

## **CHOSEN 1801**

### Chapter 1801

Roser turned her head to look at him and didn't say anything

Clueless woman. He took off the robe he was wearing and plopped into the pool in front of Rose

Rose got splashed with water all over her body She reached out to touch her face Just as she was about to give him a piece of her mind, she saw Morrison walking towards her shirtless at that moment, grabbing her ankle

Afraid that he might pull her into the water all of a sudden, she braced herself with her hands behind her, placing one foot on Morrison's shoulder and pushing him with force Don't you dare! I cant swim you know c2

Momson glanced at the small foot on his shoulder and said in a deep voice, "Are you stepping on me, Rose?"

"Just don't pull me in Im I'm pregnant."

His eyes narrowed at her. This woman always playing the pregnancy card But he let her foot stay on his shoulder, and began to rotate it gently, massaging her ankle. Surprisingly it felt soothing

Rose blinked in confusion, watching him. When he started to circle her foot, she realized he was warming up her muscles for a swim to prevent cramps and injuries

Shed been clueless about swimming before but not anymore And Morrison, he could still do all these things?

Rose felt touched in her heart. She always knew she had an eye for men How could the little attentions of the past few days not make a woman's heart flutter? And then there was his face coupled with that body – he was a siren call to any woman.

"Ahr Lost in thought, she didn't notice Momson pulling on her toes until a sharp pain made her cry out.

"Are you so oblivious? You're stiff as a board, and you want to swim? As he said it, he applied a little more force.

"Ah, Morrison, that hurts"

"Endure it" he said coldly though his hands eased off a bit. After another round of stretching, Rose stopped complaining and felt more relaxed

When Morrison finally let go of her foot, Rose couldn't help but wiggle her toes against his skin, a touch that seemed all too familiar now. They were both used to such intimate contact neither thought much of it

"Duch Rose shrank back her foot, but only let out a soft cry

Momson's actions paused momentarily Looking up at her, he found her biting her lip, looking hurt as if he had somehow bullied her

Bite the bullet" He tossed her an old phrase, proceeding with his action

Rose quietly looked at him. She thought she would never forget this scene even when she was old. She bit her lip, moving her body a bit forward

Alright then Come down Momson just then released her, looking up at her

Rose leaning against the edge of the swimming pool, timidly slid down a bit into the pool.

Momson furrowed his brows, his long arm winding around her knees, going past her waist, and directly lifted her into the water.

Rose couldn't swim so naturally, she clung tightly onto Morrison's neck

Both were in swimsuits, it left little to the imagination where their bodies touched Rose could feel the firmness of Morrison's chest, and he, naturally could feel her as well Morrison let go of Rose into the water, but her hands were still tightly clinging onto Morrison's neck.

Don't let go of me I'm scared Rose warned him out loud, her legs splashing about in the water, immediately hooking around Morrison's legs.

She was like an octopus, clinging onto his body.

Momson's expression changed a myriad of times, his arms around her waist, not letting go even a bit.

"You gonna learn or what?" he asked, as he watched her delicate features up close

"So you're my coach today" she teased

Momson's gaze softened. 'You can find someone else if you want.

Her grip tightened instinctively She could tell he wanted to teach her personally. With him there, why would she need anyone else? Especially now, when she was so moved by him

"No one else. I want you!"

Morrison stiffened at her words, the proximity of their bodies making it impossible for him to concentrate.

"What did you say?"

“Morrison

“What

Rose stared into his eyes for a moment before pulling his head down and pressing her lips against his in a bold move

It was a sudden kiss, but one filled with pent up longing,

Morrison's eyes widened in shock, but he didn't pull away from the audacious woman in his arms.

Rose wasn't usually bold, but she had longed for this man for too many years nearly eight. Watching him with other women had been a slow torture, and now her patience

had worn thin

Her technique might have been terrible, but she still refused to give up stubbornly barging into Morrison's territory. Morrison let her invade him so recklessly but in reality, the slightly arched back revealed he was playing along.

His indifference left Rose feeling slightly disappointed. She released one hand, and the soft, cool fingertips gently slid over his shoulder stopping at his chest. The tender touch made Morrison's body suddenly tense and his breathing became erratic.

He teased Rose's wandering hand. “Do you even realize what you're doing?”

Rose breathed lightly. Her face now flushed red. “It's your fault for teasing me all day. You asked for this.”

Years of inaction had come to this moment—she should have taken her chance with him long ago.

His grip tightened slightly. “When have I ever teased you?”

Every moment She was mentless, one hand clinging to his shoulder, speaking between tender pecks on his lips. Though Morrison dodged, she always managed to steal a

Those are you taking advantage of me?

"Uk But, you tempted me first. It's only fair I flirt a little she teased, her voice sultry

The timing was perfect, and she wasn't about to let the opportunity slip by

Morrison chuckled at her audacity. What kind of woman was she? Bold and brazen, she faced him head-on, unapologetic in her advances

Exactly how did I tempt you? I'll stop—if you can tell me "

Rose shook her head. "You can't stop Not unless you get a new face"

At her words. Monson's brows knit together and he pulled back, his voice growing cold. "So it's just my looks you're after?"

Rose didn't hesitate nodding vigorously. "Yeah, yeah, Momson, you're incredibly handsome"

Morrison's mouth twitched, unsure whether to be angry or happy Yet, as he accused her of impropriety, she only grew more enthusiastic Rose continued her bold actions She stretched up to claim every advantage she could over him

Morrison played along, sometimes allowing her to catch him in a kiss. "Enough Are you going to learn or what?"

Rose clung to him, "Just a little longer."

Morrison was speechless

This damn woman was really getting into it

As she pressed closer. Momson suddenly pulled her into the water, grasping her leg and moving her to the poolside steps. He loomed over her, effortlessly reversing their roles. His kiss was a tempest compared to Rose's gentle drizzle

Rose tried to keep pace at first, unwilling to be outdone But soon, she grew fearful, struggling to breathe until Morrison changed his angle, allowing her to gasp for air before pushing him away

Morrison wasn't about to let her go so easily.

"Stop, stop, stop Momson, that's enough. Let's call it a day"

His face darkened with frustration. Had she not been begging for more just moments ago? And now that she had riled him up, she was done?

Rose, you don't get to call the shots now He growled, reaching for her leg again.

"Morison, Morrison, Momson Rose looked into Morrison's eyes, the fire in them full of lust making her even more afraid "Morrison, calm down.

"It's too late

Despite his anger, he was mindful of her condition and didn't drag her forcibly but instead closed the distance between them

No, no, Morison Please, just think I'm pregnant right now

The doctor said light exercise is fine"

Rose thought “I think you’ve misunderstood the meaning of ‘exercise”

“No, no, you’re mistaken Besides, we’re in public. We can’t do this here.”

Tve booked the whole floor

“But there must be cameras

I was

wrong, okay?”

This was an operating venue with unavoidable risks. In such a large swimming pool, even if it was privately booked, there should have been surveillance, right?

Monson paused, scanning the ceiling corners of the pool area, and sure enough—cameras

Rose breathed a sigh of relief straightening her disheveled clothes, only to notice a red mark on her chest Her cheeks blushed as she saw the trail of similar marks left by Morrison Resigned, she fixed her clothes and looked up to find Morrison watching her with the intensity of a predator, ready to pounce at any second

Her heart raced. This was not the time, nor the place—especially since she was pregnant Just as the prize seemed within reach, it was now tantalizingly out of bounds.

Covering her chest protectively she gulped. “Don’t do anything rash, Monson

Her gaze involuntarily drifted toward the bulge in Morrison’s swim trunks Blushing furiously, she quickly averted her eyes, whispering, “You need to cool off

Momson's face darkened a hint of red touching his ears. He released her and dived into the pool.

"Rose, you won't get away with this

He left her with a threat, and as the sound of splashing water faded, Morison was swimming away, leaving Rose with only the echo of what might have been

He had done at least five or six laps in the pool before he approached her

"So are you going to learn or what?"

Rose could tell he had cooled off a bit, so she nodded and cautiously dipped her toes into the water

With a stern face. Momson took her hands, his gaze sweeping over her repeatedly. "Lift your legs up"

She timidly raised one leg and then tried the other one, but couldn't quite manage it. Flustered she looked at him "I'm scared"

Morrison rolled his eyes "dot"

Chapter 1802

"Do you understand the concept of theory before practice? Rose shot back with a fire in her eyes.

Morison furrowed his brow, "What did you say?"

"I said you've got to hold on tight to me, okay?"

Was her reputation as a scaredy cat for nothing?



Here she was pregnant and vulnerable, how could she possibly match up to Morrison, a man in the prime of his strength?c2

In the end, it would be both of them who'd suffer Nobody would get the upper hand

Rose sighed with a hint of melancholy in her voice.

"What's with the sigh? Lift your legs already

Rose glanced at him. You sure I'll be okay?"

"Quit dilly dallying or find someone else to teach you"

"Hey, hey, don't be like that I need time to ease into it"

Even if she couldn't taste the fruit, at least she could feast her eyes on it. If she learned with someone else, she'd lose even that little joy.

This stud was right there, and sometimes you just had to play it cool

Rose was determined like he was the only man for the job, Morison grimaced.

This pervert

They messed around for a while, then got down to some serious learning. After over an hour, considering Rose's condition, Morrison didn't want her in the water too long and finally fished her out

Just as Rose was starting to grasp it, Morrison picked her up and carried her out of the swimming pool.

“What’s wrong?”

“We re done here, time to head home.

“Why? I was just starting to get it

Momson glanced down at her, “Because you’re a slow learner and you’ve exhausted all my patience for today”

Rose thought to herself “Your patience sure runs out fast”

He sat her down on a chair and wrapped her in a fresh bathrobe, covering her from head to toe, not even leaving her eyes exposed

After a bit of struggle to breathe, she was scooped up again. The sudden lift made her instinctively reach for Momson’s neck, but the bathrobe was too snug, trapping her

arms

In a panic, her hands clawed at his body, aiming to grab something anything But she caught nothing and heard Morrison gasp sharply.

She immediately spread her fingers, seeing the clear scratch marks on his skin, Rose grimaced, apologizing as she gently blew on the marks, trying to soothe them. This senes of actions sent a shiver down Momson’s spine

“Stop touching

His low growl startled her and she promptly withdrew her hands, curling up quietly in his embrace.

“Where are you taking me?”

Momson didnt reply just kept walking

Rose blinked and eventually couldnt hold back, “You know, you don’t have to carry me I can walk on my own

Momson pressed his lips together his stride faltering ever so slightly ‘My arms are cramping Need to exercise with some weight

He was definitely out of his mind

Through the gaps in the bathrobe, Rose’s eyes latched onto Morrisons physique—bronzed and sculpted muscles rippling with movement

Her lips twitched in appreciation So tempting

If only she hadn’t drunk herself unconscious that night at the school reunion

Thinking back. Rose’s face burned with a blush

Unaware of the illicit admiration from the woman in his arms, Momson soon set her down and pulled off the bathrobe Rose realized they wen

She looked up at Momson, who was sturking down at her with a teasing glint in hes eyes Take off your clothes

Rose pursed her lips, gave him a narrow eyed smile, and turned to walk away

Absolutely hoff

She had been bold in the poor because it was a public place and she had has timidity But now sobered up the thought of stripping naked in front of hum

Not a chance! Even if she was interested in a man the hallar standards.

granice as a shield. His id

Running away) Time for a showeT

She struggled refusing to lack at him. There's a shioans in the changing scam)

"This is more congement

"my clothes are here

He closed in on her, his voice deep and slow. 'You can wear the  
Rose banked rapidly her mind racing with a stampede of enotes

Don't stand to close Don't sound to alling Who reu

You can shower here

I can go next door"

That wont do What if you slip?"

Damn The usually poised and refined Rose inwardly cursed

Momson was really not himself today Knowing she couldn't resist him, was he trying to seduce her with  
all his might?

Swallowing hard she managed to say. "Momson, don't push it."

Silence hung in the air for a few seconds before a low chuckle came from above her head

Rose nodded slightly, her expression conflicted "You know you're handsome. Today you've been too much. You felt it in the pool I don't know what I might do," she said cautiously

But then Morrisons strong arm snaked around her waist, his fingers squeezing gently

Rose's eyelids flickered and she looked up at him

Momson raised an eyebrow nodding

Rose stared at him for a long moment before turning away, muttering a soft "Damn"

"If I had known, I would have taken my chance back then" She mumbled to herself full of regret.

"What are you muttering? Morison tightened his grip on her waist and leaned in to ask. Her murmurs were faint, incomprehensible

Rose bit her lip. "Nothing Let's just leave this for now, until I'm not pregnant anymore"

She was fuming as she spoke, giving Morrison a pat on the shoulder before forcefully nudging him away "Go ahead and shower first I won't intrude" she said with a huff Mamison couldn't help but laugh at her audacity. He didn't stop Rose as she wrapped herself back in her robe, intending to leave. With his arms crossed he leaned against the doorframe and said lightly. You won't get this chance again"

Rose paused, "What do you mean?"

"Opportunities like this don't come around twice If you don't take your shot with me today, I won't let you have another one."

Rose clenched her teeth Damn it. This cunning man!

Who was the one who couldn't resist the urges just now? And now he was shamelessly demanding she take advantage of him? The nerve!

Morson was thoroughly enjoying the sight of Rose's flustered expression, taking silent pleasure in her turmoil. He would definitely settle the score for the teasing that happened in the pool.

Watching the range of emotions crossing her face, she seemed on the verge of pouncing on him as boldly as she did in the pool. But then, with a grit of her teeth, her tense shoulders slumped

"Maybe next time Right now I'm all out of energy And if you're not up for it by then. Well, there's nothing I can do

With that she walked out the door.

Nothing she could do? Well, by then, if she wanted him, even if he wasn't willing she would make sure to have her way

Morson grimaced He hadn't expected Rose to play that card.

All out of energy? it was she that had teased him without shame

Today was truly a missed opportunity, Morrison squinted and turned on the shower

Just you wait, Rose

Rose quickly rinsed off in the adjacent bathroom locking the door tightly behind her, fearful that Morrison might burst in. Actually, there was no knock. When she fished and came out, Morrison was already waiting for her impeccably dressed.

A simple sweater looked a hundred times better on him than on others

Rose signed inwardly tightening the robe around her and looking away

She's hopeless utterly enchanted by him.

Let's go she said bypassing him with a hint of annoyance on her face

But Morrison grabbed her and pulled her back

now? Rose asked puzzled

He grabbed her damp hair and rubbed it between his fingers "You're going out like this?"

Rose was almost moved to tears by his thoughtfulness

If you're sick, my son will suffer He's already this ugly and I have to be extra nice to him "

Rose was speechless. Did he have any idea how much that dented his charm?

Any sentiment she felt evaporated with her words. The rest was just her lingering obsession with him

Morrison pulled her to the vanity, pushed her onto a stool, and gave her the hairdryer. Massaging her face with the highest |

Pace could hardly breathe her eyes flamed shut by the wind Morrison, are. pau Hying ki

He snorted and moved the dryer above her head Surry Arst time #ying someone star i har Tech

Those technical difficulties gave i

His fingers wove through!

Back home. Pose changed and headed straight for the kittifeti

Momson found her bustling around as he came downstairs has mood soured

Little Moon happily circled around her feet, joyfully sticking out its tongue and i

From the moment she got into the cat she was looking at her phone. Throughout the pines, she cracked it every time repeatedly

was anxious to get home to cook dinner for another man.

Having only recently savored her cooking, he noticed the evening's meal was particularly lavish. His eyes narrowed as he strode into the kitchen.

"Bark! Bark

Little Moon barked defiantly at him Rose glanced back without stopping her work, giving Morrison a brief look before turning back to her task "What are you doing here?"

Morrison felt a surge of irritation 'It's getting late I thought I'd help you out'

She stopped and eyed him skeptically "Really? Since when do you cook? Or are you just here to make things worse?"



Momson's face darkened "Im just concerned about my son's wellbeing Besides, do you really think I'm that immature?"

Rose raised an eyebrow her lips curling into a small smile Wasn't he?

"What's that supposed to mean?"

I've never seen you in the kitchen before "

Morrison grabbed a spatula and huffed "There's a lot you haven't seen me do. What are we cooking?"

Rose shook the water from the greens and nudged him aside with her body. "You better go. You're not even wearing an apron, and the kitchen's too smoky for you. Just wait

for dinner

Morrison frowned, the stubborn woman was bent on cooking for Winston. He didn't speak, but he didn't leave either. Instead, he circled the kitchen

Rose glanced at him "Aren't you leaving?"

Momison was examining the ingredients she had prepared, "Mind your business,"

Rose pursed her lips, turned on the stove, and continued without another word. Just as she finished one dish, Morrison had vanished from the kitchen

As she carried the dishes out, she noticed him sitting idly on the dining table, hands in his pockets, legs crossed, and waiting Rose looked at him again with a strange expression on her face

What was wrong with this man today?

She set the dish down and went to the living room

Soon. Rose called out, "Winston hurry over! Yes, of course, I made it myself. You can bet it'll be unforgettable"

Momson's brow twitched, and he let out a grunt before silently pulling a jar out of his pocket.

Did Winston really think it was that easy to eat at his place? If that woman wanted to show off her culinary skills in front of others, then he would make sure to give Winston a lesson he'd never forget

Chapter 1803

Rose glanced at him perplexingly from the living room before getting into the kitchen with an air of confusion.

Every time Rose finished whipping up a dish, she'd carry it out with pride, and occasionally, Morrison would pop into the kitchen to lend a helping hand.

The guy was acting like the picture-perfect citizen-helpful, kind, and honest to a fault

But to apply such descriptors to Morrison was like seeing pigs fly Had Morrison been possessed by some kind of spirit today?

Rose shook her head, utterly clueless about what had gotten into him. She lifted the lid of the stew pot, gave it a stir, and covered it again, then glanced at the casserole

beside it c2

Winter was all about having that steaming hearty pot as the main event.

At the moment, Winston was dressed to the nines, but oddly enough, he found himself lounging on the couch, silently watching the muted TV phone in hand I've been invited over to Rose's for dinner tonight I gotta ask, is her cooking any good?"

Chloe, at that moment, was holding a fruit tray and eating fruit Upon hearing Winston's words, she paused for a moment "Rose's cooking herself?"

"Yeah, she assured me it would be a meal to remember I'm just worried she might poison me"

Chloe blinked, slightly amused. "I haven't witnessed how amazing her cooking skills are, but I have seen her in the kitchen a few times. Didn't pay much attention, though, There were some cooking classes back in school

She paused, biting into an apple with a somewhat bemused expression Rose nearly blew up the classroom once. As for the edibility of her food turning every dish into a variety of flavors, including the occasional scorched surprise, was definitely among her skills.

"What happened in the cooking class?!"

Winston's voice took on a darker tone. Chloe swallowed her apple and cleared her throat "It was fine. Imagine, a girl of her status, how picky could she be" if she says it's good, how could it be wrong? As for this whole poisoning thing, you're joking, right?"

"Summers The more you talk, the less convinced I am."

Chloe's features twisted awkwardly. Then you must be hearing things. Rose's pregnant now. She has to eat what she cooks, too. There's no way she'd risk her own and her baby's health just to poison you."

Winston fell silent for a moment, then grabbed a box from the coffee table and stood up "Alright, then I guess I'll grace her with my presence tonight. Gotta go, I'm heading

out

“Wait, hold on a sec”

Chloe called out, and Winston raised an eyebrow. “What now?”

“Well when you get there, see if Morrison is around. And try to be extra charming with Rose”

Winston scoffed dismissively as he reached for the door. Do you know how much I’m worth? You want me to flirt with Rose and give the media something juicy?

“it’s win win. It’s not like it’s real. Plus, it’ll stir up some attention, good for your image, right?”

“Like I care about that?”

Chice pouted “Even better, then Look, just give Momson a little sense of insecurity, okay?

As Winston strolled past the garden wall, he chuckled at Chloe’s words, then fell silent for a few seconds before breaking into laughter.

“My dear Miss Summers, you wouldn’t be setting up a string of men in R City, would you?”

Chloe took another bite of her banana, looking up to see a tall, imposing figure descending the staircase. She coughed lightly.

“What are you talking about? Rose is a catch; she’s got plenty of admirers. Why would I need to arrange anything? With your charm and good looks. enough Just make sure James feels the heat Gotta go.”

Before Winston could respond she hung up the call

“Why aren’t you obediently staying in the study? What are you doing here, hmm?”

The man's towering presence matched his deep voice his forehead touching hers as his arms encircled her waist, pulling her close.

Chloe quickly showed him the fruit plate Tim just enjoying some fruit

Damon glanced at the plate before sitting beside her on the couch, pulling her onto his lap

Chise guarding her fruit plate looked down at him from her elevated position.

"Who did you say was handsome and successful?"

Chise fell silent

"Hmm?" Damon persisted offering a slice of banana to her lips.

Chloe bit down blurting out "Just Winston Hes in R City now I told him to perhaps flirt a little with Rose"

After swallowing the banana, Chise gave Damon a grin, her bright teeth gleaming

Damon's eyes shifted slightly, a half smile crossing his face "Aren't you afraid it might turn real?"

Chloe blinked in confusion: "What do you mean?"

"What if Winston actually falls for Home"

Chloe's expression wavered as she waved her hands dismissively "Impossible"

Damon chuckled lightly "What's impossible? Didn't you say Kota is great?" "Of course she"

Chloe face looked somewhat uncomfortable

towards her, he would undoubtedly get hurt.

monal and delusional worth being iked by others, but i

However, the very next second. Chloe shook her head resolutely No is impossible nation won't fall for Host He knew that R

Damon smiled lightly, offering her an apple. "Love is unpredictable, who knows?"

More than

Claudia lost her appetite for fruit.

Damon took a bite of the apple himself, then leaned in to kiss her. It was his fault for bringing up such matters.

Chloe resisted, pushing against his shoulders. "Don't-"

"Good Lord"

Damon's lips were locked onto Chloe's in a fierce, possessive kiss when Elizabeth's voice suddenly shattered the moment. Chloe's cheeks flushed a deep crimson as she pushed him away with unexpected strength.

Just when she feared the intrusion, it happened

Damon looked up at the staircase with a scowl. Elizabeth stood at the top, hand over her mouth, looking like she couldn't decide whether to stay or flee.

“It is a public space, for heaven’s sake

Winston ended the call and rang the doorbell of the Rose household.

He couldn’t help but feel a twinge of pity for Morrison. The poor guy had no idea that Rose’s so-called good friend was nothing short of a witch, plotting behind his back like this

At the sound of the bell Rose emerged from the kitchen, but Morrison had beaten her to the door.

She followed untrusting, and watched as Morrison swung the door open to reveal Winston. Their eyes clashed, tension clashing in an instant.

Winston raised an eyebrow, “Oh, you re home? And here I thought it was going to be a cozy dinner for two with sweet little Rose”

The task of playing the dutiful guest was not lost on him.

From the corner. Rose nearly kicked Winston for his sudden madness. Sweet little Rose, my foot!

Momson’s usually stoic face darkened, a forced smile barely curving his lips after sending Winston a barrage of icy glares. “Welcome,” he said, though it was clear he meant

anything but

Winston glanced at Morrison, puzzled by his bizarre hospitality. Did he have some nerve disorder today?

Rose, feeling awkward shot Winston a glare What a troublemaker.

However, Winston ignored it and handed what he was holding to Morrison. “This is for you.”

Momson took it with disdain. "How thoughtful of you."

Then Winston handed a small, exquisite box to Rose, "And this is for you. Saw it and thought it was just your style"

Curiosity piqued, Rose opened the box right away to find a diamond necklace with a simple, elegant teardrop pendant, glittering inside. She gasped, "Isn't this a bit too extravagant?"

Winston lacked eyes with her, with a faint smile, "Isn't our relationship beyond measuring worth?"

Rose was at a loss for words, especially under Winston's intense gaze. Was he out of his mind?

The atmosphere turned frosty beside him, and Winston found it increasingly amusing Provoking Momson was turning out to be more entertaining than any flirtation with Rose

"Why don't you come in? it's chilly by the door Morrison said abruptly, pulling Rose into his embrace in a bold claim of territory

Roses smile stiffened.

As Winston entered and the door closed behind him, Rose excused herself, "Tve got dishes on the stove. You two entertain each other for a while"

"Take your time, Winston said with a grin

Once Rose left, the living room was tense with Momson and Winston exchanging forced smiles.

Momson was blunt. "Dinner's almost ready. I don't see the need for pleasantries, do you?"



Winston shrugged, feigning indifference. "I'll check on Rose in the kitchen. I feel terrible she's fussing over dinner while pregnant"

Momson clenched his jaw. "'Well it's fine Dealing with quests naturally requires some sincerity. You don't need to go to the kitchen. After all, you are the quest. It's unreasonable to invite guests for a meal and then ask them to help in the kitchen. The quests should just wait to be served. Feel free to sit I go to the kitchen and check if my wife has everything ready

His emphasis on guest and the mention of his wife was pointed but his polite smile made it impeccable

Winston raised an eyebrow clearly riled by Morrisons barbs

Momson smirked, but his anger simmered beneath the surface Winstons reaction proved he cared, and the thought of him coveting Rose sent a flare of jealousy through Momson

In the dining room Momson took out his frustration by pouring condiments over Winston's plate

Rose was still busy in the kitchen oblivious to the silent battle outside

When Morrison finally stirred the dishes to his satisfaction, his mood lightened just a touch. He then joined Rose in the kitchen

"Why are you back here? When's Winston?"

Morrison glared at her. The house isn't that big, he can't get lost?

Rose grimaced at his sharp tongue

In the living room, their golden retriever Moon barked playfully at Winston clearly taken with him Morrison's frown deepened at sight of the traitorous pooch

"Dinner's ready Rose called from the dining room, and Morrison plastered on a warmni sutile

"It seems Moon's taken a liking to you" Morrison said dryly

"Moon" That's a nice name for the little guy Winston replied casually

"Enough chit chat, the foods getting cold Rose insisted

As they settled at the table. Morrison's demeanor softened slightly

2/3

10.00

Nose is quite skilled in the kitchen. I haven't had the chance to enjoy her cooking many times. You're in for a treat today" Morrison said casually.

Winston arched an eyebrow. "You guys have been hitched for what almost three months now? How come you've hardly had her cooking?"

Roses expression stiffened slightly, and she seemed momentarily at a loss for words. Morrison's face also took on a chill.

"Let's dig in before it gets cold Rose quickly added picking up some veggies with her fork and placing them onto her plate.

Winston cast a sidelong glance at Morrison and grabbed his own fork, "Alright then, let's see if your cooking is as good as you brag it to be."

Rose gave a small smile. I told you it'll be a taste you'll never forget"

Morrison chimed in, "It's a rare opportunity, make sure you get your fill."

Winston lifted an eyebrow and forked a piece of green bean salad into his mouth. Instantly, his entire body stiffened, and his face froze over

Rose stared at him expectantly. "Well? How is it?"

Her face Lord, he felt like he deserved a thousand cuts for not giving her some praise

His eyes shifted to Morrison and caught the smug triumphant look on his face. In a flash, he got the picture. This damn man, playing such childish games

With no reply forthcoming, disappointment washed over Rose's face, "Is it not good?"

Seeing her looking extremely disappointed and upset, Winston slowly swallowed the food. "It's good. I'm actually surprised that your cooking is actually this good"

At his words, Rose's face lit up with a smile "Then have some more"

Winston's eyelid twitched, "Sure will."

Casting a glance at Morrison, Winston saw him smugly take a hearty bite of his own dish. "Yeah, you're really getting the hang of this cooking thing."

Saying so, he served Rose another helping, which she ate with an even wider smile

"Mmm, a total success."

Winston rolled his eyes.

Damn it! This shameless, childish, and petty man was actually resorting to such shameless, childish, and low-level tactics.

Chapter 1804

Winston calmly picked up his water glass, took a sip, and then proceeded to pick up other dishes.

Momson caught sight of his actions out of the corner of his eye, and a cold snort emanated from within.

Winston put another bite of food into his mouth, and his facial features suddenly twisted in response.

Damn, that was sour c2

Winston lifted his gaze to look at Momson, who was calmly eating his own dish, occasionally nodding in acknowledgment, indicating that the taste was good.

Gritting his teeth, Winston went for another dish Sweet, spicy, pungent, numbing and even some bizarre fusion of flavors Did Morrison drag the whole spice rack into the kitchen or what?

Winston spent the whole meal chugging water nearly flipping the table in frustration

Morrison, that stingy infuriating man He clearly cared, yet he resorted to these underhanded tactics.

Rose stood up and dished out bowls of soup for them all

Winston watched the two of them take a sip before cautiously trying it myself. Finally, something that tasted normal

The strange flavors of the dishes made Winston's bowl of soup disappear at an alarming rate.

Rose, playing the gracious host, was clearly pleased seeing it as a compliment to her cooking skills. She silently got up and refilled his bowl, placing it in front of him, "Eat

up

Winston could only stare, wondering if they were tag teaming to mess with him. Morrison across the table smirked in an especially taunting manner.

Narrowing his eyes, Winston twirled his fork and pointed it at the plate of spicy buffalo wings in front of Rose.

"I'd like to try that. Mind if we swap, little Rose?"

"Oh sure

Good manners were key after all

She didn't hesitate and started to switch plates with him.

Morrison's face had turned the color of soy sauce. He shot Winston a cold glare and as they successfully exchanged plates, Rose obliviously reached for the wings, and Morrison suddenly pressed his fork down on hers.

"What's wrong?" she asked, puzzled

He swapped his plate of dish with hers. "You eat these"

Rose turned to him, still confused "But these are spicy. You can't handle it

Winston couldn't help but chuckle from across the table, "What's the matter, can't handle a little heat?"

Momson's expression darkened. I just don't prefer it," he claimed, picking up a popper and shoving it into his mouth.

The slightest twitch of his long dark eyebrows betrayed him

What on earth had he mixed into that? The spiciness was one thing, but the overpowering pepper...

Winston caught every bit of Momson's reaction and laughed to himself. Served him right. And to think, he actually felt a twinge of sympathy for this Morrison at the doorstep earlier

Rose sat beside them, her fingers sweating as she observed Morrison's subtle expressions. "Morrison, if you don't like it, don't eat it," she said, concern lacing her voice. Monson swallowed the popper with an air of indifference and followed it with a mouthful of rice. "Tastes fine to me," he lied.

Rose poured him a glass of water, still worried.

Winston arched an eyebrow, seeing her concern, and reached for another dish, "Rose, could you swap that smoked sausage casserole with me?"

"Ub okay"

Rose went to exchange plates again, but Morrison intercepted the dish from Winston's hands and slid another plate in front of her.

Rose was left speechless at his action.

Winston casually took the plate from her hands, with a faint smile on his face. And this one too."

One by one. Winston kept trying to exchange dishes with Rose, only to be thwarted by Morrison each time. His face grew more thunderous with each attempt. Eventually Winston looked down at the completely changed spread before him and said, "Seems like we should have switched seats from the start. Had so fond of my selections, I would have sat next to Rose right away."

Sweat beaded on Morrison's forehead, and upon hearing his words, Morrison nearly jabbed his fork in his direction.

Insufferable!

Rose, noticing the tension between the two of them, reached for a dish in front of Morrison. As she lifted a piece of jalapeño popper, he

his fork

She looked up at him, and he said with furrowed brows, "Don't haven't had my fill."

"If you like it that much, I can always make more for you another time," Rose said helplessly.

He clamped his fork onto hers and placed it back on the table, his demeanor cool. "I prefer this batch?"

With no intention to insist, especially with a guest present, Rose let it go.

and it down with a sharp tap of

Throughout the meal, Rose talked to Winston about an upcoming product launch, hoping Winston would make an appearance. Momegn remained silent on the matter. That was Rose's professional domain. Every sentence she uttered every word came from her own flexible tactics; it was the attitude and wisdom necessary for a company leader. He didn't fully understand what Rose was like at work before. Now with just a few simple sentences it seemed like he had gained a new understanding of her. Though the work-related conversation was brief, it was clear he couldn't fit into their world, leaving him to brood over his indelible mood growing stormy by

The minute

When dinner finally ended, Morrison hardly spoke another word. Rose didn't expect any help from him in entertaining Winston, so they left the table as it was and moved to the living room together

Winston left the dinner party feeling like a million bucks. He'd stuffed himself with a feast, successfully made a fool of Morrison, and was ready for nothing more than a long blissful sleep. It had been a perfect day in his book, so he didn't linger. After a short while, he bid farewell and hit the road.

Rose escorted Winston out, then closed the door behind him Morrison remained seated on the sofa

She pressed her lips firmly together as she approached him Despite the evenings awkward moments, she was grateful he'd stayed by her side throughout Winston's visit. "Thanks for sticking with me tonight" she said, it meant a lot"

Morrison, slouching with one arm draped over the sofa armrest, was scrolling through his phone. He murmured a non-committal "Hmm" in response.

His indifference made Rose pause, but then she added, "If you really liked tonight's dinner, I can whip it up again tomorrow"

Another "Hmm" was all she got

Feeling a tinge of embarrassment. Rose was about to leave for the kitchen. But before she had taken a few steps, she suddenly froze in her tracks Turning back to Morrison, she noticed he hadn't moved an inch. As she recalled on his last response, she realized something was off about his tone.

With a subtle blink of her eyes, she had already stepped forward, urgently walking towards him with quick strides. She placed her hands on his shoulders and gave him a gentle shake "Morrison, are you okay?"



He let out a low groan and slowly lifted his head. "What?"

Instead of reacting to his attitude, Rose was taken aback by his pale, sweaty face. Bending down awkwardly due to her bulging belly, she knelt and cradled his face in her hands, her voice laced with

panic. "What's wrong? Where does it hurt? Tell me!"

Morrison, with furrowed brows and eyes reflecting silent agony, didn't seem inclined to share his feelings.

"Talk to me where does it hurt?"

Rose was truly at a loss: Facing such an unexpected situation, she had no experience whatsoever. Especially since it involved Morrison—his pain was evident, and it was tearing her apart.

Noticing her distress, Morrison finally muttered, "My stomach..."

It clicked. Rose remembered how he'd stubbornly intercepted her spicy dishes at dinner. Her worry quickly blended with frustration as she glared at him, her eyes welling up. "You know you can't handle spicy food, so why did you touch those dishes? I have made your favorites."

Her voice broke, and Morrison, looking more fragile than ever, made her hands hesitant to move. After a moment's hesitation, she stood up, pulling at Morrison. "We need to get you to the hospital, now!"

Monson was heavy and despite her efforts, Rose couldn't budge him. Only when he saw her near tears did he gather the strength to stand up, taking her hand as he did.

"I'm fine, just calm down," he said softly.

But Rose, tears brimming, looked up at him desperately. "Morrison, please be okay!"

He was taken aback by the sincerity of her worry, the tears in her eyes, and the concern in her choked voice. There was no hiding it, no denying the truth of her emotions.

He tightened his grip on her wrist, trying to ignore his own discomfort. "Are you really that worried about me?"

Rose bit her lip "Let's just go to the hospital"

He didn't move, still holding on to her hand "Rose, you haven't answered my question"

She met his gaze, her eyes red and voice firm "Yes, I'm worried about you. I hate seeing you in pain, okay?"

He pressed on, "Why?"

With a surge of imitation. Rose snapped, "Because you're the father of my child! Is that enough for you?"

Morrison's frown deepened, apparently not satisfied. "What else?"

Rose hesitated her frustration mounting Did he really need her to spell it out so bluntly?

"Are we going to the hospital or not? if not, I'm going to bed"

Momson, stubborn as ever, was still waiting for an answer

With a huff Rose let go of him and turned to head upstairs "Fine, die then I'll be perfect—I just take our son and remarry"

Her words nearly floored Morrison, who gasped and yanked her back. What did you just say?"

"I said you can drop dead

"If you dare finish that sentence, Rose, I swear

She fell silent Wasnt he the one who had asked her to speak her mind? Fuming she glared at him "So are we going to the hospital or not?

He didn't answer

Tired of the struggle, Rose was about to leave when Monson suddenly doubled over, clutching his stomach it hurts so much!

Instantly, she was at his side "Stop this nonsense we're going to the hospital

This time, Morrison didnt resist too much Although he grimaced in pain while getting ready be managed to say, "You can tell me the rest of youa reasona at the hospital. okay?"

Rose barely smiled helping him into his coat His life was on the line and he was still hung up on reasons Always so stukbom

"Did you hear me

"Theard you. I heard you Grabbing the keys, Rose responded, exasperated

Finally, she slung his arm over her shoulder ready to support him to the car Instead, Morrison's arm slipped around her waist. It seemed he was the one holding her as they made their way to the vehicle

At least he was cooperating now Rose had no patience left for argumenta

Morrison's discomfort wasn't an act. Throughout the drive, he was silent, leaning against the passenger seat with his hand on his stomach. His complexion was pale and

inver dripped down his cheeks

Repped the steering wheel, her focus flitting between the road and Morrison, whose eyes were closed in discomfort. Every few minutes, she'd reach over to tenderly

pe the beads of sweat from his forehead. Her movements gentle but tinged with a subtle urgency.

Even with his eyes shut, Morrison could sense the flickering streetlights as they passed painting the inside of his eyelids with a strobe of light and dark. Rose's face, etched with worry and glistening with unshed tears, played on a loop in his mind.

Morrison had always been meticulous about his health. Beyond the occasional sniffle, he hadn't had any serious issues for years. It had been a while since his stomach had acted up. Ever since that bout with gastritis a few years back, he'd been careful to avoid the usual culprits—greasy burgers, fiery hot wings, and the like. But this felt different, severe in a way he hadn't experienced before.

He couldn't remember ever being this sick nor could he recall ever being cared for with such concern.

As Rose's hand reached out once more to comfort him, Morrison's own hand shot up to grasp hers, pulling it gently to rest on his stomach just below his chest. Rose's heartbeat skipped, her fingers curling slightly. "Morrison, I'm driving"

He didn't move, and neither did she, not with the hospital now in sight. She slowed the car down and eased it into a parking space just outside the emergency room

entrance

Rose had called ahead during the drive, and as they arrived, a team of medical staff was ready and waiting. Morrison was swiftly wheeled into the examination room, and before long the diagnosis came back

Acute gastritis

Chapter 1805

“What on earth did he eat tonight? His stomach’s churning out acid like a soda fountain.”

The doctor’s expression was a mix of stern and dour clearly annoyed by the patient’s reckless disregard for his own well being

As a doctor, the most common encounters were either with those who didn’t follow medical advice or those who created problems for themselves. Not valuing their own health was a big taboo for them as doctors And every day there were patients who kept coming back with such issues

The diagnosis of acute gastritis was enough to make Rose’s blood boil. Given how Morrison reacted to spicy food, she was certain he had a history of stomach issues.

Had he lost his mind tonight? He knew his stomach was a ticking time bomb, that he couldn’t handle spicy food, and yet he’d gone and done it anyway c2

All because of Winston’s offhand comment that he couldn’t take the heat?

To her such willful ignorance was nothing short of idiocy Why would someone as sharp as Morrison make such a boneheaded mistake?

“He well, the dish i made tonight was a bit on the spicy side.”

The doctor pursed his lips, his face tightening “Watch it next time. A few more episodes like this, and it might be too late for a hospital run.”

Rose bit her lip and nodded, voice a low murmur, “Understood, it won’t happen again.”

The doctor retreated back into the examination room.

The doctor's words did suggest Morrison would pull through without serious consequences this time, which allowed Rose to breathe a sigh of relief before she settled on the hallway bench to wait for him to emerge

She covered her face with her hands, still shaken by the sight of his agony

Thank God it was nothing serious. The sheer panic of the situation had been overwhelming. If something had happened to Morrison, she didn't know what she would've

dane

After what felt like an eternity, the door finally opened. Rose sprang to her feet and approached.

In the hospital room, Morrison, after taking anesthesia for the examination, still hadn't woken up.

"In the next two days, no solid food is allowed, but he can have some easily digestible liquid food. Pay attention to stomach maintenance in the future—anything that is gentle on the stomach is fine. Also,"

The doctor snapped his clipboard shut and furrowed his brows at Rose. "It wasn't just the spicy food that did a number on his stomach. From what we found, it seems like he's had a whole smorgasbord of issues. Based on what he ate tonight, it shouldn't have been this bad. Your culinary skills... Have you ever cooked before?"

If it really was her cooking then questioning her skills was an understatement – it would've been more appropriate to ask if she knew how to cook at all. Landing someone in the hospital took some doing

Rose shook her head. "No, I had guests over tonight, and none of us had any issues"

The doctor glanced at her "Are you guys trying to kill him?"

Rose's mouth twitched, "Of course not."

"Well, that's odd. Anyway, let's chalk it up to a learning experience. Make sure you're more careful in the future.\*

Rose nodded vigorously. "Yes, there won't be a next time."

The doctor gave her a detailed rundown of do's and don'ts before leaving, sizing her up one more time before adding "Can you manage on your own? Shouldn't we notify his

next of kin?"

Rose shook her head, "No need, I can handle it."

After the doctor left. Rose returned to the hospital room, looking at the man on the bed who still hadn't awakened. She stood there for a moment before finding a chair to sit

beside him

Gone was his usual combative demeanor, and his typically sarcastic words. He lay there, breaths even, lips slightly parted, handsome features relaxed and expressionless.

Such a face how could it be so handsome? If only his personality wasn't so off-putting

She gently laid her hand on his brow, trailing it softly "This face it's dangerous."

If the hadrit falien for those looks, and thus him, she wouldn't be breaking her own rules like this.

It just wasn't like her

Some things like now, were better off being appreciated at face value, because it was simpler that way, more satisfying and joyful

Withdrawing her hand she placed it on her stomach

In the silence of the hospital room, their breathing was the only sound Rose sat there, gazing at Morrison's face, lost in thought

Time passed and as sleepiness crept up on her, she yawned and stood intending to rest on the nearby couch. But her hand was sud

She trembled and looked down to see Momson's eyes slowly opening, his gap firm on her "You when did you wake up

Momsons eyelids were heavy the sedatives still in his system. He vaguely remembered being wheeled into the room, but he had been ina

gripped tight

He knew Rose had been sitting by his side and as she began to leave, he instincthely reached out to hold her. He didn't answer her question but estead asked, "Whom are you going?

Im tired I was going to rest on the couch for a bit

Morrison pursed his lips and shifted slightly After a moment, he lifted the covers and patted the empty space beside him, his voice wesk. "Corne here"

Rose hesitated. "You're still sick. Wouldn't it be better for you to rest alone

"Hurry up."



Marnson pulled at her hand with impatience

With a blush creeping across her face, Rose glanced at the offered space and withdrew her hand.

Morrison watched her with a frown, his pale face marked with displeasure, but Rose simply took off her jacket and draped it over the chair. Then she approached the bed.

1/3

Morrison's expression softened as he realized she was still wearing the same home wear, too rattled earlier to change.

She sat on the edge of the bed, lifted her legs onto it, and slowly lay down. The VIP hospital bed was spacious and comfortable, and Morrison hadn't left much room. As she lay down, she was right in the perfect spot. Her body stiff, she lay flat, her face turned to the side, unsure where to look.

Just as she pulled the covers over herself, Morrison moved closer. His arms wrapped around her, his presence engulfing her, his warm breath cascaded over the skin of her

neck.

Rose was caught off guard, her breath suddenly seizing as her body tensed.

"You still haven't answered my question," his muffled voice emanated from the nape of her neck, his breath scorching upon her skin.

Rose's mind briefly short-circuited. "What?"

A prolonged silence ensued before he asked, "Why do you care about me so much?"

Her eyes flickered "Because you're my."

"I don't want to hear that it's because I'm your son's father, or any of that Tell me something else"

"That's the only reason"

His breathing grew heavier against her neck.

"Is that important to you?" Rose trembled slightly

"What do you think?"

Rose stared at the ceiling silent for a long while before she gently cradled her belly and turned to face Morrison,

Their faces were inches apart as Morrison lifted his gaze to meet hers. Rose intently stared into his eyes for a long time before she finally spoke gently, "You're the father of my child, and you're my husband. Aren't these reasons enough for me to worry about you?"

Her eyes shone with a soft, delicate light, yet she looked at him with gentleness, as if afraid that even a slightly forceful glance might startle him

Her warm breath brushed against his jaw, tickling him softly. He watched her too, seeing the caution and sincerity in her eyes. The word "husband sounded much more pleasant than "father of my child"

"Alright, I guess that reason just about passes," he conceded

A hint of a smile touched Rose's eyes. "So, can you go to sleep now?"

Morrison's eyes lingered on her face, marveling at how delicate a woman could be. Her flawless skin so smooth he couldn't spot a single pore, and her features perfect up close

Her body was no different, her skin so smooth and soft it slipped through his fingers. Today, he had seen her in a way he never had before

His breath deepened, his hand on her waist tightened, and his body leaned closer to Rose

Instinctively Rose pressed against Morrison's chest, her cheeks blushing, her eyes nervous. "What are you doing?"

"Doing what a husband should" His face drew near hers, his voice deep and husky, his breath hot enough to feel like a kiss.

Rose looked dazed as his lips, accompanied by his voice and breath, pressed against hers. Her hand clutching his chest tightened.

They had been far too intimate today, but the atmosphere of the day, compared to now, was entirely different

During the day she had been bold, brazenly taking the initiative Now, the atmosphere was different.

She didn't have time to think as Morrison's kiss breached her defenses once again. Their breath mingled, heating their cheeks and hearts like an open flame

Time seemed to stand still, yet it flowed on her hand on his chest slowly climbing to his shoulder as she closed her eyes and responded to him subconsciously

As her body relaxed Morrison's hand on her waist suddenly slipped beneath her shirt

Skin touched skin. A shiver ran through Rose, her body tensing again She wanted to push him away, but Morrison held on even tighter

It wasn't until he felt satisfied and weary that he let her go. Rose's face was flushed, her eyes misty with a confused luster, reluctant to meet his gaze.

"Not now

Morrison watched her for a while before pulling her into his embrace. His nose nestled in her hair, a faint scent wafting to his nostrils.

The fragrance was comforting, and Morrison found it rather pleasant I won't let you go next time

Rose lay in Morrison's arms, still feeling surreal. Everything she had experienced today was beyond her wildest dreams. To be held so tightly by Morrison was something she had never dared to imagine.

Tears threatened to fall as she thought about the countless scenarios she had dreamed up during college, about their life together as lovers, as husband and wife, waking through the years hand in hand

But then she had stopped daring to dream, from the moment he ignored her affection to choose another woman, flaunting his relationship with Mona, fighting with his family over her and from the first day of their marriage. She had stopped dreaming altogether.

Now, without wishing for it, it had come to her Unexpected and precious

She admitted that she was a complete and utter failure, defeated by Morrison and the complex thing called love

After all, hadn't she fallen for him first?

"I'm carrying a baby" she whispered, putting everything else aside

"Over four months now" Morrison's voice was heavy from above her

Hose's cheeks reddened even more, even in his embrace, she instinctively buried her head tower

"So what?" she asked, her face heating up

His breathing above her head grew steady, and for a long time there was no response Rose guessed he might have fallen asleep given his lethargy since waking up from

the anesthesia

Yet Momson spoke again, his words slurred Four months is okay Mid pregnancy You can have some sex

Their proximity allowed Rose to hear his disjointed words clearly Her face burned with embarrassment

If Morrison were awake, he surely wouldn't say such words So now was it the anesthetic dulling his senses, making him say shower came to mind

2/3

She blinked, staring at the healthy color of the skin before her, her face red as the asked "How How do

"Looked it up And all those condoms unused cant

waste them)

Rose's expression changed dramatically. He had looked it up, and condoms couldn't be wasted" Since when had he been secretly contemplating these things?

Biting her lip she now felt a mix of embarrassment and anger. She had truly seen a new tide of hom

"I had no idea you were this kind of person Base hissed though clenched teeth

“Hmm

Glancing around the room, she paused for a moment before asking again. Rose and Mona, who

“Rose

A sharp sting pierced through Rose’s heart, plunging her mood into the depths of despair

Do you even realize who you’re holding in your arms?

“Despise?”

Rose felt a profound sense of injustice. “Then tell me. Between Rose and Mona, who do you truly fancy?”

Silence filled the room. As Rose waited without an answer, she bit her lip, attempting to wriggle free from Morrison’s embrace

Unexpectedly. Morrison’s voice broke the stillness once more. “Fancy Rose Despise?”

Rose was taken aback and suddenly fell silent “You mean, you fancy Rose? Then why did you say you despise her?” She gently lifted her head, brimming with hope

Morrison was genuinely asleep, and Rose’s relentless questioning seemed to have irked him. His brows furrowed slightly, and he let out “Fancy despise this annoying woman”.

Chapter 1806

Rose was taken aback, staring at Morrison for a long while. Her mouth opened and closed, utterly at a loss for words.

She replayed his words over in her mind dozens of times, but the answer eluded her. So did Morrison actually like her or not?

“Dislike her and still fancy her? Men.”

Men were all the same Morrison was no exception.

“Wife show-off flirting. “c2

Eventually, he just blurted out the words one by one. Rose could string them together, but she was flaunting flirting?

In her current state, she must have been at her most unglamorous ever Pregnant with a protruding belly, devoid of any curves to speak of her face was mostly bare except for minimal makeup for work. At home, she never bothered much with her appearance.

Lately, she'd been as natural as can be, just doing whatever felt comfortable. Compared to her past self, even her school days, she didn't stand a chance What was there to flaunt or flirt about in front of him now?

But the word “wife” in his mouth still caught her attention

She pursed her lips and burrowed her head back into Morrison's chest. Considering he still knew she was his wife, she decided not to hold it against him today

Not that she could, even if she wanted to. He was so groggy right now, he probably had no idea what he had said earlier. She regretted not recording it to play back to him the next day, just to see his expression.

Drowsiness overtook her, and she yawned, snuggling into Morrison's embrace and closing her eyes.

If there was one skill she'd honed during pregnancy, it was controlling her emotions, adjusting her mindset to not let anything get to her

Morrison said he disliked her, but he also said he liked her. She'd just go with the latter. It made her happier.

The next morning Rose woke up early

Morrison was still asleep. She carefully extracted herself from his arms, but the next second, she was enveloped in a tight embrace from behind "Go back to sleep

Rose stiffened. "I need to go home for a bit. You need breakfast. I'll make some oatmeal for you."

Morrison's brow creased, still with his eyes closed "Call the assistant to bring it over."

"That won't do Store-bought gruel won't be good for you. Go back to sleep."

He refused to let go

"Morrison Rose urged him gently but firmly.

Finally Morrison suddenly tossed the covers off.

\*What are you doing? Rose quickly covered him ag

Morrison looked at her, his face grew pale, showing signs of sickness, but his grip didn't loosen. "Rose" His voice was weaker than before



Do you know why I'm in the hospital right now?

Rose pressed her lips together, "Acute gastritis."

Morrison took a shallow breath, "And who caused it?"

Without hesitation, Rose replied: "You"

Taking a deep breath, Morrison suddenly clutched his stomach, agitated. "It was you who caused it!"

Rose's expression was blank. "How so?"

"Were those dishes made by you?!"

"I made what you like, but last night you insisted on fighting over the rest. Why be macho when you can't handle spicy? If it's self-inflicted, how can it be anyone else's fault?" Morrison hadn't expected the caring delicate woman from last night to turn into someone so argumentative. Couldn't she see he was a patient and cut him some slack?

His face grew gloomy. Rose, are you hearing yourself? I'm a patient here. Do you want to push me over the edge?

"Even patients need to be reasonable"

Morrison glared at her fiercely. If it wasn't for you inviting that rumored boyfriend over for dinner without telling me first, would he be in this state?

Rose took a deep breath. Alright, alright. It's my fault. I shouldn't have invited Winston over without consulting you first, and I shouldn't have prepared. It's your fault you ended up in the hospital. So, can you now

let me go home and cook for you?

"Rose I can tell you didn't mean if

Rose's expression turned serious. "I'm sorry Truly

Momson huffed, holding her hand, his look more pitiful. Good to know So to prevent future hospital visits, you know what to do, right?

Rose nodded. "I will never put chili in your dishes again

Momson gritted his teeth. "No, it means you're never to meet Winston privately again"

Rose gave him an odd look, then snickered "Why? You're not jealous, are you?

Morrison narrowed his eyes, scrutinizing her. Dori flatter yourself

Rose's smile faded, as she became earnest. Can't word Winston He's the spokesperson Thored, and the company needs her. Besides, we're no friends. If he wants to meet me, I can't just ignore him

"Rose, Morrison's voice chilled, you're trying to finish me off

Rose "Why would dealing with Winston be harmful to you?"

She seriously suspected that Morrison had overheard the doctor's conversation with her last night

Momson studied her for a long moment before his brow furrowed with pain. Rose's expression changed, and she leaned in closer, "Are you okay? What's wrong?"

"My stomach hurts so much"

“Just wait, I’ll call the doctor”

Without giving Momson a chance to speak, Rose dashed out of the room in a panic.

The doctor was practically pushed in by Rose. After a brief examination, the doctor cast a doubtful look at Morrison, “It doesn’t seem too serious.”

The conversation was halfway through when Momson’s icy gaze shot over like an arrow, causing the doctor to swiftly change his tone. ‘Stomach ailments are among the most challenging conditions we face in this hospital. They can stem from a variety of causes—late nights, excessive drinking, eating icy or spicy foods, or even stress. It requires a great deal of self-discipline and cooperation from the patient. If the patient doesn’t work with us, we’re at a loss. I strongly suggest rest and attention to all these factors. Otherwise, you risk exacerbating the condition and possibly facing irreversible consequences.

After his speech, the doctor glanced at Morrison, who nodded in solemn agreement. “Indeed. I believe my stomach pain flared up because I got upset just now.”

The doctor cleared his throat and turned to Rose with a forced stern expression. “Ma’am, I hope you can be mindful of the patient’s emotional state. Patients tend to be quite sensitive, and it’s best not to provoke them—especially while they’re hospitalized.”

Momson coughed weakly at his side, his brow furrowed with the visage of suffering.

Who was provoking him?

Rose felt aggrieved inside, but the doctor’s words had sent shivers down her spine. Especially the part about how easily stomach disorders could worsen had drenched her.

in cold sweat

Seeing Morrison in such distress only heightened her concern.

"I understand I'll be more careful in the future."

The doctor nodded, gave a fleeting look at the man on the bed who seemed to be in agony, and a nearly imperceptible smirk twitched at the corner of his mouth—how

chilorsh

Although stomach pain can indeed be excruciating, considering the treatment and pain relief he had just yesterday, along with the anesthesia during the examination, Morrison shouldn't be in such discomfort

"Well, do take care. When patients aren't self-disciplined, it's up to those around them to keep a vigilant eye. It's tough work"

Rose replied with a simple, "Thank you, Doctor"

The doctor nodded and left the room

"See, Rose, this is all your fault."

"Okay I'm sorry"

"What good is sorry? You need to behave, got it?"

"Huh?"

Morrison felt a genuine twinge in his stomach at Rose's obstinate cluelessness. 'You... Winston! I swear, just seeing Winston makes my stomach churn. Keep your distance from him.'

Rose frowned slightly "Alright, I'll try not to let you see him."

Morrison's complexion softened a bit. "You need to stay away from him"

Rose sensed that he was playing up his itiness to be difficult. Knowing that arguing would only prolong the ordeal, she simply nodded along "Sure, sure, I get it. So, can go and start cooking for you now?"

Morrison paused before flinging the covers aside and sitting up.

Rose blinked in shock What are you doing?

Without a word Momson stripped off his hospital gown and reached for his clothes on the hanger

"Momson Rose called out in frustration

"Im going home with you

She moved to his side. "No! You still need your IV today"

"I don't want it Morrison's words hung in the air as he looked up to find her glaring at him furiously.

He softened his tone slightly just don't want to be at the hospital alone We could call a home doctor"

Rose blinked slowly, her expression easing considerably

Momson finished dressing and took her hand FIll call the home doctor as soon as we get back. That way, I dont have to stay here, and you dont have to shults back, and

forth, okay?

"But your condition

Im not at death's door Lets go"

Unable to argue with him she was led out by Morrison, who left all hospital discharge procedures to his assistant

Back home, the kitchen was a mess from the night Before

Without even taking a shower, Momson headed straight upstairs Rose freshened up quickly and started cooking youp before clearing the leftovers off the table. There were plenty of dishes from the previous night over a dozen At Morrison's place, most of the plates were emptied. His expression hardened. There was no need to eat all that, even if he didn't want to concede to Winston

As she tidied up, she noticed the untouched food in front of her. She usually would eat leftover dishes with now for a meal from last night and combining them into one plate. She didn't think twice before adding the few remaining pieces from Morrison's plate

Once everything was cleared, she had a full plate. She then turned the leftover rice into a fried rice dish for herself

Morrison's soup took a while to cook. During that time, she mashed the grains with a spoon until it was nearly a paste before serving

I just chat, pickung

She eyed him briefly "Did you call the home doctor?"

"Great, let's eat then"

Momson sat across from her, noting the generous amount of fried rice on her plate She hadn't forgotten how to pack on the pounds

Without another thought he scooped up a spoonful of his soup and hesitated. "If I didn't know any better, I'd think I was being punished here."

Rose glanced at him "Never had the chance before, and now's the perfect time for payback."

He sipped the soup "Seems you've got quite the grudge

"And you think you were always such a saint?"

Morrison fell silent

With a smirk, Rose shoveled a spoonful of fried rice into her mouth. But after a couple of chews, her expression froze and then contorted in disgust. She furiously spat out the contents onto a napkin

Morrison frowned "What's wrong?"

She took a gulp of water and pointed to her plate "Did I make this last night? What what is this taste

His gaze shifted to her plate, and his expression darkened. "You're eating leftovers ?!" His voice was sharp with anger, and his presence became intimidating

Rose was taken aback "What's wrong with that?"

The spoon in Morrison's hand clattered as he threw it into the bowl. "Are we so broke we can't afford a fresh meal? Leftovers, really?"

Rose's expression turned frosty. "What's wrong with leftovers? I grew up eating them."

You

Morrison's facial muscles twitched in frustration, his temper teetering on the edge of explosion.

Rose pushed her plate away, her nose wrinkling in distaste, "Why does this taste so off? It's spicy, sweet, salty, and sour

She trailed off, suddenly pausing as if a thought struck her, then turned to Morrison with a sharp gaze. "Did you, by any chance, last night..."

Morrison glanced at the stir-fried rice and quickly averted his eyes

"Rose"

"What?"

Suddenly, Morrison stood up, reaching across the table to grasp her wrist firmly

"You're asking for it."

Chapter 1807

"What do you think you're doing?"

Teaching you a lesson."

With that, he circled the table and lifted her from her seat.

Rose clung to the edge of the table. Don't you dare. Ah!"

in one swift motion, Morrison had hoisted Rose into his arms and strode out of the dining room. His steady gait was anything but sickly.c2



It wasn't until Rose was laid down on the bedroom bed and Morrison leaned over her that she scrambled backwards. "You can't

Your say doesn't count here"

Momson reached for her blouse

"I won't eat leftovers again, alright?"

"We'll settle the score for all the times before

"You're a bully, completely unreasonable. This is just an excuse

Morrison snorted. "Yep, you got that night"

"You' Rose's eyes widened in indignation

Morrison pinned her legs and loomed over her, "What now? It was your fault to be so disobedient

Rose looked at him for a long while, her anger gradually subsiding, her expression slowly calming  
"Morrison, you're just worried about me, aren't you?"

A frown creased Morrison's brow, "Cocky much?"

Rose persisted, "And you're jealous

"Can't you understand plain English? Momson's face darkened Strictly speaking, there was a hint of embarrassment turning into anger

Rose raised an eyebrow You doctored the dish made last night, only adding the special ingredient to Winston's plate. When Winston swapped his dish with mine, you were afraid I'd eat the awful food, so you made a fuss to intercept all the dishes"

Morrison's expression tensed

"Your anger just now, it was because I ate leftovers and possibly ingested the food you tampered with yesterday You're worried it might harm me,

"Nonsense

After a long silence, Morrison finally spoke with a gloomy face

"Did you see me tamper with the food? I said I wanted those dishes last night. Who cares if you end up eating them?"

Rose's smile grew more evident, Still denying it? Then I just ask Winston, see why he insisted on swapping plates with me that night

As she spoke, she propped herself up to get up, but Morrison's expression changed, and he pressed down on her shoulders to keep her in place Rose, you just me today youd steer clear of him."

"But this is something I need to confirm, isn't it?"

"It makes my stomach churn just seeing him. If you want me to die of pain, then go."

Rose didn't move but looked up at him, "Why does seeing him make your stomach churn?"

"Cant I just dislike him?"

"Why don't you like him? Rose pressed

“Why are you so annoying?”

Rose pursed her lips. “Could it be because he’s more handsome than you?”

Monson’s eyes suddenly narrowed. “You think he’s better looking than me?!!

Rose nodded. After all, the man’s a world-famous movie star, the archetypal heartthrob tested by public scrutiny.

Grinding his teeth, Morrison retorted, “So you think so too?”

“I’m a normal woman. Fancying a handsome guy is only natural.”

Rose: “You have terrible taste.”

Rose laughed softly, taking a deep breath. “Yeah, my taste is dreadful.”

Monson felt inexplicably upset.

The atmosphere became strange; his earlier anger dissipated by Rose’s words, and she took the opportunity to push him away, sitting

Monson sat too, his expression

inglly grim.

“Morrison

Leaning against the headboard Rose spoke faintly. "Why on earth did you suddenly choose Mona to be your girlfriend?"

She finally broached the subject about Mona

After only two days of interaction, she realized that while it's fun to be with Momson it was not true happiness

school"

Her interaction with Momson always had a

› to two strangers meeting and spending a beautiful time together during a postres. They could happily (8- anything together but once their return date was set they would part ways, becoming strangers once more at opposite ends of the earth,

She, however, did not know when their return date would be the hoped it would be forever but the decision was set. A

Perhaps it was best to clear things up Even if it turned out to be a fleeting romance, at least she would be prepared. At least, she managed to get through even more heartbreaking and difficult days. There probably wouldn't be more challenging days.

Moreover, she had experienced it now. Her obsession from the past years, could now face a different outcome more easily.

Other than constantly feeling anxious, it would be better to

say it out loud.

Mona's name made Morrison's brow furrow deeply. "Why bring her up all of a sudden?"

past came to mind. I've always been curious, and now seemed like a good time to ask.

"Can't a guy and a girl just get together without a bunch of whys?"

Rose felt as if stung Back then, it was all about youthful infatuation or love, wasn't it?

She didn't want to delve further Indeed, the answer was heart-wrenching

"Mona and I couldn't be more different With a light chuckle, she continued, "As you know, I'm all about looks, and you were quite the catch, so you were my very own conquest target. But you fell for someone the polar opposite of me. Honestly, when you chose Mona, I was pretty heartbroken for a long time

Morrison watched her intently

Rose turned her gaze towards the window, I thought we'd never cross paths again in this life, yet here we are, married

That reminder seemed to chill him further, his face growing colder. 'I didn't expect it either

The room fell silent until Rose broke it, I admit, my reasons for marrying you were selfish. I had my sights set on you for so long, and when the baby came along I thought

it was fate giving me a chance

"Momson, can we live together happily? Like countless other couples in this world Rose paused, her gaze forded on the worn oak of the coffee table, as if the grains, held the script to what she needed to

say Gathering the courage to speak felt like lifting the world, no one could possibly fathom the strength it took to form the words

Her heart shrank with each beat, fingers icy as if she'd dipped them in the snow outside, her breath quivering like the last autumn leaf clinging to a branch

Yeah, like millions of others out there

Everyone had a past in the blush of youth, the stirrings of first love were as common as dandelions on a spring lawn Teenage crushes blossomed early, and by college. couples were as plentiful as stars in the night sky

She couldn't expect Morrison to have been a saint just for her, to have patiently waited without knowing their future. Nobody could place their life on hold for a maybe for someone they had yet to meet

So of course. Momson couldn't have saved all his firsts for her, this wife that he couldn't have even pictured back then. It was just that his first love wasn't her

Maybe without that past, there wouldn't be a present them. Life hinged on split-second decisions, on the thinnest of margins

Momson's brow knitted slightly, his dark eyes a bottomless lake revealing no emotion So you think we're what? Not real now?"

Rose blinked slowly "is that it She hesitated. These past few days have felt different, but i don't know how long this change will last

She turned to him her eyes sincere and earnest Momson, I'm lost here. I feel like I don't have any control over what happens next. I don't know what you're thinking, or when you might just walk away I

don't even know what to do Momson you're an enigma to me Her eyes flickered, revealing a mix of confusion and helplessness

Momson watched her intently a cold smirk suddenly breaking his stoic façade "Control?

Rose's heart clenched She knew he was thinking back to the start of their marriage decided and insisted upon by her

He was in a marriage decided by her

She couldn't bear to hear more, and didn't dare to

She suddenly retracted her gaze, but just as she was about to give up. Morrison suddenly spoke What other decision power do

Rose was taken aback her heart feeling tightly grasped as if she couldn't catch her breath.

What other decision power did she want? Her decision power was exhausted right from the beginning of their marriage

What decision power could she still have? None

you want?

She didn't know what to say, because she knew that anything she said next would definitely make their current atmosphere more tense

As she was about to give up and leave the bed Morrison's hand shot out, gripping her ankle

Rose bit her lip and looked at him, but he propped himself up on an elbow and leaned in, trapping her against the headboard 'Are you going to walk away talking? Tell me what control do you want? What

decisions do you want to make?

His voice dropped to an icy whisper, his gaze frosty it was clear he was angry

Rose shook her head

Morrison cut her off Rose, dont forget it was you who insisted on this marriage I made sure you knew this was your choice

He leaned closer Dont even think about ending it

A flicker of something passed through Roses eyes a few seconds of confusion "What?"

All this talk You just want an easy out don't you? Now you're carrying my child and you re thinking of running away, making my kid

I'm that easy to mess with?"

Rose, voice trembling What are you saying?

Morrison glared. Are you deaf or just playing dumb? Even a child could understand this. Don't you dare play games with me. You manier

Rose looked at him mouth slightly agape is that all you re

"Just that? This issue isnt important enough for you? Just that?

"So, you're not going to divorce me easily?

Morrison's face darkened again "You're still thering

Rose murmured, 'Can't help it



Morrison snorted. Out of consideration for your pregnancy.

Rose's lips curved into a faint smile. Well who can say for

You

slide. But if you keep thinking (

pend on how we both

Before Momson could retort, the doorbell rang a persistent chime intruding

words caught in his throat as Rose gently pushed past him and off the bad

Must be the doctor" She said, reaching for Momison's hand, "Let's have some food before the IV

Momson, still frowning, led the way downstairs as the doorbell echoed again, impatient and insistent

Rose followed her cheeks flushed. As Morrison opened the door, their family doctor, ready to ring again, shivered under Morrison's icy stare.

"Mr Morrison I'm here for your IV treatment

Morrison glared at him as if his gaze could kill

Rose came to the rescue, pulling the doctor inside 'Sorry about that, we'll just be a minute. He hasn't had breakfast yet

The doctor chuckled nervously, "No rush Breakfast is important, especially for a stomach like yours Take your time I'm not in a hurry

Rose stepped forward slipping her hand into his open palm “Come on, let’s finish up that soup” she said with a comforting smile

Morrison felt the softness of her touch and couldn’t resist giving her hand a gentle squeeze Rose paused for a moment, her instinct was to pull away, but then she felt his grip tighten

Taking the lead, he walked her towards the dining room

Watching them from behind, the family doctor was perplexed They didn’t seem as distant as the rumors had suggested

And Morrison, he definitely didn’t appear as grave as the news had portrayed him.

Chapter 1808

Rose filled Morrison’s bowl with fresh soup, and ditched the leftover fried rice. She quickly whipped up a couple of sandwiches, one for each of them, and settled down to join him for breakfast

Momson kept sneaking peeks at the sandwich in Roses hands, taking a sip of his soup after each longing glance. His desire for the sandwich was plain as day

With a chuckle, Rose held out her sandwich towards him. “Want a bite?”

Momson’s eyebrows shot up, his hand almost reaching for the sandwich, but Rose teasingly pulled it back. “Where’s your self-control, huh? You’d just eat it if I gave it to

you

Grinding his teeth. Morrison shot back. “Are you playing me?”

Rose giggled behind her hand. "I'm testing your willpower. You know full well your stomach's too weak for this stuff right now, and yet you're still tempted?"

Momson's handsome face turned icy. "Just you wait."

Rose didn't reply, just took an exaggeratedly satisfying bite of her sandwich. "Mmm, delicious."

Momson could only grit his teeth in frustration.

After finishing one sandwich and her bowl of oatmeal, Rose hesitated over the second sandwich. Despite her craving, she remembered Morrison's earlier advice about not overeating for the baby's sake, so she reluctantly set it aside.

Looking up at Morrison who was still slowly eating his soup, she frowned. "What's with the slow pace this morning? Her tone took a sharp turn."

Morrison glared at her. "My stomach hurts. You want me to guzzle it down?"

Rose pursed her lips. He really couldn't learn to talk nicely.

Once Morrison finished his oatmeal, Rose wheeled him upstairs for his medication and IV fluids.

After settling him in, Morrison suddenly spoke up. "Just let her handle the dressing changes. You can go ahead if you have things to do."

He couldn't stand the sight of the doctor who had interrupted their private time.

The doctor was all too eager to leave, quickly instructing Rose on how to change the IV fluids herself. It was simple enough: switch the tubes between the bottles as needed, no need to adjust the flow rate, and remove the needle parallel to the skin when done.

Rose reluctantly agreed, despite preferring a professional's presence But Morrison insisted, and it was just a dressing change and IV – surely it wouldn't be too nsky

After sending the doctor away Rose didn't go back upstairs Instead, she busied herself in the kitchen and finally brought up a fruit platter to the bedroom. She settled in a chair by the vanity, flicking through her phone and munching on fruit as the crisp sound filled the room.

Online rumors swirled about Morrison's emergency hospital visit in the middle of the night Rose frowned at the media's obsession with such a mundane event. Was it because Chloe was out of the spotlight, leaving them desperate for news?

The internet was abuzz with speculation about their relationship with wild theories ranging from domestic violence to calculated revenge. Some comments were downright nasty, but Rose shrugged

them off with the resilience she'd learned from Chloe.

"What's so funny? Morrison asked with a cold stare, clearly annoyed by her enjoyment of the fruit in his presence

Chewing on an apple slice Rose replied. "Which would you prefer, being chopped or poisoned?

Momson took a deep breath "Shut up, or I might just strangle you right now."

The room fell silent again, save for the sound of fruit being eaten and the occasional swallow

The sight of Rose enjoying her fruit was almost too much for Morrison, who had only had bland soup for breakfast

"Is it sweet?" he finally asked

Rose looked at him and smiled slyly "You want some?"

He squinted at her 'Come here, let me have a taste

"No, it's cold"

I'm bored Come talk to me

"We can talk right now I'm not stopping you

"Rose, are you being disobedient again?"

Rose sighed, then Morrison patted the space beside him on the bed 'Come on, eat over here it's warmer

She hesitated before finally giving in and joining him on the bed

Morrison seemed pleased wrapping the blanket around her shoulders "Eat," he said, watching her intently

Rose took a bite of apple staring at him Without warning, Morrison popped a grape into her mouth. The fruit burst with sweet and tangy pece, la invita bling her venues

"Good?" he asked

She nodded

His gaze dropped to the fruit platter "Let me try"

Rose quickly moved the platter away "You can't eat this now"

Morrison frowned I won't swallow it"

After a moment's hesitation, Rose firmly shook her head "No. it's too cold"

Momson clenched his jaw in imitation Cruel woman

Rose stifled a giggle with her hand. "Can't handle a day, huh? You've got a whole week ahead to survive"

His face soured "And who do you think is to blame for thi

She took another bite of her apple, smugly "Clearly you're the architect of your own

huddled, feigning attentiveness, "Yeah, I'm here."

While responding, she propped herself up on her elbows and suddenly leaned in close to Momson.

He backed away glaring at her "What are you doing?"

"Just don't want you craving too much she teased "If you can't eat, at least you can smell, right? Here, have a whiff

She edged closer again, her subtle perfume mingling with the faint scent of apples Morrison's expression stiffened as he eyed her disdainfully. "Back off

"Want to smell something else? i can eat it for you"

Rose you're gross, go away or I won't be so polite"

She arched an eyebrow, glancing at his IV-clad hand, her face fearless Clearly, she was taking advantage of his current incapacity to have her way

“Orange, it is she declared, unilaterally grabbing a slice and popping it into her mouth

The orange’s aroma was more intense than other fruits, especially when she mischievously blew in his direction after taking a bite

Momson feigned a choke glaring at her “Rose”

She raised her eyebrows playfully Don’t like oranges? Fine. I’ll have another slice”

It was a rare chance to torment Morrison, and she wasn’t about to let it slip Biting into another piece, she flashed him a defiant, almost gleeful smile

Rose last warning—stay away!”

Seeing him apparently truly annoyed, she backed off “Okay, okay”

Morrison cursed inwardly and seizing her by the nape of her neck, he pulled her down and captured her lips accurately

Rose’s eyes widened in surprise, she hadn’t expected his sudden move. She tried to push him away, but Morrison was faster, attempting to steal the orange slice from her

mouth

She resisted, and the two engaged in a playful battle over the fruit, each determined to claim the prize. The skirmish continued without a clear winner, but the atmosphere between them shifted to something more intimate.

When Rose let out a soft moan of discomfort, Momson finally released her Both were breathless Rose flushed and glistening-eyed Momson’s gaze heavy with desire

She avoided his eyes awkwardly reaching for an apple to distract herself Morrison caught her hand, his voice husky, "Continue"

She trembled, cheeks burning He tugged gently, urging her again Rose, hurry up

She hesitated but when he was about to rise, she quickly acquiesced, moving closer to him.

Momson smirked, clearly pleased by her concern. But as their kiss deepened, his frustration grew. Once he was free of his predicament, he'd have his way.

Their private moment was cut short by the doorbell Rose, finding an escape from the embarrassment, pushed Morrison away and descended the stairs, her

At the door stood Megan and Molly

"Rose dear, how's Momson? We heard he was discharged. Is it the end? Has the hospital sent him home to make final arrangements? Megan asked laced with concern

Rose was stunned

Molly, looking upset, scolded her mother. "Mom, what are you talking about?!"

Megan clapped her hands to her mouth, "Oh dear, my big mouth"

Rose ushered them inside Grandma Momson's fine. He just didn't want to be alone in the hospital. The doctor set up a drip at home

The tension eased from their faces Upstairs, Morrison was still relishing the sweetness Rose had left on his lips when the door opened, and the two women entered

"Why are you here? he asked, frowning



Megan frowned back "Can't we visit unless you're on your deathbed?"

"Mum Molly was nearly in tears at her mother-in-law's grim expressions

The old lady waved her off "Stop nagging My words aren't spells. If they were. I'd be queen by now"

Molly and Rose exchanged a look it seemed Grandma harbored royal ambitions

Granny made her way toward Momson, eyeing him up and down with a hint of a smirk, "Well, look at you Fit as a fiddle, ain't ya"

Molly sided up close etched with worry and asked in a gentle tone. "Momson, you alright?"

Monson pursed his lips. Im fine

"What in the world landed you in the hospital all of a sudden?"

Rose glanced at Morrison then spoke in a hush it's actually

"It's totally her fault Momson cut her off abruptly causing Megan and Molly to shift their puzzled gazes onto Rose

Rose hesitated for a moment then nodded Yeali

"Last night, she cooked up such a tantalizing meal, i couldn't help but sneak a few bites when she wasn't looking. This woman is

The sound of sharp claps rang out as Megan thwacked Momson's shoulder with vigor

“Who are you calling crazy? Cheeky led pilfering food off someone else’s plate and then haring the ne

Chapter 1809

“Who are you calling crazy, you little rascal? Sneaking bites of someone else’s food and then having the nerve to insult them? You’re the one crazy one to me!”

“Duch, mom, go easy Morrison is getting an IV. You want him to bleed out?”

Molly quickly stopped Megan, at a loss for words

She cast a somewhat resentful glance at Morrison.

“And can you believe it? That little scamp had the audacity to blame sweet Rose for his own mischief. Does he deserve it or what?c2

Moily, feeling helpless nodded in agreement. “He does

Indeed, it was outrageous

Rose blinked in confusion from the sidelines, her mind struggling to keep up with the unfolding drama

Wasn’t she being blamed a second ago?

Although Megan was fuming, she ultimately refrained from delivering another smack

That boy is nothing but trouble from head to toe completely ruining a fine girl like Rose.

Rose managed a half smile secretly enjoying the feeling of having someone backing her up.

Morrison remained silent with a cold expression

I'm warning you, if you ever hurt Rose again, just you wait. Even if you don't say a word, I'll make her divorce you"

Morrison stayed mute, his expression suddenly shifting

"She's carrying your great grandchild

Megan snorted. "So Even if you are divorced he is still my great-grandchild"

Morrison's face tightened a look of contained fury spreading across it

Megan eyed him with a hint of amusement, her eyebrows arching subtly.

Morrison's expression sure was hard to look at

Megan cleared her throat, As beautiful and talented as our Rose is, there are lots of men lining up to woo her

"Rose, when you're picking a man next time, make sure your eyes are wide open. Don't choose another one like him. Aim for someone taller and handsomer. A woman loses anything but her pride. Without him, you should be living even better

Rose glanced at Morrison's sour expression, stifling a laugh, and nodded. Thanks for the advice, Gran. I'll remember that.

That's my girl. Don't sell yourself short. With your qualities, the right man is just around the corner

Morrison's expression was incredibly gloomy at this point

Was this really his grandmother or some witch sent to torment him?

"You all can leave now

Megan cast him an icy look and continued talking to Rose. That actor who was in the news with you the other day, the international award winning actor. Winston, was it? He's quite the catch Tall, clean-cut,

handsome, and with such a presence. If things get tough, you might want to reserve him

Morrison felt like his lungs were about to explode with indignation

This was no grandmother of his but a bona fide hag

Rose was equally stunned by Megan's words, seriously questioning whether she was truly Morrison's real grandma

Gran

Rose called out gently, unsure if she could handle Morrison's darkening mood any longer. She hoped his grandmother would show some mercy and stop provoking her. She was getting a real sense of how much the old woman disliked Morrison

"Is that actor still in R City?

Rose hesitated, then nodded. "Yeah He was practically living next door

"Well, introduce me He's such a hunk on screen, I gotta meet him in person Don't mind my age. I've still got a young heart, and I won't pass the chance to meet a good-looking man

Rose forced a smile, "Sure"

As she spoke, Momson's dark voice cut through the air Rose

"Yes?"

Monson glared at her, and she quickly looked elsewhere

"My IV's done Get this needle out

Rose glanced at the IV bag. There's still one more

"I said I'm done

"Morrison Molly felt concern for her son and naturally disagreed

Without a word Rose connected the needle to another bag.

Rose!

Rose looked troubled, "Stop fussing it's almost over

Momson pressed his lips together. Fine, but get them out of here re not just my stomach that's hurting  
now f's my lungu tàn Hatty v

Rose's features twisted in discomfort

How could she possibly ask her alders to leave?

› you think you're snubbing?" Momson's hurt words were clear to anyone

Megan, fuming, reached out to grab his ear

"You think you can just shoo away your own mother and me? Think you're too big for your britches? You don't want the IV? I'll take it out myself"

Megan moved to unhook Morrison's IV with a vengeance, as if she wouldn't be satisfied without puncturing him a hundred more times

Molly and Rose turned pale at her actions. Molly rushed to restrain the old woman, while Rose hurriedly shielded Morrison's IV arm, terrified she might actually yank it out.

Seeing Rose's protective stance, a flicker of amusement passed through Megan's eyes

Don't defend him Rose He's not worth it. He just tried to kick out his own mother and me Can you believe that? Move aside. This has nothing to do with you"

Rose Checked Morrison's arm one last time relieved it was still intact after all the commotion

Then she turned trying to defend Morrison Gran, you've got it all wrong He's just ill and in a bad mood. Please, be patient with him"

" or not it doesn't mean he can lose his mind Move aside, or you'll get it too.

4

Megan pushed past Molly and swung her cane at Rose, her words flying as fast as her attacks.

Seeing this Morrison's dark eyes suddenly turned cold. Without hesitation, he raised his hand to cover Rose's head, shielding her in his embrace

Megan's lips curled with a mischievous glint, and the walking stick came down hard on Morrison's arm.

The strike came with a weight that was unmistakably intentional

She had to make it convincing after all How else would she outsmart this clever young whippersnapper?

Only by such a ruse could she uncover just how much this rascal truly cared for little Rose

Rose didn't feel the pain, but the sound of a stick hitting the body made her pause. She quickly got up, only to see Morrison, with the needle in his arm, embracing her and Megan's cane had fallen on his shoulder

The commotion had caused blood to backflow into the tubing.

The IV had come loose

Rose couldn't worry about the possibility of another blow from Granny's cane. She steadied Morrison's arm and, with trembling hands, removed the needle

A white cotton ball was instantly saturated with bright red blood Without hesitation, Rose pressed down with her hand, snatched a fresh cotton ball from the bedside table. and applied it with force

Only then did she look up at Morrison, concern etched in her voice, 'Does it hurt?'

Morrison met her gaze for a moment before shaking his head, "I'm fine!

Molly looked at the chaotic scene in the room, the IV bag swinging, the IV tube pulled out, liquid flowing on the floor, and Morrison's hand bleeding. It was a complete mess All of this made her unable to help feeling a bit wronged.

"How could you do this?!"

Molly released Megan and collapsed onto the couch, burying her face in her hands to hide her tears.

Granny's face twisted with a mix of regret and embarrassment.

"This

she stammered, lowering her cane and taking a step towards her daughter-in-law. "Your boy always gets under my skin, you know?"

But he's sick Molly's voice quivered with hurt, "He's just discharged from the hospital, still on a drip, and you still do this."

Her sobs cut deep, tugging at the heart

If there was anything that could disarm Megan it was the sight of her own daughter in-law in tears,

Molly was a gem – kind gentle cultured and beyond reproach.

The only flaw? Her coddling of Morrison.

It was one thing to spoil the only grandson, but another to do so without limits. That was not love, it was harm

Someone had to play the bad cop in educating the young.



If Molly couldn't, then Megan had no choice but to step in.

Thank goodness Momson was a tough cookie

But mollifying Molly afterward was never easy

To have upset such a sweet soul was truly regrettable

"I just lost my temper Megan conceded

Molly wailed even louder. You always do this, always too rough He's your grandson And Rose is pregnant"

Megan sat beside her, stroking Molly's hand with an apologetic air cooing. Stop crying darling It breaks my heart. I'll try to control my temper

"You always say that

"This time, I mean it. I'll be more careful

Molly shot Megan a reproachful glance, her eyes brimming with tears

Megan chuckled awkwardly Come on, no more tears Kids are resilient Look at him, he's grown up healthy, hasn't he?

Molly pouted, "But he's about to be a father Please stop thinking about hitting him it's not good for the children"

Megan nodded in agreement, Aight, alright, you're right

Molly's expression softened slightly

Rose, meanwhile, was utterly befuddled by the Witt family dynamics. Regardless, it seemed pretty recent

She turned her attention back to Morrison's hand placing the soaked cotton ball with a fresh one and looked up at him tenderly

Then, pressing the cotton against his arm, she asked softly, "How did Granny hurt you?"

Morrison murmured, his lips pressed together

He pulled up his sleeve to find a vivid red mark below the shoulder. Her face tightened as she gently massaged the area, "Does this hurt?"

Morrison's gaze lingered on her, circling her head. "Are you okay?"

Rose nodded. "Yeah"

Morrison brought her head down again, his warm palm gently rubbing her hair. "You sure it doesn't hurt?"

"It really doesn't. Rose reassured her heart filled with a mix of tenderness and gratitude

He was bleeding, all because he had shielded her

In a room meant for four only their voices echoed back and forth

Megan, seated on the sofa, watched them with a slow smile spreading across her face

Molly too, was drawn into their interaction, and upon glimpsing Megan's expression, she suddenly realized something Megan had swung that cane at Rose fully expecting Morrison to protect her

But their relationship had actually blossomed so much in just a few days.

Could feelings really progress that quickly?

Despite being married for two months, Morrison had refused to face Rose. And yet, in less than three days, they had reached this new level of closeness

Had Morrison truly disliked Rose from the start?

Even under normal circumstances, relationships take time to grow.

However after a moment she felt relieved In any case the relationship between them, if it developed in a positive direction, was naturally gratifying

Whatever had happened before didn't matter. All that counted was the future.

"The bleeding's almost stopped I'll wait a bit and then call the doctor to set up a new IV for you," Rose said suddenly, reaching over Morrison for her phone

Momson however pressed down on her hand, "No need for today, let's skip the drip

Rose fell silent merely gazing at him with a sorrowful look

Momson sighed and released her hand, turning his head away

"Get him on the phone, quick

Rose smiled faintly and scrolled through her contacts, dialing the doctor

Not long after, the doctor returned. He didn't know what had happened but silently tidied up the mess and prepared the medicine again. "Mr. Witt, perhaps we could try the right arm this time?"

Momson didn't even pause to consider. No, the left."

The doctor glanced at the bruised patchwork of veins on the back of Mornson's left hand, hesitating. "Mr. Witt, you see

"Can't you find another spot? There was no hint of negotiation in Morrison's grim expression

Without further ado, the physician searched for a suitable vein nearby and successfully inserted the IV

Megan and Molly quietly exhaled in relief as they watched Morrison comply with the drip

"Always making a fuss Megan couldn't help but comment under her breath

Momson gave her a cold, detached look "And who do you think is responsible for that?"

Megan pursed her lips

"If there's nothing else please leave

Mornison's tone was irrefutably harsh. If it had been just about him, it would be one thing, but the memory of Grandma's stick descending upon Rose was terrifying

He distinctly remembered the feeling of his heart being squeezed, and the breathlessness that followed

The panic of that moment was still fresh in his mind, along with a simmering inexplicable anger

it was as if someone had trampled over his last nerve, utterly unforgivable

If the other person wasn't his grandmother, or if he hadn't successfully protected Rose in the first place, he didn't know what he might have done in the end

## Chapter 1810

He felt he had already reached his breaking point by keeping his cool for so long

His sour expression did not go unnoticed it was clear he was genuinely angry

Despite her concern for her son's health, Molly didn't want to upset him further at this moment.

After all it wouldn't help his recovery

Megan remained silent, so Molly gently tugged at her arm and whispered. "Maybe we should go c2

Megan snorted. As if I want to stay here any longer

She turned and headed for the door, then spun around to address Rose, "Don't forget to introduce that movie star hunk to me, Rose I need to vet him for you

A vein throbbed on Morrison's forehead.

His face turned stormy

Rose felt particularly helpless and dared not meet Morrison's gaze

Please Molly chided her softly, clearly irritated

“What I’m serious Megan insisted, but she nonetheless exited the room

Rose quickly glanced at Momson and said, “Til go see them out

With that, she humed out

Megan and Molly didn’t linger, and before leaving Molly insisted on arranging a housekeeper to come over, which Rose declined

She was used to Irving alone and now that Momson was back, she could take care of him herself

This fresh yet longed-for responsibility was new to her, apart from Morrison’s illness

Molly didn’t push the matter and left with Megani

As they stepped out, they encountered the very person Megan had been wanting to see heading their way.

Rose nearly fainted

Could his timing be any more inconvenient?

You what brings you here” Rose asked the casually dressed Winston.

“I saw the news about your husband’s emergency hospital visit last night and his release this morning. I felt partly responsible for his illness and wanted to check on him How is he doing? All good?”

Rose forced a strained, awkward smile, ‘He’s fine

Winston smiled and respectfully nodded to grandmother and Molly

Megan's eyes sparkled as she beheld Winston, her grin broadening when he looked her way

"Well well well she stepped forward, her hands deep in her pockets before reaching out and firmly grasping Winston's hand, staring intently at his face without blinking. Winston stiffened at Megan's actions

"So, you're Rose's rumored boyfriend, right? The super-famous international movie star?\*

Winston glanced at the awkward and bewildered Rose beside him, and in the end, he still managed a polite smile, "Yes, I'm Winston. But rumored boyfriend."

He paused choosing not to clarify the rumor and instead asked. "And may I ask you are?"

I'm Rose's grandmother and Morrison is my grandson This is my daughter-in-law, Morrison's mother, and Rose's mother-in-law

Rose closed her eyes for a moment. Megan was an unstoppable force unpredictable to the core

Her introduction was absolutely detailed

Winston raised an eyebrow his smile deepening. So, I have the pleasure of meeting Grandma and Mrs. Witt Hello, I'm Winston, and it's a pleasure to meet you Megan nodded enthusiastically pinching Winston's arm in admiration

"Well, such a handsome lad, fit as a fiddle truly worthy of being linked to my little Rose"

Molly Please

Rose was speechless

Winston thought to himself "What kind of eccentric grandmother was this?"

Typically, you'd expect a grandmother to tear into a rumored boyfriend on sight, but she was delighted

Why was she so happy?

Completely baffled by Megaris train of thought, Winston looked again at Rose, who bit her lip, unsure of how to handle the situation

"Handsome, keep it up. If Rose ever kicks my grandson to the curb you'd have a real shot

Winston's smile twitched

This was one peculiar grandmother

A real eye-opener

"Mom, enough lets gor

Not just Rose, but even Molly, who had known Megan for over two

couldn't predict her next move

Her actions were always surprising, never comentional

"Now why the ruth? It's are to meet lum, and I could have a proper chat Hearing her grandmother's words, Rose's heart skipped a boat



Come on, movie star

Letting Winston into the house?

uld explode

Rose hastily tried to stop her grandmother, but she had already taken Winston by the hand and was heading back towards the villa.

Rose fell silent

Was her grandmother trying to drive Morrison mad?

Molly sighed deeply her expression one of utter helplessness

Shaking her head, she followed them inside

Rose closed her eyes in despair What was all this?

Her grandmother was eagerly searching a stand-in for her, and had brought him straight to their door

This reminded her of those melodramatic soap opera scenes where the mistress shows up demanding to take over, but even more bizarrely, it was her own grandmother leading the charge

Once inside, she served tea as the hostess, sitting on the couch with her guests out of politeness

“So, movie star where are you from? How old are you? What’s your zodiac sign? When’s your birthday? What do your folks do? Who’s at home with you? How much do you make a month or a year? You must

have a house, a car some savings, right? What are your future plans? Being so handsome, you're all natural, aren't you?"

It seemed Megan was indeed determined to turn him inside out

Winston was feeling a bit cornered by Mrs Witt's relentless questioning Megan had a knack for turning their living room into an interrogation room with her endless

inquires

Too many questions was giving him a headache

Especially that last one

"Absolutely natural he assured with a slight chuckle

How could he even think about plastic surgery?

Mrs Witt nodded visibly relieved. "Well, that's good to hear. You know, everyone's into looking their best these days. A little touch-up here and there isn't a big deal But! guess I'm just an old-fashioned gal,

worried about what it might mean for the gene pool. But since you're all natural, I can rest easy. And with Rose looking as lovely as she does you two would have the most

"Mom"

"Grandma"

As Mrs Witts comments ventured into increasingly outrageous territory, Molly and Rose couldn't hold back any longer.

It seemed like Megan suddenly realized something as she said, "Well Rose hasn't kicked that no-good boy to the curb yet. But you know, it's good to have options. Mr Movie Star Just put on a good show, and win my granddaughter-in-law's heart. You've got to put in the effort or it's no dice"

Winston glanced at Rose and after a few seconds, let a small smile play across his lips, "If you're okay with it, then that's all the better I'll certainly try to win her over

Everyone's expression changed upon hearing this

Even Mrs Witt struggled to maintain her composure, "You you're serious?"

Winston nodded affirmatively, "Of course Rose is incredible and beautiful. I feel like if I miss my chance with her, I'll regret it for the rest of my life. You're the Momson's grandma, so you must understand him well if he doesn't appreciate Rose. I have every reason to pursue her

His sincerity was convincing

Even Rose seemed half-convinced

Mrs Witt shifted uncomfortably, her expression uneasy

"Yes. Rose is a wonderful girl But she's currently carrying my grandson's child"

"That doesn't bother me. Winston declared. "If you truly love someone, you wouldn't mind their past I would only cherish her more, having been through an unhappy marriage if possible will definitely treat Rose's son as my own and shower him with love. Mrs. Witt, rest assured, I wouldn't let your great-grandchild down

He spoke as if he had already won Rose's heart

Mrs Witt pursed her lips not pleased

Molly cast a reproachful glance at Megan See what you had done?

That troublemaker

“You’re a public figure you have to consider your image. Being too brazen could affect your future

Winston looked at Rose with earnest eyes. “For her, I would give up everything”

Roses temples twitched Such sweet nothings were exactly what every woman loved to hear

Men were indeed natural hars

Now she had seen it firsthand

To

give up everything for her

Tak

She was almost swayed

Mrs. Witt was at a loss for words, completely disarmed by Winstons heartfelt declarationg

“Such a sweet talker, Mrs Win chuckled nervously

“No, I think it’s because everything say comes from the heart”

Ms With didn't know what expression to make

Winston questioned. "So was all that encouragement to earnestly pursue Rose not genuine?"

"Of of course, it was Rose's happiness is what matters most. If she's happy, so am I"

Winston breathed a sigh of relief. Then I'm reassured But don't worry, the decision is all up to Rose, as long as she's willing"

"Chances are she's not willing right now" Mrs. Witt interjected quickly "She's pregnant, and I can tell she's very much in love with my grandson."

Taking a deep breath, Winston gazed at Rose with deep affection, "I know, and I respect all her choices if in the end she still chooses Morrison, then I will silently protect her for the rest of my life"

if Mrs Witt had been playing a game before, she was genuinely shaken now by the depth of Winston's feelings

It turned out that this rumored boyfriend really had genuine feelings for her granddaughter-in-law, and they ran deep.

Rose was left blushing, not from being moved, but from sheer embarrassment.

This unexpected declaration of love had caught her completely off guard.

To speak so bluntly leaving her utterly at a loss for words

Silently protecting her for a lifetime

It was unimaginable

"It's a real sacrifice on your part, but don't give up hope I may favor my grandson, but I truly care for Rose, too. If he doesn't treasure her and ends up hurting her. her suffer"

Winston gave a small, determined smile, "Rose is lucky to have you as a grandmother in law. Thank you for taking such good care of her

Rose played with her hair, biting her lip before finally speaking. "Winston, knock it off.

"This might be my only chance to speak my heart, and I hope you understand. You can be with him all you want, but if one day you have regrets, I will always be right behind

you

Rose was speechless

Damn

That was smooth

Winston was really overdoing it

When did he become such a romantic"

Although she hadn't really considered herself the protagonist of any particular drama, having a man like that pining for her

Come to think of it, she hadn't really taken a good look at Winston

Lifting her gaze to meet his deep and longing gazes, her heart skipped a beat as she reconsidered his face.

Indeed

she had to admit he was a solid ten out of ten.

Not bad at all if the day ever came, she could certainly consider Winston

That face was definitely a keeper

“Rose”

Just then, an angry roar echoed from upstairs

Rose’s eyes widened in shock her body instinctively recoiling A few seconds later, she realized what was happening and turned to see Momson storming down the sta full of fury

Blinking rapidly, she stood up to face him. “You what are you doing down here?! You just had your IV put in”

Monson sidled up to her swiftly pulling Rose behind him as his gaze dropped to the figure sprawled nonchalantly on the couch – Winston, whose

in imitation

“Trying to seduce a married woman? Have you no shame?”

Rose quickly reached around to clutch at his arm “Momson, please”

Winston lifted his eyes, locking them directly onto Rose, only to be met with Morrison shifting his stance, eclipsing her form from view

Keep looking and I swear (1) gouge out your eyes!"

Winston merely arched an eyebrow unfazed by Morrison's aggressive and hostile words

It was only after a few seconds that he let out a snort of derision, slowly rising to his full height, his frame unfurling to stand face-to-face with tall and imposing Morrison. Their presence equally matched and formidable