

## Rewritten 20

### Chapter 20

Having swallowed two painkillers, Madelyn finally succumbed to sleep. But at the dreaded hour of three in the morning, her forehead was slick with a fine sheen of cold sweat, and her breaths were becoming increasingly labored.

The girl in the bed made a low sound of discomfort. Zach, setting aside his notebook, reached out to touch her forehead and cheek.

“Her temperature has dropped considerably. Seems like the fever’s broken.”

Rosario, just entering with a tray of water, walked in on this scene.

“Mr. Jardin, let me take care of her. You’ve got work tomorrow. Don’t tire yourself out.”

‘So Mr. Jardin did come after all.’

She knew that Zach, though he harbored no romantic feelings for Madelyn, deeply cared for

her as if she were his sister.

‘He’s always good to her.’

“It’s okay. Has she taken the painkillers?”

Rosario responded. “Yes, at ten.”

“We can’t overdo the medication.”

Zach wrung out the towel from the washbasin, wiping the cold sweat from her face.

“Rosario, you should rest. I’ve taken a half-day leave for today.”

Rosario looked at the girl in bed, then back at Zach. “Then...okay...”

“No...” The voice from the bed was weak, raspy. “I want Rosario... Rosario, don’t Madelyn had been awake for a while, but hearing Zach’s voice, she did not want to stir, much

less face him.

go...”

Rosario quickly stepped forward, her heart aching as she gripped Madelyn’s hand. “Okay... I won’t go. I’m not going anywhere. Mr. Jardin, Madelyn needs me. It’s probably best if I stay.”

“Fine, I’ll be next door. Call me if you need anything.”

“Alright, Mr. Jardin.”

As Zach turned to leave, his face resumed its customary cold indifference, the door to the sickroom gently closing behind him.

Madelyn slowly opened her eyes, watching his silhouette disappear through the doorway. It was then that she spoke up softly. “Rosario, you should go rest as well. I’m fine.”

“Were you woken up by the pain again?” Rosario wiped away a tear from the corner of her eye, her gaze filled with concern.

“No, I’m much better.”

“Madelyn, have you truly stopped caring for Mr. Jardin?”

Madelyn’s gaze moved to the white ceiling above.

“Yes. One heartbreak is more than enough. And Zach’s heart isn’t with me, forcing him will only make him resentful.”

All through their years of marriage, whether it was his drunken banter at social gatherings or his sleep–talking, they all centered around Jadie. In their eight years of marriage, other than utilizing her as a tool, Zach had never truly had a place for her in his heart.

“So... I think being a sister isn’t so bad. Besides, Dad didn’t approve of Zach and me together. If that’s the case, it’s better to let go and let him be with Jadie. Now, all I want is to finish my studies and get into a good university. I’m not young anymore; I can’t rely on my family for everything.”

Madelyn’s words took Rosario by surprise, but they also stirred a sense of admiration. It seemed Madelyn really had grown up.

“What do you mean, rely on or not? You’re still young, there’s no rush to grow up. In my eyes, you’ll always be a child.”

Hearing Rosario’s words, Madelyn, exhausted, closed her eyes. Once she fully extricated herself from the Jent family, she would take Rosario with her.

Outside the hospital room, the hand resting on the door handle was slowly released. Zach had left his notebook inside the room. When he went back to get it, he inadvertently overheard their conversation. Beneath his dark gaze, a piercing light flashed. He withdrew his hand, turning away from the hospital room door.

The shadow at the doorway had already departed. Madelyn softly averted her gaze.

'Zach... did you hear all that? I truly, truly... have decided to give up on you. I don't love you anymore, Zach.'

Having endured the pain, Madelyn only fell asleep just before dawn. That night she dreamed nothing and slept soundly.

When Hayson returned to Ventropolis, his plane touched down at noon, trailed by a cadre of stern-faced security personnel dressed in sharp black suits. An air of grim intensity hung heavy in the study of the Jent family's Southern Haven Villa. A middle-aged man, lost in quiet reflection, lit three candles, pressing their warm glow to his forehead in a moment of solemn ritual. He bowed three times in a silent prayer before carefully placing them in their holders. "I apologize, Father. It's my fault for not taking better care of Madelyn, for neglecting her

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situation at school."