

Chapter 4

"Have you forgotten who you are just because you're the company's manager now, Andrew?" Colbie hurriedly helped me up and checked my face, which was starting to swell.

I patted her trembling hand to indicate that I was okay. The wounds on my face were visible, but the ones on my heart weren't. Fortunately, I'd already given up on Andrew.

I smiled self-deprecatingly. "Let's divorce, Andrew."

His gaze went from probing to doubting and ultimately to disbelief. He clenched his fists. "I was too rash earlier, Rosie. We've been together for seven years—don't you trust me?"

I shook my head. Colbie's gaze traveled between me and Andrew. She said, "I don't think you two can discuss this at the company. Why don't you guys head home?"

She pushed Andrew and me, urging us to return. Perhaps Andrew agreed with her—he held my hand and pulled me away without a word.

I saw Nina wanting to follow us in my peripheral vision. Colbie stopped her, and she cried, "Andy!"

Neither Andrew nor I looked back. We were silent on the journey home. By the time we arrived, my face was thoroughly swollen from Andrew's slap. A burn already marred it. The wound from the glass and the earlier slap only worsened things.

Andrew, in a rare show of tenderness, helped me reduce the swelling with an ice pack. When we were done, the sky had already gone dark. He pulled me into the bedroom and looked at me lustfully. "Let's not divorce, Rosie. I know I was wrong for misunderstanding you. Let's have a child instead."

We'd barely slept together since marrying. He would always look impatient when I wanted to be intimate with him. Even if we did end up in bed together, he wouldn't try anything new.

He would quickly finish as if carrying out orders. Sometimes, he wouldn't even touch me. We would turn on the lights when we were done, and he would call my burns disgusting while smoking.

"Haven't you always found my burns disgusting and revolting to the touch?" I unbuttoned my shirt to reveal the biggest burn on my shoulder. I looked down at it, my gaze mocking.

"You're really shameless, aren't you? You can set aside your prejudice and even pretend you're deeply in love with me for the sake of having a child," I said.

"Rose Grant!" Andrew dropped his loving act when he saw I wasn't interested in him. "Know your place!"

"I genuinely want a divorce." I sighed. "You and Nina have been having the hots for each other for so long—have you ever really considered me your wife? You'll go to her whenever she calls, no matter how far away she is. Will you give up on her for my sake?"

Seemingly wanting to prove me right, his phone rang. It was a call from Nina.

"One of my lightbulbs just gave out, Andy. Can you help me change it?"

He looked at me and put the phone on speaker mode. "I won't go to her as long as you beg me, Rose."

"Andy!" Nina sounded anxious.

"You should go help her. You don't even need to come home tonight." I dropped my gaze, not wanting to look at him anymore.

"Don't forget what you've said, Rose. Don't regret this and claim I never gave you a chance!" Andrew gripped my shoulder tightly and forced me to look at him.

I stared into his eyes and said resolutely, "I won't regret this. Not anymore."

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