

## **CHOSEN 1811**

### Chapter 1811

“Really? I’m not even allowed a glance now? I’ve seen more than my fair share in the past, and yet I’ve never caught a shadow of you.”

Momson’s face darkened to a stormy hue. This is my house, you wretch Coming in here and trying to seduce my wife, have you no shame?”

Winston scoffed dismissively “Mr Morrison, I’d think twice about those accusations if I were you. Maybe take a moment to reflect on your own escapades. Sneaking around behind your wife’s back with an old flame at some swanky hotel—what exactly was going through your head then?”

At that Momson’s complexion took on a sickly pallor, and Rose’s expression froze on her face

Grandma and Molly instantly furrowed their brows c2

Grandma’s face turned grave as she rose from the couch, demanding. What is this nonsense? Ex-lovers? Speak up!”

Morison squinted his eyes and, ignoring Grandma, addressed Winston with a chilled tone, “If we’re airing dirty laundry, should I bring up those cozy dinners you’ve been sharing with Rose?

“Why not?” Winston nodded readily ‘I’ll admit it, I’ve got a soft spot for Rose She was clueless about it until today She invited me to endorse her product, and when I flew in from P City, she took me out for a welcome dinner. Our relationship, either in the past or in the present, is nothing but transparent What about you, Mr. Morisont

“If it werent for the blessing of online media, perhaps no one would know that Rose is your lawfully wedded wife, night? All thanks to those online platforms. Your wife after marrying you, had to endure what rumors and mockery. Are you unable to see it, or do you simply not care at all?

If you paid her any attention, maybe she wouldn't have been seen with me at all. Yes, we dined together but she's not an ex of mine. I didn't take her down memory places we used to eat and i didn't play the gallant man I've heard of chivalry, Mr. Morrison, but have you ever shown a fraction of that to your own wife?

Winston spoke lazily, but his voice dripped with scorn

Morrison's face turned a shade of green, while Winston left him with no ground to stand on.

to

And Rose, who had tried not to care too much, now found herself awash with a bitter hurt as Winston deliberately brought it all up. She stood silently, unsure what to say or

do

She felt like an outsider in her own marriage.

She was entitled to an explanation from Morrison, yet she remained silent.

Out of fear

Afraid of being heartbroken, of being overwhelmed by sadness, afraid that every word, every expression from him, could so easily wound her

She didn't want

Most of the time, she just wanted to live in the moment, even if it was a blur.

Like these past few days, clueless about the reasons or the future, she just wanted to bask in the moments with Morrison

Not to think too much, just to cherish the joy while it lasted

She never dared to ask for love from Monson

But the contradiction was there, the longer they were together, the more she craved, and she couldn't ignore the barrier between them.

She had mentioned Mona before, but that conversation had faded into nothingness

Now, with Winston's mention, under this tense confrontation, she truly didn't know what Morrison might say, or how he might thoughtlessly hurt her

Her hands clenched tightly at her sides she stood behind Momson, head slightly bowed, lips pressed tightly together, her whole body tense, palms chilling

She braced herself for any pain that might come from Morrison's direction.

Grandma glanced at her her expression growing even more severe 'Morrison! I'm speaking to you! Who is this ex-lover you were talking about?"

Morrison's brow was furrowed, his demeanor icy. "Is this ever going to end?"

Molly, normally the epitome of gentleness, now showed a rare coldness "Morrison, you need to clear this up is it that Mona woman? Has she come

Momson remained silent, but Winston added fuel to the fire Seems Mr. Morrison is quite the loyal lover Mention an ex, and it's clear to everyone that we re

dear Miss Mona"

Roses eyes quivered, suddenly feeling a wave of dizziness and a tightness in her chest.

How faithful Morison was with only one lover

Should she be relieved or saddened?

His past belonged to a single woman

Mona meant that much to him

For any other wealthy young man, girlfriends would be too numerous to count

Some flings some with feelings involved

in this harsh reality such things were commonplace, even expected

But Monson he had only Mona

She closed her eyes tightly forcing herself not to dwell on these thoughts

To avoid trapping herself in a dead end of sadness

Momson's current coldness was a familiar sting to Molly and Grandina

It was the same attitude he had shown them years ago when they opposed

relationship with Mor

Grandma, her anger palpable, gripped her walking stick tightly her face turning pale with fury. To she s b

Morrison's eyes flared with impatience, turning to face Grandma sharply 'So what' if shea back, do i have to report to you and have you chase her ideas spent

Grandma's eyes bulged with rage. And what? You want her to stay in Il City for your convenience) to be witho your sight, anytime you please?"

Momsonia frown deepened Where she goes in her business, and what i want is mine. Don't overstep (

"Momson" A furious shout erupted not from Grandma or Rose, nor Winston, but from the usually gentle and soft-spoken Molly

"Do you even have a clue what you're babbling about?! Molly was beside herself with frustration Have you forgotten that you re a marned man now? Look at the woman standing beside you—she's your wife carrying your child for heaven's sakel Grandma was right, why did you leave Mona back in R City? So she can pop up anytime she pleases? Where does that leave Rose?

Rose shuddered at the mention of her name, the bitter taste of jealousy almost spilling river Her eyes despite her efforts, betrayed a reddening sorrow

Molly's words caused Morrison to whip his head around. Their gazes clashed, and Rose was startled by the icy anger in his eyes She flinched and took a step back

She tried to speak, but under Momson's gaze she was lost for words in the end she could only look away her attempt to hide her discomposure only highlighting her current state of distress

Morrison's eves flickered but Rose refused to meet his gaze again

Megan and Molly witnessing Rose's state felt both heartache and sympathy Grandma, in particular, was furious She raised her cane ready to ghe Momson a piece of her

mind

That damned scoundrell thrash you today, you heartless wretch

A muffled thud echoed the force behind it causing a buzzing sound

“Grandma Despite everything Rose called out, wanting to shield Morrison, ‘Please stop, he’s still sick

But Grandma’s cane raised again, couldn’t be stopped

As it was about to strike Rose Morrison instinctively turned and shielded her with his back

However the expected pain didn’t come Instead. Rose felt someone grasp her arm

Loosening his hold on Rose Morrison turned to see Winston holding back the cane with one hand and gripping Rose’s wrist with the other

If it weren’t for me. Rose wouldn’t have been in harm’s way. Winston said releasing Grandma’s cane and still holding onto Rose He met Momson’s frosty gaze with a smirk “Don’t look at me like that Who do you think is really to blame here?

His mocking smile deepened if it weren’t for Miss Mona, today’s drama would’ve ended with me being the shameless homewrecker Thanks to you. I can stand here such legitimacy, while you, despite your right to resent me, have no moral high ground

Morrison’s face darkened “You say I have no right?

Winston’s expression didn’t waver “You’re a husband in name only. Do you really think you’re doing a good job?”

Momson narrowed his eyes his temper flaring as he faced off with Winston, who was openly challenging him and expressing his feelings for Rose His pride and a mix of inexplicable emotions bubbled into rage

With a single thought, Morrison moved towards Winston, confronting him and demanding “Let go of her hand”

Winston’s lips curled into a cold sneer ‘Let go of her that easily? No way”

Each word was a deliberate poke at Momson’s anger, which reached its breaking point. His handsome face twisted with rage, and he grabbed Winston’s collar, pulling him in close his menacing aura closing in

Rose’s wrist throbbed with pain in a moment of distraction, a scuffle broke out Looking up, she saw Morrison’s fist connect with Winston’s face

Caught off guard Winston stumbled catching himself on the armrest of a nearby sofa to avoid falling

Rose’s heart skipped a beat, and she rushed forward to embrace Morrison, trying to stop him from throwing another punch

“Morrison”

He was all tensed up, barely aware of Rose’s presence As he was about to hit her unintentionally. Molly stepped in to shield Rose

“Morrison Be careful you’ll hurt Rose

Molly shout froze Morrison who turned to see the woman clinging to him from behind

Momson please stop

Rose looked up at him her eyes pleading

Momson glared at her before slowly lowering his arms

Whats wrong? Can I stand to see me mess him up or is it that you can't bear to see him hurt?"

Rose was taken aback by the ferocity in his expression, a side of him she'd never seen before. His words ignited a sudden

Morrison can't you be reasonable? Winston he

"What reason do you want from me? He declares his love for you right in front of me, and I'm supposed to stand aside and applaud over the house to you both fully endorsing your relationship? Is that the reason you're after?"

Rose was speechless, her mind blank with shock and swelling anger until she realized she had slapped him in a burst

The living room was as quiet as a grave

The echo of a sharp slap seemed to still hover in the air

Winston slowly straightened up, wiping the sweat

from the corner of his mouth, his silent chuckle tugging at

It seemed he had put a bit too much force into today's performance

Momson adjusted his jaw, knocked askew by the blow, his gaze ice cold as he locked eyes with her

Rose's eyes were an uncontrollable bright red, her whole body still shaking with anger



“Despicable she managed to say her voice barely above a whisper. As alu

Unprepared the heat of her tears felt as though they seeped straight into

Realizing this she felt utterly pathetic

She who never wanted to cry in front of

losing control at the

Momson's frosty eyes flickered slightly as he watched

tear stained face. He opened his mouth

to speak, but

of t

Everyone was still reeling from the shock when suddenly, a series of knocks wound

(Oh man, this is so infuriating it's giving me indigestion. Don't chew me out, whoever's the jerk should get called out Let's settle the score fair and square Drop a recommendation to soothe my aching gut, won't you? (7)]

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The door creaked open, and all eyes turned to the source of the unexpected knock

“Excuse me, is this Mr Morrison's residence? A woman's voice floated in tentatively

Amid the hush of the room, the woman at the threshold hesitated, her gaze finally settling on the cluster of people inside. She seemed taken aback by the crowd, her eyes betraying a flicker of surprise

Мона

At the sight of Mona, a chill swept through Rose's heart, colder than anything she'd felt before. Even with the recent vows they had exchanged, Morrison's indifference toward her had never stung as sharply as it did now

Of all the times, of all the places, Mona should not have appeared here, in the home she shared with Morrison

Morrison's brow furrowed at the sight of Mona. His tone though still strained was noticeably softer than before

"What brings you here?" he asked, his voice laced with a hint of restraint

Caught in an awkward moment, Mona stepped inside, hesitating. "I heard you were ill and hospitalized last night, and when I went to the hospital today, they said you had been discharged. So I came to see how you were doing. I was worried."

Rose stood firm, refusing to show weakness before Mona. Her pride wouldn't allow it. She might accept defeat in her private moments, but she would never let Mona see

her crumble

How did Mona know where she and Morrison lived? Unless Morrison had told her. But why would he? They had never discussed their home address in such detail

Trying to keep her composure, Rose closed her eyes briefly, convincing herself that Morrison had no reason to share such information with Mona. Winston, who'd been quietly observing, let out a derisive snort, pulling Rose back to the painful reality.

All her anger at Momson, all her feelings for him seemed to wither in that instant. What was she holding on to?

Mona had a stronghold in Momson's heart—Rose knew that She had told herself to try, to persist, to love Manson more openly, believing that her earnest affections would eventually yield even the smallest of reciprocations.

For a moment, she had thought they were on the right track. Living under the same roof, they could be like any other couple—a world of their own, intimate and unguarded.

But then Morrison had casually insinuated something unspeakable between her and Winston. How could she not care? How could she not feel reduced to nothing?

Would he have said such things if Mona were in her place? Rose doubted it

She took a deep breath and, as she exhaled her eyes met Morrisons—empty, devoid of sorrow, joy, or anger, and yet brimming with indescribable emotions

As she opened her mouth to speak, Winston's hand found hers "You need to calm down Come with me"

Confused, she looked at him, but Winston was already guiding her towards the door

Morrison's eyes darkened, his hand reaching out for Rose, but Winston intercepted.

"Once you've sorted out your issues, we can talk about Rose Winston said pointedly "Remember what I said earlier. it's important"

If Momson hurt her if she regretted her choices, Winston would be the first to take her away

Momson hesitated, but his possessiveness wouldn't allow Winston to just whisk Rose away. "You want to leave? Fine, but you go alone!"

It was then that the elderly Mrs Morrison intervened 'Mr Winston please take Rose out of here. We have some matters to resolve'

Despite the concern Winston's words had stirred in her, Mrs. Morrison preferred that Rose find solace with him if Morrison couldn't settle things with Mona. No woman could tolerate her beloved entangled with another

If Morrison couldn't clear the air, then letting go was the only option. No one should settle for less.

Morrison's gaze never left Rose as he spoke her name—a stern warning in just a word. The implication was clear leaving with Winston could lead to unforeseen

consequences

But Rose was past caring about playing the dutiful hostess to an unwelcome guest. Her heart wasn't big enough for that yet

Without a word she shrugged off Winston's hand and said softly. "I need some air

As she passed Mona the other woman's wowed gaze met hers Rose, is something wrong?

Rose mustered a half-hearted smile Make yourself at home"

The simple phrase carried an unintended weight, hinting at a future where it might take on a different meaning

With that, Rose grabbed her coat and stepped out into the crisp air closing the door behind her. The sight of her retreating figure gave off an eerie sense of finality, as if she was walking away from more than just the house

Monson felt a tightness in his chest as he was about to step forward and follow, but Mona suddenly spoke up. "Morrison are you okay health-wise"

The step he was taking halted and his gaze, which had been fixed on the door, shifted to Mona

His expression didn't lighten. "I'm fine. How did you find your way here?"

Winston let out a low mocking chuckle, "I've got other fish to fry. I'll be off."

Momson's gaze shot towards him, but Winston just flashed him a grin. "You seem to have your hands full right now, probably can't look after everyone."

It was a matter of priorities now.

The irony of his words was crystal clear to Megan and Molly.

Juggling two women at once did he think he had the ability to clone himself, or perhaps he fancied himself to have the powers of some mythic being with multiple arms.

It was a choice of sacrifice and gain, let go of one to hold onto another, that was the inevitable outcome.

Winston left without a moment's hesitation.

Mona stood there, a picture of bewilderment, but as she realized they were the only ones left in the living room, a wave of embarrassment washed over her.

Casting a glance at the elderly lady standing behind Momson, her eyes darted away and she shrank back slightly.

She looked unmistakably frightened.

Megan, her face a thundercloud, took a couple of steps forward with her cane, her demeanor icy with indignation.

“Mona, long time no see!”

Mona bit her lip. “It’s been a while

“I had thought we’d never cross paths again in this lifetime.”

Mona’s face twisted uncomfortably, “Neither did I expect to bump into you here.”

Megan snorted, “Mona, there’s something called decency You should know what’s appropriate in do and where it’s appropriate to go! Do you realize where you am?”

“Mona’s eyes flicked to Momson in a swift plea for support. ” just heard Momson was rushed to the hospital last night and I was worried so I came to check on him.

“Mona.” Molly interjected her voice still laced with a poised gentleness that contrasted the situation

“This is my son and daughter in law’s home. I’m not sure how you found your way here but this place is open to everyone except you specifically You are Momson’s ex-girlfriend and he is a married man now Your very presence could shatter a perfectly happy home hurting innocent people Even if there’s nothing between you two now how do you expect his current wife to feel about you being here? Moreover Mons, you have no right, no standing to worry about Momson even if he were to pass away you would not be invited to his funeral!”

Molly’s words were perhaps the harshest she had ever spoken, directly echoing the sentiments Megan had always held but seldom voiced

Mona’s face turned beet red her attempt at a rebuttal stifled by Molly’s relentless monologue

Unable to bear the humiliation, her eyes reddened with suppressed tears. “Does our past relationship mean we have to deny our friendship from school as we

Molly’s response was devoid of the sympathy that usually characterized her, nodding coldly as if her heart had turned to ice

“Yes, once there’s been a relationship, there can be no friendship. How many people do you know who stay friends after a breakup?”

Mona glanced at Momson, but Molly continued

“Maybe you think such friendships can exist But i can tell you with certainty, those who remain friends after parting ways are either afraid to bum bridges for their benefit still harbor ulterior motives or

It’s because neither party truly invested their feelings! Without real emotional input, they can easily maintain a friendship Otherwise, there’s no such thing as friends after a breakup This isn’t a multiple-choice question it’s the additional factors that lead to such hypocritical outcomes”

After finishing Molly gave Mona a dismissive glance, then slowly added, “Mona, which category do you fall into?”

Mona paled

What was Mornson’s status now?

The only heir to the illustrious Witt family, the helmsman of Witt Co

How many women craved his attention?

If she claimed she had no designs on him it would only make her seem all the more deceitful

Because she wasn't a Rose, not a heiress of any grand estate, so her interest in Mornson could only be seen as opportunistic, vying for his wealth and the Witt family name behind him. She had no right to claim feelings.

As for having no emotional investment, she could be sure of herself, but Molly's words were a clear reminder, if not a taunt

But why?

Momson had sided with her once, what made her think he had truly cared for her?

Her gaze shifted to Morrison, only to find him staring out the living room's French windows, his face dark with brooding thoughts.

It was as if she or even the room itself didn't exist to him.

Her heart chilled inexplicably, her grip tightening on the purse slung over her shoulder

"Aunt Molly I can't choose any of the options you've given me if you insist I have ulterior motives, or question why I haven't openly confronted you, it is that Momson and were once classmates, once friends

Molly regarded her for a few seconds. "Which is why I advise you to know your limits. Clinging to a married man, flaunting your presence in front of his wife places you on the same rung as those so-called innocents of today?"

Monas complexion turned a ghastly shade of pale

At that moment Momson turned back to her frowning. "I'm alright now thanks for your concern I've got things to handle you should head back



He seemed oblivious to the gravity of Molly's conversation with Mona After speaking he strode toward the door the breeze from his passing without even changing his shoes or taking off his coat and stepped out into the world beyond.

"Moms got some smarts (1) give him that but his IQ and EQ might as well be from different planets

it was a while before Molly spoke again her voice a man whisper in the room. I've always doted on Monson

of anyone saying a crossword about tam Whatever he decides i usually let him run with it. So why do you think i haven't

drama why haven't ) ( just let him have his way Do you know why?"

Mona's lips turned up in a why sad smile it's the age-old story cunt #? Our backgrounds clashing. You just i

Molly shook her head a gentle gesture meant to dispel the notion You're wrong is not about you but my son and know him better than anyone else

Monas' face was steady searching What are you saying

A faint smile played on Molly's lips Morgan doggedly told you

The message on the screen had with a mix of sarcasm and hurt. How much must (

you all forgotten my darling perfect Mom? My poor heart aches!

ise Monson to have soiled him

Molly cracked a why smile. "Morrison? He's never been in love with you

## Chapter 1813

Mona paused for a few seconds before a strained laugh escaped her lips.

“So what you re saying is Morrison was just toying with my feelings all those years? A heartbreaker, is that what you’re labeling him as? That’s your take on your own son?”

Molly kept her tone even “Not a heartbreaker, Mona Morrison’s just a clueless fool when it comes to love

Mona was speechless c2

“He doesn’t even know who he likes or loves How is he not a fool? It pains me to say this about my own son, but it’s the truth”

Mona bit her lip harder, her frustration mounting. “Who he loves or doesn’t is for him alone to know And even if it’s not me, it certainly doesn’t have to be Rose. If it weren’t for your elitist attitudes, why push me away and accept her?”

“After all those years you spent studying side by side, dating him, are you really telling me you don’t know who’s in his heart?”

A flicker of evasion crossed Mona’s gaze

“Morrison has always been good to me I never noticed him treating any other girl differently!”

Molly exhaled deeply “Look, since you’ve come uninvited today, let’s have a heart-to-heart To be honest, Mona, you come off as this pure and sweet girl, and people are drawn to that But a regular student like you managing to stay by Morrison’s side for years, even causing him to rebel against his family, it just goes to show that you’re not as simple-minded as you appear”

I'm not looking down on you. The Witts aren't trying to force Morrison into a match that's just about social standing. You think I was oblivious to his high school romance? Far from it I've been watching you two for a long time especially you"

"You're not as kind and innocent as you seem. Mona

Mona's eyes flickered, her expression darkened

"Morrison, with his Witt family background, what does he lack? What does he covet? Should I remind you of the series of thefts among the heiresses at your school around his birthday?"

Her cheeks flushed, and she shrank back her eyes darting away

"And that birthday party where you suddenly changed the location, causing Rose to miss celebrating with Morrison do you dare deny it?"

There's so much more I could bring up, but I'll spare the details. You know what you've done. It's one thing for Morrison to date you, quite another for you to marry into the

Witts with ulterior motives

"But I must thank you. Your scheming against Rose only made it clearer who Morrison truly cares for"

Mona stood there her face burning with embarrassment.

"kept your secrets, not wanting to ruin your life or let everyone see Morrison's poor judgment, binding himself to someone like you for years. Even when he fought with us. left you with your dignity. And now you accuse us of looking down on you?"

"Ask yourself, even if Morrison had no feelings for Rose, do you really deserve to be with him? How will you face him and us in the future?"

Molly's revelations left Mona reeling her darkest secrets laid bare without warning, overwhelming her with a sense of injustice.

Tears welled in her eyes, but her voice was defiant. "It was all because i loved Morrison! My family might be average, but that shouldn't be a barner between us! And it shouldn't give Rose an advantage to win him over! You don't understand, I've been trying to bridge the gap between us.."

"That's why I can't approve of you and Morrison Why do you think he chose you? Because you weren't like those other rich girls. The very gap you tried to bridge was your

biggest advantage "

Molly maintained her composure. "Gifts can't cover the differences between you two. Does Morrison care for such material things? That's not how gaps are bridged. You see Rose as some arrogant heiress, but she worked part-time to save up for Morrison's birthday gift with her own money"

"Compare yourself Who would an observer prefer? Mona, you can be poor in wealth, but not in spirit"

The room fell silent as Mona wiped the tears from her face, "it's easy for those who've never worned about money to preach. I regret those things I did, but my actions don't

define who I am

Molly looked at her steadily before saying, "In all the years you were with Morrison, he never laid a hand on you, did he?"

Mona was taken aback

"if he had I'm sure you would've done anything to bear his child, to silence us all Even if it was a facade, you never took that most direct path because

gave you the chance

if a man truly likes a woman, he can't always control himself He'll find every excuse to be close to her, to have her completely if he truly liked you, he would've given you plenty of chances but he didn't

Mona's face was a mask of unbearable shame

A metallic taste filled her mouth

Standing there she felt exposed, stripped bare, with no right to resist

The shame was unbearable

She had been accused of breaking up with Momson, now looking back their

Seeing that she had stopped defending herself Molly took a deep breath to cover up your past and start anew We never expected your gratitude, just hope certainly shouldn't cling to any hope for Momson

seemed like a farce to them, just a joke

asn't because we were heartless when we made you leave. On the contrary, we wanted you to | Morrison would live your lives well, separately. You shouldn't be here, and you

Besides, Momson now he doesn't have room for you, not in his eyes, nor his heart I hope you can

› care of yourself"

Outside the villa Rose hugged her down jacket tighter, taking a deep breath of the chilly air

The frosty breath seemed to clear her head a little

Had she really been wrong?

All those years of persistence, of stubbornness

She had always believed that sincerity and effort would win in the end if she just never gave up

The recent peaceful days had given her the illusion she was on the right track, making her heady with hope

But the more she felt this, the more she realized how truly she loved Morrison

Morrison was grumpy, had a sharp tongue and a quick temper

Yet, none of these flaws diminished her love for him

She even cherished his imperfections

She had scorned herself for it knowing she was beyond help

But everything seemed to be improving she had even started to dream of their future together

Years of persistence and obsession, never did she imagine they'd be shaken by Mona's sudden appearance

After years apart seeing Morrison's different demeanor towards Mona made her feel utterly drained,

No matter how hard she tried she couldn't win Morrison's heart

Someone else lived there, a fact she couldn't change

She had tried everything short of handing her heart to him on a platter, but he didn't want it. She couldn't force him

Otherwise how could she face the indifference, or even disdain, as he tossed her heart aside?

Her eyes burned in the cold air

She felt powerless

She cared too much for Morrison, so even the slightest gesture from him was etched into her memory

That's why she couldn't stand to see the way he looked at Mona, his attitude towards her, his special treatment of her

Footsteps approached steadily from behind. She glanced over her shoulder, managing a weak smile, and stopped to look up at the much taller man

"Is your face okay?"

Winston looked down at her, shaking his head after a few seconds. "This scratch is nothing"

"Morrison has a bad temper, you know that. Why provoke him?"

Winston's hands were in his pockets as he looked toward the corner where a pine tree stood. The guy has low EQ. He needed a jolt to help open up his emotional

channels

Rose paused then laughed helplessly. "Looks like he almost opened yours instead!"

Seeing the faint smile on Rose's face. Winston felt a little less tense

"Maybe so. But that punch shows he still cares about you, at least a little"

Rose's smile was tinged with irony. Any man would be upset to see his wife being hit on by another man right in front of him. It's a matter of pride

She couldn't forget his warnings. As long as she bore the name Mrs. Witt, she had to protect the Witt family's reputation

No family wanted the scandal of an unfaithful wife

Winston fell silent, not disagreeing with the possibility

"But to run out like this, isn't it a bit too much? That's your home. Why let her waltz in while you run out?"

Rose's gaze darkened. "Whatever in front of Morrison. I'll always be the one who can't do anything right instead of staying there, feeling |

don't want to be humiliated

You need to stand your ground if anyone should feel out of place. It should be her, not you

Rose shook her head. "Standing my ground as Mrs. Witt. I'm just an empty shell. To assert myself before Monia would be.

She sighed. Morrison wouldn't allow it



He wouldn't stand for Mona feeling slighted

She had foreseen many scenarios. but all ended with her own embarrassmen

Why bother

"What's the use of rutining out? What about

Are you going to love your life in uncertainty without

Roga murmured. then after a pause her vose filled with melancholy. "Dragang it out maybe our

might just wind

Vinston matched her in surprise You have so Hillia farth in your

"Except when it comes to him. Its like

the same

Her words slowed to a halt as if

I'm the one causing him the most

Winston frowned What was she thinking!

"Rose" She suddenly called out locking myta with hián

Winston's expersason sified Why are you thuakung

Rose shook her head. 'I love him now and always but seeing fem unhajan maant dig thats all that matters

Damn it wil

Winston muttered a curse under hen breath, wondering

al hem would have

"Have you lost your marbles? Believing such nonsense?"

Rose let out a soft chuckle. "No, Winston, it's not that. I just feel like I really loved the wrong way A marriage forced into being is just about possession, but it feels like i never truly have it if this continues, Morrison and I are just heading towards mutually assured destruction Might as well end it here..."

Despite the heartache, it seemed far better than a future filled with endless suffering for both of them

Winston's eyelid twitched

Damn, this drama had gone too far It didn't snap Morrison out of it, but it brought this woman to an epiphany

Tsk The scariest thing is a woman who's seen the light

Chapter 1814

"Damn, this dramas gone too far. Didn't snap Morrison out of it, but sure as hell had an epiphany herself

Rose, what about the baby? What are you planning to do with the baby?"

Rose's complexion shifted subtly as she gently placed her hand on her belly, falling silent, lost in thought

The baby

Winston caught a glimpse of a man storming out of the villa with a fierce determination and raised an eyebrow

Rose, maybe you're on to something instead of weaning yourself out with all this grief, perhaps it's time to let go. Your life isn't just about one man. You've got your business friends your child You can have a full life without him as long as you're willing to open your heart so others can come in Set him free and give yourself a

chance

Rose listened in a daze, then nodded slightly, as if in a trance "You're right

#

A strong and chilling presence approached Rose turned to see Momson, his face a mask of extreme displeasure, marching towards her with purpose

Instinctively she glanced back towards the villa's entrance but Mona was nowhere in sight

So what was he playing at Leaving Mona all alone in the house?

That wasn't exactly normal, was it? Not for a host, nor for someone who's supposed to be his sweetheart

Especially since he knew very well that Granny and Mom weren't exactly Mona's biggest fans.

Wasn't he worried about her getting the short end of the stick?

In a blur Momson was standing in front of her yanking her into his arms, his face cold as ice, his tone frantic

"Why did you run?"

Rose looked up at him a half-hearted smile on her lips. It's not like I could really run, could I?"

She was pregnant for heaven's sake. How could she run?

Her gaze lingered involuntarily on his thin clothing before returning to the doorway in the distance

"Is this okay with you?" she asked quietly. "Leaving her alone like that, aren't you afraid Granny and Mom will give her a hard time?"

Morrison's expression shifted ever so slightly as he narrowed his eyes at Rose. "So, you knew they'd give her a hard time, and you ran out here on purpose,

chase after you just to give them time alone to do their worst, is that it?"

Rose blinked in disbelief, turning to face Momson. "What are you trying to say?"

"You got it right. They have been hard on her and in the end, without you lifting a finger you've driven her away."

Rose felt a sudden wrench in her heart, her whole body trembling with anger, her eyes misting over

She took a deep breath, exhaled, inhaled again and exhaled

After several repetitions she managed to suppress the torrent of emotions and finally looked Morrison straight in the eye

“You’re wrong she said, struggling to keep her voice steady and her expression indifferent ‘Because I never wanted to drive Mona away On the contrary, I wanted to help you two wanted her to stay, to be here in R City by your side, in that house I’d move out Morrison, I can’t keep doing this with you. Let’s get a divorce?”

She managed to control her emotions, but by the end of her speech, there was a clear tremor in her voice

And her words froze Morrison in his tracks

We’re getting a divorce.

Those words hit him like a sledgehammer shattering his composure, trembling through his very being

Divorce

Momson stared at her too shocked to react

The word divorce when she spoke it, twisted in his heart with an even greater pain, as if countless tacks were embedded ther

She had finally said it

prickling with each

Even when she was alone in that empty house, even when she faced odd looks and ridicule, even when she endured the laughter of mans, even night she had never considered this

I was too hard won to grow up so easily

Once said it meant true loss with no more chances to be together for the rest of her life

But she couldn't just dryly wait for his love She didn't expect him to be perfect or to treat her with the  
ubr

She just wanted to be by his side watch him live a healthy and happy life That would be enough

From the many beautiful fantasies she had of him in the beginning to the step by step concessions she  
made until

She

She also

met a man whose heart was already full of someone else

the energy and the strung heart to bear the hurt he inflicted

If it were anyone else, she could hit back. But with him she could not

Hurt him? How could she bear it?

Better to part ways early than suffer together

Winston was right Without him, she was helpless She

'So you don't need to doubt my intentions anymore Believe

who can't do anything right in your eyes, who can never gain your favor. So let s

After finishing her speech, Rose paused her lips pressed to

perhaps another

in silence before abruptly turning and heading i

Morrison, almost reflexively, reached out and grabbed her faxely, his chest heaving

Rose took a deep breath and wriggled her wrist free from his grasp

"I'm to clear the way for you, then i need to do it right I hate dragging things out."

With that she walked away Momson tried to follow, but Winston stepped forward, blocking his path

His face darkened veins on his forehead threatening to burst

He grabbed Winston by the collar and pulled him close "Was this your doing

Mr Momson Winston interjected with a hint of annoyance. Don't go blaming others for your own missteps. I'm merely an admirer, and despite my heartfelt confessions, she never batted an eye. Now, why do you think she's suddenly changed her tune? Don't you have any clue?"

Momson's face turned a shade of thunder yet he found himself at a loss for words

"Let me tell you something Mr Morrison Winston said with a wry smile 'Don't pretend that Rose is too proud to play dirty, but even if she did if a woman was willing to do whatever it took to scheme and plot just to be by my side openly and honestly out of love for me, I'd be over the moon"

“What did I ever do to deserve such attention? She doesn’t owe me anything I haven’t been all that great to her So what’s her angle?”

The fury in Morrisons posture seemed to recede slightly, leaving him looking somewhat dazed.

“What are you saying?” he asked coldly, his gaze piercing into Winston “Are you saying Rose loves me?”

Winston paused, then let out a mocking laugh

“What else man? Why else do you think Rose would want to marry you? She’s been labeled a gold digger by everyone, including you, for marrying into the Witt family. She’s been pregnant and alone, with no one to care for her, enduring your verbal abuses and cold stares, suffering your suspicions and yet she never retaliated Do you think she’s lost her mind of just enjoys the abuse?”

Morrison was silent, his jaw set tight

Winston sighed, his tone laced with frustration. “You’re utterly clueless She’s never hidden her feelings for you, and now you’re asking me this question?”

Morrison’s expression darkened

“Maybe you’re just used to women falling over themselves for you, and one less wouldn’t matter, especially since you’ve got someone else on your mind She’s willing to step aside for you two, and I guess you should be happy now, right? Finally free from this woman you despise so much. Should I be happy for you?”

A muscle in Momson’s jaw twitched, and he abruptly let go of Winston.

“Keep out of it,” Morrison warned “Stay away from Rosel



Winston shrugged indifferently. "Sure, there are only a few days left anyway. Once the divorce is final, the one who would have a say in her life will be you

Morrison's forehead veins pulsed as he turned and strode away

Rose couldn't bring herself to say harsh words to him?

She could talk about divorce, but was there anything more cruel than that?

Damn it, he acted like he knew Rose so well!

At that moment, Rose had reopened the door to the villa. The three people in the living room stood in an obvious tension. As they turned to her entrance, Rose could see the redness in Mona's eyes, the same resentment she always showed.

Rose hesitated for a moment, then, with a forced smile, closed the door behind her and approached them.

Molly looked up at her with a faint smile "Rose, you're back."

Rose nodded forcing a smile, and locked eyes with Mona.

"It looks like you've been wronged today, she commented.

Mona composed herself, maintaining a graceful demeanor. "Rose, I'm here today simply as Morrison's classmate and friend to check on him. It would be inappropriate not to inquire about him when I'm here in R City, don't you think?

Molly and Megan frowned

Rose nodded "You don't need to stress your current role as a classmate and friend. We all know you two have history. It's natural for an ex-girlfriend to be concerned"

Her words made the color drain from the faces of everyone in the room.

"Rose, what are you saying?" Molly suddenly had a bad feeling

Rose just smiled

And Mona, let me be clear your breakup with Morrison had nothing to do with me. I've been interested in Morrison since college, but i controlled my emotiona. to interfere with your relationship, and I won't in the future either You don't have to treat me like an enemy

She paused glancing at Megan and Molly, and changed her tone Grandma, Mom, I'm grateful for the love and care you've shown me since I joined the Witt family 10 ne forget it

The weight of her words made Molly and Megan's hearts sink.

Rose

'But love is beyond anyone control except those involved We all have flaws, but we all deserve love and happiness. Mona and Montsen have been together 5

it's clear they still have feelings for each other So let's do the right thing for all of us, including me Let's give them our blessings.

Mona stared at Rose, utterly confused by her sudded speech.

Molly and Megan were equally stunned grasping Rose as if she were slipping away

\*Rose, what are you talking about?"

Rose managed a weak smile "Grandma, Mom, I've thought it through

"But what about you? You love Morrison the most How can you just give up so easily? Wait a little longer Momson doesn't understand new, but ghe tim time.

Rose shook her head her face a portrait of sorrow Tve tried to make him love me, but I've realized it doesn't work I can't replace her in his heart Continuung this everyone it's better to let go early I still love Morrison, so I'm letting him be happy

As she spoke, she tried to keep her composum but by the and tears had begun to fill her eyes.

\$

Mona's face was a canvas of emotions as she processed Rose's words, disbelief slowly morphing into a bubbling hint of smug satisfaction

Yes, it made sense. Love couldn't be fomad, and despite her flaws, the still held a plane in Mumanity feat

"Rose, dont think like that

Mona stammered trying to find the words so congnda ber

Megan and Molly looked like they were on the verge of tears than føres akihan wat zonos ka buysa priting, de

"Don't worry about me

Just then, a foud sound interrupted the momam

## Chapter 1815

With a loud bang, the grand front door of the mansion swung open.

Morrison marched in, his face dark as a brewing storm.

The moment the door had burst open, Rose's words, "Try loving someone else," reignited the anger Winston's tirade had suppressed, sending his emotions into a furious explosion.

She was going to love someone else?

How casually she said it!

After marrying him because she was carrying his child, she thought she could just walk away and love someone else as if it were that simple?

She was the one who had wanted marriage, and now she was the one wanting a divorce.

Did she think he was a statue, without feelings or words of his own?

Everything was on her terms!

Mona's face lit up with anxious hope when she saw Morrison. She nearly burst into tears of joy, "Morrison..."

But Morrison might as well have been deaf for all the attention he paid her, not even sparing her a glance.

His expression remained dark, his gaze icy as it fixed firmly on Rose.

Rose, for her part, looked up at Morrison with a serene expression, her smile faint in the face of his brooding demeanor

"I've done my best for Granny and Mom, helped wherever I could. You might not care, but consider it... compensation for forcing you into marriage with the baby Whether you accept that or not doesn't matter to me..."

She paused, the curve of her lips widening slightly, "Don't worry, once I've made a decision, I never look back. So there's no need to fear that use some ploy to hurt Mona or ruin whatever you have... While it doesn't concern me what suspicions you harbor, I'd rather not be seen as a wicked woman in the eyes of others..."

"From the bottom of my heart, I do hope you find happiness. We're not enemies, are we? I'm available any time to finalize the divorce papers, and if you're in a hurry, we can even do it now..."

"Rose!"

"Rose!"

Molly and Granny were in true panic now.

Why had things escalated to this point?

Was there truly no room for maneuver?

"Granny, Mom, let it be... Some things just can't be forced..."

Granny shook her head, "No, I won't accept this My granddaughter-in-law can only be you, and if you divorce Morrison, he might as well remain

a bachelor for life! No other woman shall cross the threshold of the Witt family after you!"

Mona's heart had leapt with joy at the prospect of Rose bowing out gracefully, giving her another shot with Morrison.

She had been forced to part ways with him, and leaving was her way of showing Molly and Granny her place in Morrison's heart

If they pushed her out, Morrison would never easily forgive them.

For them to acknowledge her was merely a matter of time

But who could have predicted that Morrison would suddenly marry Rose?

And that there was even a child between them

Ignoring their previous warnings, she had returned, seeking any opportunity to mend what had been broken

Morrison was intelligent, she couldn't be too obvious in her intentions

Now, as Rose seemed ready to let go. Granny's words cut through the air. "If it's not Rose, I'd rather Morrison stay single for the rest of his the?"

What kind of joke was that?

Who was she saying this for?

How could she let the sole heir of the Witt family lead a life of solitude?

Rose's smile was tinged with bitterness and resignation, "Granny, please don't

Granny gripped her hand tightly, "I mean every word. It must be you, or no one. Besides, you're carrying Morrison's child. If you divorce now, what will happen to the baby once it's born?"

Rose's expression faltered,...I've thought about the baby. You don't need to worry He or she

carry the Witt family

and even if

Granny was taken aback as Rose's words finally brought tears to her eyes.

Rose had made up her mind...

She had even considered the most difficult issue of their impending divorce – the child.

Had Rose insisted on keeping the child, their separation would never be simple, for the child was a bond between them.

Yet, she had chosen the most neutral path, acknowledging the child's place in the Witt family and not objecting to their visits.

She didn't fuss over custody, only hoping to see her child grow healthy and strong

Her concessions were so great, how could they possibly use the child to "threaten" her to stay in the Witt family, to never let her see the child at

all?

What were they to do now?

It seemed that they were truly about to lose Rose.

And the one most aware of this wasn't just Granny. Everyone in the room could sense it, including Morrison, standing across from her

She was determined.

The child's future was arranged so carefully, the compromise and concession so clear.

And all this compromise and concession were for the sole purpose of divorcing him....

The realization sent Morrison's heart into a sudden panic.

"What's this? You talk about a clean break with the divorce? Since you're so set on making us happy, have you considered how this child will affect

me?"

Rose, you want a divorce to sever ties with me?

Impossible

Rose struggled to maintain her composure, but at Morrison's words, she involuntarily trembled.

"Morrison! What are you talking about? Have you lost your mind?!"

Granny and Molly gasped, Morrison's words making their heads throb with anger.



Morrison was visibly shaken by their shouting, his eyes flickering with a flash of something—perhaps a painful memory. When he looked into Rose’s eyes, now brimming with shock and sorrow, his heart clenched. His mouth opened, but no words came out.

“I’m not

Rose’s eyes were noticeably red as she silently gazed at Morrison for what felt like an eternity. Just as he was about to speak, she nodded gently. Her graceful neck moved as if to gather strength before she spoke, her voice trembling slightly.

“If that’s how it is

Her words broke off, her voice quivering with emotion. She squeezed her hand in her pocket, forcing a strained smile.

“You’re right. I wasn’t thinking it through. If that’s the case... I’ll take full custody of the child. I’ll move far away with him, ensuring he never bothers your life or that of the Witt family again, okay?”

“Rose!”

“Rose!”

“Let’s do it now!” ignoring Molly and the matriarch’s protests, Rose interrupted sharply, looking straight at Morrison. “Today, we’ll get the divorce. I don’t want anything from you, and I’m sure you won’t offer. I’ll just grab my documents and—”

With a swift movement, Rose pulled her hand from the matriarch’s grasp and hurried upstairs.

She couldn’t bear it any longer, not even for a minute more. The overwhelming pain and the fear of her long-standing love for Morrison fading away were too much for her to handle.

“Damnation The matriarch stared at her empty hand, pained by Rose’s resolute departure in a surge of anger, she lashed out, slapping Momson across the face

The sharp sound echoed through the living room as Morrison’s head turned from the blow

Rose paused on the stairs, her resolve firming, and continued her ascent

“Morrison!”

Mona rushed to his side, but Morrison, his face dark with anger, brushed her aside and strode toward the staircase.

Mona tumbled onto the couch’s armrest from the force of his rejection

Rose had barely climbed a few steps when Morrison’s grip tightened on her arm

She whipped around to face him, meeting his furious gaze, her attempts to pull away futile

else could you possibly object to?” she asked, her voice steady.

Momson’s expression tightened even more.

Not wanting to prolong the standoff, Rose tried once more to free her wrist.

“Let me go!”

But Morrison wouldn’t relent.

“Let go!” In frustration, Rose shouted.

Molly and the matriarch, fearing the worst, hurried over to the foot of the stairs. "Morrison, what in God's name are you doing?!"

Morrison's face changed, his lips tightening. Suddenly, he scooped Rose up in a fireman's carry

Rose gasped, her eyes wide, but instinctively clung to Morrison's shoulders.

Molly and the matriarch looked on, concern flashing across their faces, but they soon calmed down, perhaps believing that Morrison's anger meant he didn't really want the divorce after all.

Meanwhile, Mona watched Morrison carry Rose upstairs, her mouth agape in a failed attempt to stop him. The matriarch and Molly, however, had already turned away, giving her a cold stare

"You seemed quite pleased earlier," Molly said icily. "After all my warnings, it appears they had no effect on you. Mona, what are you really after? Are you so determined to tear apart the Witt family?"

Mona stepped back, pale and at a loss for words.

1.5

"Do you think Morrison would really leave us and the Witt family for you?"

Mona shook her head frantically. "No... I never..."

"Then what were you gloating about?!"

Molly's voice rose in fury "I've been clear, but you still don't get it, do you? There's no way you're entering the Witt family, not in this lifetime! Don't think you can have your way just because you believe Morrison has feelings for you. Do you not understand who his heart truly belongs to?"

Mona trembled with anger and frustration. "I'm not deluding myself?"

"No? Then why did you constantly make life difficult for Rose? Do you need me to list out all your past indiscretions for you?"

Mona's eyes narrowed, her voice failing her.

"You know what you've done. You're delusional if you think there's still a chance for you"

Tears finally escaped Mona's eyes as she turned and fled from the house.

Molly watched her leave with cold eyes, then let out a weary sigh and sank into the couch.

The matriarch exhaled deeply, sitting in silence, a storm of emotions behind her closed eyes.

Evelyn knew that the relationship between Morrison and Claire needed time to properly mesh; all they needed was a chance to spend time together. She was confident that Morrison would eventually see

Claire's worth and would come to realize the woman he truly cared for, the one he loved, was right there in front of him—Claire

But she hadn't anticipated that Morrison could be so foolish. Despite the fact that he was clearly worried about Claire, that he genuinely cared for her and was emotionally invested in her, he remained blissfully unaware of his own feelings.

And so, matters had escalated to this dire point

Claire was now dead set on divorce, pushed to the brink by Morrison's obtuseness.

Morrison laid Claire down on the soft bed, and she writhed beneath him, trying to break free from his embrace as he leaned over her, pinning her

down to the mattress

“Let me go!” she demanded, her hands shoving against him, desperately seeking her release

Exasperated, Morrison pinned her hands above her head

“Will you just chill out! he snapped

Claire’s eyes were fiery red, wide with indignation

“Am I not being chill enough? i’m giving you what you want, Morrison Everything I said earlier was true—I won’t cling to you anymore.

“Chill? You’re anything but chill” Morrison had no interest in hearing her talk of letting go and divorce.

“You’re the one who wanted to get married, and now you’re talking about divorce? What am i to you—a plaything?”

Claire bit her lip, gazing at him, as if in that moment, she found some semblance of calm.

It’s the end of the month, my dearest readers, don’t forget your votes! Ahhhhhh | |

Chapter 1816

“Aren’t I well-behaved enough? I really am letting you go, Morrison, everything I said, it’s all true. I won’t bother you anymore...”

“Behaved my foot!” Morrison was in no mood to hear her prattle about “letting go” and “divorce.”

“You’re the one who wanted the wedding, and now you’re talking about a divorce. What am I to you? A toy to play with?”

Rose bit her lip. looking at him as her demeanor cooled down.

“Alright, I messed up, okay?! I shouldn’t have left the kid behind, shouldn’t have used the kid to marry you, shouldn’t have created a chance for Grandma and Mom to hassle Mona. It’s all my fault. Happy now?!”<sup>c2</sup>

‘No, it’s not okay!’

“You”

“Shut up! I don’t want to hear another word from you!”

At this point, Rose couldn’t deal with Morrison in her usual way. His words were just daggers into her heart, nothing more..

“I won’t, I won’t, I just won’t. We’ll get a divorce, and then you’ll never have to hear me speak again...”

A vein throbbed on Morrison’s forehead. “Say that one more time!”

“We’re gett—mmph”

The word “divorce” never made it out of her mouth; Morrison leaned in and swallowed her words whole.

Rose’s eyes widened with shock, and after a moment of stillness, she began to struggle.

‘Let go.’

Morrison pinned her hands with one of his and held her chin with the other, his kiss forceful and filled with a mix of rage and maybe even hatred.

His roughness, his brutality, only soured the feeling in Rose's heart.

Yeah, it was all her fault.

She was the one who insisted on marrying him. He had said no from the start—no to the child, no to her, swearing they were never meant to cross paths in this life.

She didn't understand what she had done to make a once decent acquaintance speak such cruel words to her.

But she had run headfirst into a brick wall, nonetheless, choosing to marry him.

So there she was, alone in an empty house, enduring ridicule and sarcasm from all sides in silence.

She had no right to tell anyone how aggrieved she felt, not even to admit her own sorrow

These last few days, Morrison had stayed at home, sleeping and eating with her, even accompanying her to prenatal appointments and swimming. It was like a long-awaited redemption for her.

She couldn't afford to dwell on the humiliation and pain he had caused her, she wanted to seize the present, the fleeting happiness.

But happiness was too elusive.

She hadn't even truly grasped it, let alone had the chance to "seize it.

Morrison always found a myriad of ways to make her heart bleed.

If trying hard wasn't enough to earn the love she wanted, what was the point of persevering?

Suddenly, she shoved Morrison away with all her might.

Finally, he let her go, his gaze icy as it drilled into her.

His eyes were like ice picks, inching across her skin.

"Rose, you used the child to try and marry me because you love me"

At his words, Rose's eyes merely flickered, showing no surprise.

That was the truth. She never hid how much she loved him

Was it a secret? It never was, so why was he emphasizing it now?

"So what?"

Her calmness left Morrison at a loss.

Why did his blunt exposure leave her so indifferent?

"So what gives you the right to talk about divorce now?! You love me! Yet, you're asking for a divorce. How is that any different from playing hard to get?!"

His angry words made Rose's composure waver.



"Morrison" She was silent for a long while. "When did you know that I loved you?"

The words I love you coming from Rose's mouth sent a tremor through Morrison's dark eyes.

When did he know?

"I. I've always known!" How could he admit it was Winston who had just clued him in?

But Rose let out a bitter laugh, and Morrison saw an unstoppable sadness on her face.

He grew anxious

"You knew I loved you, which is why you told me to get rid of the child, not to marry you, that we were never meant to be part of each other's

lives

Morrison's expression suddenly darkened.

"That's why on our wedding night you could leave me alone in the bridal suite and fly off to another country to find Mona

"That's why you could ignore me for over two months after our marriage, to punish me for the marriage I forced into

"That's why you could be so cold and heartless toward me, all for Mona..."

Tears gathered in Rose's eyes.

"You knew I loved you, so you thought you could hurt me with impunity?"

“Do you have any idea that even a glance from you is heaven and hell to me, a descent into a fiery pit? Do you think my heart is so cold and indestructible that you can torment it without restraint?”

All the pent-up grievances came pouring out with her trembling voice, tears streaming down her cheeks and soaking into the sheets

Morrison watched, his grip loosening slightly, his lips parting then closing, words forming but remaining unspoken.

Rose closed her eyes tightly, her delicate neck and beautiful collarbones rising and falling with the effort to swallow the bitterness.

“I can’t do this anymore. Morrison...”

Her eyes flung open, tears gushing anew, her voice and expression thick with hurt and sadness.

“I don’t want to love you anymore, I can’t continue to love you. Even if I were stronger, my heart can’t take this kind of reckless torment! I married you hoping for a good life with you, willing to pay any price without complaint. I’m trying, waiting for you to love me not to be treated like this.

She sat up slowly, wiping at her uncontrollable tears haphazardly.

“I give up. I can’t do this anymore Let’s get a divorce, let’s do it now...”

She seemed like a lost child, clueless, with only the thought of seeking comfort.

Rose only had one thought swirling in her mind, and that was divorce.

She wasn’t a masochist.

She really wasn't

Her demeanor only deepened the sense of panic and helplessness in Morrison's heart.

He reached for her again, "Rose"

"Let go of me!!"

With a sudden jerk, Rose tore herself away and pushed him back, rising from the bed, her eyes icy and angry as they fixed on him.

"Do you think a sudden divorce will bring shame and loss to the Witt family? But Morrison, think about it, this isn't my fault, you've gone too

I don't want anything, the impact and losses of the Witt family have nothing to do with me if you don't want to embarrass the Witts, then let's get the divorce proceedings started quickly!

You're free to love whoever you want, to be with whoever you want to be with From now on, I don't care and i can't, I'm not playing this game anymore Morrison, you can't bully people like this!

After a heart-wrenching outburst, she paused for a few seconds as she looked at Morrison's shocked face, then suddenly turned and strode out

the door

Morrison hadn't recovered from the shock when his body bolted after

Rose, cradling her abdomen, walked briskly. Morrison caught up to her at the stairwell

He grabbed her, "Rose, calm down!"

He had never seen her this agitated before

“Don’t touch me! Let go!”

She screamed in anger, one hand clutching the railing, trying to break free from Morrison’s grasp

Molly and Megan, Grandma Witt, hearing the commotion, came over and were scared white at the sight of the two staks.

the top of the

hat are you doing?!” Molly exclaimed in terror.

Morrison frowned and glanced downstairs before his gaze returned to Rose.

“Are you set on divorcing me?”

Without hesitation, Rose replied, “Yes!”

“I don’t agree” Morrison declared resolutely

Rose was taken aback for a moment, but as he relaxed slightly, she yanked her hand back.

Morrison, caught off guard, could only watch as Rose staggered backward.

“Rose!”

“Darling!!”

His expression turned icy as he reached out to catch Rose's waist, pulling her back and switching positions so that if anything happened, he'd be

the cushion

The situation was too precarious, and Rose, acting on instinct, clutched the railing tightly.

Morrison's body steadied, and looking down at the woman in his arms, he saw her pale face and the shock in her eyes.

"Are you okay?"

Rose looked at him dazedly, her expression suddenly turning cold as she pushed him away with one hand.

The man who had seemed immovable before now tumbled backward with her simple shove, followed by a thudding crash.

"Morrison!"

Molly screamed, and Rose's stunned eyes flickered.

The man who had just held her was now sprawled on the first floor, trying to sit up with blood slowly seeping out of his head, almost obscuring his entire face

Rose, shaking, stood up and rushed downstairs, her legs trembling.

She knelt in front of Morrison, cradling his head, wiping the blood from his forehead with forceful swipes.

“Morrison, Morrison are you okay sorry... I... I didn't mean to...”

Morrison's eyes were obscured by the crimson blood, but through Rose's wiping, he could vaguely see her face.

Tears, guilt, panic, and unmistakable pain.

Morrison stubbornly grabbed her hand, “Rose... although I'm not hurt, you... you're responsible for this... you have to... take full responsibility

Rose bit her lip without a word, stood up, and dialed 911 on the landline.

After hanging up, she turned around to find Molly trying to help Morrison, who was pushed away by Morrison, who was now looking at her, his gaze seemingly fixed on her the entire time.

She hesitated, but Morrison gestured to her, “I'm in pain all over, come and help me.”

Molly

Grandma Witt

Rose

Did he think they were blind?

Hadn't Molly just tried to help him up, only to be pushed away?

“Come on, Rose! My head is spinning!”

Rose pursed her lips but walked over anyway

“Molly was just trying to help you”

Seeing Morrison still playing the victim, Rose grew calmer, exposing his ruse as she helped him to the sofa

“Molly’s getting on in years, how could she have the strength to help me up?”

Molly’s face, already grim, turned even grimmer after hearing Morrison’s words.

Getting on in years...

Hmm.

Rose said nothing, but she easily helped Morrison off the ground and onto the sofa She didn’t feel like it took much effort

She even thought that he might have been able to walk on his own without anyone’s help. But the thought was fleeting

After all, his bloodied face wasn’t fake.

When the doctor saw Morrison again, he was taken aback before saying, “We meet again.”

Having just left the hospital that morning, it hadn’t even been half a day before they met again, with Morrison’s head bloodied.

His remark made Rose’s face flush with embarrassment.

Morrison glanced at him, his voice frosty. “Aren’t you a gastroenterologist?”

The doctor smiled, "The surgeon is off today, I'm covering for him."

Morrison

After a series of checks, Morrison was assigned to a private room.

"You've got quite a few bruises, a mild moderate concussion, plus acute gastritis. Take care and get some rest."

Under Morrison's stern gaze, the doctor wisely embellished a little before leaving the room.

Molly, relieved that Morrison was okay, couldn't hide the pain on her face

Grandma Witt, with a stern face, snorted, "You reap what you sow."

Molly's face, usually a mask of compassion, was tight with disapproval as she pursed her lips, clearly dissatisfied with Morrison's actions earlier that day

"Look, you guys should head on home," Morrison said, his voice a low rumble

Molly glanced at Rose, caught in a bind "Rose, I mean... what do you think?"

Rose offered a faint smile. "It's alright, I can manage on my own. You two go get some rest."

Feeling a weight lift from her chest, Molly exchanged a knowing look with the elderly lady, and without a word, they both silently left the hospital room

After seeing them off, Rose returned to the room and gave the IV drip a cursory glance before she settled onto the couch, folding her body into its cushions



An oppressive silence filled the space.

Morrison frowned and stole a glance at Rose, only to find her lounging on the couch, her fingers swiping across her phone screen, absorbed in whatever she was doing

Sensing his eyes on her, Rose suddenly looked up

Morrison quickly snapped his gaze forward, pretending he hadn't been watching her at all

[Announcer's voice: It's the end of the month folks~~ Time to collect those monthly passes~~]

Chapter 1817

Morrison swiftly straightened his gaze, feigning ignorance of her presence.

Rose pursed her lips and went back to her phone. Winston was the one texting her. He had seen Morrison being taken away in an ambulance from the villa and specifically inquired about the situation.

Upon learning that Morrison had fallen down the stairs trying to save her, Winston sent her a text replete with laughing emojis.

Rose-[What's so funny?]

Winston-[I told you Morrison is a fool. Only a fool would resort to such childish antics Jc2

Rose-I have no idea what you're talking about.]

Winston-[Never mind. His foolishness isn't my concern. But what are you going to do now?]

Rose-[Do about what?]

Winston-[He didn't manage to blackmail you, did he? After all, he fell down the stairs trying to save you.]

Rose paused for a moment before slowly typing-[That doesn't change the fact that we're getting a divorce.]

Winston stared at the screen for a while, then chuckled softly "This is really over..

Once Rose made up her mind after enduring so much, there was no turning back.

Winston-[Are you sure about this?]

It was a while before he received a reply-[Yes]

Winston raised an eyebrow but didn't text back instead, he dialed Chloe's number.

Chloe stayed at home every day. It was very cold, and she felt quite bored, so Damon stayed at home with her every day. Specifically, she kept Damon company while he worked

She sat on the sofa with headphones on, watching a movie on the projector. When she heard the phone ring, she immediately pressed the answer button on the headphones.

\*Yeah?"

"Sorry, but I've screwed up."

Chloe's brow furrowed as she sat up straight, "What did you do?"

Winston touched his nose. "I may have overacted a bit, and now Rose wants a divorce from Morrison."

"A divorce?" Chloe's concern deepened. "How is Rose doing?"

Nothing mattered more than Rose

"She seems fine, but Morrison. Winston couldn't hide his schadenfreude, "doesn't seem so good"

Chloe arched an eyebrow, "How so?"

"Well, first he spiked my food out of jealousy, which landed him in the hospital with acute gastroenteritis, and now he's taken a tumble down the stairs trying to protect Rose

Winston inevitably detailed the course of events a bit. Chloe listened quietly, and after a long period of silence, she nodded. "If it's Rose's decision, then so be it. She wouldn't have decided this without thorough consideration."

"It seems Morrison really did a number on her, wearing her down to this point."

Winston cracked a wry smile. "So we're just going to let it be?"

"What else can we do? Chloe twirled her headphone cord, "I don't think you did anything wrong. Either Morrison comes to terms with his feelings. or he completely exhausts Rose's, and clearly, he's been foolish enough."

Chloe's expression grew cold, and she glanced at the man who had put down his pen to look at her, offering a small smile. "Let's leave it at that Since you're in R City, take good care of Rose for me She's pregnant and these events are bound to affect her mood. Keep an eye on hei

Winston clutched his forehead, "Are you never satisfied?"

Chloe frowned, "This disaster is your doing I'm letting you off easy by not holding you responsible."

"Damn!" Winston muttered under his breath. "You're clearly blackmailing me Who was it that made me be the mediator for them in the first place?!"

Chloe blinked. "Who was it?"

Winston replied, "Witch, when did you become so shameless?!"

Chloe activated the speakerphone and looked up at the man who was already walking towards them. "Damon, listen, he's bullying me."

"Don't worry. I'll teach him a lesson for you," Damon said in a low, steady voice. He bent down, ruffled her hair, and affectionately nuzzled her

Winston, on the other end of the call, gritted his teeth and muttered a curse before hanging up. "A pair of devils!"

Tossing his phone aside, he muttered under his breath, resenting the inadvertent dose of affection he'd just received.

"Rose, I'm thirsty."

The quiet of the hospital room was interrupted by Morrison's voice.

Rose set down her phone, stood up, and prepared to pour him some water. She glanced at the hospital-provided glass and hesitated. "Hold on, I'll go downstairs and buy you a cup."

"No need

Rose looked at him and said, "Just wait."

After all they were in hospital, and she wasn't taking any risks. And she, for the time being, didn't want to stay in the same room as Morrison, especially in this ward, which happened to be the same one as last night. The experience that was once so beautiful now felt tragically ironic.

As Morrison watched Rose's indifferent face, he remained silent.

The hospital had a convenience store on the ground floor. She took the elevator down and bought two insulated cups, along with some fruit for

herself

Exiting the store and entering the hospital lobby, she ran into Dr. Danny, who was chatting with a receptionist. "Greeting, Dr. Danny

Danny, sensing something amiss with her, remarked, "Well, I heard your husband's back in the hospital Multiple fractures and a concussion."

He chuckled, "You guys really know how to stir up trouble."

Rose offered a weak smile, "You could say that"

Noticing her dispirited mood, he took the bag of fruit from her hands and handed it to the receptionist, "Could you wash these for her?"

"Of course

"Thank you," Rose said with genuine gratitude.

"It looks like he'll need a few days here. If you need any help, just let me know. I'll arrange it."

“Thanks”

Rose managed a faint smile, her discomfort evident at not being able to reciprocate the warmth she received from others. But honestly, she was just not in the mood for any extra pleasantries.

Danny watched her for a moment, mouth agape, about to say something when a commotion at the door interrupted him – an ambulance had pulled up.

His expression changed instantly, and with a quick “Excuse me to Rose, he dashed towards the entrance. Gone was his suave, debonair demeanor he had just displayed at the reception.

Just then, a nurse came out, handing Rose a freshly washed bowl of fruit.

She picked up an apple from the bowl and bit in, finding comfort in its crisp sweetness.

Snow began to flutter down outside, growing heavier by the minute. Many people pressed their faces against the transparent glass, their excitement palpable even amidst the chaos.

Rose felt a surge of surprise herself, watching through the window as a thin blanket of snow covered the ground after she finished her apple.

She stood up, silently making her way to the elevator.

When she returned to the office, Morrison had already propped himself up in bed, his face souring upon seeing her. “Where have you been?”

Rose knew she had been out longer than expected and apologized softly.

She poured him a glass of water, setting it aside, “It’s snowing outside. The first snowfall of the year.”

It marked the day her heart had frosted over.

Morrison glanced outside and then lay back down. "What's so great about that?"

Rose didn't reply but poured herself a glass of water as well. Their interactions from that point on were quiet.

When Morrison's IV drip ran out, Rose called a doctor to attend to it. When he felt thirsty, she brought him water. If he was hungry, Rose would call the Witt family's staff to bring up soup. When he needed to use the restroom, she got a caregiver to help.

She handled everything with such seamless efficiency, yet Morrison's mood only soured further.

Just as he was about to explode from the silence, he caught sight of Rose, asleep on the couch. The words he'd been ready to unleash got stuck

in his throat.

He got out of bed, gently lifted her, and placed her on the right side of the bed, tucking her in. Then he just stood there, watching her sleep, smoothing a stray lock of hair from her pale, delicate face.

A knock at the door jolted Morrison, and he strode over to answer it, finding his assistant waiting.

1. WIL

Morrison gave him a cold glance, and the assistant quickly closed his mouth. Morrison then turned to look at the person in bed. Seeing no response from her, he walked out and closed the door behind him.

"What is it?"

The assistant rushed to say, "Mona's been in a car accident."

Morrison frowned deeply, "Car accident?"

"She crashed her car into someone. It's entirely Mona's fault."

Morrison was silent for a moment, "How is she now?"

"She's here in this hospital. I've arranged for her to be in a room downstairs."

Suddenly waking from a nightmare, Rose felt her heart pounding.

She had dreamt of falling down the stairs at home, Morrison failing to catch her. Before seeing the outcome, fear had jolted her awake.

Grateful it was just a dream, she wiped the cold sweat from her face. Looking around the empty room, she was startled to find herself alone. Swiftly getting out of bed, she realized she had been moved from the couch.

It was obviously Morrison's doing. Despite herself, a reluctant smile appeared on her face.

Leaving the room, she went straight to Danny, hoping to review the security footage Danny led her to the monitors without hesitation. They saw Morrison being called out of the room, and then leaving with another man

When Danny spotted Morrison and the man stopping at a room downstairs, he muttered, "Hmm?"

Rose looked at him curiously. "Do you know the person in that room?"

Danny shook his head. "Not really, but she's a patient I just took care of."

"Took care of?" Rose quirked an eyebrow.



Without further ado, they rode the elevator down to where Morrison had been seen. Morrison's assistant was still standing outside the room, visibly unsettled by Rose's arrival.

"Mrs. Witt."

"Where's Morrison?"

The assistant looked conflicted.

Rose, catching on, simply watched him.

Under her steady gaze, the assistant blurted out, "Mona had an accident, and since she's in the same hospital, Mr. Witt felt it was only right to

Visit

At the mention of "Mona," Rose's eyes flickered. "An accident?"

The assistant nodded quickly, "Yes, she was driving alone, and she seemed very emotional."

Rose lifted her chin, her voice laced with sarcasm, "So, you mean that her emotional issues appeared after she left my house? And her accident is probably my fault, right?"

The assistant's expression shifted, "Mrs. Witt, that's not what I meant."

Rose let out a cold laugh, looking at him with icy sarcasm. "How fitting. Only right to visit' indeed"

She looked at the door, then walked over and pushed it open

The room was more like a small living room, with the actual ward room beyond. The thick carpet muffled her steps as she heard voices from inside

“What do I need to do to make everything right?”

“Make it right?” Morrison’s voice was sharp, “If you’re so eager to make things right now, why did you leave so easily back then?”

Rose’s eyes trembled Morrison’s voice sounded furious, as if he greatly resented Mona’s betrayal of their feelings

Rose stood still in place

Mona cried, “This wasn’t my intention I thought my leaving would make your grandmother and mother realize my importance. Morrison, I put so much effort into making that decision, only to find out midway that you suddenly married Rose”

“If you hadn’t left back then, maybe I wouldn’t have shown up at the school reunion, and none of those things with Rose would have happened.”

Rose’s heart felt sliced open, each breath tugging at the raw edges of her wounds. If Mona hadn’t left, she and Morrison would never have crossed paths.

“Rose, our paths were never meant to cross.”

No wonder Morrison had uttered those words. It all made sense now. If there was a Mona, there was no place for her. She wasn’t even a second

choice

In the end, she couldn't muster the courage to storm into their room. What remained was for them to clear up the misunderstandings, and then she'd bow out Rosefully, leaving everyone with a happy ending.

She stepped out of the ward room and gently closed the door behind her.

Danny looked puzzled, "Where is Morrison?"

"They're discussing something important. Well, and I need to talk to Morrison's attending physician to confirm some details. Could you take me to him?"

Danny nodded, "Of course, no problem."

"Thanks, I appreciate it."

Back in the hospital room, Morrison's voice continued

"Your silent departure filled me with resentment towards my grandmother and mother, forcing them to compromise with me in the end. Was that your intention? Did you enjoy playing the entire Witt family like pawns? Felt accomplished, did you?"

Mona's tears were flowing freely, her face pale as she shook her head. "No, it wasn't like that."

"Actually, I should thank you" After a long silence, Morrison finally spoke softly.

Chapter 1818

Mona's expression froze on her face.

Morrison, who had been standing by the window, turned around, and his dark eyes looked calmly at Mona. "After you left, I should have been angry and resentful. Theoretically, I did feel that way. But truth be told, what I actually felt was relief and gratitude. It was an unprecedented sense of liberation, like the shackles that had weighed on me for years were suddenly lifted."

Mona stared at him, dumbfounded.

"At the mention of the school reunion, the first face that flashed through my mind was someone else's. Hearing you would be there gave me a reason to attend for old times sake."

"Another face. Are you talking about Rose?" Mona said slowly.c2

Morrison looked down at her and didn't deny it "Yes."

"If I didn't want to, I wouldn't give anyone the chance to get close to me."

Mona suddenly let out a cold laugh, cutting Morrison off. "So you kept me by your side all those years, yet you never touched me. Can I interpret this as you not really wanting to give me a chance to get close to you?"

"Why did you choose me as your girlfriend in the first place, Morrison? What were you thinking? Rose was always around you back then, and if you had agreed, I'm sure she would have been delighted to be your girl Why did you choose me?"

Morrison's frown deepened. "Why do you think that if i agreed, Rose would have been delighted to be my girlfriend?"

Mona looked at him with a face full of sarcasm, as if she were looking at a fool, feeling both speechless and amused. She let out a cold laugh, "Even if you didn't like me much at the time, did it ever cross your mind that you chose me just because you didn't like Rose clinging to you, that you were annoyed by her? You kept me by your side just to make Rose back off, to cut off her hopes for you. And now you are asking me this.

"Don't tell me you still don't know that Rose likes you."

Perhaps Morrison's words had struck a nerve. For years, Mona had tried to hide Rose's presence, not wanting Morrison to pay too much attention to her. But today, Morrison finally confronted the complex feelings he harbored for Rose, even confessing to her

At this point, what else did she have to hide?

Morrison's hands clenched into fists in his pockets as he looked at her with detachment. "You knew too?"

"Heh. Mona laughed again, "Morrison, should I say you're clever or foolish? Everyone can see Rose likes you, except you. And everyone thought you really disliked her, including me. But it turns out that you've fooled everyone. The funniest part is that you even fooled yourself."

Mona's laughter was bitter, her face a mix of sorrow and irony. It was ridiculous.

How could anyone deceive themselves? Deceive themselves into hating someone, it was unheard of.

Morrison watched her with narrowed eyes, his voice low. "I've deceived my self?"

Something stirred in Mona, her expression stiffening. She laughed coldly again, "If you don't understand, never mind. Maybe I'm just overthinking

It

But Morrison ignored her, continuing. "So what you're saying is that I've deceived myself into hating Rose? In fact, I'm in love with her, is that it?"

Mona's heart raced, and she inadvertently met Morrison's intense gaze. He had moved closer to the bed, his eyes now holding her in an invisible grip, leaving her nowhere to hide. She felt even more strongly that his expression wasn't one of waiting for a real answer, but rather forcing her to

nod in agreement with his previous words.

She bit her lip hard, "I told you that it's just a guess I don't know..."

"So you mean that the person I've loved all along was Rose"

Mona's hands clenched tightly, feeling a chill Hearing Morrison confess his love for Rose several times, her patience had been completely exhausted "Don't you realize how stupid your question is? It's your own love life, how would I know whether you truly love her or not?"

Morrison's eyes flickered slightly

The room fell into a prolonged silence Just as Mona thought her words might have been too harsh and that Monson would soon lose his temper, his deep voice echoed again

"You're right"

Mona looked up, puzzled, "What?"

Morrison tugged at his lips and spoke frankly, "I love her I've loved Rose all along."

Mona's eyes trembled uncontrollably, her heart in turmoil. "And what about me? Morrison, what have I been to you all these years? You made me fall for you, and now you're just tossing me aside. Don't you think that's cruel?"

"I'm sorry about this, and I'll make it up to you in other ways."

Morrison didn't bring up Mona's abrupt departure again, even though he knew she had used him to marry into the Witt family, he hadn't mentioned it at all After all, as she said, he had been the one to pursue her

Make it up in other ways?" Mona's eyes brimmed with tears, but her laugh was filled with desolation, "Why don't you ask Rose if she would forgive you because of your compensation?"

Morrison frowned.

“All these years, what have you done for her? You’ve toyed with her feelings for so long, and left her alone at the altar when she was carrying your baby. No woman would easily forgive you for that. The only reason she’s held on so far is that Rose is patient. But you know what kind of person she is, and so do I! And so does everyone who knows her. She may not speak up, but once she does, her decisions are not subject to change by anyone or anything.”

Watching Morrison’s embarrassed expression, Mona let out a long, ironic sigh. “She won’t forgive you, Morrison. If she didn’t love you, maybe, just maybe, you’d have a sliver of hope. But she does love you. To hear a woman who went through hell and high water, who faced ridicule and didn’t care what anyone thought, just to marry you, say she wants a divorce.”

She didn’t finish her sentence. Instead, she abruptly changed the subject. “You see, to someone who loves you, even a cold look can be a sharp dagger.” It was exactly how she felt at the moment.

Morrison’s dark, brooding face suddenly twitched. “Get some rest.”

He left a remark and walked past the hospital bed towards the door.

Mona sat quietly on the bed, tears streaming down her face, dripping onto the pristine white sheets. Her clenched hands slowly opened, gripping the blanket tightly.

Morrison flung open the door of the hospital room, startling the assistant who had been waiting outside. The assistant quickly approached him. “Mr. Witt,”

“Get someone to take good care of Mona. Get her whatever she wants.”

The assistant paused for a moment but quickly followed Morrison, “Right away, sir.”

They rode the elevator to Morrison’s floor and upon opening the door, they found that the person who should have been resting in bed was nowhere to be seen.

The assistant, noting Morrison's sour expression, quickly said, "Mr. Witt, your wife might be in the doctor's office now."

Morrison turned to look at him. The assistant was intimidated by his icy gaze, "She was just in Mona's room a bit ago. Didn't you know?"

Morrison's frown deepened. She was in Mona's room?"

"Yes, sir. She insisted on going in, but she came out shortly after. Said she wanted to check on your condition, so she went to the attending

doctor's office."

Morrison fell silent for a moment, his eyes narrowing before he strode away. The assistant, overwhelmed by the aura of anger, hurried after him.

Rose had been meticulously checking details with the attending physician, there were no difference from the ones she heard in the ward.

She listened quietly as the doctor explained the instructions, nodding in silent agreement. "Doctor, how long will it take for his injuries and head trauma to fully heal?"

The doctor paused before answering. "It's hard to say for certain. We'll need to monitor his recovery. But don't worry, with proper care, he shouldn't have any major issues Mr. Morrison is still young, after all."

Rose nodded lightly, managing a faint smile as she stood up, "Thank you, doctor. I'll take good care of him."

"It's my duty, no need to thank me



After bidding the doctor farewell, Rose stepped out of the office. She hadn't gone far when she saw Morrison storming down the corridor toward her. His pace quickened when he saw her.

She stood impassively, waiting as he approached. His dark eyes seemed to always carry an edge, as if ready to pin her to the spot at any

moment.

"What were you just doing?"

\*

Rose replied softly, "I was discussing your condition with the doctor. He says you need good care."

Morrison's expression eased a bit, and he reached out to grab her arm. "Heard you went to Mona's room."

She glanced at his assistant behind him and didn't deny it. "Yes. Your assistant tried to stop me; I realized I shouldn't have intruded and left quickly. It shouldn't have disturbed her rest. If you don't believe me,

ask your assistant."

There was no need for further confirmation, because the assistant had said the same thing. Morrison's tense face finally relaxed, "So you're planning to follow the doctor's orders?"

"Hm?" Rose looked at him, confused by his grip on her hand.

"Didn't the doctor just say I needed better care?"

Rose nodded, "Of course. Do you really think I'd let anything bad happen to you?"

Morrison smirked, “Good to know. Stay put from now on. I’m a patient, covered in wounds. I can’t be roaming the hospital looking for you. Do you realize this will slow down my recovery?”

Rose smiled gently. “You didn’t think about your recovery speed when you visited Mona, did you?”

Morrison’s face tightened, and as he studied Rose’s expression—beyond the faint smile, there were no other emotions—he gripped her hand tighter “She had an accident and ended up here. It was only right to check on her”

Rose nodded understandingly, “I get it. After all, she’s an acquaintance. It’s only natural to be concerned.”

Morrison looked at her for a few seconds, feeling something was off. “Do you really think so?”

Rose chuckled, “Was I really that unreasonable before? That you think I can’t understand something so obvious?”

Morrison fell silent The more normal, understanding, and magnanimous she seemed, the more he felt something was amiss.

“Let’s go back, so you don’t delay your recovery any further.”

Rose spoke naturally but deftly slipped her hand from his, smiling as she moved ahead. Morrison watched her retreating back, deep in thought.

“Mr Witt?” The assistant spoke up, confused

“How did Mona find her way to my house today?”

Morrison’s voice was cold, catching the assistant off guard, “It was me. Mona contacted me out of the blue today. I thought you’d be happy to see

her.”

After all, the whole of R City knew about Morrison and Mona’s history. And he, having been by Morrison’s side for years, was certainly aware.

However, Morrison turned sharply, his cool, detached gaze sending a chill down the assistant’s spine. “I’m married now. There’s only one Mrs. Witt, now and in the future.”

“Yes, I understand, Mr. Witt.”

Morrison walked away.

Rose took meticulous care of Morrison, sparing no detail. It was just that Rose’s words seemed to be much scarcer compared to before. Even when she occasionally said something, she always had a light, faint smile on her face.

Morrison was in a foul mood. Every time he saw her smile, it was like a knot in his stomach.

That afternoon, after making sure he had eaten a little, she quietly picked up her phone and said to the newly arrived nurse: “I’ll leave him in your

care.

Morrison immediately sat up in bed, “Where are you going?”

With a sigh of resignation, Rose muttered, “I gotta head home at some point. A girl’s gotta eat.”

“I can have someone bring food to you here.”

“But I need a shower, too”

“We ve got showers.”

“And I need to change my clothes.”

“Someone can bring you whatever you need”

Rose fell silent for a moment, then looked earnestly at Morrison. “I don’t want to eat or shower in a hospital”

Morrison was at a loss for words.

The tension between the two was palpable, but the nurse, sensing the need for some light-hearted diplomacy, chimed in with a chuckle. “You two sure do care about each other. But sir, your wife’s pregnant. Maybe cut her some slack? I’ll take good care of you. Everything will be okay”

Rose cracked a smile “Yeah, I am pregnant, you know”

Morrison, finally relenting, said softly, “Alright, come back soon.”

With a nonchalant “Mhm,” Rose left the room

Back at the house, Megan and Molly were waiting

\*Rose, everything alright with you and Morrison? Megan asked with concern

Rose nodded with a smile, “Can’t stay mad at the guy forever”

Molly exhaled a sigh of relief. “You must be exhausted Go freshen up and I’ll whip up something for dinner”

Indeed tired, Rose just nodded and made her way upstairs. Half an hour later, she descended in her comfy home wear.

Despite being a lady of high society, Molly was quite the chef. She served up a hearty spread—three dishes and a soup—and Rose dug in heartily.

After dinner and tidying up, Rose stepped out of the dining room and smiled at the two women on the couch, “It’s getting late. Shouldn’t you be heading to bed?”

Megan looked at her wistfully.

Rose pursed her lips, silent for a few seconds before reassuring, “Don’t worry. Morrison’s in good hands. I’ve got the best nurse looking after him.”

“But you’

“I’m really tired and would like to head to bed now”

Rose did look worn out. It made sense—any expectant mother would be drained after a day of tending to a sick family member in the hospital. In the end, Megan and Molly didn’t press further.

Rose hadn’t even considered returning to the hospital to stay with Morrison. She was pregnant and needed to prioritize her own well-being. As for Morrison, he would have company. There were others who would want to stay by his side.

## Chapter 1819

Before hitting the hay, Rose checked a few emails on her phone and made a call to check in with her company’s project manager. Then, she opened her messaging app, tapped on the caregiver’s profile, and typed out a quick message.

–[Please take extra care of the patient tonight, and if someone offers to help, don't hesitate to accept]

–[Certainly, ma'am. You have nothing to worry about]

Rose managed a half-hearted smile before powering down her phone and placing it on the nightstand

"Time for bed, little one," she whispered with a sigh, a gentle smile gracing her lips as she lovingly caressed her slightly swollen belly, seemingly untroubled by the day's events c2

With the lights off and only a dim nightlight glowing, she snuggled under the covers. Her eyes were wide open in the darkness, gazing at the ceiling, lost in thought. After a few minutes, her eyelids finally closed, and she turned on her side, drifting into sleep.

Meanwhile, Morrison had been anxiously waiting for Rose's return for two hours. Two hours was enough time for a leisurely soak in the tub and a hearty meal at a buffet. Even on foot, she should have been back by now

His face grew increasingly grim as he sat up in his hospital bed and dialed Rose's number, only to be greeted by the sterile voice of the voicemail service. His expression darkened even further.

The hospital room's atmosphere plummeted into a frosty abyss, and the caregiver, huddled in a corner, couldn't help but shrink further into

herself

Undeterred, Morrison kept calling, each unanswered attempt followed by another every ten minutes, lasting well into the night.

The air in the room grew icier by the minute.

Several times Morrison contemplated hurling his phone against the wall but restrained himself. How would he reach Rose without his phone?

The caregiver mustered the courage to offer him a glass of water, "Sir, getting upset isn't good for your health. It's getting late. Perhaps you should try to rest."

She had no idea who he was repeatedly calling or what was going on. All she could do was offer blind comfort. But Morrison seemed not to hear her, instead sending a text to Rose.

When it remained unread, he tried WhatsApp and even the old-school App they used in college—all to no avail

The night wore on, and by the early hours, the caregiver was genuinely concerned. She wasn't bothered about her own sleep, but she had promised to care for the patient, and his lack of rest could reflect poorly on her if his family were to find out.

The caregiver hesitated for what seemed like an eternity before finally approaching Morrison with a gentle reminder, "Sir, it's very late. You really

should get some rest."

Morrison's steely gaze met hers as he set down his phone, asking in a chilly tone. "Did she say anything to you before she left?"

The caregiver trembled under his gaze, "No... No, sir. She didn't say anything to me before she left."

His voice grew colder. "She said nothing, and yet you're still here?"

After a brief pause, the caregiver realized he had been trying to reach his wife all along "Didn't Mrs. Witt tell you? She sent me a message around

8 pm, asking me to take good care of you tonight."

Morrison's frown deepened "She sent you a message at 8 pm?"

The caregiver nodded hesitantly. "Yes, that's right"

So, did that mean after she went back to shower and eat, she didn't plan on coming back to the hospital at all? Damn it!

As Morrison's mood seemed to sink further, the caregiver added. "Please don't be upset, sir. Mrs. Witt is pregnant, and it's getting harder for her

by the day. She has to take care of you and herself, which is twice the effort Moreover, this is a hospital after all, and the strong medicinal

is not good for a pregnant woman It's only right that she gets some rest at home, don't you think?"

Morrison's brow was furrowed, "if she wasn't coming, why didn't she just tell me that in the first place?

"Would you have let her go if she had told you?"

Of course not

Her attitude and behavior during the day had already made him feel uneasy, and then she stood him up at night. Just yesterday, when he was in the hospital, she wasn't like this

"Sir, get some rest Your wife loves you so much, she'll definitely come early tomorrow if she finds out you haven't been resting well, she'll be worried"

Morrison looked at her, "You know she loves me too?"

The caregiver smiled. "Of course Your wife is such an outstanding and beautiful woman. If she didn't truly love you, how could she have mated you and be pregnant with your baby?"



Morrison stayed silent for a moment before a nearly imperceptible smile cracked his stem facade.  
“You’re night”

He lay back down, “Okay, you can go. I’m going to sleep. Otherwise, she might worry.”

His demeanor shifted as if the sullen man from minutes ago was someone else entirely, his actions almost childlike.

The caregiver exhaled with relief and nodded with a smile, “Alright, sir. Rest well. If you need anything, just ring the call bell on the cabinet.”

“Mhm.” Even his monosyllabic reply couldn’t hide his improving mood, clearly pleased by the caregiver’s reassurances of Rose’s love

As for Rose coming first thing in the morning—that was a farce

Molly herself came to bring Morrison breakfast but there was no sign of Rose. Morrison’s mood plummeted, “Where’s Rose?”

Molly handed the meal to the caregiver and glanced at Morrison with indifference, “You leave your new wife alone at home for nearly three months right after getting married, and now you suddenly can’t stand to be apart? Why should she cater to your whims? Who do you think you

are?”

Morrison clenched his teeth in frustration, “She said she’d come this morning, but I waited all night for nothing!”

Molly scoffed, “Did she now? From what I saw last night, it didn’t look like she had any intention of coming over at all. What’s the matter with you, huh? One night alone and you’re so anxious? Ever thought about all those nights since you’ve been married that you left her waiting up for you? Don’t act like the world owes you anything. I don’t care if you’re my son. You’re being downright clueless!”

Rose had waited more than just a few nights. How much must a woman love a man to wait alone hopelessly for so many years?

Morrison's face was tight with irritation, but he didn't say a word. There was no room for argument, and it was th

"So when is she coming over?"

"When I left, she was still asleep. Probably after lunch, she'll come by."

Morrison took a sip of the chicken broth, "Then she should be bringing me lunch."

Molly glanced at him and pushed the thermos on the counter towards him. "You might want to ease up on that, there's a sandwich in there for your lunch too."

Morrison was speechless. Chicken broth was fine for breakfast, but for lunch too? And it was the same broth left from the morning?

"You think this is enough to give me the nutrients I need?"

"If it's not, there's always vitamin supplements, right?"

Morrison fell silent. She was just getting back at him for Rose, wasn't she?

Morrison pushed the bowl aside, his expression sour. Before, Molly would have coaxed him into eating more, out of concern, but today, she said nothing more. Instead, she secured the lid on the thermos, "Take care of yourself. Don't take out your frustrations on your own health. If you don't, you won't be able to satisfy any woman, let alone hoping for living a happy life with Rose."

Morrison's dark expression suddenly snapped towards her, his brow furrowed.

Molly forced a smile, "Rose is a good girl. You don't cherish her, but others will. Like that Winston – tall, handsome, and always so kind to her. And what do you have?"

Morrison's face tightened, "What do I have? I have a baby and a marriage certificate!"

Morrison's righteous indignation made Molly chuckle softly. "A marriage certificate can be changed into a divorce paper, and about the baby

"You actually have the nerve to bring up the baby now? You said Rose shamelessly used the baby to marry you, and you found it despicable that she trapped you Now you want to use the baby to keep Rose? Doesn't it hurt your pride?"

Morrison opened his mouth but for a moment said nothing, after a pause, he said, "If she can use the baby, why can't I? Fair is fair, one for

"Let's see if using the baby will work out for you then."

Rose woke up feeling refreshed, had breakfast, rested a while, then started preparing the soup Morrison would need for lunch.

"What are you up to, Rose?"

Megan came downstairs and saw Rose busy in the kitchen.

Rose turned and smiled at her, "Making soup for Morrison. I'm planning to take it to him at lunch"

Megan smiled and nodded, though she felt was uneasy "Rose, Morrison isn't a bad person You have to trust your judgment. But I can't deny that he can be a bit of a blockhead Give him some time, and he'll come around"

"Come around to what?" Rose asked with a playful blink

“To realizing he loves you We, as outsiders could see clearly. Rose Morrison truly loves you’

Rose’s smile faltered for a moment, but soon she laughed softly again. “You don’t need to comfort me. I’m okay”

Megan’s heart sank, “So, what are you planning to do about Morrison?”

Rose’s eyes flickered, then she added the herbs to the soup, covered the pot, and, leaning against the countertop, smiled “Megan, what I said

yesterday wasn’t out of anger. Whether or not Morrison truly loves me, Mona has an irreplaceable place in his heart. They’ve been on and off since college but always in touch. Morrison isn’t indecisive.

Like when I pressured him into marrying me, he left me alone in this big house

without a care

“I don’t mean to dredge up the past to upset you, I just want to make it clear that I know who Morrison truly loves. We’re not sworn enemies. I love him, so I sincerely hope he finds happiness. I believe you and his mother want that too

“So please, don’t stand in the way of Mona anymore. If you couldn’t stop them years ago, why try now? It’ll only confirm their enduring love. If I keep holding onto Morrison. I won’t be able to take it, and it’ll only make him despise me more. It’s all unnecessary.

“So, Megan, I’m letting go. You should let them be too. As long as Morrison is happy, that’s all that matters, right?”

Megan shook her head, staring earnestly at Rose, “So, you’re set on divorcing Morrison?”

Rose nodded, not denying it

Megan stared at her for a long time before letting out a deep sigh. "Alright, alright. If you've made up your mind, I won't get involved. We can't meddle in your relationship. Do as you will"

She sighed, leaving the kitchen with a heavy heart.

Rose's hands curled against the countertop, her palms cold. "I'm sorry"

She apologized profusely, but Megan just sighed, shook her head, and didn't respond in any way.

Rose turned back to the stove, watching the steam rise from the soup. She rested one hand on the counter, the other on her forehead, her hair falling around her face, hiding her expression.

Just when Morrison was about to give in to frustration and demand to be discharged, Rose walked through the hospital room door. The room was bustling with doctors and nurses, Morrison, now suited up, was in the midst of a temper tantrum.

"What's the matter?" Rose's voice, tinged with curiosity, cut through the silence, drawing all eyes in the room towards her.

"Ah, there you are." the caregiver exclaimed, slapping her thigh as she hurried over. "Your husband was up all night waiting for you."

Morrison's gaze, cool and steady, fixed on Rose. "Did you really stand me up, Rose?"

With an air of nonchalance, Rose walked in and set the thermos she was carrying to one side.

"I was simply exhausted yesterday and accidentally overslept."

Chapter 1820

Morrison frowned, "Then why was your phone off?"

“Was it?” she said, fishing out her cellphone to check. She hadn’t turned it on since shutting it down the previous night. “Well, must’ve died. You know, I was at the hospital all day and didn’t get a chance to charge it.”

Morrison stared at her for a long moment before letting out a short, mocking laugh.

“Rose, you managed to text the caregiver but couldn’t drop me a line? You really think I’d buy that?”

Rose forced a smile and calmly poured him a bowl of homemade chicken noodle soup, “Here, this soup is really good. Try some “c2

The hospital room fell into a strange and eerie silence for a moment. Doctors, nurses, and aides all shuddered in unison, exchanging glances before tactfully making their way out of the room.

Rose kept her faint smile, seemingly oblivious to the storm brewing in Morrison.

But how could she not know? She was keenly aware of every word and expression of his. She used to care, but what did it matter now?

“Don’t want any? It’s actually quite tasty.”

Morrison felt a surge of irritation at her dismissive attitude, stepping closer and looking down at her with a daunting gaze. “You’re dodging the

Issue

Rose tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and stepped back to meet his eyes, “If you’ve already got your answer, why bother making me say it

out loud?”

His jaw clenched, and he almost reflexively grabbed her wrist.

“You...” He opened his mouth to speak but found himself at a loss for words.

So she had turned off her phone on purpose. Was this some kind of game against him?

Rose glanced down at his grip on her wrist, “Looks like you’re feeling quite alright.”

Morrison narrowed his eyes, taking in her smiling face so close to his. That smile in her eyes was as cold as ice. It wasn’t the way she used to look at him.

“Rose, what are you really thinking?”

Rose pressed her lips together and gently withdrew her hand from his grasp. “I’ll check with the doctor about your recovery and see if you’re ready to be discharged”

As she walked away, her expression remained indifferent.

This familiar view made Morrison’s heart lurch, and he reached out, pulling her into his embrace. “Rose, what the hell are you trying to do?! Can you stop being so damn sarcastic?!” His voice was frantic, his patience worn thin.

Rather than responding to his roar, Rose’s eyes simply trembled as she looked up at him. “I just wanted to make sure you were okay. If you need to be discharged, then there’s no point in staying here.”

But Morrison wasn’t buying it, almost blurting out, “And then what?!”

“And then?” Rose replied, her voice cool as she met his heated gaze, “Then we should proceed with the divorce”

Her words sent a tremor through Morrison's heart, and he abruptly let go of her.

After staring at her for a moment, he walked over to the bed, turning his back on her. When he faced her again, his eyes were dark with anger. "I've said it before, divorce is out of the question."

"I

"The moment you chose to marry me, you should've been prepared for anything. You can't just decide to end it whenever you please. What do you take me and the Witt family for?! Rose, don't act like you're the victim here. Your stubbornness got you into this. It is nobody else's aut

Morrison cut her off sharply

Rose's hands were limp at her sides. She nodded softly after a moment of silence. "I understand. I've never blamed you for tying you down. Mona's return made some things clear. Well, what I said yesterday was true. After all, we were married once, and we don't have any deep hatred. I just want us to part on good terms. Whether I'm playing the victim or I'm voluntarily freeing you to be with Mona, it doesn't matter if you need a reason, feel free to come up with one yourself as long as the outcome remains the same."

The outcome remained the same. So, she meant that any reason would do, as long as they could get divorced?

Morrison scoffed. "Can't you understand? Divorce is never going to happen in this lifetime."

Rose met his gaze steadily. "Why bother, Morrison? I admit my initial decision was wrong, but it's not too late to correct it. Have you considered that by dragging this out, you're making Mona wait? Don't

ruin three lives in one go."

"And whose fault is that?"



Rose took a deep breath, "Morrison, constantly bringing up that one mistake to shut me down, don't you think you're being a bit unreasonable

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"But isn't that the truth? Since you've made a mistake, you have to pay for it for the rest of your life."

As he spoke, he stripped off his shirt and threw it aside, then slid under the covers. "I don't want to talk about this now. I'm feeling awful all over. Go call the doctor!"

Rose closed her eyes and took a deep breath before walking out of the room. Minutes later, she returned with the doctor, and the bowl of soup she had poured earlier was empty.

She couldn't help but feel both amused and exasperated at his childishness.

The doctor came in for a check-up, and Rose didn't bother to leave. Every time the doctor touched him, Morrison winced and groaned "ouch." There wasn't a single spot on him that didn't "hurt."

The doctor looked embarrassed, "Mr. Witt, you're acting like your whole body is necrotizing."

Morrison furrowed his brow, "Necrotizing? Sounds about right. So get on with the treatment."

The doctor hesitated, "This might be a global anomaly. It needs thorough research."

"I'll give you time to research. I'm in no rush."

Rose said nothing.

After the doctor left, she stood by Morrison's bedside, watching his back, and said softly. "Morrison, can you please stop being so childish."

"If I stop being childish, will you stay married?"

"You being childish won't change anything," she replied, but Morrison said no more.

Rose smoothly circumvented the foot of the bed and settled herself onto the sofa opposite him. Morrison rolled in bed, his eyes firmly shut

After a sigh, she decided not to bother him anymore. And so, the entire afternoon passed in complete silence

between them.

At six o'clock, Rose texted the caregiver.

The caregiver knocked, and she went to open the door.

"I'll leave him in your care now."

Through the barely open door, Morrison's senses perked up at Rose's voice. He snapped his eyes open and sat up abruptly, seeing only the caregiver enter

His voice was a deep growl, "Where is she?!"

The caregiver flinched, "The the lady just left."

A vein throbbed on Morrison's forehead.

"Sir"

“Get out!”

“But Mrs. Witt...”

“I said out!”

Without hesitation, the caregiver scurried out.

Once outside, the caregiver immediately called Rose, “Mrs. Witt, you should come back. Mr. Witt is... his temper, I just can’t-

Rose frowned slightly. “Well then, let it be. If he managed to send you out, he’s probably fine.”

“Alright, alright,” the caregiver quickly agreed before hanging up.

Rose, who had just reached the hospital entrance, straightened her jacket and turned to see a figure stepping out of a car in the parking lot, heading toward the light and waving at her, “Mrs. Witt.”

It was Morrison’s assistant.

Rose nodded, “Morrison can’t be bothered with a caregiver right now. Keep an eye on him”

The assistant looked puzzled but nodded, “Sure, but I doubt Mr. Witt would accept me taking care of him”

“Then call Mona. He won’t blow up at Mona”

The assistant paused, ‘Mrs Witt?’”

“Goodnight”

With a faint goodbye, Rose descended the steps and walked away

Goodnight?

The assistant glanced at his watch it was just past six. But since it was winter, it was already dark outside

When Morrison heard from the assistant that Rose had asked for Mona to take care of him, he paced back and forth before suddenly kicking the

coffee table aside. The loud crash made the assistant flinch in fear.

The raw anger emanating from Morrison was palpably frightening.

After Morrison vented his frustration, he remained silent, sitting on the hospital bed with a gloomy expression on his face

The assistant dared not breathe too loud. Thankfully, he hadn't actually called for Mona, which might have worsened the situation.

Rose still visited the hospital at noon the next day, and Morrison maintained his silence

This continued for several days. Rose was quite curious as she never once saw Mona visit the ward

Perhaps Mona was avoiding her, so she was visiting at different times?

Mona and Morrison were in the same hospital, and it seemed a wasted opportunity not to see each other

Morrison had been in the hospital for a week, his head bandages long removed, looking robust and healthy Yet he showed no intention of

leaving

Finally, on the seventh afternoon, Rose couldn't hold back, "Morrison, I've consulted with the doctor. You're nearly healed"

"What healed? I'm in pain all over"

Rose watched him for a moment, then left without a word

Morrison had grown used to her departures, assuming she wanted to sleep. So be it.

But the next day at lunch, it wasn't Rose who brought his meal – it was Molly.

Morrison frowned, "Where is she?"

Molly replied indifferently, "Rose called to say there's a product launch at the company soon, and she's needed there. It'll be busy these next few days. She didn't tell you?"

Morrison's stomach gradually recovered, and by the third day, he could begin to eat relatively normal meals.

Since Molly's last visit, Megan had taken her back to the Witt family estate. They had decided it was best not to interfere too much in the young couple's affairs Their meddling wouldn't help, and it was better to let them figure it out

After all, they knew that these two both cared for each other, so the outcome couldn't be too bad, which was why they hadn't inquired much.

But several days had passed, and there was still no progress between them?.

Momson remained silent, and Molly sighed and shook her head in resignation.

For two days, Rose didn't visit the hospital Morrison's pride had prevented him from calling her, but eventually, his patience ran thin, and he called his assistant "I've run out of clean clothes

The assistant promptly replied, "I'll go buy some."

As he was about to leave, Morrison stopped him "Hold on."

The assistant turned back, puzzled

Morrison cleared his throat, "I have clothes at home. If you can't find them, ask Rose to help you."

The assistant hesitated, "Understood"

"One more thing"

"I've lost my appetite"

The assistant's lips twitched so what?

"She makes good bagels

Realization dawned on the assistant. "I'll let Mrs. Witt know"

Morrison said no more, and the assistant finally left the room But that trip took all afternoon. By seven the evening an impatient knock

called the

sistant

“What’s taking so long?”

Just as he spoke there was a knock on the door. The assistant then appeared breathless and carrying a bag hon a choshing retales and another from a gourmet bagel shop

Morson frowned. “I told you to go to my house”

Panting, the assistant explained. “S, I went, but no one answered the doorbell Mrs. Witt seemed not to be home”

“When did you leave my place?”

\*Just after six, and I didnt see Mrs Witt’s car on the way”

Morrison’s expression darkened, and he set aside his pride, dialing Rose’s number. After a few rings, she picked up.

“Hello?”

“Where are you right now?”

Rose hesitated, “At home.”

“Why didn’t you open the door? Someone’s been ringing the bell all afternoon. Did you not hear it?”

Silence lingered for several seconds, “Do you need something?”

Morrison pursed his lips, a knot forming in his brow. “I was just checking to see if you were alright.”

“Thanks for the concern, I’m fine. If there’s nothing else, I’m going to hang up now. I’ve got a project proposal to review

“Woof.”

“Hush, little Moon, don’t chew on the couch. Come here, it’s time for your milk.”

Rose’s attention seemed entirely captured by little Moon. Talking to the pup, she simultaneously ended the call

As the dial tone buzzed in his ear, Morrison’s frown deepened. She actually hung up on him?!

They had barely interacted for days, and now, after avoiding him for two full days, his call was less interesting to her than a dog?

Morrison felt his anger boiling over as he threw off the covers and climbed out of bed.

“Sir, what are you about to do?” his assistant asked as Morrison changed his clothes and strode out of the hospital room with a steely expression Back at her place, Rose had just settled Moon and sat down to look through the documents when the doorbell suddenly rang. She rose to answer it, and there stood Winston, tall and statuesque, shaking a laden grocery bag in his hand.

“Nothing beats a hot stew in the winter.”

Rose stepped aside to let him in.



Winston continued. "These veggies have come straight from the local farmers' market – all organic and pesticide-free."

Rose smiled, "That's perfect, I've been craving a good stew

Winston raised an eyebrow, "Congrats on the new place."

"Thanks"