

## Rewritten 16

### Chapter 16

Madelyn was grateful that her past-self had nurtured a love for learning, for otherwise she might not have had the courage to leave the classroom to study in the library. With her current knowledge, she was confident she could tackle high school exam questions, securing a spot in a decent university, and with a bit more determination, perhaps even in a top-tier institution. Her liberal arts subjects were solid, but her grasp of sciences and mathematics was shaky. Alas, there were simply not enough hours in the day to focus on these subjects—after school, she still had to attend cooking and piano classes.

Seated by the floor-to-ceiling window in the library, Madelyn appeared despondent. Annoyed, she absentmindedly ran her fingers through her hair. Mulling over her problems seemed like a waste of time when she could be memorizing more vocabulary words. Brushing aside her nagging thoughts, she returned her focus to the task at hand. The library was usually quiet, frequented by only a handful of students from Class One and Class Two. During class hours, she was practically alone apart from the librarian. This suited Madelyn perfectly—she had always enjoyed her own company.

Meanwhile, someone emerged from the teacher's office. Spotting Madelyn through a second-floor window, the person snapped a quick picture and promptly posted it to a popular online forum under a pinned thread.

[Look! Madelyn's hiding from Forrest in the library.]

In less than a minute, a response came: [Ha, good for Forrest! He managed to drive her away. Now we won't have to put up with her in class anymore.]

Another chimed in: [Mark my words, she'll be back in two days.]

Someone replied to this with [No chance.]

[Why not?]

[Because... Forrest just threw all of her desk and chair out to the classroom doorway. The janitor has already carted it off—probably to be sold as scrap.]

Accompanying the comment were photos of Madelyn's textbooks discarded in a trash bin, covered in an unidentified nauseating substance.

Meanwhile, Madelyn was oblivious to the discussion taking place online about her. Having finished her practice tests, she was preparing to head back. As she was exiting the library, a text arrived on her phone: [Don't come back right now.]

She slowed her pace, perplexed, and texted back: [What's happened?]

The reply came swiftly: [You should check the school forum.]

A wave of foreboding washed over Madelyn. She seldom paid attention to school gossip, but this time she decided to check the school forum. Top threads revealed photos of her desk, along with her practice books, thrown into a trash bin. Her lunch box, which had been in her drawer, was seen kicked into a corner. The lunch box had been a gift from Rosario, who had also painstakingly hand-sewn the accompanying bag. With determination mounting in her stride, Madelyn set off toward the classroom.

After a moment, someone stood up, spotting a figure approaching in the distance. "She's here. Madelyn's here."

"I can't believe she has the nerve to come back," someone snickered.

"Oh, this is going to be good. She's going to lose it," another added.

"Who does she think she is, strutting around like that?" yet another chimed in.

Forrest, who had been dozing off, angrily hurled a book across the room. "Shut up! Keep yapping and I'll throw you all out!"

Instantly, silence fell. Forrest saw the approaching figure through the back door. All eyes in the room turned, eager for the show about to unfold. They all wanted to see Madelyn's mortified face as she confronted Forrest, then got put in her place.

Madelyn appeared at the back of the classroom, but she was not visibly angry as they expected. She did not seek out Forrest but walked calmly to the trash bin to retrieve her comical lunch box, dusting off the dirt. She unzipped the lunch box to check for damages when suddenly, she let out a piercing scream. A bloody rat tumbled out from the lunch box she dropped to the floor. Madelyn turned pale with fright, her body trembling. Seeing her afraid, the class erupted into laughter—the prank had worked.

Still chuckling, someone pounded the desk. “I’m dying, just look at her!”

Serena held a book in her hand. Despite her concern for Madelyn, she did not dare to speak up. She pretended to read, avoiding eye contact. Nobody dared to cross Forrest, not even the principal, who treated him like a VIP.

Just then, the class teacher walked in with a book in hand. Jasmine Manning’s curious gaze lingered on Madelyn before she retracted it, opening her book.

“Enough, you little brats! Bullying classmates again? We’re nearing the final exams—can’t you focus? This class is falling behind. Madelyn, what are you standing there for? Hurry back to your seat. Class is starting.”

She picked up her phone, pretending to check the time, then subtly snapped a photo of the scene and quickly sent it to a contact with a black silhouette as the profile picture.

Madelyn turned around and silently observed the mature, confident woman. Her attire hinted at a mature sexiness. After her reincarnation, seeing Jasmine again, Madelyn regarded her with an unreadable gaze. This woman was not just her class teacher but was also destined to become her future stepmother—the only woman who managed to marry into the Jent family from Hayson’s harem.

And the connection between Jasmine and Zach was intriguingly complicated—unclear but suggestive. How suggestive? In her previous life, not long after Jasmine arrived, Hayson mysteriously died within three years. Even the doctors could not determine the cause of death. On the day of Hayson’s funeral, Madelyn had seen Jasmine emerge from Zach’s room.

Madelyn frowned slightly at the thought.

'Zach is truly formidable, managing to manipulate any woman he wants.'