of the fish swimming below. The sun was warm, the breeze gentle, the waves lapping.

Three days ago, Roseanne received a call from Leda. Leda had finally delivered the projects, and with her handsome boyfriend gone home for the holidays, she'd been sleeping in out of sheer boredom. On a whim, she suggested a spontaneous trip to Roseanne."

"As for the destination," Leda mused, chin in hand, "how about the Maldor Beach?"

Roseanne thought for a moment, then agreed. "Sure.

On the one hand, she wanted

ited to escape the mess Corley and Murray had made. On the other, she needed to relax. Though Roseanne cherished her books and studies, she knew better than to stretch herself too thin, Balance and moderation were essential for a steady. long-term success.

Gazing at the azure sea and the cloudless sky, lying on a beach chair, listening to the waves crash against the rocks, and sunbathing in the warm sunlight, Roseanne felt more convinced than ever that she'd made the right choice.

She picked up her mango smoothie and took a sip. It was perfectly balanced, not too sweet, not too bland

Looking stunning in her swimsuit, Leda walked over the sand toward her. Seeing Roseanne in such a lazy state, she lay on another chair beside her, sighing. "Ah, this is the life You know how to enjoy yourself."