

Rewritten 231

Chapter 231

[I pose no threat to you. After much reflection, it's evident that since we can't get along, it's best for me to leave. Please let Rosario know she needn't worry; I'll take care of myself.

Regards,

Madelyn]

Zach's expression soured as he quietly muttered to himself, 'That fool.'

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He had made a call earlier, but it was cut off after just a few rings a clear sign that Madelyn had blocked his number. Inside, his frustration boiled over, 'Madelyn Jent, how dare you!'

Jadie, looking worried, came up to Zach on the balcony. "Zach, did you find anything?"

Zach slipped his phone into his pocket without saying anything. He turned around and walked away, saying, "Let's go. I'll take you to school."

"But it's still early," Jadie said.

She wanted to finish her breakfast. But with Zach's visible anger, she chose silence. She grabbed her backpack and followed him out of the apartment.

The traffic flowed smoothly, and in just fifteen brisk minutes, they arrived at the school.

Zach's mood was far from good. He hardly spoke during the ride, and Jadie had never seen him. this angry before. She wondered to herself, 'Could it be because Madelyn left?'

Jadie hesitated, then gathered her courage to ask, "Zach, did you have a fight with Madelyn last night?"

To be honest, Jadie felt a little jealous. She didn't like how much attention Zach gave to Madelyn instead of her.

But deep down, she knew the truth: Madelyn had truly given up on Zach.

She reasoned with herself, 'Madelyn is the only daughter of the Jent family, not like us – Zach and me – we're just common folks that Hayson adopted. She had enjoyed a luxurious life that most people could only dream of. Yet, she left without a word. Zach must be worried something bad might happen, and Hayson won't be happy if he finds out about this.'

"Zach, don't worry, I'll try to talk to Madelyn and ask her to come back," she said, "If she doesn't want to share a room with me, I can move to the study or find somewhere else to stay.

Zach's eyes got even colder. "I'll deal with it. You focus on your school stuff and don't worry about the rest.'

Jadie bit her lip. "Okay, Zach." She thought to herself, 'He's just saying I should mind my own

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business!'

After Jadie got out of the car, she walked to school with a heavy heart.

Meanwhile, Madelyn was rushing, pulling her suitcase to a budget-friendly apartment near the school. Even though it was old and didn't have an elevator, it was in a good spot – downstairs was a busy street with lots of food stands. Noise wasn't a problem as long as she shut the windows tight.

Inside the apartment, there was a well-equipped kitchen, living room, and bathroom. The best part was the rent was just three hundred dollars each month, which was why so many students chose to live around that area.

A balcony that faced south was an added bonus, complete with a water pipe – the perfect setup for growing plants. In short, the apartment turned out to be even better than what Madelyn had in mind.

Once she was done unpacking, it was time for Madelyn to head back to school for her classes.

As she reached the school, she found herself in the middle of a two-hour break between classes. It was too late to head to the library for some studying, so she decided to look for Forrest at Class Six. With her bag slung over her shoulder and her notes in hand, she made her way through the corridors.

In the back row, right next to the window, Forrest was still fast asleep at his desk.

Madelyn went up to him and gently shook him awake.

“Hey Forrest!”

Chapter 232

In Class Six, some of the students whispered, “Wow, she’s trying to wake Forrest up. Is she out of her mind?”

“Get your popcorn ready! Forrest is gonna show her who’s boss for messing with his sleep!”

Whenever Forrest was taking a snooze in class, nobody would even think about bugging him. His classmates would talk so quiet, it was like they were sharing secrets.

Usually, Forrest would just skip class or take a leisurely walk outside in the afternoon. But to everyone’s shock, he was actually the first person to step into the classroom today.

“Hey, Forrest? Forrest!” Madelyn was, like, gently tapping his shoulder and saying his name, like, a bunch of times.

Right when that was happening, Jadie and Serena had just rolled back in from lunch.

“Madelyn? What brings you here?” asked Jadie.

She then glanced over at Forrest, who was still sleeping over the desk. “You’re here for Forrest? He seems a bit under the weather. What do you need from him?”

‘He’s sick?’ Madelyn pursed her lips and said, “Oh, never mind then. Forrest, we’ll talk some other time.”

She thought it might be nice to give him a break this time. The day before had been super chilly, but even so, Forrest had handed over his jacket to her. He just sat there on the bench, wearing only a black shirt with short sleeves, puffing on a cigarette for nearly an hour. She couldn’t quite figure out why he gave her his jacket. ‘Wasn’t he, like, totally hating on me before?’

Suddenly, Forrest stirred awake. His black hair was a bit messy over his forehead. He stretched slowly and looked at Madelyn, his voice sounding all scratchy and weak, like he might be sick or something. “Need something?”

Madelyn put her notes down on his desk. “These are the notes for geography and history. You’ve got a test next week, so they might help. If you go through everything, you could easily get a good score, like seventy or eighty percent.”

Forrest flipped open one of the notebooks. The pages were filled with really neat writing, and he thought her handwriting was pretty nice.

“All of it?”

As they listened to Forrest and Madelyn talk, the whole Class Six felt like they couldn’t believe their ears. ‘Wait, are Forrest and Madelyn actually talking nicely? Weren’t they enemies before?’

Everyone was utterly shocked because Forrest and Madelyn had been at odds for as long as anyone could remember. But now, Forrest was actually checking out Madelyn's notes and seemed serious about studying.

"Yep. All of it. No slacking. I'll be checking," Madelyn said.

Forrest scratched his head, sighed in frustration, and said, "Got it."

Studying wasn't really his thing before. Now, he had to remember so much stuff, and he felt like it was kind of hard. 'Ugh! Why did I get myself into this mess?'

Madelyn had to go to her Math Olympiad class, so she left the room.

After she left, Timothy stared at Forrest in disbelief. "Have you lost your mind? How did end up being nice to Madelyn? And you're actually taking her notes? Seriously?"

Forrest shot back, "Get lost!"

Jadie chimed in, "Forrest, if you need notes, you can borrow mine. Madelyn is busy with studying and after-school lessons. She doesn't have much time.

Forrest just turned his head and went back to sleep, ignoring her.

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Trying to make Jadie feel better, Timothy laughed and said, "He's just pretending. Don't mind

him. Or maybe you could let me borrow your notes."

Chapter 233

Jadie smiled and said, "Sure!"

Timothy was only kidding. His grades were so poor so that even his family had pretty much given up on him excelling. His dad was even thinking of enrolling him in the military after he finished school. His dad went so far as to shave off Timothy's hair.

Timothy took the notes from Jadie and looked through them. The notes were super detailed. He was just saying that to make Jadie feel good. He didn't really plan to read them. But since she worked hard on them, he didn't want to waste her effort.

The evening classes in Class One were like study time without a teacher.

Madelyn had been sick before and missed a lot of these classes. Now, she had to catch up.

It had only been a few days, and there were already a bunch of practice tests. They had questions from the books on one side and harder questions on the other.

As Madelyn did the practice tests, something felt different. She heard Yvonne and another girl talking as they came back from the restroom.

'Oh, I almost forgot about her,' Madelyn thought. Yvonne hadn't talked to her all day. 'No wonder it's been so quiet.'

Madelyn thought it was because of what she said to Yvonne last time. Maybe Yvonne was offended, and that was why she wasn't talking to her.

It didn't really bother Madelyn. She had wanted to set up Yvonne with Zach, but after that dinner, Madelyn felt like Yvonne didn't need her help.

She thought, 'Yvonne is outgoing, happy, and her family is important. She doesn't need to be friends with me.' Madelyn didn't think she would have a hard time without Yvonne's company at school.

"Yvonne, who are you texting?"

"Who else! That clueless guy."

Yvonne sat in the second row, third desk from the back. Her voice was clear in the quiet room.

"Zach Jardin, right?"

"Yep."

"Why are you texting him? He's cute, but he's a bit old... At our last gathering, didn't you meet other guys you liked? Didn't you add some of them to your contacts?"

Yvonne replied, "Those guys? No way, they're all immature and clingy. I like someone mature, someone not easy to get. That's more fun."

The other girl had an idea, "I remember you said your family works with his. Why not... have him come pick you up after school? You're like a princess; nobody says no to you."

"Sure, if he doesn't listen, he'll be sorry."

'Is Zach coming?' Madelyn looked at her watch. Evening classes had thirty more minutes. Zach's place wasn't too far; it would take about fifteen minutes to get there.

Madelyn had left Zach's house without telling him. She worried he might get mad and do something bad when he saw her.

So, Madelyn wanted to leave early. She finished the last question with fifteen minutes left, packed up, put on her bag, and left without waiting.

It was around nine. At this time, the rest of the school would be dark except for Class One.

Madelyn walked along the long corridor and took the elevator down to the first floor.

She then noticed that the lights were still on in Class Six. She walked over and took a peek through the window into the corner of the room.

Forrest was there, sitting with his head down and his hair blowing in the breeze. His one hand reached out, the other bent and tucked under his head. He was still sleeping.

Madelyn tiptoed closer and saw that her notebook was still under his hand.

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Another notebook was buried beneath, one that Forrest had copied Madelyn's notes into.

Madelyn tilted her head and looked at his handwriting in the notebook. She had thought his handwriting would be messy, but it turned out to be neater than hers.

In fact, this notebook was meant for him, as Madelyn didn't expect him to copy it down.

She thought to herself, 'Well, copying it might actually help him remember better.'

Madelyn woke him up; if he went back to sleep, the school gates would be locked.

After a while, she remembered that he was sick.

Madelyn noticed a pink thermos and some medicine at the upper right corner of his desk.

She called his name several times, but he didn't respond until she reached out and lightly touched his forehead through his bangs to check his temperature.

'It's really hot!'

In the next second, Forrest, who had been sleeping, suddenly opened his eyes. Madelyn met gaze calmly, and they locked eyes for a few seconds.

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The atmosphere felt strangely silent and eerie until Madelyn withdrew her hand and spoke first, "Just happened to be passing by. Do you want me to take you to the hospital?"

"Always sticking your nose in others' business?" His voice was low and husky, not very friendly.

Madelyn was not offended as she realized that he wasn't wrong. She said, "The school is about to close. Remember to head back early."

With that, she turned and left the classroom.

"Seriously, what a drama queen!" Forrest muttered to himself, though he wasn't sure if he was referring to Madelyn or himself.

A few minutes later, Forrest gripped his backpack strap. The bag swung behind him, and he unbuttoned three buttons on his school uniform to reveal a black short-sleeve shirt

underneath.

His demeanor was different from before, walking calmly behind Madelyn.

By now, the lights in all the school buildings on the street had been turned off, leaving only the streetlights. At night, the road was quite deserted, with hardly anyone around, and all the shops were closed.

Madelyn spoke up, "You don't have to follow me. You can take a cab back."

Forrest said, "Take me to the hospital."

Madelyn was taken aback.

"What, can't understand human speech?" Forrest continued.

She thought, 'Wasn't he just saying I'm nosy? Now he needs my help, and he's acting so proud.'

Madelyn sighed deeply but didn't say much.

Madelyn couldn't quite figure out his attitude toward her. 'How could someone who dislikes me so much be willing to help me so selflessly?'

Madelyn said, "Button up your shirt properly. It's chilly at night, your cold could get worse."

"Can't be bothered. Stop talking, let's go." Forrest's tone was weak and his words were harsh.

Madelyn lifted her backpack slightly, reaching out to button up his shirt for him.

Under the streetlight, Forrest looked at her, his eyes flickering with mixed emotions.

Madelyn then wrapped the scarf from her neck around his, and Forrest could feel the warmth and pleasant scent from it.

After everything was settled, Madelyn said, "Going to the hospital is too much trouble. I'll take you somewhere else."

To Madelyn, these gestures didn't feel like a big deal; she was simply used to caring for someone, or precisely, Zach, in a considerate and meticulous manner in her previous life.

But to Forrest, it wasn't so simple. In his eyes, her actions seemed to imply something, and his heart was racing. "Okay," he replied.

Chapter 235

Across the street, near the school entrance, a black Audi was parked. Yvonne sat in the passenger seat, feeling angry as she watched what was happening.

"I can't believe Madelyn would do this behind Ethan's back. She's befriending that bastard! I need to do something..."

Yvonne snapped some photos with her phone, thinking to use them as evidence.

"They're leaving. Drive after them, Mr. Jardin. I want to see what else they're up to!"

Zach found it hard to refuse Yvonne's requests, maybe because of his own thoughts about Madelyn. He slowly followed Forrest and Madelyn.

But when they turned into a narrow alley, the car couldn't go through.

Yvonne exclaimed in frustration, "My brother treats her so well. How could she be with Forrest? No wonder she defended him last time; they must have a thing!"

She added, "Mr. Jardin, she's your sister. She's dating someone while still in high school. Shouldn't you do something?"

The moment she looked at Zach, she felt an unsettling aura from him, sending a shiver down her spine.

She had never seen him look so gloomy.

Zach averted his gaze from the alley and said, "This is our family matter. Just mind your own business."

Sensing his annoyance, Yvonne chose to remain silent.

Zach stepped on the accelerator and left the street swiftly.

Meanwhile, in the dimly lit alley, Forrest and Madelyn walked together. The only source of light came from the flame of Forrest's lighter.

"Looks like the streetlights are out here," Madelyn observed.

As Forrest extinguished the lighter, darkness enveloped their path.

"Madelyn, it's really dark, and it's just the two of us. If you have feelings for me, you can just tell me honestly. No need for these games."

"You must be really sick. Your words don't make sense," she replied, pointing to a spot. "Over there, it's still open. Let's go quickly."

They entered a clinic.

Madelyn said, "Bear with it for now. If you go to hospital, it'll take forever to wait to see

doctor.”

She anticipated his complaint, but he surprised her by sitting down calmly, crossing his legs and placing his bag beside him.

The clinic had a sterile smell, and it was empty.

“Hello, anyone here?” Madelyn called out, stretching her neck.

Forrest’s gaze shifted to the side as he chuckled softly, a faint dimple forming, thinking to himself, ‘Haha, she looked like a duck just now!’

Madelyn found his amusement puzzling.

Before long, an old doctor with glasses emerged from the back room.

The doctor checked Forrest’s temperature and tongue, diagnosing a regular fever.

The clinic was known for alternative medicine practices. After a more thorough assessment of Forrest, the doctor discreetly mentioned kidney care.

Madelyn stifled her laughter. Alternative medicine often associated kidneys with sexual

functions.

Forrest’s face turned dark, but he controlled his anger. In the past, he might have set the clinic on fire.

Madelyn reassured him, “Don’t worry! I won’t tell anyone.”

“Get lost,” he grumbled.

“A young man like you, having kidney issues at your age, could lead to infertility in the future. I’ll give you some herbal supplements. Remember to take them when you get home.”

“How thoughtful of you! I’m truly grateful,” Forrest said through his gritted teeth while clenching his fist.

Staying by Forrest’s side, Madelyn watched as he received the IV treatment. Four bags of fluids were hanging above him, indicating that the process would likely take some time. As the minutes ticked by, her patience started to wane, and she struggled to keep herself awake. Adjusting her position, she found a more comfortable spot and slowly slipped into sleep.

Chapter 236

About an hour and a half later, Forrest shook Madelyn’s foot. “Hey, wake up, It’s time to go,” he whispered to himself, ‘She’s sleeping so soundly.’

Startled, Madelyn roused from her slumber and realized that Forrest’s IV drip had been. completed. She saw a cotton swab taped to the back of his hand.

Checking her phone, Madelyn saw that it was nearly one o’clock. She yawned and asked, “Did you remember what I told you?”

“Thinking about that now, at this hour? Let’s discuss it tomorrow,” Forrest replied, slinging his bag over his shoulder and making his way to the counter to settle the bill and collect hist

medications.

The doctor gave Forrest a stern look. “Kid, take your kidney health seriously. I wasn’t joking. If it worsens, you might not have children in the future.”

Rolling his eyes, Forrest retorted, “Alright, enough with the lecture, old man.”

Madelyn chimed in, "Forrest, show some respect to the doctor." Then she turned to the doctor and assured, "Don't worry, I'll make sure he follows your advice."

The doctor nodded. "See, your friend understands."

Forrest carried a big bag of medication, and the two of them left the clinic.

"Did you hear what the doctor said? You should smoke and drink less. Hey Forrest... I..."

"Spit it out if you have something to say!"

"I noticed the scars on your lower back and stomach. What happened?"

"Heh... Concerned, are you?" Forrest's voice took on a seductive tone, his raised eyebrow adding to the effect.

But Madelyn was unfazed by his attempt at charm. Having lived for two lifetimes, she felt she had been around long enough to be his mother in terms of age. So, even if she cared about him, it was more like maternal instinct.

Changing the topic, she asked, "How do you plan to get back?"

"At this hour, it's hard to find a cab. I'll probably stay in a hotel. And you?"

"I have a rented place nearby, just up ahead."

Forrest then frowned as he checked his wallet. "Guess what? I forgot my ID. Mind if I crash on your couch for the night?"

Madelyn narrowed her eyes, suspecting his intentions. 'Did he plan this?' she wondered.

Regardless, she decided to be generous.

So, she brought him to her rented apartment.

Upon entering, Forrest acted as though he owned the place. He sprawled out on an old couch, draping a blanket over himself. However, the blanket fell short of covering his tall frame, and his feet poked out at the end.

Madelyn went into her room and then came back with a blanket and bedsheet. "Get up. Lay down the sheet before you sleep."

Forrest complied, rising from the couch.

As she spread the bedsheet, Forrest stood behind her. "When did you become so caring?" he asked.

"I've always been," Madelyn responded.

As for she cared, they both knew, yet neither broached the subject.

Madelyn fetched unused toiletries from the room. She had them on hand as backup, though she hadn't anticipated needing them today.

After Forrest came out of the bathroom, Madelyn had a glass of water ready, placed alongside his medications on a coffee table. "Remember to take your medicine."

As for the herbal supplements, they required brewing into tonic, but considering the late hour, Forrest would have to wait until the next day to take them.

Having taken care of his needs, Madelyn was also exhausted. She went to the bathroom to quickly freshen up.

In the bedroom, she settled onto the pillow and almost instantly succumbed to sleep.

That night, she slept well, free from any haunting nightmares.

Chapter 237

Madelyn woke up naturally and got out of bed. It was now seven o'clock, and she had half an hour before she needed to leave. That was more than enough time for her.

She tied her hair into a ponytail and used a headband to keep it in place before opening the door and stepping out. She glanced at the couch and saw that the blankets and bedsheet were neatly folded and placed on it.

She thought to herself, 'Forrest must have left already. '

Suddenly, the door was pushed open, and there stood Forrest, wearing a black bomber jacket with a hat on his head. Snowflakes had settled on his shoulders, and he brushed them off before coming inside.

"Hey, Madelyn. You're awake."

Madelyn asked, "Where did you go?"

Forrest held up two bags of food for her to see. "Breakfast, bought downstairs for you."

He added, "Hot cocoa and cinnamon rolls."

Madelyn replied, "But I'm running out of time."

"Oh, then I'll toss it." He said indifferently.

“You’re really wasting food. I’ll go brush my teeth and wash my face, and then we can eat.”

“Fine.” Forrest placed the breakfast on the table. He had also bought some garlic breadsticks and crescent rolls. He didn’t know what she would prefer, so he decided to get a variety.

After finishing breakfast, they left half of the breadsticks and crescent rolls in the fridge.

They didn’t leave together.

Madelyn had left after eating a bit, while Forrest stayed behind to use the kitchen stove to brew the herbal supplements he got last night into tonic.

Madelyn wasn’t worried about what he might do in her apartment. He was richer than her, and there wasn’t much in her place that was worth stealing anyway.

Walking along the street, Madelyn took out her concealer and dabbed a bit under her eyes with her fingers. After all, she hadn’t had a good night’s sleep for two or three days, and her dark circles were getting worse by the day. She was worried that her health would be affected if this continued.

The early self-study in Class One was not supervised by any teachers. Since she was already running late, she decided to take her time.

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“Sir... it’s Miss Jent.” Leyton noticed Madelyn not far away, looking into a mirror as she applied makeup to her face. Her complexion seemed a bit worn out.

Ethan glanced in the direction she was coming from. Although he looked impassive, his hand tightly gripping his phone.

“Do you want me to call her?” Leyton asked.

Ethan didn't respond.

Leyton and George had already knew what Ethan was here for Ethan and Yvonne rarely got along, yet today, he had surprisingly accompanied Yvonne to school. He didn't leave after dropping he off. So,

they knew he wanted to see Madelyn.

Ethan asked Leyton, "Where was Forrest last night?"

Leyton replied, "He didn't return to his apartment last night. He was either at the bar or the club. But I'm not clear about his exact whereabouts."

Ethan knew that Forrest had been with Madelyn last night. His frustration and annoyance were growing inside him.

He caressed the screen of his phone absentmindedly while lowering his eyes. His gaze was unsettling "How dare he ignored my words! From now on, cut off all his fund. He won't get at single cent without my permission."

"If he's fooling around with anyone else, I can turn a blind eye. But if he's getting close to Madelyn with ill intentions, I can't simply ignore it. Especially since it's Madelyn! He's just like his filthy mother, resorting to vile means ' With that thought in mind, a cold

determination flickered in Ethan's eyes.

Leyton added, "If your father asks..."

"Just tell him about my decision. He won't dare say a word."

"Yes, sir."

Madelyn was about to enter the school gate when a familiar voice called out to her.

“Miss Jent!”

Chapter 238

Madelyn stopped in her tracks when she realized it was George calling her. She wondered, ‘Why is Ethan at the school at this time?’

However, she had no choice but to get into Ethan’s car, taking the passenger seat.

The car was warm, thanks to the air conditioning.

Sitting in the car, Ethan appeared pale and weak. He had his hand pressed against his mouth, coughing a few times. His breathing was labored, as if he was feeling uncomfortable.

Neither of them spoke. After a while, Madelyn broke the silence, “Why are you here today? You’re not feeling well. Do you need to go to the hospital?” she said with concern.

“It’s just a common cold, nothing serious,” Ethan replied.

Madelyn nodded in response.

Ethan’s voice was soft as he asked, “Yesterday, Yvonne mentioned that Mr. Jardin couldn’t find you when he was here to pick you up after school. Where did you go?”

“He was here to pick me up?” Madelyn responded, a bit puzzled. She wondered, ‘Wasn’t he here for Yvonne?’

Ethan nodded, "Yvonne was worried when the evening class had ended later than usual, so she called him. Did you not run into them?"

Ethan's gaze was fixed on her, as if he were trying to read something from her expression.

Suddenly, it dawned on Madelyn, 'So Yvonne said that!' She had never asked Zach to pick her up. Zach was aware that she had already left his apartment.

Madelyn felt that it was unnecessary to make a big deal out of it. Yvonne was simply using her

as an excuse.

Madelyn replied calmly, "My phone died, so I didn't receive any calls. After school, I accompanied a sick friend to the clinic."

She wondered, 'So, Ethan purposely came here to ask me these questions?'

But then she reconsidered, 'It shouldn't be. This minor incident wouldn't be enough for Ethan to come question me. Maybe Yvonne found out something or saw something. Could it be that she saw me leaving the school with Forrest and then told Ethan?'

"Is your friend feeling better now?"

"Much better," Madelyn replied with a faint smile, though she felt a bit uneasy inside.

Ethan's indirect questions made her feel like she was being interrogated. She didn't feel like

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she had done anything wrong. The pressure was making it hard for her to breathe.

“Thank you for your concern. Oh, by the way, my class is about to start, so I should should head back too. Don’t forget to take your medicine.”

Ethan nodded gently, his eyes filled with tenderness, “Sure.”

He continued to watch Madelyn heading to her school.

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‘She said thank you for my concern. Is it really just a matter of a few days for us to become this distant? Madelyn, why did you hide your relationship with Forrest from me? Do you really not want me to know?’

There were some things that Ethan just wanted to hear directly from her. He couldn’t help but wonder, ‘Or is it that you’ve actually developed feelings for him?’

After Madelyn got out of the car, the smile on her face disappeared in an instant.

As she walked into the school, her brow was still furrowed. She couldn’t seem to shake off the

unease.

Madelyn walked into the classroom and happened to catch Yvonne’s gaze. Yvonne glanced at her briefly, then quickly turned to chat with the person beside her.

Madelyn thought to herself, ‘Maybe I am just overthinking things today, and nothing actually happened.’

She continued to go about her day alone, attending classes and completing assignments more efficiently than usual.

She thought, 'I won't disturb Forrest today... he's still not feeling well, so I'll let him rest for the day.'

The results of the test Albert had arranged were out. Madelyn wasn't surprised to find herself in the second place among the six team members.

The first place went to a slim boy with thick glasses who always carried his workbook. He sat next to Madelyn and rarely spoke. Yvonne was in third place.

Chapter 239

Yvonne's performance was pretty impressive. She rarely did her homework, and she occasionally skipped classes. It seemed like she could perform well academically effortlessly.

Today, Yvonne had once again skipped the Math Olympiad training class. Albert seemed unfazed and began teaching at the blackboard.

In the final period, the homeroom teacher, Hailey, made an announcement. There would be a parent-teacher meeting this Saturday, and every parent was expected to attend. Additionally, there was a camp during the upcoming break, and if anyone wanted to participate, they needed to sign up. The camp was organized by Ventrocloud High School and was open to the entire school.

Madelyn stashed the camp participation form into her drawer.

She didn't need to think twice about the parent-teacher meeting. Hayson had never attended any of her parent-teacher meetings before. In the past, she had convinced Zach to attend as her parent.

But this time, it seemed unlikely that anyone would show up.

As for the camp, Madelyn considered joining. The camp would end just one day before the long break. Madelyn felt whether she went home for the holiday or not didn't seem to matter

anymore.

Unlike other classes, Class One didn't end early. After the last class, Madelyn headed to the cafeteria to have dinner.

Madelyn was wearing a long white down jacket. Her delicate face was slightly flushed from the cold, hidden beneath her hat.

Just as she was walking peacefully, a hand lifted her hat. Madelyn turned her head to look, but saw no one. Before she could react, someone had appeared beside her.

When she saw who it was, she wasn't that surprised.

"Madelyn, where are you headed?"

"Dinner," Madelyn replied, keeping her head down. "School's over, aren't you going home?"

Seeing Forrest with his hands in his pockets and no backpack, she thought, 'Don't tell me he's going to the cafeteria too...' Suddenly, she felt she should change her plan.

"Are you planning to join the camp?" Forrest asked.

Madelyn was taken aback. She thought, 'Is he asking me about this?' She mumbled, "I don't know."

Forrest pressed on, "You don't know? Do you not want to go, or do you want to go? Or is it

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because you know I'll be there, so you're avoiding it?"

Madelyn thought, 'Is he playing word games with me?' She then slowed down her tracks and said, "Forrest..."

"Yes!"

Madelyn pursed her lips and looked at him. She said, "Apart from our tutoring sessions, it's better if you keep your distance from me just like before."

Forrest chuckled, "Do you have some kind of problem?"

"I'm doing this for your own good." One of the reasons was she wasn't used to his sudden change of attitude toward her.

"What kind of good is that? Blink your eyes if someone's threatening you!" Forrest raised an eyebrow and put her hat back on for her, hands in his pockets as he walked away.

Madelyn wasn't bluffing. Her mind hadn't settled down all day.

Madelyn's hunger outweighed her wandering thoughts. She quickly ordered a serving of chicken risotto and a bowl of onion soup, and Forrest ordered the same meal.

In the spacious cafeteria, there were only a few people.

Madelyn bit down on her spoon, silently complaining, "Why does your risotto have so much chicken, and I only have a few pieces?"

He had a whole plate of chicken, while she looked at her risotto with only three or four pieces.

of chicken.

Seeing her frustrated look, Forrest smiled. "Here, take it," he said, giving her most of the chicken.

Chapter 240

Forrest asked, "Satisfied?"

"I didn't mean it that way," Madelyn replied, looking at the generous portion of chicken. She knew she wouldn't be able to finish it all.

"And you're not even happy when I give it to you? Geez, you're really hard to please," Forrest remarked.

In reality, Madelyn had only wanted to express her frustration.

After finishing their meal and heading back, Forrest unexpectedly asked her to tutor him. Madelyn thought, 'Normally at this time, he should be at the bar hanging out with some pretty girls. Now he's voluntarily asking to study.'

It was six o'clock, and the sky was already dark.

They walked to the classroom building.

Madelyn said, "Let's do so tomorrow instead. You're not fully recovered yet; take a day to rest."

"If you're not down in ten minutes, I'll come up there myself," Forrest responded.

Madelyn believed he would follow through with his threat. So, in the end, she compromised.

As Madelyn packed her belongings and prepared to leave, Yvonne suddenly appeared in front of her and asked, "Are you leaving? I just called your brother. We can go together."

Madelyn replied, "I'm just heading to the library; I'm not going back yet."

Yvonne looked at her and said, "Don't go. I already talked to your brother. We're going to have dinner together tonight. I'll try to ease the tension between you two. Don't worry, with me around tonight, I'll make sure to teach him a lesson so he won't dare to bully you again."

She added, "You should move back home. It's dangerous for you to be out here alone. If Ethan finds out, he'll definitely be worried about you."

Madelyn thought, 'How did their relationship progress so quickly? Did Zach tell her everything? Did she know the issues between Zach and me are more far more complicated?'

Madelyn brushed off Yvonne's hand as she said, "Yvonne, you've misunderstood. There was nothing happened between my brother and me. My family house is currently undergoing renovations, so I found a temporary place to stay. It's also more convenient since it's closer to the school. Whether Ethan knows about this or not doesn't matter, and there's no need to worry about me. It would only trouble him. Evening self-study session is about to start, so I'll be going."

Yvonne's face showed a hint of impatience, but she managed to suppress it and said, "

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Madelyn! Zach is coming soon. You won't refuse this meal, right? Even if you say nothing happened between you guys, just consider it as keeping me company, okay?"

"I'm sorry! I've already eaten. Maybe next time!"

Madelyn knew well that Yvonne had tried to get closer to her through Zach. Yet, it had become clear that Yvonne's need for Madelyn's assistance had diminished, given that Yvonne had successfully

achieved her objectives. Yvonne's resourcefulness and capability allowed her to pursue her goals through alternative avenues.

Losing her patience, Yvonne watched Madelyn walking away and said, "You're really set on sticking with Forrest, aren't you? Have you considered that with Ethan back, Forrest's days with the Arnold family are numbered? It's only a matter of time before he's expelled from the city. Can't you see who holds greater significance? Why can't you understand that Ethan is the one you should be with?"

Madelyn stopped in her tracks, turned around, and addressed Yvonne from a distance, "I think you've misunderstood. I've never had any intention of attaching myself to anyone, including Ethan. What Forrest and I do is none of your business, and you have no right to interfere!"

"What if you have to choose between Forrest and Ethan? Flirting with both, are you any different from cheaters?"

They were now right outside the classroom. Even if dozens of students didn't look directly, they were all secretly eavesdropping.

Yvonne stepped closer. Her demeanor had changed.

Yvonne was straightforward. She spoke her mind, and she did things as she pleased. Even if she made a mistake, she had her family to back her up.

But Madelyn was different. She had to rely on herself to break free from Hayson and change her future. Every step she took now was shaping her destiny.