

Rewritten 131

Chapter 131

Forrest looked like a ferocious beast that ran into its beast master and suddenly turned into an obedient kitten.

Ethan rarely ever appeared in public. Even when he was gradually taking over the Arnold Corporation, he was always the mysterious person who never showed his face.

It was impossible for them to know the person who sat in the wheelchair, but both Timothy and Adrian knew who he was. He was the prospective heir of the Arnold family in Ventropolis, Ethan Arnold.

A few years ago, a car accident robbed him of his legs. He had disappeared since.

Ethan from back then was far, far better than Forrest now. The two of them had the same discordant, arrogant, and defiant temperament in them. However, Ethan had changed; he gave them an even more terrifying feeling than before.

His gaze alone could crush Forrest alive.

Forrest was Ethan's half-brother of a different mother. However, besides Mr. Arnold, no one in the Arnold household recognized Forrest as kin.

After all, Forrest's biological mother was someone of common stock. She was a mere stage performer, a status that the people of the Arnold family looked down upon with disdain.

They have seen how brutal this man could be.

Back then, when something happened to Madelyn, this man thought it was Forrest's doing. He got his people to break Forrest's hand inside a bar and dragged him into a car...

When that happened, only the three of them were inside that private room. The memory of that thrashing was still fresh in their minds...

After they had pulled some distance away, Timothy opened his mouth, "How did Madelyn get to know him?"

"Forry, are you gonna let what happened back then go just like that?"

His voice was soft, but everyone inside the lounge who could see something was wrong could not understand what they were talking about.

Forrest put his hands in his pocket as he spun the lighter around, lowering his hand and smiling. "Interesting."

By the time the two were done with the exhibition, it was already one o'clock in the afternoon. Madelyn glanced at the time and realized they had yet to have lunch. She apologetically said, I'm sorry, I should've taken you to eat. You should've reminded me."

Ethan looked up and smiled. "It's alright. I saw you taking notes so seriously, so I did not want to disturb you. What have you... noted down?"

"Here, have a look." Madelyn sat beside him and excitedly pulled her notebook out for him to see. "I've noted the places and times Mr. Edward did his painting. I've noted down all the most beautiful places he painted at. When the day comes, I'll definitely visit them myself."

She had been trapped inside a cage for far too long. When she gains the ability to escape her current home, she dreams of visiting all of the most beautiful sceneries in the world. Auroras, grasslands, valleys, mountains, rivers... She longed for such sceneries outside.

"When the day comes, will you invite me again?"

Madelyn looked on quietly and said nothing as she quietly put away her notebook. "I don't know... the future is filled with too many uncertainties. Perhaps when I finally set off, it will be many years later, or maybe tomorrow..."

Madelyn did not want to tell him that her future plans only entailed her alone and no one else. He was her first friend of the opposite gender. Madelyn had no idea how long this friendship

could last.

Now, she was much more cautious as she was too naive and trusting in her previous life.

That was why she fell and fell, becoming a literal joke to be toyed around with.

That was why she did not trust anyone but herself.

The only person that could give her a sense of security... was herself.

"It's still too early to talk about all this, so let's keep that for next time. Come, I'll treat you to some food!"

Chapter 132

Chapter 132

The art exhibition ended at three o'clock in the afternoon. Jadie noticed the familiar car parked outside of the international exhibition hall.

Soon after, she opened the car door and got into the passenger seat.

"Zach... When did you get here? Why didn't you call me? I would've come outside earlier if you had told me you were here. You wouldn't have to wait so long."

Kevin had a copy of Jadie's schedule, so he knew she was out of school today to see an art exhibition.

Zach had just gotten off the plane and happened to pass by, so he picked Jadie up on the way.

"It's nothing," said Zach.

Jadie asked, "How's your project going, Zach?"

"They signed the contract," he replied.

"Congratulations! You've been toiling away for the project for over a week. Now you can finally have some rest."

The car started moving.

"Jadie, your seatbelt."

Jadie was momentarily startled. Then, she replied obediently, "Oh! I forgot."

She quickly fastened her seatbelt. In the past, Zach would have fastened her seatbelt for her. Jadie noticed how tired he looked, so she did not speak and sat there quietly.

Zach made a U-turn and saw a familiar-looking person about to cross the road. It was

Madelyn. She was bent over and fixing the scarf and shirt of a man in a wheelchair. She opened

the water bottle in her hand and fed him some water.

Zach watched Madelyn's actions with a sharp gaze. He pursed his lips, and his expression turned icy. The atmosphere in the car grew even more awry.

Jadie also saw Madelyn.

"The school organized an art exhibition excursion today, and Madelyn came with her friend. But his legs... It seems like he's disabled."

Zach stared at Madelyn, who stood nearby and felt a sense of déjà vu. He recalled a time when Madelyn treated him this way; gentle and considerate. At the thought of that, Zach felt suffocated.

The traffic light across the street turned green, and Madelyn wheeled the man across the road.

"I can only have lunch with you. I have training and dance class tonight..."

"Alright. I'll get Kevin to pick you up."

"Okay. That would be great."

Ethan's legs were still not fully recovered, so he could not have spicy food. Madelyn took him to a steamboat restaurant similar to a hot pot restaurant. Since she also preferred lighter foods, both of them had similar palates.

After dinner, she went to Skyrise Tower and did not leave until eight o'clock.

Madelyn walked out of the building. It was hard for her to hail a cab at this hour, so she had to walk for quite a distance. The streetlights shone down, giving the person behind her a shadow. The person's footsteps grew closer, and Madelyn had a really bad feeling.

'I'm being... followed!' she thought.

Madelyn did not dare to turn around. Nobody was around her right now, and the cold, damp wind blew against her as she gradually walked faster and faster. She felt the person behind her also increased their pace to catch up with her.

Madelyn hid in an alley.

Then, a man wearing a face mask walked over with a murderous glint in his eyes and his hands in his pockets. Madelyn looked behind her in fear.

"Go on! We'll see where you're gonna run to now."

Madelyn had her back against the wall and said fearfully, "Don't... Don't come any closer."

The glaring high beams of a car shone into the alley in the darkness. Madelyn narrowed her

and shielded them from the bright lights. She could not see the person in the car.

eyes

"Don't blame us for what'll happen today! Blame the person you crossed."

"Don't waste your time talking to her, Perro."

"Be a good girl and stop fighting back, or I'll cut you."

Madelyn gripped the wall tightly with her fingers. She stared straight at the source of the bright light without a hint of fear in her eyes.

'Maybe I'm used to it. Maybe... It's because there's a voice telling me Zach might be the person in the car,' she thought.

Chapter 134

It was nightfall, and the dark clouds kept the moonlight obscure.

Madelyn could not breathe and felt suffocated. She felt like a stray stranded on the streets and did not know where to go.

"The world is a big place, but I never knew where I belonged.'

Zach walked out from the darkness. Madelyn did not hear him respond and only heard the sound of the wind from the other end of the line.

Then, she heard loud and steady footsteps. She turned toward the sound and looked at the figure through her tears. Everything seemed somewhat surreal.

Madelyn's phone, which was by her ear, weakly slid out of her hand as Zach approached.

Her arm continued to bleed profusely, and her face turned pale from excessive blood loss. She was in complete despair. Madelyn grabbed Zach's pants and said a little breathlessly, "Why? What did I do, Zach Jardin? Why are you doing this to me?"

She silently lamented, "I love you so much, but why do you hurt me and break my heart time and time again?"

"Madelyn, sometimes you can't be too smart!" Zach bent down and pinched her cheek.

He continued, "Were you thinking of escaping from the Jent family using the Arnold family? Why are you always this naive?"

“Zach Jardin, I know you don’t like me, and I’ve already let go of you. What else do you want me to do? Why’d you save me if you wanted me dead from the start? I’m already in a lot of pain... So please, stop tormenting me. Okay?”

Zach narrowed his eyes and said icily, “Call me Zach! I’m your brother.”

“No! You’re not my brother. Your kindness toward me in the past was not genuine! You’re not worthy of being my brother!” Madelyn shrieked. She was no longer scared but sad, angry, and helpless.

“Don’t get close to anyone in the Arnold family in the future. If you don’t listen to what I say... You know the consequences...”

Madelyn’s eyelashes were wet with tears, and she looked really pitiful. She clutched her wounded arm and stood up shakily with the help of the railing beside her.

Madelyn did not dare to meet his eyes. She looked at the ground and wiped her tears with her uninjured left hand, “I get it. Ethan only accompanied me to the art exhibition today. There’s nothing going on between the two of us. I won’t tell my father what happened today. I’ll pretend nothing ever happened after today. Are you satisfied now, Zach Jardin?!”

“Call me Zach! I’m your brother,” he said harshly. His gaze turned icy, “Don’t make me repeat myself for the second time, Madelyn.”

Madelyn chuckled icily, “My brother? Do you think everything you did to me was things a brother would do? You’re asking me to admit you’re my brother, yet you’ve been trying to kill me repeatedly!”

She continued, “I wasn’t joking when I told you I don’t like you anymore. And I never thought of using the Arnold family. When I decided to go to Lorville, I did not intend to return. Zach Jardin... A long time ago, I had already decided I didn’t want you, my father, and that home... Stop hurting me.”

Her tone was not intimidating at all. She sounded like a child throwing a tantrum, making others want to dominate and trample her.

Zach silently watched her turn around. She started limping toward the direction opposite the Southern Haven Villas. Nobody knew where she was headed.

There was nobody other than Madelyn on the pitch-black streets.

She only wore a thin black sweater, and one of her arms was completely covered in blood. Her phone and power bank were scattered across the floor.

Zach stood there, unmoved, as he stared at her retreating figure with his dark eyes.

The figure in front of him fell to the ground in less than half a minute. He did not rush to pick her up. It was as if he had already expected this to happen.

In the dark night, Zach walked toward Madelyn like a predator approaching its

prey.

'You fool! So what if Hayson Jent knew? It's all too late now!' he thought.

Zach picked up Madelyn, who had lost an excessive amount of blood. She was really light and practically weightless.

Chapter 135

Just as Zach picked up Madelyn, a snowflake fell onto his nose. It was cold and quickly melted upon contact with his body temperature.

He lifted his head and saw that it was starting to snow heavily. The snowflakes fell and remained on the ground before they melted shortly after.

Memories flooded Zach's mind.

When he joined the Jent family, Madelyn was eight.

“Look, Zach! It’s snowing!”

Madelyn was eleven.

“Zach, can we go build a snowman outside? I like doing that the most!”

He thought of eighteen-year-old Madelyn.

“Zach, if it snows in Ventropolis again this year, I’ll confess my feelings for you. Then you’ll be my boyfriend, okay?” she said.

‘You did nothing wrong, Madelyn! But... It was wrong for you to be born into the Jent family. What you’ve gone through is only the beginning,’ he said to himself. 1

Madelyn wandered in the dark for a long time.

She felt like a soulless and mindless puppet that was being controlled. When a light appeared in front of her, she walked toward it.

She slowly regained consciousness.

“Ahhh...” the person on the bed inhaled sharply.

Madelyn stared at the gray ceiling above her. She smelled the somewhat familiar and faint scent of camellia flowers. She saw Zach on the left side of her bed. He wore a black sweater and had an air of intimidation.

'Seeing him here is so surreal. Am I hallucinating? Why am I here?' wondered Madelyn.

"What happened to Madelyn, Mr. Jardin? Why'd she get hurt all of a sudden? She was fine yesterday."

That's Rosario's voice,' she thought.

"You're awake."

Rosario walked over with a bowl of soup. She gazed at Madelyn with concern, "My child, ar

you alright?"

She continued, "Don't move. Mr. Jardin is cleaning your wound for you."

Zach was stitching her wound without any anesthetics. Meanwhile, Jadie held her other hand. to prevent her from moving around.

"Zach, why don't we send Madelyn to the hospital?"

Madelyn tightly clenched her fist. She was in immense pain. It felt as if someone were ripping off the flesh on her arm.

"It'll be over soon," replied Zach.

Madelyn kept silent and waited for it to be over.

'He could've sent me to the hospital, but he brought me here instead... What's he trying to do?' she wondered.

Jadie held Madelyn's cold hand and said with concern, "Zach, Madelyn's hand is really cold. Why don't I give her that blanket in my room?"

Madelyn closed her eyes. She felt a little dizzy and nauseous, perhaps due to excessive blood

loss.

Rosario felt incredibly heartbroken.

"My child, do you still feel sick? Have some soup. It'll help you feel better," she said as she held a spoon to Madelyn's mouth.

Madelyn opened her mouth and swallowed the soup. She looked at Rosario, "Sorry for making you worry, Rosario. Don't worry. I'll be fine after getting some rest."

"What happened, my child?"

Chapter 136

"It's such a huge gash... What would we do if Mr. Jent hadn't gone to pick you up because he was worried something had happened to you?"

Madelyn laughed, "I fell by accident."

"What? How'd you fall? This is such a huge gash!"

"When I was practicing dancing. I wasn't careful and cut myself."

Rosario frowned and immediately said, "No. I must tell Mr. Jardin to get you another teacher. This teacher is too irresponsible. How could she not do a thing when you got hurt?! What kind

of teacher is she?"

Madelyn felt warm inside.

'Rosario always cares about me when I get hurt,' she thought.

"I really am fine, Rosario. Please call Jordan and ask him to come pick me up!"

"Madelyn, it's really late now. Why don't you stay overnight and go back tomorrow?" said Jadie.

She continued, "Zach and I are worried about you being alone this late at night."

Madelyn had already drunk half a bowl of soup and felt much better.

"That's right! You're always coming home late and skipping dinner. You must be hungry. I'll go make

you some pasta."

Madelyn sat up and leaned against the bed frame. Then, she realized she was in Zach's bedroom.

"Don't bother. I'm not very hungry."

Jadie smiled and said with concern, "Make yourself at home, Madelyn. It's me and Zach's responsibility to take care of you. Or do you want to eat something else? Zach and I will buy it for you."

Madelyn had a headache from all the noise.

"This isn't my house. This is Zach and Jadie's house. Staying here will only make me feel even more suffocated," she thought.

Madelyn lowered her head. Her long hair was down, and she was wearing Jadie's pajamas.

'When did they change me into pajamas?' she wondered. Meanwhile, her wallet and phone were on the bedside table.

"I'll be fine after some rest. You don't have to worry about me."

Zach said quietly, "Jadie, Rosario, let her rest. Boil some water and let her take some painkillers."

"Alright, then!" Rosario was still worried, "Madelyn, tell us immediately if you don't feel well. Don't hold it in."

"Okay," replied Madelyn.

After everyone had left, Zach shut the door and looked at Madelyn. She sat on the bed and looked out the window.

She was quiet and obedient.

Right after the door was shut, Madelyn could still hear laughter coming from the living room. Jadie was hanging around Rosario as she taught her how to make gnocchi. There was also the sound from the TV.

Madelyn scanned the room's layout. The grayish tone of the room gave off a warm feeling. There was a photo of Zach and Jadie on the bedside table.

There were traces of Jadie in every corner of the room: the hairpin she had left behind, the doll alarm clock on the table...

“You’re amazing, Rosario! You know everything! I don’t even know how to make the simplest gnocchi. I’m so stupid.”

“When Madelyn was young, her favorite food was the dumplings I made. She also wanted to learn how to make them, but she ended up getting her face covered in flour...”

Their voices came from the living room.

Madelyn thought, ‘If Rosario’s doing well by Jadie’s side, I do not need to make her leave the Jent family with me. She’s getting old, so it’s a good idea to let her stay here. With Jadie around and considering how Rosario had spent most of her life working for the Jent family, Zach probably won’t make things difficult for her. That way, I’ll have no ties left. I won’t have any worries left.’

The snow outside the window got Madelyn’s attention. She walked to the window with her bare feet and opened it. She reached out, but the snowflakes melted before even falling into her palm.

Madelyn recalled the time she and Zach got married. It was also snowing heavily, like right now. She remembered holding his arm as they stood in the snow.

“We’re standing in the snow together, and the snow turned gray, Zach, we’ll grow old together until our hairs turn gray,” she said.

‘In the end, we didn’t grow old together until our hairs turned gray. You didn’t... leave a single trace of ever having loved me. The only thing you left me was the memory of you whenever it

snows.’

Madelyn was just an ordinary girl. What she wanted was simple; she wanted to marry him and become his wife.

However, the only wrong thing she ever did before becoming Zach’s wife was driving Jadie to

her death.

Chapter 137

Madelyn used to be an arrogant and willful person, but not anymore. Time had softened her rough edges.

What she was going through now was nothing compared to how she bullied and tormented Jadie in her past life. So, she had to bear it all, no matter what was happening to her.

It was the law of karma, the cycle of consequences.

Madelyn closed the window and decided that she would never look at the snow again, nor would she ever like it. She hugged herself and curled up on the small couch, staring blankly at the corner of the wardrobe.

When it was midnight, she received a text message. It was from Ethan: [Happy birthday, little princess.]

That was her first time receiving a text message. She was shocked and had no idea how Ethan knew it was her birthday today.

Only a few people knew when her birthday was. She did not even tell Zach about it. The date of birth on her ID was incorrect; her true birthday was on December 26.

A ray of light immediately brightened up Madelyn's gloomy mood. She quickly replied to Ethan: [How did you know it's my birthday today?]

Ethan: [It's a secret. What present do you want?]

Madelyn typed on her phone: [I want the giant limited edition pink Nikki bear.]

However, she did not hit the send button because of Zach's warning....

"Don't ever speak to anyone in the Arnold family, or there'll be consequences..."

So, Madelyn quickly deleted the message.

The living room was silent, and she figured everyone must be asleep by now. So, she called

Jordan and asked him to pick her up.

Rosario probably already took all her clothes to wash.

She had no choice but to grab a neatly folded blanket from the bottom of Zach's wardrobe. She was very familiar with Rosario's habit of organizing things, so she knew exactly to find the things she needed.

Rosario taught her many things in her past life, including how to be a good "wife". That was why Madelyn organized her things like Rosario.

She wrapped herself in the blanket and left a note and some money before leaving the room. The money was for the blanket, slippers, and pajamas.

She knew that Zach did not like other people touching his belongings. It was to the extent that he would throw away everything they touched. Madelyn did not want to owe him anything.

She closed the room door. Then, she saw that the computer screen in the living room was still on; Zach was still working on the computer.

She thought that everyone was asleep.

Madelyn tried to be as quiet as possible, worrying that she would disturb Zach. She placed her hand on the door handle when she walked to the main door.

Suddenly, Zach's displeased voice echoed, "Where are you going?"

Madelyn's tightened her grip on the door handle and said, "I'm sorry. I can't stay with you anymore. Let Rosario stay here if you want. Zach... please treat her better. She didn't do anything wrong."

Madelyn would get used to being on her own.

"Goodbye."

Madelyn spoke softly, sounding very distant. Zach could feel she was deliberately trying to cut all ties with him.

She opened the door, and the cold wind rushed in. Then, Madelyn braced herself and left.

The house fell silent for a few seconds.

A hint of darkness flashed across Zach's eyes....

He absentmindedly tapped his fingers on the keyboard, and a chat page popped up. The chat history was from five minutes ago.

[Happy birthday, little princess...]

Chapter 138

"Mr. Jardin, was it Madelyn who went outside?"

Madelyn closed the door and heard Rosario's voice.

Not many people were in the apartment building at this hour, so she quickly took the elevator down. She worried that Rosario would come after her and persuade her to return.

Madelyn became a very soft-hearted person, and she could never bear to refuse Rosario if that happened. She knew very well that she would return to where Zach was once Rosario spoke to her again.

Zach finally revealed his true colors to her that night. He sought revenge against the Jent family until they completely fell apart. That was when he finally felt satisfied....

Taking everything away from the Jent family was never the only thing he wanted to do.

Looking back, Madelyn realized that she had never truly understood Zach. He was like a black hole that would devour and destroy anything that went near him... And she was like a vine that depended only on him to live.

The cold wind blew as Madelyn stood outside the apartment building, tightly wrapped in a blanket. Jordan was coming from the Southern Haven Villas, and it would take him at least twenty minutes to reach there without any traffic.

Her ankles turned red from the cold, and her arms throbbed with pain. She lifted her pajamas to look at the simple bandage covering her oozing wound and thought, 'I guess I won't go to the tuition class tomorrow and visit the hospital instead. I can't just trust whatever Zach had done to me.'

Zach had pretended to be gentle and attentive to her in front of others. He would at least pretend to care for her when they were alone together back then. However, she doubted he would ever do that again.

The snow continued to fall, covering the stone statues in the water fountain and the leaves in the garden.

She heard a sound coming from behind her. It was the sound of the elevator door opening. She turned around and saw Zach walking out of the elevator in a black coat. He stared at her with his sharp gaze. Madelyn slowly looked away to hide her nervousness. 'What is he doing here?'

Zach walked past her and into the snow. He took out his car key from his pocket and unlocked it before swiftly entering it. He then parked his car in front of Madelyn and rolled down the window. "I called Jordan, and he won't be coming anymore. Get in."

Madelyn had always been stubborn, so she said indifferently, "Thanks, but I don't want to trouble you. I can take a cab myself."

It did not take the snow long to soak through her wool slippers, and her feet felt a little cold.

"Madelyn Jent, I'm not going to repeat myself. Get in the car!" He said in a stern voice, showing how impatient he was.

A few snowflakes fell on her shoulder and neck, making her feel even colder. However, all of that was nothing compared to the coldness she felt in her heart.

Zach did not even bother to pretend anymore...

Madelyn lowered her gaze and glanced around at the ground. Then, she slowly walked forward and opened the car's rear door.

"At the front. Now," Zach said.

Madelyn knew she had to follow everything he said, so she kept quiet. Then, she walked around the front of the car, sat in the front passenger seat, and buckled her seatbelt.

Chapter 139

Then, they left the apartment compound together.

Madelyn stared out of the car window without speaking to him. She did not know if Zach kept the window half-open on purpose, but the weather made her feel like she was in an ice cellar. However, she refused to say a word and insisted on not speaking to Zach.

She was just stubborn like that. She knew very well that Zach married her because he had other intentions, but she said yes anyway. It was just like the way back home. Although she knew she was walking in the opposite direction, she just would not turn back.

Zach was not very comfortable in the car either, as half of his coat got wet too. They did not speak a word throughout the twenty-minute journey. Madelyn was freezing.

When they arrived at the main entrance of the Southern Haven Villas, Madelyn got out of the car. She noticed a light coming from the gap in the partially drawn curtains in the living room.

She could faintly see a fair hand pressing against the curtain, revealing its silhouette. Madelyn walked close and heard some indescribable sounds from the living room that made her feel embarrassed and uncomfortable.

She turned around and went to a spot where she could stay away from the snow. That place was quiet, and she could not hear any noises anymore.

Zach approached her, and his shoes made a sound as they sank into the snow. "Do you plan to stay here all night?"

Madelyn had no idea where else she could go.

'He didn't do anything when I was mistreated, yet he wants to help me now when I have nowhere to stay. I can never figure out what he's thinking. He could treat me very well at times, but he could also do the complete opposite at other times.

'I always end up getting hurt when I'm with him.'

In a sulky tone, she spoke with a hint of temper. "This is my home, and I have nowhere else to go... Zach, please don't pretend to care for me after hurting me, okay? You should've never appeared in my life in the first place.

"Thank you for sending me here. You can go back now. Leave me alone."

She figured that she had already done everything she could to compensate Jadie for how badly she had treated her back then.

There was only one thing left that she could return to Jadie; her life.

Zach stared at the pitiful crouching figure deeply.

"What a dumbass."

1/2

Then, he left in his car. After that, he picked up his phone and dialed a number.

Margaret was awakened by a phone call in the middle of the night. After realizing who the caller was, she immediately walked out of the house through the back door. She wore her pink thermal underwear with a cotton coat over it. In the freezing weather, she squinted her and saw the pitiful figure huddling in the corner.

eyes

Margaret walked in the heavy snow and hurriedly helped Madelyn up before walking her back into the maid's room.

The maid's room was located behind the villa. It was tiny and had a low ceiling. Margaret quickly grabbed a quilt and draped it over Madelyn. Then, she lit up the stove to warm her up.

“Ms. Jent, it’s already so late. Why don’t you spend the night here? Mr. Jent is probably going to take a while more before he can finish his business.”

Madelyn sipped on the hot tea. She could not believe how easily Margaret spoke of something like that.

It was so embarrassing to her. She almost choked on the tea.

Margaret looked at her and chuckled. “Ms. Jent, I came from the village. This is just the way I speak. I’m not as meticulous, capable, and understanding as Rosario. I’m straightforward, and I say things without thinking thoroughly. Please forgive me.”

Madelyn nodded and looked at the steam coming out from her cup. “It’s fine. I don’t mind.”

Chapter 140

“Look, I’m wide awake now that you’re here. Let’s chew the fat, shall we?”

Madelyn was confused. “Chew the fat? What do

you mean?”

Margaret patted her thigh. “What? You don’t know what that means? Chew the fat means have a chat.”

Madelyn nodded thoughtfully. “What would you like to chat about?”

Then, Margaret said quietly, “I overheard a few things when I went out earlier. I can guarantee that your father is going to have two more children in three years. You’re going to have a little brother very soon.”

Madelyn listened to what Margaret said and was intrigued by her accent. She realized that the way Margaret spoke was open and direct. However, she did not pay much attention to what Margaret was telling her about...

Hayson had several affairs with different women, but he would never want any of them to have his child. Even if something went wrong, he would take care of it discreetly.

A woman in her late twenties once came to their home and caused a scene with a baby in her arms. However, Madelyn never heard anything about her afterward, and that baby just disappeared.

That was the only time that something like that had happened.

A desk lamp lighted their room, and there was a faint smell of burned charcoal. Margaret was snoring loudly, but Madelyn could not sleep at all due to the pain in her arm from what happened last night.

She dozed off in the tiny bed for a while, and the sun had risen by the time she woke up. Madelyn got out of bed carefully without waking Margaret up. She covered herself with the quilt and went outside quietly.

It had snowed all night, and there was a thick layer of snow outside. Her wool slippers were already dried. She put them on and felt a bit warmer. Then, she tiptoed around the backdoor, ensuring no one knew she had come home last night.

The house's main door was opened, and the maid was cleaning up the mess from last night. All the maids greeted Madelyn as soon as they saw her, "Good morning, Ms. Jent."

Madelyn nodded and went inside, only to be met with an unpleasant smell.

She frowned and quickly went upstairs.

She went into the bathroom to clean herself up while avoiding the wound. As she tried to wipe the marks on her neck, she could not help but recall how the two men assaulted her, and

away

Zach just stood there without helping. He did that just because she went to an art exhibition with Ethan. He misunderstood her and thought that she wanted to get herself out of her

current predicament with the help of the Arnold family. This misconception drove him to teach her a lesson.

Madelyn could not imagine what Zach would actually do to her if she really had something going on with Ethan. She wondered if he would drug her and defile her again.

Zach would never allow her a chance to escape; he would do everything in his power to keep her by his side.

Madelyn huddled in the bathtub while resting her injured hand on the edge. Half of her face was submerged in the water. When she was about to drown, she slowly sat up. She realized she could not keep running forever; she needed to do something.

Splash! Madelyn got out of the bathtub with water dripping from her body. Then, she put on a bathrobe.

She figured that she needed money before she could leave the Jent family.

She decided not to go back to sleep. Instead, she changed into the uniform of Ventrocloud High School. Then, she put on a cashmere coat and wore a red scarf around her neck before going downstairs while carrying her backpack. She could not attend several training classes because her hand was injured, so she took a leave and went to her high school instead.