

A Doubtful Delivery: Secrets Wrapped in Silence

Author: Heroic Outlaw

Chapter 1

I'd just completed a form to return and refund an online purchase when Andrew Samson came home.

He plopped onto the couch without even sparing me a glance, his tone commanding as he demanded, "Where are the things? I'll deliver them to Nina now."

He seemed to realize his tone wasn't the best, so he hurriedly explained, "She seems to be dating someone now. I'm basically her brother—I don't want her to get knocked up. Besides, you're old enough to know not to get mad at her because I didn't tell you about this beforehand, right?"

I didn't respond, only looking up at him after paying the courier fee to the delivery hub. "If your sister's boyfriend doesn't have a phone or money for these things, tell them not to use condoms. It's embarrassing."

"I've already canceled the order. If she's desperate, she can collect the things at the delivery hub and pay for them accordingly. The delivery hub's information is mine, so no one will know who she is."

"Would I have asked you to pay for it if I had any money?" Andrew shot to his feet angrily, flinging his water glass on the floor.

A shard of glass scratched my face, leaving a thin trail of blood behind. It was right on top of the scar I'd gotten after saving him from a fire.

This took Andrew aback. "Why didn't you dodge when you saw the glass coming?"

I felt bitter when I saw the diffident look in his eyes. The man who used to speak gently to me while carefully helping me with my bandages when I'd first gotten injured no longer existed.

Now, he still hurried to me with gauze and iodine, but his actions were stiff and awkward. Only now did it hit me that there was no love between us anymore.

I didn't say anything, and he also remained silent. It looked like whatever tacit understanding we had was used to ensure none of us broke the silence.

Then, Andrew said hesitantly, "I was..."

A phone call interrupted him, cutting through the awkward atmosphere. He was holding up some gauze, but he stopped at the ringing. The relief on his face was apparent as he answered the phone, his tone gentle. "What's wrong, Nina?"

"I'm at your company, Andy, but they won't let me in. They even said I'm not worthy of being your assistant," Nina Moore said on the other end of the line.

"They think they can act like that just because someone is backing them up!" Andrew snapped. "Don't worry, okay? I'm the manager there. I'll head over right now to help you."

"But I heard they used to work with Rose. Will she get mad at me if you stand up for me like this?"

"Don't overthink this. I'm the one calling the shots now! Who else will help you if I don't?" Andrew glared at me resentfully while consoling Nina.

After hanging up, he hurriedly changed his outfit before heading to the door. He only remembered he'd yet to help me tend to my face when he had one hand on the doorknob.

He turned slightly to look at me with a frown, sounding awkward as he said, "Your wound..."

"It's fine. I'll deal with it myself." I looked away from him and poured some iodine onto the gauze.

I didn't hear the sound of the door being shut. Andrew sounded like he was sulking as he grumbled, "Do something about your company, Rose. I might be the manager there, but my salary goes right to your account every month."

I nodded. "Alright. I'll speak to the finance department and tell them to split our salaries. They won't transfer the money to me anymore."

"I didn't mean it like that." Andrew softened his tone. "I promised I would give you all my money when we married—that's not changing. But you have to leave me some money for... other expenses, right?"

He cleared his throat. "You saved my life, and I married you as agreed. But I'm not a tool to help you manage your company while you're recuperating at home!"