

Rewritten 111

Chapter 111

Jasmine nodded, "Uh-huh."

Hayson caressed her smooth legs, lost in thought, "Leave Zach be! Most of the company is in his hands already, so it's fine for me to come out and relax. Why the sudden concern about him, anyway? What are you scheming?"

Hayson was of a suspicious nature. In order to calm him, Jasmine pouted, "I was just telling you that he's here! Just in case you try to blame me for not telling you. Ugh, you're always suspecting everything..."

Hayson relaxed a little and kissed her on the neck, hugging her. "Alright, don't get upset. I'll bring you shopping tomorrow. You can buy whatever you want,"

"Oh my, what are the two of them whispering about? What can't we listen to?"

"What else could it be? Definitely some pillow talk."

"Hey, girl. Buy some supplements for the old man sometime."

This well-intentioned comment was usually said as a joke, but Hayson understood the implied

meaning.

The wound on Madelyn's abdomen had already scabbed over, though it itched from time to time. The worst thing was that she could not scratch it. The doctor informed her that it would leave a scar, but she did not mind.

After Madelyn was able to get out of bed, she dismissed Mrs. Zamora home. She did not need anyone to take care of her. Other than the last time Zach came to visit her, no one ever paid her a visit. Her

existence was insignificant to them. Only Rosario would come without miss at night, knowing Madelyn was not used to outside meals and brought homemade ones.

Madelyn stayed at the hospital to recuperate from her injuries. But as time passes, she lost a few pounds.

Hearing a knock on the door, Madelyn shifted her attention from her book and looked toward the door while resting on the balcony. She did not move and called, "Come in."

A bodyguard in black pushed the door open, holding a pink insulated container. "Miss Jent, your meal is ready."

Madelyn had a faint smile as she stood up from her chair. "Leave it for now. I'll eat later."

"Mr. Arnold knew you would say that and instructed me to watch you finish before leaving

'Why, Ethan...' Madelyn thought.

"I'm not that hungry, can I put it aside for now?"

Madelyn no longer had any control over her life, with her choice to make decisions being taken away, even with food. However, she was still rebellious at heart and felt the urge to resist whenever told to do something.

The bodyguard replied, "There are walnut cakes and the carne frita made by Mr. Arnold. I'm afraid it might affect the taste if it's left for too long."

'He made it himself?' Madelyn was shocked. She had never eaten a hand-made meal by anyone other than Rosaria, not even by Zach since he never cooked anyway.

Madelyn put down her book and walked over to the meal. The bodyguard laid the three- layered thermos container on the table. The first layer had the walnut cake, while the second layer had a few pieces of carne frita. The third layer was a nutritious vegetable porridge.

Flashbacks came to Madelyn's mind of her first meeting with Ethan. After that night when Madelyn had first found out about her health condition, she had often spent her nights alone in a small pavilion downstairs in the hospital crying.

One night, Madelyn was at her usual spot, and Ethan came over. Sounding both amused and somewhat helpless, he asked her, "Why do I always see you crying?"

Madelyn was glistening with tears. After the teardrops left her eyes, she saw the concern in Ethan's eyes. Ethan brushed her tears away gently. He was the gentlest person Madelyn had ever met, even though he was just a stranger.

Madelyn had never thought a stranger could bring her such warmth. Since then, Ethan would visit her from time to time, even having someone send her three meals a day. The most interesting part was Ethan seemed to know what she liked to eat. However, Madelyn could not figure out why he was being so kind to her.

Madelyn resurfaced from her flashbacks and heard the bodyguard explaining, "Mr. Arnold. learned the walnut cake recipe from your family's nanny, alongside the carne frita. Please go easy on Mr. Arnold, it's his first time cooking. If the food really is inedible, please don't force yourself."

Madelyn asked, "How come there only three pieces of carne frita?"

The bodyguard replied, "You have not recovered entirely, so you can't have too much meat. Mr. Arnold promised to make up for it after you heal."

'So that's why there's so little meat,' Madelyn thought.

Madelyn took the cutleries handed over by the bodyguard and ate. After chewing the food, she paused. She kept a straight face and slowly nibbled on it, not wanting to disappoint Ethan's heartfelt intentions. She appreciated it as no one had ever cooked for her besides Rosalia.

Madelyn finished the porridge and carne frita. As for the walnut cake, she left it for later. The bodyguard had brought her food and Madelyn did not want him to leave empty-handed. She handed him some cookies she had made during her free time, since she thought Ethan would

be able to eat these.

After the bodyguard left, Madelyn covered her chest and quickly rushed to the restroom to rinse her mouth. She then drank a lot of water. To tell the truth, she was thankful that there were only a few pieces of carne frita, instead of the entire dish. Otherwise, she would have needed to stay in the hospital for another ten days due to food poisoning,

Madelyn came out of the restroom and noticed the bodyguard had returned and was on the phone.

"Yes, Miss Jent has finished the food."

The bodyguard handed the phone over to Madelyn. "Mr. Arnold has something to say to you." Madelyn answered the call, "Hi, erm. Hello."

"I'm so sorry. Are you alright?" Ethan's voice was warm and pleasant to the ears.

Madelyn grabbed the hem of her coat nervously, holding back the discomfort in her stomach. "I'm fine. You don't need to apologize. I'm flattered that you cooked for me. No one's ever done that for me before. Really, I'm grateful for it," Madelyn replied.

Phone in hand, she walked over to the balcony, her hands resting on the railing while she looked at the scenery.

Meanwhile, outside the ward, an eye-catching couple was walking in the corridor with intimate gestures.

“Zach, are you sure Madelyn hasn’t had her meal already?” Jadie asked while locking her arms in Zach’s arms. She had a bouquet of flowers in her hand and Zach had a heavier insulated food container in his hands.

Zach replied, “She hasn’t.”

Chapter 113

Ever since getting hurt, Jadie had moved out of school and had been resting at home.

Today, Zach had a rare day off, so she had persuaded him to venture out and pay a visit to Madelyn in the hospital. Jadie felt like if she were to stay cooped up at home any longer, she would go crazy.

They had not visited Madelyn often during this time; it was mostly Rosario who came by. They even had Rosario whip up a bunch of dishes to bring to the hospital. After being taken care of by Rosario for these past few months, Jadie’s originally slim face had gained some baby fat.

For this outing, Jadie had made an effort to dress up, choosing to leave her plain face free of makeup. Her hair was done in braided pigtails, resting on her shoulders, and she wore a light- colored knee-length skirt. Walking beside Zach, they did not look like a couple, more like an uncle and his niece. As the pair approached the hospital room, they noticed an unfamiliar face inside. Jadie almost felt like they had entered the wrong room until they spotted Madelyn outside on the balcony.

Madelyn, catching sight of Zach and Jadie at the door, felt a flash of panic but tried to retain a calm tone as she continued speaking on the phone. “Sure, if you like it, I can make an extra portion of pastry for you from now on. You can message me if there’s anything you can’t eat.

“As long as you make it, I’ll like it.

“I’ll have to hang up now. My brother’s here to see me.

“Alright.”

After hanging up the phone, Madelyn stepped off the balcony and returned the phone to the bodyguard. "Thanks for making the trip."

"No problem."

He left, and only then did Madelyn turn her gaze to Zach and Jadie. Her expression was indifferent, emotionless. Even the smile on her face was just for the sake of courtesy. "Zach, Jadie, what brings you here?"

Seeing Zach remain silent, Jadie hesitated a bit before stepping forward, offering the carnations she had brought. "Madelyn, I'm sorry we haven't come to see you till now. We've had mock exams lately. I've been cramming, and Zach... he's been working late. I hope your

don't mind."

Madelyn took the bouquet, a faint smile on her lips. "No problem. I'll be discharged in a few more days anyway. Thanks for coming to see me. Let me get you some water."

Her voice was distant and detached, as if they were guests that she was not very familiar with.

"No need. Zach and I will be leaving soon. We don't want to disturb your rest."

Feeling the intensity of their gazes, Madelyn avoided looking at them and nervously tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. "Well, I won't keep you then. Have fun."

"Have you had dinner yet? Zach brought some food Rosario cooked..."

Suddenly, a gust of wind from the outside scattered the drawing papers everywhere on the table. Madelyn rushed over to press the rest of the drawings down with a sketch pad. One sketch drifted to Zach's feet. He bent down to pick it up. It was a portrait of a man. And there

were more.

Zach suddenly spoke up. "Have you been drawing these in the hospital?" There was a hint of displeasure in his voice.

Madelyn picked it up, dusting off the sketch. "I had nothing to do, so I just tried drawing something."

Jadie glanced at the drawing, asking, "Is this man someone you like, Madelyn?"

'Like? Him? I won't fall for anyone. One bitter lesson is enough for me.'

Madelyn explained, "He's a new friend I made in the hospital. I had nothing to do, so I let him be my model."

Jadie noticed the table was filled with books about sketching and a set of drawing pencils.

Zach then asked, "You've got finals coming up, and you're still fooling around with all this?"

Chapter 114

Madelyn felt anger building up inside her, but she had nowhere to vent. She clenched her fists and looked down, remaining silent.

Jadie felt the oppressive aura in the room radiating from Zach, so she hurriedly diffused the situation with a light-hearted tone. "Zach, we've got movie tickets, remember? The show starts soon, and we don't want to be late."

She shook her head subtly at Zach, urging him to leave it at that. She did not know what had transpired between Zach and Madelyn; the once smitten Madelyn had turned cold toward Zach, sometimes even responding with harsh words. A mad Zach scared even her.

With an icy gaze, he ripped up Madelyn's sketch. "You just won't grow up, will you? Haven't the last three months knocked any sense into you?"

Jadie quickly ushered Zach away. As they reached the door, Madelyn picked up the torn sketch

from the floor. "Zach..."

They stopped at the door.

"I just want to do what I like. Could you... stop meddling with me? I've already compromised. on everything you want me to do. Whether it's attending Ventropolis University or getting married right after graduation... For these remaining three years, can you just not interfere?"

She thought to herself, 'Why do you hate me so much that you'd even destroy my sketches? Zach, you're not even my real brother. There's nothing left between us!'

After they left, only silence hung in the room.

'Does this mean I've completely broken off with Zach? As someone who's already experienced death, why should I still fear him?'

Madelyn ate every bit of the food from the thermal container. Unexpectedly, another delivery arrived in half an hour. Worried that she might go hungry, Zach had ordered food from another restaurant. Madelyn was already full, but with a spoon in hand, she continued to eat. She did not know what was wrong with her and how to vent her feelings. Instead, she began. binge eating and drinking to keep her mind from wandering. Usually a light eater, she now

consumed six times her normal amount of food.

When the nurse came in to change Madelyn's medication, she heard noises from the restroom. The nurse stood at the door, watching Madelyn slump to the floor amidst the mess of takeout. containers. The nurse, realizing what might be happening, expressed concern. "Are you alright?"

"Get out." Madelyn said.

“You need to take your medication.”

Feeling the intensity of their gazes, Madelyn avoided looking at them and nervously tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. “Well, I won’t keep you then. Have fun.”

“Have you had dinner yet? Zach brought some food Rosario cooked...”

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Chapter 115

Ethan, the heir to Arnold Corporation, was gradually stepping into his role, his presence growing in the media. Having been out of the public eye for years, his return caused the internet to go wild with viral speculation.

After cooking for the first time, Ethan found himself intrigued by it. To his left was a platter of pastries made by Madelyn, to his right a pile of recipes bought by George. He was so engrossed in it that he reached out to grab another pastry.

"You've eaten them all, Mr. Ethan." George reminded him.

Ethan glanced over. True enough, all that remained were crumbs.

"You seem to be interested in learning to cook, Mr. Ethan."

"And what do you think I'm doing?"

George looked surprised. "Are you learning to cook for Ms. Jent?"

Ethan mused, knowing that no one would like a man who could not walk. He figured if Madelyn would enjoy his cooking, he could cook for her. For some reason, a hint of a smile tugged at the corner of his mouth.

'Look at what I'm doing. I'm acting like some desperate man trying everything to woo her. Isn't it a bit too soon?' he thought.

"Sir." The bodyguard entered the room.

Ethan responded. "Go ahead." As the bodyguard quickly relayed the information he had, Ethan's gaze slowly hardened, revealing his deep-seated anger and simmering hostility. "So that's the life she's living with the Jents?"

"We could move Ms. Jent into the room next door, prevent unnecessary disturbances."

"Isn't that a bit obvious?" Ethan asked.

"She'll be discharged soon," the bodyguard replied.

George pondered and said, "She's emotionally unstable. We should think of ways to make her feel better."

"Do you have any suggestions?"

"She enjoys painting, and likely art exhibitions too. I recall Edward Waltz will be hosting an exhibition in Ventropolis soon."

Edward Waltz was the most influential painter internationally, whose painting *Ashes* once fetched over \$50 million. His exhibitions happened once a year, each time in a different region. The tickets were a hot commodity.

Ethan's fingers tapped the armrest of his wheelchair. "Leyton, get in touch with Edward Waltz. We need those tickets by tonight."

"Right away."

The collaborator for the exhibition was none other than Arnold Corporation-getting the tickets would not be a problem. Ethan was always efficient in his work, and within three hours, tickets were delivered to the SereneCare Hospital.

Madelyn was handed two tickets, and she could hardly believe it. "Are these tickets really for me?"

The deliverer, a woman in a business suit, flashed a professional smile. "Indeed, Ms. Jent. We held a lottery for Edward Waltz's fans on internet sweepstake. You were the lucky one chosen by our studio, and we've included a signed photo album of Mr. Edward Waltz's works since '84, which is part of the prize."

It felt like a dream. Edward Waltz had been her mother's favorite painter, yet even she had never managed to attend his exhibition. A rare smile appeared on Madelyn's face,

overwhelmed with joy.

"Make sure to attend, Ms. Jent. There might be even more surprises in store."

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Madelyn's eyes lit up with anticipation. "May I know what the surprise is?" she asked the deliverer.

"You'll find out when the time comes, Ms. Jent. The extra ticket allows you to bring a friend along."

Holding the two tickets and an expensive bound art album signed by Edward Waltz, Madelyn was at a loss. She had no friends to invite. But then, she thought of someone suddenly, and she wondered if he would like to join her.

At nine in the evening, the evening breeze stirred outside. In a hospital room on the 15th floor, Ethan was in a video conference. The door to his room was slightly ajar, sounds from outside trickling in.

"Ms. Jent, please wait a moment. He's in a meeting. It won't be long."

"If he's busy, I won't bother him, then. George, could you please give him this ticket?"

George was taken aback by the ticket, a hint of surprise accompanying his smile. Madelyn did not realize her timing was not great. Just as she was fretting over how to offer Ethan the ticket, George could conveniently pass it on.

Just then, Leyton emerged from the room, laptop in hand. "Ms. Jent, Mr. Arnold's meeting is over. You can go in now."

Nervously, Madelyn wrinkled the ticket in her hand. She had not expected others to be present.

'Mr. Arnold? His last name is Arnold?' Lost in thought, Madelyn barely registered Leyton's call.

"Ms. Jent..."

Jolted back to reality, Madelyn hesitated before finally stepping inside. Ethan had just finished tidying his papers, his piercing, ink-like eyes glancing at her. Perhaps due to his busy schedule, a hint of fatigue lurked in his gaze. He rolled down his sleeves, hiding the tattoo on

his forearm.

"I heard you needed to speak with me. Why are you standing there? Please, have a seat."

Madelyn approached, taking a seat beside him. "I just came to ask if you're free next week. I'd like to invite you to an art exhibition." She presented the ticket. "If it's inconvenient for you, it's no big deal."

Ethan replied, "Sure! I'd never turn down an invitation from you."

Madelyn had not expected his acceptance.

"Where do you live? I'll arrange a ride for you."

"No need for a ride. Let's just meet at the gallery."

Ethan nodded. "There's just one thing..."

"What is it?"

Ethan chuckled. "Well, you'll have to look after me." His gaze dropped to his own legs.

"No trouble at all. After all, you've had people taking care of me throughout my stay in the hospital. It's only fair that I do the same for you."

Ethan seemed deep in thought, then nodded. "Alright, it's a date. We'll meet next week, no matter what."

"Sure, it's a date."

Madelyn left after handing over the ticket. George escorted her to the elevator, and upon returning to Ethan's room, noticed him still examining the exhibition ticket.

"Ms. Jent seems to be in high spirits. She doesn't seem bothered by your condition. Why don't you tell her the truth?"

Ethan's

gaze was gentle, a soft smile playing on his lips. "She's always been sharp. Do you really think she hasn't figured it out yet?"

"Leyton, postpone all meetings on the 25th."

"Certainly, Mr. Arnold."

Chapter 117

Madelyn was discharged from the hospital two days later. A driver from the Jent residence picked her up and drove her home. As she stepped through the front door, Rosario was conspicuously absent. In her place was a new face—a woman in her fifties introduced as the new maid.

“Hello, Ms. Jent,” the new maid greeted. Madelyn gave a nonchalant “Hm” in response, her mind elsewhere.

Suddenly, the soft murmur of voices drifted from upstairs.

“You’re so naughty.”

“That’s because I’m taking you out shopping, to make it up to you.”

Jasmine, clinging onto Hayson’s arm and flaunting a limited-edition handbag, descended the stairs. Seeing Madelyn, Jasmine quickly withdrew her arm.

“Madelyn... you’re out of the hospital? I was just about to go shopping with your dad. Do you want anything?”

“No, thanks,” Madelyn responded curtly before calling out, “Father.”

Hayson, however, was icy, only grunting a response to his daughter’s call. As he prepared to leave, he paused to address Madelyn, his gaze cold and piercing.

“You had a fight with Zach?”

Stunned, Madelyn stuttered out, “N-No.”

“Good. Now that you’re back, get back to your studies and stop embarrassing me. Make up for all those hobby classes you’ve missed these past few months. If you can’t even learn these things, the world will mock the Jents for raising a good-for-nothing.”

Madelyn lowered her gaze, her voice barely a whisper. “I understand, Father.”

The new maid, Margaret Stonefield, chose that moment to announce, “Ms. Jent, it’s time for dinner.” Madelyn turned on her heel and ignored her, silently walking upstairs and leaving a disgruntled Margaret behind.

Once inside her room, Madelyn noticed her familiar diamond-studded limited-edition wallet on the table. She gasped, quickly opening it, only to find it devoid of cash. Everything else was there ID card, student ID, ATM cards-all except for one photo. It was gone. The ID card was pristine, and even the ATM cards sported new numbers. Realization dawned; these were replacements.

“What good are these to me?” She brushed everything off the table in frustration. ‘I don’t know what I can do back in this house. Zach has taken away the only person important to me.

Now, what do I have left apart from this hollow house? What...what is truly mine?”

The room remained lit throughout the night.

Curling up in a corner of her room, Madelyn fell into a fitful sleep. She didn’t wake for dinner, didn’t even feel the pangs of hunger. ‘If Rosario was here, she would coax me to eat. She would be heartbroken seeing me like this. But Rosario’s gone....I’ve lost the only person who cared

about me.’

Morning found Madelyn awakening to the gentle rustle of wind outside. As the bright sunlight filtered in, she leveraged the bedside table to stand up. Her legs felt numb, threatening to give way under her.

With wobbly steps, she made her way to the bathroom. The mirror reflected a gaunt figure, dark circles under her eyes, like someone weathered by life. As she lifted her shirt, she noticed her stomach wound had healed, fresh skin in place of the scab. She applied light makeup to mask her pallid face, packed her bag, and started descending the stairs.

When she was ready, it was half-past seven. Reaching the bottom of the stairs, she found a figure sprawled on the sofa. A young girl in a Ventrocloud High School uniform with loose, long hair-she looked strikingly like Jadie.

At this time, Margaret brought a steaming cup of coffee to the girl.

"Thank you," the girl murmured, taking the cup.

Chapter 118

'I know this voice, it's Jadie.'

'That's right... Jadie got bullied in school. Zach would never let her stay in a place like that.'

Margaret turned and saw her. "Hello, miss."

Jadie stood up when she heard Margaret. "Madelyn."

She flashed a big smile. "Why... aren't you in your uniform? I heard you got discharged from the hospital, so I came here to go to school with you. We'll be in the same school now, Madelyn. Look out for me, okay?"

'Is this fate?'

In their past life, Jadie had gotten into Ventrocloud High School as well. Madelyn had thought that everything and everyone's fate would change in this life, but she realized that everything just stayed the same, no matter what.

If that were the case, would Jadie still die?

Just like her...

No one's fate could be changed. The ending had already been set from the beginning.

Jadie noticed that Madelyn kept quiet. "Madelyn... What happened? Are you feeling unwell?"

Madelyn replied, "I'm fine."

Margaret said, "Miss Jent, Miss Jadie... You can start eating when Mr. Jent comes down."

Madelyn walked out of the kitchen and poured herself a cup of milk, which was cold.

Suddenly, she could hear Rosario in her head, saying, "Oh you, who drinks cold milk in the morning? I've already warmed up some milk for you."

Hayson walked down the stairs, followed by Zach in a black suit. "...Keep a close eye on this project. Nothing can go wrong."

"Yes, Father," Zach replied.

"Miss Jent, Rosario has informed me that you'll have an upset stomach when you drink cold drinks in the morning. I've already warmed up some milk for you. Drink some."

Zach glanced over when he heard Margaret, his gaze deep. But he quickly looked away.

Madelyn closed the fridge door and said, "It's fine."

Then, she took a seat at the dining table.

Hayson took a seat and talked to Zach about work.

That was when he noticed Madelyn.

“Why are you not in your uniform?” Hayson’s tone was cold.

Madelyn ate some risotto and responded, “I won’t be going to school for now. I plan to work

on the extracurricular activities that I missed.”

Hayson nodded. “That’s fine too.”

Margaret suddenly walked over. “Mr. and Miss Jent... The school called earlier and asked Miss Jent to join some competition.”

Jayson asked, “What competition?”

“I’m so forgetful... I think it’s a Math Olympiad or something. There was something about Miss Jent’s report card and a prize too. The person who sent the prize said that Miss Jent did not attend the school ceremony, so he sent it here instead.”

“What stupid prize is that? It’s nothing but trash,” Hayson said disdainfully.

Madelyn was used to Hayson belittling her, so she remained quiet and continued eating with her head down.

Margaret continued, “No, Mr. Jent. The prize is a golden figurine. I think it’s made of gold. It’s very shiny and beautiful. I’ll show you.”

She quickly brought it over along with an unopened file and handed them over to Hayson, who hesitated before taking them.

There was a thin sheet of paper in the file. It was Madelyn's report card.

Hayson squinted as he looked at Madelyn's results gloomily.

Chapter 119

It was hard to read his expression.

The prize was a knight holding a shield and spear on a horse with its hoof raised. It was a pretty heavy figurine.

"It might be fake. That mind of hers is probably just filled with men." Hayson tossed her report card aside.

Madelyn tightened her grip on the spoon.

The report card landed next to Zach's feet. He bent down, picked it up, and looked at it. Madelyn had gotten full scores for most of her subjects.

If he remembered correctly, Madelyn used to score around 50% on average.

If she had achieved such good results, she could choose any universities that she liked without Hayson's help. Had she really done this on her own, or had she cheated?

Only Madelyn knew.

every

Jadie took a peek and was shocked as well. Madelyn had scored higher than her in subject. Even in Ventrocloud High School, Madelyn would be in the top three scorers in her grade with results like that.

An uneasy feeling grew in Jadie's heart. She did not know when or how Madelyn's results had gotten so good.

"Not bad. You scored seventy marks higher than Jadie." Zach said.

Madelyn could not tell if he was being sarcastic or genuine. He sounded like he thought that she had cheated on the exam.

But did she care?

In their eyes, she would always be just a piece of trash.

Madelyn did not remember the new housemaid's name, so she just looked at her and said, "If the school calls again, just tell them that I won't be going to school anytime soon. I'm putting my extracurricular classes as my priority now. I'm also not interested in the competition, so I won't be joining."

Madelyn put down her spoon and stood up. "I'm done eating. Enjoy your meal, Father."

The risotto was slightly undercooked, so Madelyn had only taken a few bites and left more than half of it in the bowl and finished her milk.

Margaret nodded. "O-Okay."

"What's wrong with this family? What kind of father belittles his daughter like this? And this brother of hers... His tone's off too. She just got such good results. If my son could do as good as she did, I would've spoiled him rotten," Margaret thought.

“Tch... Not only is she smart, but she’s also pretty. There aren’t many good girls like her! But even though she’s good, she doesn’t really care about anyone. If I’d known that this family would be this hard to serve, I wouldn’t have agreed to work here. I could’ve just enjoyed my life, but this family just pays too much.”

Madelyn sat in the car with her eyes closed, trying to get some sleep as she did not sleep well last night.

The only class that she was interested in was art class, but the only thing Hayson had forbidden her to do was to hold a paintbrush.

The driver asked, “Where to, Miss Jent?”

“Supreme World.”

Supreme World’s golf course was located in the “Golden Triangle” area of Ventropolis, Marisburg, and Yarisburg. The total area of the gold course covered 313 acres, featuring vertical sand pits, rivers and lakes crisscrossing, pavilions, and exotic plants. Playing there felt like a stroll in a garden.

Many rich people liked to go there too.

The annual cost was as high as a million dollars.

Several business deals were casually sealed while the businessmen golfed.

In her past life, Madelyn had witnessed Zach striking a business partnership with a maritime trader in under 20 minutes. That project had been worth several million dollars.

Chapter 120

Madelyn changed into a set of white sportswear and tied her hair into a high ponytail. With a sun visor hat on, her slim figure caught the attention of many people.

Her golf coach, Tiger Irwin, had once been a local golf champion, but he was now retired. He exuded an air of elegance, like a true gentleman. He came from a poor, dysfunctional family, and due to his father's debts, he had even been sold to Supreme World as forced labor. He was then exposed to golf and started getting professional training.

In his heyday, many prominent businessmen would fly across the world just to see his matches. Hayson had spent a lot of effort and money to get him as a coach.

From behind, Tiger had his arms around Madelyn as he held the golf club. "Don't use too much strength from your wrist, and don't panic. Relax."

Madelyn pursed her lips and relaxed. They had a safe distance between each other, and with the help of Tiger's strength, Madelyn managed to hit the golf ball into the hole flawlessly.

"Not bad. You've improved..."

"You flatter me, coach. If it weren't for you, I'd never make a hole."

Tiger passed her a bottle of water as he responded, "You have three sessions with me each. week, and you've missed twelve. Have you been unwell?"

Madelyn took a sip of water and shook her head. "No, I was busy with school."

"Yeah, you should put your studies first. If you can't make it, I can replace the missed classes for you next time."

"Wouldn't that affect your other classes? I remember you even have classes scheduled for years later. I wouldn't want to keep a gold medal coach to myself for such a long time."

Tiger was over 30 years old, but he looked nothing like it and could easily pass as a 25-year- old. Many women found him attractive because of his character and demeanor, which made. talking to him very relaxing.

He looked at his watch and said, "We have an hour left. Do you want to take a longer break or continue your training?"

Madelyn put the bottle of water aside as she responded, "Let's get on with the training, coach! You're really expensive, just saying."

Tiger chuckled. "Okay, let's get started."

Madelyn hardly smiled, but Tiger felt like a big brother next door to her.

Tiger was paid fifty thousand dollars per hour. If Hayson ever found out that she was spending that hour drinking water, his temper would be through the roof.