

## Rewritten 1

### Chapter 1

On February 14th, Valentine's Day, Madelyn Jent, a 31-year-old woman, lost her battle to cancer.

Inside a room in SereneCare Hospital in Ventropolis, the air was filled with a strong scent of disinfectant.

[Zach, the doctor inserted a painful dialysis needle in me today.]

[I'm on the verge of death. Could you spare a moment to visit me?]

[Please, Zach...]

Madelyn weakly turned her head and glanced at the text messages on her phone. Despite sending multiple messages, they seemed to vanish into thin air. Zach Jardin hadn't responded to any of them.

Drips hung from the back of her hand, her face was pale, and her body was emaciated, with sunken eyes. Cancer had ravaged her limbs, causing them to deteriorate. She was completely immobile, unable to perform even the simplest tasks. The nurse assigned to care for her hadn't shown up for almost two weeks, citing that further treatment was unnecessary.

Madelyn couldn't bear pain or hardship, but in the advanced stages of her cancer, she had to endure daily torment. The only thing that kept her going was her love for Zach. However, as her overwhelming love for him faded, she was left with nothing but a skeletal figure, a mere shell of her former self.

Madelyn switched off her phone and silently awaited the embrace of death. The pain blurred her consciousness, and amidst her bitter thoughts, she reminisced about the eight years she had devoted to being Zach's faithful wife. She had invested her heart and soul in standing by his side, only to find herself in this wretched condition. One by one, those around her had abandoned her, leaving her alone, destitute, and betrayed.

Madelyn couldn't help but think that Zach would perhaps feel the greatest relief upon her demise. With her gone, he would be liberated and no longer subjected to the sight of her loathsome face. He could finally satisfy his longing to bring Cecilia Samford home as his wife.

Eight months ago, on Zach's birthday, Madelyn sat on the couch, anxiously waiting for his return. It was well past two o'clock in the morning, and the carefully prepared meal on the table had grown cold. Instead of Zach, it was his assistant who arrived, bearing a divorce agreement. The assistant delivered the news hesitantly, saying, "Madam, Mr. Jardin had no choice. The Jardin Corporation is a vast enterprise that requires an heir."

Madelyn forced a pale smile. A few years ago, she had been pregnant, but an accident resulted in a stillborn child. Since then, her uterus had been damaged, rendering her unable to conceive.

Zach, now in his early thirties, indeed needed an heir. That was why he wished to divorce her and seek a woman who could bear children.

Madelyn dismissed the assistant and trembled as she dialed Zach's number. She wanted Zach to be the one delivering the news personally. The call connected, but instead of Zach, it was Cecilia's voice that reached her. In that instant, the sound of Cecilia's voice caused a dull ache in Madelyn's heart.

After she hung up the phone, Madelyn found herself laughing at her own expense. The laughter echoed through the room, mingling with tears that welled up in her eyes.

Ever since her father handed over the company to Zach, it took less than five years for him to ascend to the position of CEO in a prominent conglomerate in Ventropolis. Zach became a commanding figure in the business world, exerting influence through both legal and illegal means. With his undeniable charisma, he always attracted a flock of beautiful and captivating women. Among them, Cecilia Samford was the one who had remained by his side the longest.

Cecilia came from a modest background and became Zach's assistant right after graduating from college. Her talent and methods were undeniable. The bond between Zach and Cecilia seemed destined, as they were the most compatible soulmates.

If it hadn't been for Madelyn in the beginning, Zach and Cecilia might have been together much earlier, instead of carrying on as clandestine lovers for numerous years.

A loveless marriage was undeniably a sorrowful circumstance.

Madelyn reluctantly signed the divorce agreement, received a substantial sum of money, and was permanently banished from Ventropolis. She could never return without Zach's permission. Just one week later, she received the devastating diagnosis of advanced-stage cancer.

BOOM!

It was Valentine's Day, and vibrant fireworks illuminated the night sky outside, casting a magical glow.

Madelyn roused from her reverie, her weary eyes slowly fluttering open. She shifted her gaze toward the window, and in an instant, her pale face froze.

On the colossal LED screen, Zach stood tall, dressed in a sleek black suit. His lean figure exuded a commanding presence, emanating an air of aloofness and aristocracy. His face, when seen up close, was striking and breathtaking. His icy demeanor carried the unwavering intimidation befitting a person of power.

On the screen, Zach cradled a boy of around five or six years old in one arm, while his other arm encircled Cecilia protectively. The child bore a striking resemblance to Zach.

"Mr. Jardin, is this your child with Ms. Samford?" inquired a voice.

"Ms. Samford looks absolutely stunning. After waiting all these years, may we know your wedding date?" another voice chimed in.

Cecilia lifted her head from Zach's embrace, her smile sweet and enchanting, as she proudly displayed a diamond ring on her delicate hand. "From this day forward, please address me as Mrs. Jardin! We have officially tied the knot," she announced.

Madelyn closed her eyes, and finally, tears streamed down her face. 'Zach Jardin, I regret it! If only I hadn't loved you! If I could start over, I... I would never fall in love with you again!'

Outside, heavy snowflakes began to descend gracefully, their descent harmonizing with the resounding fireworks. The dazzling display painted a brilliant spectacle on Madelyn's face, the reflection shimmering in her eyes brimming with tears.

On the day Zach and Cecilia exchanged their vows, Madelyn's spirit waned and faded into the ethereal realm, departing from the mortal world.