

Rewritten 2

Chapter 2

In the middle of the night, Madelyn jolted awake from a terrifying nightmare. She sat up abruptly, her forehead drenched in sweat. In an instant, a familiar scent of disinfectant invaded her nostrils, the one she detested above all.

Madelyn paused for a brief moment, questioning herself, 'Am I not dead? Why am I still alive?'

Just then, a click echoed through the once-dark hospital room, illuminating it with harsh, blinding lights that made it hard for her to open her eyes.

Breaking the silence, a man's icy voice pierced the air. "Did you have a nightmare?" He strode forward with long steps, approaching her bedside. His tall figure blocked the light, engulfing Madelyn's petite body completely.

"Z-Zach?" Madelyn looked up. As she caught a glimpse of the man's face, filled with a profound disgust that seemed to penetrate her very being, her eyes widened, and a look of terror washed over her features. "Stay away!" she thought, 'Why am I back in the clutches of this devil?' Instinctively, she recoiled, resisting his presence.

Madelyn's mind was in chaos. The sight of Zach filled her with overwhelming fear and despair, suffocating her.

Zach's movement froze. His narrow eyes instantly glazed over with a chilling frost, glaring at her unpleasantly. His handsome face darkened.

"I'll go get the doctor," the man's voice, cold and hoarse, devoid of emotion, carried an intimidating aura.

With the sound of the door slamming shut, Madelyn's nerves finally relaxed. The man's departure lifted the oppressive weight in the room. Anxious, Madelyn threw off the covers. Suddenly, a sharp, piercing pain emanated from her wrist. She lowered her head and noticed her wrist wrapped in gauze. She wondered, 'Did I cut my wrists?'

Enduring the pain, Madelyn switched hands and reached for the cellphone on the bedside table. Pressing the buttons, she glanced at the calendar. The moment she saw the date, a wave of numbness washed over her, rendering her unable to process anything.

It was now the year 2000, the year she turned eighteen.

Struggling to piece together her fragmented memories, Madelyn realized that she was currently hospitalized, seemingly because she had resorted to cutting her wrists in an attempt to force Zach to be her boyfriend.

Zach had become Hayson Jent's godson when Madelyn was ten years old.

Her true feelings for him had blossomed when she was fifteen. It was during that time when their family's mastiff suddenly went into a frenzy and attacked her. In that moment of danger, it was Zach who came to her rescue. He shielded her with his own body, his arm firmly clamped in the jaws of the frenzied mastiff, blood flowing relentlessly.

His voice echoed in Madelyn's ears, "Don't be afraid! Close your eyes."

Trembling, she felt the warmth of his gaze upon her...

To this day, Madelyn couldn't forget the sense of security that Zach provided, creating a deep attachment within her.

In his twenties at the time, Zach exuded a mature aura beyond his years. His features were strikingly handsome, with well-defined eyebrows, sparkling eyes, broad shoulders, a slender waist, and a lean hip. However, he always maintained a cold demeanor, keeping his distance from others, rarely displaying a smile or engaging in extensive conversation.

Just a few days prior, it had been Zach's birthday, and Madelyn had planned to surprise him by becoming a gift herself. She had undressed and laid on his bed, convinced that she was now an adult capable of anything.

In the early hours of his return, Zach discovered her on the bed and immediately flung her off with disgust. He scolded her for her audacity, unleashing his anger toward her for the first time.

That night, Zach stormed out of the room, purposefully avoiding her, and disappeared for several days. No matter how diligently Madelyn searched, she couldn't find any trace of him. So, she resorted to this foolish act, cutting her wrists in a desperate attempt to make him reappear.

As Madelyn contemplated the repercussions of being entangled with Zach, fear gripped her...

A few minutes later, several doctors rushed into the room.

Zach stood at the doorway, his face clouded with gloom, his dark eyes coldly surveying Madelyn's pale countenance. He wondered, 'When Madelyn first woke up and looked at me, her eyes were filled with fear and despair. Why is she terrified of me?'

After assessing Madelyn's condition and consulting with his colleagues, the doctor delivered his verdict. "The patient's fever has subsided, and she can undergo the discharge process tomorrow. Regarding the wound on her wrist, please ensure she keeps it dry once she's back home. She can return to the hospital after a week to have the stitches removed."

A faint hint of relief softened the man's previously stern expression as he added, "Thank you."

The doctor didn't linger and left the room after providing a few instructions.

Left alone in the small room, Madelyn lay on the bed in an uncomfortable silence, keeping her eyes shut, unwilling to look at him.

Zach glanced at his wrist to check the time and spoke softly, "I have a meeting in half an hour. I need to return to the company. I'll come to pick you up tomorrow at eight in the morning to take care of the discharge procedures."

Madelyn pressed her lips together. Zach always acted this way—rejecting her on one hand, yet showing kindness on the other, to the point where it created an illusion that he deeply loved her.

She didn't want to speak, or more accurately, she didn't want to say anything to Zach. She didn't even want to look at him. The pain from her recent ordeal hadn't faded yet. She couldn't gather the strength to face Zach with such composure.

Seeing Madelyn's silence, Zach's eyes narrowed with a dark intensity. A trace of displeasure flickered in his gaze.

"Don't hurt yourself like this again. If you desire a relationship, seek someone else. I am not suitable for you," Zach declared firmly.

Madelyn's heart constricted at his words; they were exactly the same as what Zach had said in her previous life. She still vividly recalled that, after he had uttered those words, she wept inconsolably and even contemplated extreme measures, such as jumping off a building. Yet, Zach responded with icy indifference, stating, 'If you wish to die, it's your choice.'

Madelyn had already experienced death once. Her love for Zach had been eroded by countless days of despair.

She opened her eyes, her face still pallid, and regarded Zach with a calm gaze. In her heart, she silently uttered, 'Zach Jardin, from this moment onward, I no longer love you.'