

## Rewritten 171

### Chapter 171

At the entrance, Ethan suddenly thought of something, and told Leyton, "Ask someone from the Young family to get the medicinal cream for sprains and take it to the backyard."

"Okay." Leyton replied. He had no idea what had happened, but he asked a maid to bring the cream to the backyard before he left.

The music by the pool was loud.

Timothy suddenly saw a familiar figure nearby walking toward him. He looked carefully and thought, 'Isn't that Forrest? Who's that woman he's carrying on his shoulder? Damn, he just hit legal age and he's already so wild. Don't tell me he's already lost his virginity?!!

Upon hearing the woman's voice, Timothy was shocked, "Damn!"

It was Madelyn's voice.

'I'd recognize that voice anywhere,' he thought.

Forrest put Madelyn down on the chair, "You're as heavy as a damn pig. Can you eat less?"

"It's not like I ate your food!" Madelyn responded.

Her stomach began to churn right after she said that, and suddenly, she turned around and puked out everything she had eaten today along with some bitter bile all over Timothy's shirt.

Before she came, she had not been hungry, so she had not eaten dinner. Now after she vomited, her stomach cramped.

“Ah! Madelyn, you puked on me. I’m gonna kill you.” Timothy yelled.

Timothy closed his eyes, not daring to look for fear of throwing up too.

‘How disgusting.’ Timothy thought.

Forrest noticed Madelyn had finished vomiting and immediately lifting her up by the scruff of her neck. His gaze turned towards Timothy, who had vomit all over him, and he glared at him in disgust.

He snapped, “Why are you still sitting here? Get lost now! Don’t disgust me.”

Timothy was furious, “What are you blaming me for?”

“Get lost!” Forrest snapped again.

Timothy immediately went to clean himself up.

At the same time, a maid came over holding the medicinal cream, “Excuse me, miss, do you need this cream?”

Madelyn felt apologetic as she just puked. She had not intended to, but she felt much better after doing so.

She shook her head, “I... didn’t ask for it...”

The maid responded, “A gentleman instructed me to give it to you. He said you got a sprain.”

Madelyn shook her head again, “Sorry. I did sprain my leg, but it’s probably not meant for me. You should try asking someone else.”

Forrest took the cream over, "Someone offered you a medical cream and you refused it. Are you stupid?"

He thought, 'I noticed him in the backyard garden earlier. Who else would care so much about her besides him? How clever she is. Ethan's such a difficult person to deal with, but she still managed to make him care for her.'

Madelyn could only watch as Forrest unexpectedly knelt down in front of her.

"What the hell are you doing?!"

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Forrest grabbed Madelyn's ankle before she could pull her leg away.

He lifted his head, "Are you blind? I'm trying to apply the cream on you." His tone was so rude that she wondered if she had misheard him.

She pondered, 'He wants to help apply the medical cream on me? I don't believe it. There's no way that a person who nearly choked me to death at school would be kind enough to apply medicine to me. Who knows if the medicine is safe or not?'

'I've already learned my lesson the hard way once, and that's enough. Back then, whenever someone showed me a little kindness, I'd just naively accept it.'

Forrest had already squeezed out the cream onto his palm. He was about to rub it on Madelyn's swollen ankle, but Madelyn immediately pulled her foot back.

She mumbled, "I-I'm fine. I don't need the cream."

She was afraid that he was planning to do something bad to her. She held onto the armrests of the chair, wanting to get up and leave.

Forrest slightly raised an eyebrow as he stood up. He casually lowered his head and grabbed a tissue from the side to wipe the cream off his hand while watching Madelyn.

As soon as she tried to take a step forward, she felt a sharp pain in her ankle, causing her to fall

back down.

"You're so damn stubborn. If you don't want my help, forget it!" Forrest threw the crumpled tissue away with a cold expression.

At that moment, a clear voice could be heard from nearby, "Forrest? What are you doing here?!"

Madelyn looked in the direction of the voice and saw Yvonne rushing over in an elegant dress. Madelyn noticed the disdain and hatred in Yvonne's eyes when she looked at Forrest, as if she was looking at a sworn enemy. It was the same kind of look that Madelyn herself had experienced from everyone in Class Six. She had never thought that Forrest would be looked at

in that way.

After all, he was arrogant and rebellious.

Yvonne caringly asked Madelyn, "Are you okay? Are you injured?"

Madelyn shook her head, "I'm fine!"

Right after Madelyn said that Yvonne crossed her arms and instantly spoke with an air of authority, "Forrest... I've said before that our family doesn't welcome you. Please leave immediately!"

When Adrian saw that, he quickly stopped chatting with his friends. He put down the glass of alcohol before approaching Yvonne. He pulled her aside and said, "Yvonne, your mother invited him to the party."

“Why would my mom invite this kind of person to my birthday party?”

Forrest smirked. There was a hint of mockery in his eyes as he slowly said, “What, you got a problem with me?”

He continued, “I love seeing that angry look on your face knowing no matter how much you hate me, you can’t do anything to me.”

“You’re right, I do have a problem with you! I Even just looking at you disgusts me! How shameless of you to show up here. Get lost right now!” Yvonne yelled at him.

Just then, Frida came down from the study. The butler saw what was happening and was about to interfere. After all, many guests were present, and it would be embarrassing if they saw this

scene.

Frida faintly said, “It’s just a few kids quarreling. You don’t have to interfere. Carry on with your work!”

“Okay, madam.”

Frida was not in a hurry to leave and watched the situation instead, indifferently staring at Yvonne. She thought, ‘Her eyes do look like mine...’

Adrian frowned, “Yvonne, that’s enough!”

“Let go of me!” Yvonne shook off his grasp and continued, “What’s the matter? Did I say something wrong? If you didn’t hear it clearly, I’ll say it again. Listen carefully! Our family doesn’t welcome you, the son of a homewrecker! You’re as cheap as your sick mother, both shamelessly refusing to leave!

“Get lost!”

In a moment of silence, a terrifying aura emanated from Forrest.

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Everyone held their breath as a few seconds passed.

Only Yvonne could have dared to talk to Forrest like that.

Everyone thought Forrest would angrily beat Yvonne up, but he did not. Instead, he just chuckled, eyes bloodshot with anger. Yvonne felt creeped out when she saw him behaving that

way.

Forrest calmly smiled as he said, "Your mother is even worse. Do you really think she's a good person?"

Yvonne, "What the hell are you talking about?!"

With those thought-provoking words, he turned around and walked away, not looking back.

Madelyn ignored their conversation and kept her head low, lost in thought.

"Stop! Stop right there, you bastard!" Yvonne yelled at Forrest.

Adrian glanced worriedly at Forrest.

Frida stood nearby for quite a while. With the wind blowing at her, the intoxication from alcohol had gradually worn off, and she soon sobered up. She had heard the entire conversation earlier.

'Could it be? Does he know something?'

Frida frowned and walked down the steps in her high heels. "Yvonne! Why are you causing a scene in front of so many of your schoolmates?"

Upon hearing her mother's voice, Yvonne immediately fell silent and lowered her head, afraid of being scolded.

Frida had arranged many lessons for Yvonne on etiquette and social skills, but she had learned nothing even after attending the classes for more than half a year. The tens of thousands of dollars spent had all gone to waste.

Yvonne looked like a child who had been caught doing something wrong as she meekly responded, "It's nothing, mom." She tried to casually brush it off.

"Who's this?" Frida looked at the person on the chair at the side.

Madelyn noticed she was being looked at. She responded, "I..."

Yvonne immediately interrupted, "Mom, I'll go back to my room to open the gifts now. You guys have fun here."

She could not wait to see what gift the man had bought her.

Frida smirked and shook her head fondly, saying, "When will she ever change? She didn't even bother to greet her schoolmates when they arrived."

The butler walked toward Frida and whispered something in her ears before quickly being dismissed.

The bystanders who had been watching the scene gradually dispersed, as if nothing had happened.

Adrian gently asked, "Are you okay?"

Madelyn shook her head, "I'm fine."

"Are you still mad at Forrest?"

'Obviously.' Madelyn thought but kept it to herself and remained silent.

Adrian continued, "You Jents are so annoying. Madelyn, stop thinking you're so damn innocent. Think about what you and the Jent family have done. Forry's just seeking revenge on behalf of others. An eye for an eye, Madelyn. You're not as innocent as you think."

He took his hand out of his pocket and lightly touched the medical cream with his fingertips, Your foot is injured, remember to have a maid apply the cream for you. Take care of yourself."

## Chapter 174

In the past, Madelyn had been cruel and willful, often taking the lead in bullying others. However, ever since Forrest had appeared, she had gradually become isolated and had finally ended up being bullied instead.

Madelyn was aware of her past sins, and could not justify what she had done...

She thought, 'Seems like this party didn't go well. My relationship with Yvonne is just superficial. She's probably using me to get closer to Zach, and I want to set her up with Zach so that I can leave him and the Jent family. Either way, I have to maintain this relationship.'

It was getting late, and colder as well. Her scarf could no longer keep her from shivering. She asked the Young family's maid to get her the medical cream for sprains and rubbed it on her ankle. Half an hour later, the swelling reduced.

At that moment, someone approached her, "Miss, is this your phone?"



Madelyn, "Yes, please help me put it on the table. I can't do that now. Thank you."

The maid said, "Your phone was ringing earlier."

"Got it." Her dress had no pocket. So, she put her phone in the box at the entrance when she came in.

Madelyn was curious about who would call her at this hour.

She wiped her hand before grabbing her phone. Coincidentally, the person called again, but she did not answer it and put it aside, waiting for it to hang up automatically.

There were text messages too.

[Why haven't you gone back yet?]

[Is your foot feeling better?]

[Do you need me to ask Leyton to pick you up?]

[Madelyn, reply to my texts...]

Madelyn did not feel any emotion looking at those texts. Such caring messages might have warmed someone else's heart but not hers. She felt like she was constantly being watched and

monitored.

She could imagine Ethan's tone and expression while he said those words to her.

Madelyn did not want to have to report to him at all times about what she was doing. She did not want to be stuck having to do everything according to his wishes either. She hated it.

Most people around her had left. Yvonne had only shown herself once, and Madelyn had not seen her come downstairs after she went upstairs.

Madelyn carefully put on her shoes. It was almost eleven, and she was planning to leave, and almost everyone else in the hall had left too.

Frida was seeing off the guests at the door...

"I loved your gift very much. In exchange, I'll forgive you for what happened last time. But if you're free, how about treating me to a meal tomorrow? What do you say... Mister?"

The young girl was wearing the latest high-end perfume. Its strong scent was somewhat uncomfortable. It had been a birthday gift from Kevin to Yvonne, a limited-edition item that had cost over a thousand dollars.

Zach lifted his wrist to check the time. His eyes were gloomy as he emotionlessly said, "Ms. Young, it's great that you like it."

Zach then noticed Jadie covering her mouth as she yawned. He asked, "Are you tired?"

Jadie, "I'm fine."

Zach, "About that meal, you can meet me whenever you're free. It's late, so I'll send Jadie home now. Goodbye!"

Yvonne pursed her lips as she looked at Jadie. She replied to Zach, "Okay then! I'll come and find you after school tomorrow. You promised to treat me to a meal. Don't back out! Whoever backs out is a chicken!"

Zach nodded slightly, "Sure."

Jadie held Zach's hand as they left the banquet hall.

The wind lifted the hem of her dress. She quickly felt a chill. She then wrapped herself tighter with Zach's jacket.

"Zach... I think she likes you."

Jadie stared unwaveringly at Zach, not wanting to miss any of his facial expressions.

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However, Zach was very good at hiding his feelings and would never show his emotions. Sometimes, Jadie could not guess what he was really thinking.

Zach just coldly responded, "You're overthinking it. Get in the car."

He opened the front passenger door.

When Jadie was looking at him, she saw Madelyn who also walked out of the main door. Jadie thought, 'She came!'

Madelyn was limping with the help of a maid.

Zach walked around the front of the car and got into the driver's seat. When the car engine started, Jadie pressed the window button to close the window.

Madelyn thanked the maid, "You can go back now. My family's driver will be here very soon."

"Okay. Be careful on your way back."

"Sure. Thank you." Madelyn smiled.

Madelyn left her jacket in Jordan's car. She stood in the cold wind shivering and hugging herself, looking at the ground.

Suddenly, Ethan appeared in front of her, and wrapped her in his black jacket. Madelyn stared at him in surprise. She trembled and was stunned for a few seconds before mumbling, "W- Why are you here?"

"I saw a silly girl walk carelessly and sprain her foot. She even furiously scolded someone! I was worried, so I wanted to come back and see her. Unexpectedly, as soon as I returned, I saw a freezing

little girl."

The man looked at Madelyn with a gentle expression.

Madelyn thought, 'So, he saw everything that happened.'

She had not seen him at the time.

"So, it was you who asked someone to pass me the medical cream?"

"Is your foot feeling better?" Ethan casually grabbed her freezing hand.

Madelyn was overwhelmed as she pursed her lips. She withdrew her hand and put it behind her back, "I feel a lot better. You didn't have to come back here. Jordan will be here very soon."

Speaking of the devil, a car could be seen approaching. Madelyn felt relieved as if she saw her savior.

"I have to go back now. You should go home and rest too!"

When she was about to leave, she suddenly felt her wrist being strongly grabbed. She looked at him in panic and saw the hurt in his eyes. Ethan said, "Madelyn, you haven't been replying to my texts or returning my calls for the past few days. Are you avoiding me? Please tell me why."

Jordan had already stopped the car. It seemed like Ethan would not let Madelyn go if she did not give him an explanation. Madelyn emotionlessly responded, "I'm not avoiding you. I've been busy studying recently. I haven't been using my phone for a long time."

Ethan knew she was lying but did not expose her. He noticed Madelyn seemed worried and scared about something and loosened his grip.

"Is someone threatening you? Did someone do something to you or....say something horrible?"

"No." Madelyn looked uneasy.

She was not sure if it was her imagination, but she felt someone secretly watching her. Although she could not feel that person's presence, she could sense their oppressiveness.

"Ethan, let's stop wasting our time here, okay? I'm really cold. If you have something to say, can we talk about it some other time? I have a lot of pressure from focusing on my studies now. I can't afford to waste my time and energy on anything else."

She wondered, 'Why's he acting this way?! Does he like me? Is this really how one acts when they like someone? He's overly possessive. He always wants to control me, know where I am and what I'm doing! Am I not allowed to have any freedom at all? Am I not allowed to ignore his calls or not reply to his texts? We're still just friends, after all.'

Madelyn felt that she had to set things straight.

“Ethan...”

## Chapter 176

Madelyn was interrupted. “Madelyn, I’m just worried about you. What am I doing that you don’t like? Just tell me, and I’ll definitely change my ways!!

The tattooed hand stroked her head as his eyes fell upon her. Madelyn was not sure if it was an

illusion, but she could see a trace of panic in his eyes.

Every time he made such an expression, her heart would inevitably soften and she would feel guilt for upsetting him and speaking to him like that.

Madelyn did not know where to look. She knew that she was just being overly sensitive to her surroundings, her self-preservation instincts reacting too strongly.

“I... I’m so... sorry...” Madelyn was mumbling as she tugged her hair. “I should be going back. Rest well. Good night.”

Madelyn did not know how to tell him that the problem was not him. He was fine as he was!

She was the problem.....

Ethan never got to respond to her “good night” as she fled from him as if avoiding a raging beast, her black flowing skirt creating a beautiful arc as she went.

Madelyn took a deep breath as she tried to calm herself down. By the time she came to her senses, she realized she was still wearing his coat. There was a faint minty fragrance coming.

from it, Ethan's familiar scent.

As she thought of him, Madelyn became upset. She pulled out her phone, not knowing what to do to alleviate the pain she caused him with her words earlier.

A few minutes later, there was a notification on her phone.

It was a message from him, just a simple [Good night.]

Madelyn's heart sank. The better he treated her, the more she condemned herself deep down inside.

The black Cayenne slowly followed behind the car, keeping a safe distance. After waiting for a moment, his phone did not light back up, his lips pursed tightly as a sense of dejection came him. The sense of the past seemed to come rushing back to him as he felt that that same feeling from the past was making a return and he was afraid he could not control it...

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Inside another Audi, Jadie softly reminded Zach, "Zach, when are we leaving?"

She lowered the car window as a breeze blew in, cooling the car's interior.

Zach's face was emotionless as he stepped on the accelerator, overtook the car in front and quickly left.

"Pass me the medicine." A low, rumbling voice rang out, clearly in pain.

George quickly took out a white medicine bottle from the car locker and passed a bottle of water over as well. "Master Ethan, do we need to contact Dr. Martin? It's been quite a while. since you last paid him a visit."

Dr. Martin was Ethan's personal psychologist. Ethan suffered from severe bipolar disorder, and when his mental illness struck it was very difficult for him to control his behavior. He was liable to do some unpredictable things.

"No need." Ethan swallowed the pills as he closed his eyes. He could feel the pain in his legs and used that pain to numb himself.

He knew that Madelyn was avoiding him, but he could not figure out why, seeing as how they had only met a few times before. He tried not to think too much about it.

By the time Madelyn arrived at the Southern Haven Villa, it was almost midnight. It was Jordan who woke her up.

Madelyn woke up groggily as she got down from the car with Ethan's coat on her shoulders. As she walked through the door, she caught a whiff of food.

"Zach, the gnocchi is almost ready."

It was Jadie's voice, she was busy cooking in the kitchen.

Madelyn lowered her head; her tired eyes struggling to stay open. Normally, she would be asleep by eleven, and had not expected to be so worn out attending a banquet.

Jadie brought out the cooked raviolis and noticed that Zach was not in the living room. He had disappeared in the blink of an eye.

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Zach had gone to take a call.



Jadie happened to see the person coming back. "Madelyn, I made some gnocchi, do you want to have some?"

Madelyn shook her head and said weakly. "No need, you can have it. I'm going to bed."

She held the handrail and went back to her room. After confirming the door was shut, she untied her shoulder straps and her dress slid down her body as she stepped barefoot on the carpet and walked into the shower.

Half an hour later, she got out of the bathroom, dried her hair, put on her pajamas and threw herself onto her bed. She did not even put away the clothes on the ground and just left them in a messy pile.

All the while, a men's coat was hanging neatly on the hanger.

In the middle of the night, her phone by the bedside table lit up. She was deep asleep, and in her dreams, she saw a silhouette, its eyes deep and cold.

The next morning, Madelyn's biological clock woke her up on time at 7:30 in the morning.

While she was brushing her teeth in the bathroom, she recalled the scene as she stepped into the door after she came back last night...

She had been too tired and had simply just left her skirt on the floor. When she woke up, her skirt was gone and also her pajamas....

Could it be? What she had seen last night..had it not been a dream?

Madelyn did not know what to think. She felt nauseous as she vomited violently into the toilet bowl.

Margaret was holding the clothes basket as she walked past and heard the commotion inside. the room. She put her ears on the door and heard the noise instead, so she knocked. "Miss Madelyn? Miss Madelyn... Are you alright?"

It took more than ten minutes before Madelyn opened the door.

“What?” The voice was cold and distant.

Seeing Madelyn’s bloodshot eyes, Margaret was shocked.

“Oh, good heavens, what happened to you? Did you not sleep well last night? Anyway, breakfast is ready, so go downstairs and eat. It’ll get cold otherwise.”

“You don’t have to bother me just for that.” Madelyn said as she slammed the door shut.

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Having the door closed on her face, Margaret twitched her lips as she shook her head and said to herself. “What’s wrong with her? Everyone in this family sure has strange tempers!

Madelyn stood and looked out of the window. She was waiting for Zach and Jadie to leave before going downstairs.

After she went downstairs, Madelyn asked Margaret to contact a professional locksmith to install a separate sliding lock on her door. She had endured Zach again and again, but yet he still overstepped her boundaries.

“What was he trying to do, coming into my room?”

Madelyn arrived at class just as class was about to start. Everyone had gone back late from the banquet last night, and aside from her with dark eyebags, everyone else was focusing on answering the mock test questions.

Amidst the intense learning atmosphere, Madelyn quickly sat down and started working on yesterday’s remaining questions.

Yvonne walked towards her and said, "I'm sorry, Madelyn. I was too busy yesterday and couldn't accompany you much. Did you have fun?"

A faint smile appeared at the corners of Madelyn's mouth. "Yeah, it wasn't that boring, and the desserts were delicious."

"If you like them, I can bring you some tomorrow. What do you like? Ah, screw that, I'll bring you some of each tomorrow!!!

"No need. Next time then." Madelyn said, working on another question. "Since you're looking for me so early in the morning, there has to be something you want. What's up?"

Madelyn knew how Yvonne thought. The latter would not be nice to her for no reason and would not come looking for her unless she wanted something.

Yvonne said, "There's actually two things. First, our Maths Olympiad teacher saw your results. and wanted to give you a chance to join the team, provided you pass your exams. The second thing is....

Please accompany me for dinner with your brother!"

Madelyn was left speechless.

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Madelyn rubbed her pen as she pondered. "The dinner between Yvonne and Zach..."

Yvonne then whispered for help again. "Madelyn, just accompany me, okay? Otherwise, I won't know what to say, and it'll be super awkward! You're his little sister, the atmosphere will be more relaxed with you around. How about this? As long as you promise me this, you can leave the matter of entering the Maths Olympiad team to me."

The class bell rang.

“I’ll think about it. Zach is usually busy, and I don’t know whether he’ll have time or not.”

Yvonne then said happily, “Don’t you worry, as long I ask him, he won’t dare to refuse me. So, with that settled, join us for dinner later. I’ll head back first then!”

Her eyes were full of affection and admiration towards Zach that she could not hide.

Madelyn looked at the test paper on her table and her mind went blank as she was lost in thought. Suddenly, she felt something hit her back and pulled her back to reality. Madelyn turned around and saw the book on the table behind her had fallen onto the ground. She bent down to pick it up and handed it back to the student behind her.

“Who asked for your help? Busybody,” Danny snapped harshly.

Madelyn frowned but did not say anything.

After the fourth class of the morning, Yvonne dragged Madelyn over to the canteen to have lunch.

Madelyn was eating slowly. Back then, Rosario would pack meals for her, so she rarely ate at the canteen. She ordered a few of her favorite dishes and ate them. Even when she forced herself to eat, she could only eat a little.

Yvonne was seemingly entranced by Zach, as she sent him a flood of messages. “Why isn’t he responding!? What’s he up to at this hour, Madelyn? It’s noon, so he should be having his lunch break now, right?”

Madelyn was having her baked beans and took a mouthful before putting down her fork. She was still not used to such food, and pulled out a napkin to wipe her mouth.

"I don't know what he does at work, but based on what I know of him, he should still be in a meeting right now. Eat up first, the food won't taste as good once it gets cold."

At the Azure Company office, Zach sat on the main seat as he listened to the summary reports from various departments. His sleeves were rolled up as he twirled a pen in his fingers. His sharp eyes were dark and cold, and his presence domineering.

When he heard the marketing manager's report, his eyes squinted as he immediately called out the latter.

"What I want to hear are the main points," Zach said as he tossed the documents back. "If your next report is still like this, you can clear off your desk."

The marketing manager shuddered at his gaze. "Yes, yes sir. I'll fix it up right away."

"Continue." Zach said.

After Zach took over the company, everyone in the company had to follow his pace. After every half-hour-long meeting, all of the upper management needed to digest everything within a week and not many could keep pace with him.

He was rather annoyed by the faulty air conditioning in the room and undid two of his shirt buttons. Just as the project manager was halfway through, Zach's phone on the table suddenly vibrated.

Zach picked up his phone, glanced at the calling number and quickly declined the call without as much as reaction. He then opened the message box and saw more than a dozen messages inside it. He only gave it a glance before putting down the phone and turning it to silent mode.

After walking out of the canteen, Yvonne still had not gotten any response from Zach, and she kicked a stone by the side in frustration. "What the hell is he doing? Why isn't he responding? His meeting should be over already. Madelyn, give me your phone!"

“He won’t answer,” Madelyn said impassively.

“We won’t know if we don’t try. Come on, I’ll call him with your phone!”

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Madelyn had no choice but to hand her phone to Yvonne. She did not feel like joining them for dinner, but this might be her chance to matchmake the two, so she had to bite the bullet and agree.

Yvonne held the phone by her ear and twirled her hair as she waited anxiously. Unexpectedly, someone picked up within a few seconds.

“What’s the matter, Madelyn?” asked Zach’s husky voice from the end of the line.

Yvonne’s heart sank a little after hearing his words. She said with slight annoyance, “This isn’t your sister. It’s me!”

“Ms. Young? What’s the matter?”

Yvonne could tell his voice had immediately turned cold. It was clear he treated them differently.

“Zach, didn’t you see all those texts I sent you?! Didn’t we agree that you’d take me out for dinner?”

Yvonne heard another woman’s voice on the phone, “Are you done with your meeting, Mr. Jardin? Your meal has been sent to your office ”

Zach nodded slightly while Kevin updated him about his upcoming schedule. Then, the two entered the elevator one after another.

“Alright. What time tonight?”

Yvonne bit her lip.

'It seems like I really have misunderstood him. I thought he was purposefully ignoring my calls,' she thought.

She said a little apologetically, "You haven't eaten yet? Go and eat, then! When do you get off work? Madelyn and I will go to you! We'll decide what to eat tonight."

"Okay," replied Zach.

"I'll be hanging up now. I'll...see you tonight!"

"Mhm."

Zach waited for her to hang up and asked Kevin about his schedule for the night.

"You're having drinks with the chairman of the Baustoffe Corporation tonight at seven

o'clock," replied Kevin.

Zach said, "Turn it down."

"Yes, sir."

Madelyn's last class in the afternoon was a free period, so she went to a classroom in the teaching and learning building. Albert Newton, a man in his thirties, was the teacher in charge of the Olympiad Mathematics team. As soon as Madelyn arrived, she was called to a different classroom.

Moments later, Albert called for another student. It was Danny Murdoch, the boy who sat behind Madelyn in class. Danny sat down in the first seat at the door.

Albert walked up to the podium and took out two sets of test papers from a document bag,

“I’ll tell you the rules once. It’s really simple; the person who scores the highest stays. The questions were modified based on the questions from the past two years, so they’re pretty much the same. Do your best.”

“Understood, sir,” replied Madelyn.

Albert distributed the test papers and handed them two drafting papers each. Then, he sat on the podium and oversaw the test.

The test duration was an hour and a half, but Albert only came up with half a test worth of questions to save time. The more complex questions had the most marks.

Madelyn habitually did the more complex questions first. To her, the questions in the front. section were relatively simple.

Madelyn did not necessarily have to be on the Olympiad Mathematics team, but she figured having multiple options would be good for her current situation. At the very least, she would still have the right to make choices.

Madelyn took an hour and fifteen minutes to complete the test and another five minutes to check her answers. After making sure there were no mistakes, she handed in the test paper. It was hard for her not to notice Yvonne, who kept on poking her head at the door. If she had not appeared, Madelyn would have forgotten about their dinner together.

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Madelyn called Jordan and asked him to send Jadie home first. Then, she and Yvonne went straight to Zach’s company in Yvonne’s private car.



Compared to YTCorp run by the Young family, the Jent family was insignificant and humble. YT Tower was located in the city center and worth several hundred million. In the future, its value would likely increase over tenfold.

Whether Zach married into the Young family or vice versa, it would be a win-win situation for him regardless.

In the car, the driver rolled up the partition. Yvonne had already changed out of her school uniform and was applying lip gloss in front of a mirror. She let down her hair and turned to Madelyn, "Do I look good?"

Madelyn had an unreadable look in her eyes. She asked tentatively with an inexplicable feeling in her chest, "Do you... Do you really like my brother?"

Yvonne nodded unabashedly.

"Of course I do. Why else would I go to such lengths to meet him?" she said with a sparkle in her eyes.

"Do you not mind that he's eight years older than you? By the time you finish college, he'll be close to thirty. Meanwhile, you'll still be in your prime. You might meet someone better than him in the next few years. I think you should think about this a little more and not jump into things this quickly!"

Yvonne tutted disdainfully.

"Well, he's pretty old, then. But it's just eight years, so it's fine. My parents are twelve years apart, and they get along pretty well. My dad listens to everything my mom says. Anyway, I haven't really thought that far ahead. At least I like him now, but I might stop liking him in the future. Besides, I've never met a man who doesn't care about me at all."

She grabbed Madelyn and continued, "Madelyn, did you know? He's the first person who's dared to tell me off. He knows I'm from the Young family, but he doesn't curry favor with me nor go along with my wishes like others do. All my life, the people around me have been shallow and insincere. All of them are after my status or the Young family's money, and I'm so tired of all that."

Madelyn was speechless.

Yvonne asked again, "Does my dress look nice? Will I be cold?"

Madelyn looked thoughtfully at Yvonne.

'Yvonne's so innocent and energetic. She doesn't know what Zach is really like, so how would

she know he hasn't planned all of this? He may have even planned their encounter. Playing hard to get isn't something only women do well; it's also something he's really skilled at.'

She lamented, 'All the women are head over heels for him. He tramples on their feelings after they give him their all. He will never love a person, or perhaps he already loves somebody. One will eventually fall to their demise if they fall in love with him...'

However, Madelyn figured this was Yvonne's choice, and she had no right to interfere. Besides, Yvonne would not listen to her and would just assume she was trying to sow discord.

She thought again, 'Love is blind, after all. No room for rationality, you'll blindly follow through even if you know it's wrong.'

Madelyn said, "He doesn't like..."

"Hmm? What doesn't he like?" Yvonne was still looking in the mirror and fixing her hair.

"Your makeup is too heavy. Zach won't like it."

'We're both using each other; since she wants to be with Zach, I'll help her. I'm doing this for both her sake and my own,' she thought.

“Huh? What should I do, then?” Yvonne quickly grabbed a tissue and wiped off her lip gloss and eye makeup.

“Here. Let me help you.”

Madelyn wiped off the makeup on Yvonne’s face and put on some light and elegant-looking makeup on her. Yvonne was already pretty and pleasing to look at naturally, so light makeup

suited her better.

“Will he really like this?”

Madelyn covered the eyebrow pencil and returned it to Yvonne.

“Zach’s slow to warm up and doesn’t know how to make a girl happy. He’s like a block of ice that needs to be melted. Yvonne, if my brother does anything wrong, don’t get mad at him.”

“Don’t worry! I’ve never failed to get anything I want, including your brother.”

Madelyn hoped Yvonne would get what she wanted.

The office area of Azure Corporation consisted of the thirty-second and thirty-third floors of Skyrise Tower. Zach had moved his office together with his lounge and meeting room to the thirty-fourth floor. He had over a hundred employees.