

Rewritten 19

Chapter 19

Madelyn had not seen Zach's messages. Right now, there was not a single part of her body that did not ache, the pain piercing to her very bones. Through the haze, she could vaguely make out the hum of voices around her.

"Lucky she was brought in when she was, or the outcome could have been unthinkable. Her fractured ribs have been reset. For the next few days, it's best that she doesn't leave the bed. A few days in hospital would be prudent..."

There was a moment of silence.

"Also, in terms of her diet, try to keep things light."

"Alright, thank you, doctor."

As the doctor departed, the man in the suit's phone started to ring. The bodyguard promptly answered, respectfully addressing the caller.

"How is she?" The young voice from the other end was icy.

The bodyguard relayed Madelyn's condition in meticulous detail. "That's the situation, Miss Jent is out of danger now."

"Find out who did this, quietly. Don't alert anyone. In three days, bring me the culprit, whoever it is. They will pay."

"And how do you intend to handle this?"

"I'll take care of it."

“Okay.”

Once the call ended, Madelyn thought she heard Ethan’s voice. But after a moment, his voice faded again. Consciousness did not hold her for long, and she slipped back into unconsciousness. By the time Madelyn awoke again, three days had passed. Her injuries were severe. Several ribs broken, her wrist slashed, blood pooling around her, a severe blow to her head. When she was found, she was on the verge of shock. If she had not been discovered, she would have either died from the pain or bled to death.

At 10.00 pm in the evening, Madelyn’s thoughts drifted. In her haze, she heard the sound of sobbing close by.

“My poor child...”

Madelyn’s fingers twitched, her initially blurry vision gradually cleared, and she uttered in a weak voice, “Rosario... I... it hurts!”

The pain felt like every organ in her body had been smashed, her bones seemed shattered, the pain was everywhere.

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Surprised and relieved, Rosario looked at the awakened figure on the bed, taking hold of Madelyn’s hand gently, careful not to squeeze too hard. Tears welled in her eyes as she said, “ Madelyn, just hold on a bit longer. I’ll call the doctor right away.”

The anesthesia had worn off, and Madelyn was indeed awakened by the pain. Tears slipped from the corners of her eyes, mingling with her hair. ‘Am I being too dramatic? Even back then with terminal cancer, the doctors had said I wouldn’t last a week, yet I toughed it out for

three months.’

The doctor arrived swiftly, giving Madelyn a thorough examination. "Her wounds have been healing fairly well over these past few days. Try to keep her still as much as possible to avoid her wounds from reopening."

"Alright. Can she eat now that she's awake?"

"She can, but the food should be soft and light."

"Thank you, doctor."

After changing Madelyn's IV and leaving some instructions, the doctor left the room. Rosario, cautious not to disturb Madelyn unnecessarily, simply held her hand, gently brushing away a

tear from her cheek.

"Madelyn, don't be scared. I'm here with you."

Madelyn's eyelashes were damp, her eyes welling up once again. This familiar pain took her back to her previous life, when she had been tortured by suffering and loneliness, even unto death. Having Rosario by her side now made her feel that she was no longer alone in this world. She felt a glimmer of warmth only when she was with Rosario.

"Your dad knows about your accident, and he's rushing back. He'll be here by tomorrow. Mr. Jardin hasn't finished his shift yet, but as soon as he's done, he'll be here as soon as he can. While you were unconscious, Mr. Jardin stayed with you till late every night."

Battling the throbbing pain in her chest, Madelyn managed to say, her voice steady, "Please tell my brother not to bother. It's late, and I don't want to disturb his work."

"Okay, I'll let Mr. Jardin know."

"And if he insists on coming, tell him I'm asleep."

'Why doesn't Madelyn want to see Mr. Jardin? Odd. She used to be quite attached to him. Whenever she had a minor cold or fell ill, she'd insist on being fed by him. Lately, it seems like

Madelyn has been pushing Mr. Jardin away.

At half-past ten in the evening, Zach had just finished a meeting. His eyes reflected his exhaustion. He took the elevator down to the underground parking lot where a slender figure was dozing off in his car, her face hidden behind a veil of hair. Just as Zach was about to open the car door, his phone rang. Seeing the caller ID, he moved aside to take the call.

2/3

"Rosario, how's Madelyn?"

"The doctor says she's recovering quite well. She woke up for a bit but just fell asleep again. It's late now, Mr. Jardin. It's better if you don't come over and disturb Madelyn. I'll keep an eye on things here."

Zach's deep-set eyes furrowed, his voice resonating low and deep. "Alright, I understand."