

## Rewritten 241

### Chapter 241

Yvonne continued, "Are you trying to keep Ethan hanging on while also being with Forrest, Madelyn? I'm curious, what's your true intention? Why not just be honest?"

As Madelyn pondered the situation, she thought, 'Is this how Yvonne see it? Did Ethan feel the same way when he learned about Forrest and me last night?'

Meeting Yvonne's gaze directly, Madelyn maintained her composure and responded, "Let me clarify a few things."

She began to explain, "Who I spend time with and what I choose to do is my personal business. Ethan has been supportive before, and I'm grateful for that. However, it doesn't mean I'll simply go along with his feelings for me. If you all believe I should distance myself from him, I'm willing to do so." She added, "This is a matter concerning your family, and it's unrelated to me. If you insist on pressuring me to make a choice, I'll stand by the decision I've made now."

Furthermore, Madelyn recognized her own responsibility toward Forrest. Yet, even if she didn't, whether she maintained contact with him was not their concern.

Seeing beyond their history, Madelyn came to appreciate Forrest's true character. She noticed his kind gestures, like feeding stray cats at school and showing gratitude to the doctor. She even witnessed him assisting an elderly woman whose cart was stuck in a puddle, then

continuing on his way as if it were nothing.

Continuing her explanation, Madelyn stated, "Yvonne, I'm not afraid if you decide to inform Ethan about all of this. I have my own plans for life, and nothing will hinder me. My goal is to get into Ventropolis University. I won't let myself develop feelings for anyone, nor will I waste time on dating. I'll talk to

Ethan and make things clear. As for dinner... you and Zach should enjoy it! I won't intrude as a third wheel." 2

With those words, Madelyn turned and walked away, this time without Yvonne attempting to detain her. As she descended the stairs, Forrest leaned against the doorway, his gaze focused

on his shoes.

“Let’s go,” Madelyn said.

Forrest quietly followed in her footsteps.

Later that evening, at seven-thirty, Yvonne settled into the passenger seat of Zach’s car.

Her annoyance still lingered. She voiced her frustration to Zach, recounting the details of her conversation with Madelyn.

“Doesn’t any of this concern you? If Madelyn becomes closer to Forrest, my brother might find out. He could even terminate business cooperation with your family’s company. You need to take action before my brother discovers this.”

Zach’s tone turned cold, “I didn’t come here to listen to this. Where is she?”

“How would I know? Let’s just go eat. I’m really hungry!” Yvonne clicked her seatbelt into place.

A shadow seemed to cross Zach’s expression, and a chill seemed to emanate from him. He released his seatbelt, opened the car door, and stepped out, thinking, ‘Yeah, I do need to take some action.’

“What are you up to?” Yvonne called out, puzzled.

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Inside the library, Madelyn brought out a math paper she had created herself and handed it over to Forrest. The paper

had simple problems and was just half a page long.

Usually, finishing it would take around thirty minutes, which was just enough time for her to also commit the Etlinish

words to memory and even tackle the Etlinish reading

comprehension.

Not wanting to make Forrest feel pressured, Madelyn refrained from hovering around to observe him work.

After the passing of thirty minutes, whether he completed the paper or not, she would collect it.

Giving the paper a quick look, Madelyn noticed that he hadn't written down a few of the most basic math formulas.

Ultimately, he achieved a score of twenty points. She noted this in the upper right corner of the

paper. Those twenty points were granted for his effort in attempting each problem.

Madelyn sighed one after another, pondering, "Forrest, what on earth have you been doing these past two years?"

Forrest cast his pen aside, propped his legs on the chair, and leaned back, wearing a smirk. "Just having some fun!"

Madelyn retorted, "Fun?! You've been attending classes, at least pay a little attention! Haven't you realized? The problems I gave you are from the first lesson in the math book. Don't tell me you haven't even opened the book."

"After being classmates for two years, you still don't understand me?" he replied playfully.

Madelyn reached out as if about to poke his head, locking her gaze with his. She didn't speak further, her eyes reflecting a different kind of feeling.

Forrest's expression softened. He extended the index finger of his left hand to lightly tap hers. "We still have half a year left. You can teach me, and I'll do my best to remember."

Those two years, apart from the unpleasant moments, the happy memories seemed to be hazy. She lowered her head, masking the emotions in her eyes.

'Now isn't the time to dwell on past grievances,' Madelyn pondered, 'When the actual exam day arrives, we probably won't cross paths anymore.'

Madelyn's voice remained even as she spoke, "It's not as simple as you think. Who do you think you are? If you struggle with these problems, I can't even begin to hope for your acceptance into Ventropolis University. I might even consider it a blessing if you manage to secure a spot in any lower-tier colleges."

She paused, her thoughts racing, 'Since I started helping him with his studies, I've missed out on those after-school classes. If Father finds out, I'll be in trouble again.'

Uncertain about whether she would return home for the extended holiday, she contemplated, 'It's been quite a while since I've had an extended stay at home. Unless the house still isn't fully renovated, maybe I can escape that situation.'

"Do you truly lack faith in me?"

Madelyn's inner monologue responded with skepticism, 'As if I could put my trust in him.'

Resuming her explanation, she picked up a blue pen and stated, "I'll solve the problems for you, and you need to pay

close attention. I'll walk you through them now. Remember my explanations and retain the information. Also, make sure

not to leave your practice book empty. Complete your assignments on schedule and send me pictures for review once

you're done."

Forrest had never been fond of overly troublesome tasks, and the prospect of sending her a daily "report" made him

grimace. A subtle exasperated sound escaped his lips.

"Hey, Forrest, I'm addressing you. Are you listening?" Madelyn's tone asserted, "Please take this seriously. You're my

responsibility!"

"Your responsibility? Madelyn Jent, what kind of 'responsibility'?" A chilling and commanding voice reverberated

through the library.

The sudden entrance of Zach, with Yvonne following closely, caught Madelyn off-guard.

Rising from her seat, Madelyn was intimately familiar with Zach's demeanor. His calm appearance hid his brewing anger

## Chapter 243

Zach's chilling aura brushed against them.

Yvonne glanced disdainfully at Forrest and remarked, "Madelyn, weren't you supposed to be helping him with his studies? It looks more like you two are on a date. Don't tell me you've actually fallen for this bastard? Why don't you ever listen to what I say?" She was so frustrated that she almost stomped her foot.

Noticing the test paper on the table, Yvonne smirked, "Twenty points? Seriously, Forrest? Your inadequacy is the same whether it's in the Arnold family or at school. You might end up being looked down by my brother throughout your life, like a stepping stone, without much future ahead."

Forrest, hands in his pockets, toyed with his lighter and chuckled, "At least I'm not in a hurry to please others."

"How dare you!" Yvonne suddenly approached him and raised her hand.

A sharp sound echoed.

SLAP!

The noise drew the attention of a few library-goers.

"Who do you think you are? How dare you speak to me like that. Just a lowly entertainer's kid.

"Yvonne's eyes turned fierce, exuding an air of superiority.

"He's just being himself!" Madelyn replied promptly. Without hesitation, she stepped forward and positioned herself between Forrest and Yvonne. "This is a library, and your behavior is disturbing not only to me, but also to others. Please leave immediately!"

Yvonne's brow furrowed, "You're defending him so strongly. Is your attachment to him that deep?" She turned her questioning gaze toward Forrest, "Forrest, what's your secret in winning her over?"

"I'm standing up for him!" Madelyn affirmed, her hand gripping Forrest's sleeve, her anxious hold quivering slightly. This was the first time she had defended someone so boldly.

Yvonne countered, "Consider that by doing this, you're not only challenging me, but also the entire Arnold family. Your family's standing owes much to Zach. Can your position remain steady? Your choices confuse me; what's your reasoning?"

"When I was in a dire situation, Forrest came to my rescue. Isn't that reason enough?" Madelyn's tone remained composed.

Yvonne hesitated for a moment.

Undeterred, Madelyn pressed on, recounting her memories in front of the gathered onlookers.

"The rain was pouring, a group of people near the shore. Among them, only Forrest

courageously plunged into the water to rescue me from drowning. Yvonne, if you harbor ill feelings toward Forrest, that's your own concern. But why do you insist on dictating my choices to align with your desires?

"Your influence holds no sway over me, even if you possess wealth and influence!

"And you, Brother!" Madelyn turned gaze at Zach with a smirk. "You understand better than anyone why I fled from this family in the first place. You were present, yet you remained inactive.

"My well-being meant nothing to you.

"In those crucial moments, I had held onto the hope that you'd be there to rescue me. What were your actions then, Brother?"

“Did you watch in silence as I faced imminent danger, or perhaps you were secretly wishing for the worst?”

“I’m here before you today; have I fallen short of your expectations?”

“My very own brother turned a blind eye to me, while Forrest risked everything to save me. How can I not stand up for him?”

Zach remained silent.

Madelyn pondered, ‘No way to refute these truths, right? Everything I’ve uttered is grounded in reality. Have I truly wronged him? No.’”

Chapter 244

Madelyn spoke without holding back, unsure of how many ears were listening.

While she didn’t fully grasp what Forrest had experienced, she knew she must stand firmly by

his side in this moment.

Forrest had risked his life to save her. If he could selflessly protect her, why couldn’t she find the strength to stand up for him? Especially now, when Yvonne had unfairly struck him, causing doubt to cloud his usually confident demeanor.

With her books in hand, Madelyn exited the library alongside Forrest.

Yvonne shouted, “Wait!”



But their steps remained steadfast forward.

“Happy?” Zach’s tone turned frosty, catching Yvonne off guard.

His cold gaze bore into her, sending shivers down her spine. The once-warm library seemed to chill as Yvonne felt an icy atmosphere envelop her. It was a terrifying presence she had never encountered before.

“Wh-What do you mean?” She stammered.

Zach said nothing and walked away, his pace swift.

Yvonne had to hurry to keep up.

When he got into the car, Yvonne quickly took the passenger seat, fearing he might depart

without her.

She fastened her seatbelt, but Zach didn’t start the car. He seemed lost in thought.

Yvonne said, “I was trying to help, and yet you didn’t bring her back. Why take your anger out on me?” Her voice trembled slightly, a rare tone and manner of speaking for her. She could not keep her composure when she was around Zach.

“Zach... are the things Madelyn said just now true?” Her voice barely rose above a whisper, her eyes involuntarily meeting his gaze.

“Curious?” He locked his eyes with her.

Yvonne’s heart raced, his voice pulling her in.

Shaking her head, she murmured, "I don't need to know. Your family matters aren't mine to bear. It's late. Please, let's head home quickly. I can hardly keep my eyes open."

Yvonne stifled a yawn. There was a subtle shift in her expression.

Back at the apartment, Madelyn's eyes fell on the red mark from Forrest's slap. Lacking any

medical supplies, she handed him an ice pack to soothe his face.

"Just give me a heads-up when you're done," she remarked.

Having neatly arranged the dining table, grabbed her backpack, and laid out her textbooks, Madelyn realized there was still some time left. This meant she could continue her revision.

Forrest got up and walked over. "You really love studying," he commented, pulling out a chair and settling beside her. "Don't worry about me. I'm not that fragile."

Madelyn gazed at his cheerful expression, a blend of emotions swirling within her. She thought, 'He can still manage to smile like that after everything that happened.'

Choosing not to delve further into the recent incident, Madelyn inquired, "Where were we?"

"The math problems," he reminded her.

Madelyn took out the exam paper and started explaining the questions while also writing down the solution step-by-step. She tried to be as detailed as possible.

In truth, Forrest was actually quite smart; he simply didn't often apply himself. By the time another question was raised, Forrest independently solved it, marking a sign of progress. Her efforts hadn't been futile. Gradually, the earlier turmoil faded from their thoughts as they became fully absorbed in their studies.

As Madelyn peeked at the clock, midnight was fast approaching.

“Let’s wrap it up for tonight,” she gently closed her notebook.

When she raised her head again, Forrest had already moved to the sofa, laying out a bedsheet. Madelyn contemplated saying something but chose to keep her words to herself.

She mused, ‘Well, I guess he can spend another night here.’

## Chapter 245

Madelyn asked, “Do you want to take a shower?”

Forrest straightened up, his eyebrow raised in surprise. “What are you trying to do to me? Put away your dirty thoughts.”

Madelyn was speechless, thinking, ‘What the hell is he thinking all day?’

She went to her room and fetched a bathrobe for him. “It’s brand new, never been worn.”

Forrest took it from her, “Oh, it’s pink.”

After this, Madelyn went to freshen up herself. She had already showered at school earlier, but yesterday, she had refrained from doing so due to his presence. Once she had taken care of everything else, she left the bathroom for him.

As she was about to close the door, Forrest’s voice echoed, “I’ll also aim for Ventropolis University.”

With a warm smile, Madelyn responded, “Got it. Sleep well, good night.”

“Good night.”

The next morning, Madelyn finished her preparations and found Forrest in the kitchen. He stood with a fry pan in one hand and another hand in his pocket, expertly cooking pasta.

Seeing him cook, Madelyn was surprised. She had assumed that a rich kid like him wouldn't know how to cook. This was her first time witnessing a guy cooking, as Zach had never cooked

for her before.

“Come and serve the pasta,” Forrest instructed, his attention still focused on the cooking.

Madelyn put down her backpack and walked over, noticing that the red mark on Forrest's face had faded somewhat, but there were still some visible traces.

“What are you cooking?” she asked.

Forrest responded, “Well, when you have nothing, you cook what you can!”

The pasta Forrest had prepared consisted only bell peppers and tomatoes.

Madelyn took a bite. The tomato mixed with the bell peppers had a slightly tangy but flavorful and appetizing taste. She had never tried this combination before.

“It's quite good, actually,” she admitted.

“That'll be \$8. Thank you,” Forrest playfully remarked.

Startled, Madelyn nearly choked on her food. “Why not just rob a bank? I'll pay you back; 1

won't eat it."

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Forrest chuckled and removed his apron, stepping closer. "Just kidding, go ahead and eat."

Before he could even take his seat, Forrest's phone rang, his expression growing serious. Without a word, he headed to the balcony, still on the call.

Madelyn continued her meal, her ears catching every movement he made. His demeanor indicated the caller's identity, a fact she could already deduce.

The conversation ended swiftly, and Forrest returned, resuming his seat in silence.

The rest of the meal passed without a word exchanged between them.

Upon finishing, Madelyn waited for Forrest before they left together for school.

As they made their way, Madelyn had a feeling of the impending challenges they would face that day.

Passersby cast curious glances, sizing up them walking side by side.

"Have you heard? Madelyn slept with several guys."

"Really? I thought it was just a rumor."

"It's true! Her brother was there too, just watching without helping! If you don't believe it, check the forum and the posted pictures. Everyone's talking about it."

The word “photos” caught Madelyn’s attention, even though she was completely unaware of any such images.

Upon returning to the classroom, Madelyn accessed the school forum using her phone and located the picture they were discussing.

## Chapter 246

It was raining in the photo, and Madelyn was surrounded by four or five men. Her clothes had been torn to shreds, revealing large patches of skin.

The face in the photo was recognizable as hers. She couldn’t deny it, the person in the picture was her. But she had no idea where this photo had come from.

The situation escalated rapidly. The entire school now seemed to know about it. Everyone believed that she had been sexually assaulted by a group of men.

On her way to the restroom, she noticed that people were keeping their distance from her, as though she carried a contagious illness.

“No wonder she was absent for three months. Look at her, she’s so filthy!”

Despite these stories, Madelyn kept her composure and headed back to the classroom. She had

just settled into her seat when Hailey asked her to go to the office.

Entering the office, even the teachers regarded her with curious expressions.

In a separate room, Hailey got right to the point. “You’ve heard the gossip going around school,

haven’t you? Do you have an explanation?”

Madelyn remained quiet.

Hailey persisted, "So, is any of it true?"

Madelyn replied, "Even if I explained now and said it wasn't true, would it change anything?" She thought, 'People believe what they want, so explaining won't matter.'

Hailey paused for a moment. Then she said, "You've had a few incidents lately. While the school figures out how to deal with public opinion, we've decided you should take some time off. The Math Olympiad team is considering a new member. How do you feel about this?"

Madelyn answered, "I'm okay with it."

"Alright, I'll call your parents and have them pick you up."

"No need, I can go by myself."

Madelyn returned to the classroom to gather her belongings. Her actions didn't cause much of a

stir among her classmates. They were focused on their own practice papers, and Yvonne wasn't in

Walking past a classroom, a group of boys swarmed around her, disregarding the ongoing class and their teacher's instruction.

"What are you all doing? Return to your seats and pay attention," the teacher scolded, but her words fell on deaf ears.

Several boys stood in Madelyn's path, playfully jostling her. "Hey, isn't this Madelyn? Heard you've been hanging out with lots of guys, huh?"

Jadie approached with a furrowed brow, "What's going on here? Stop spreading rumors. Madelyn isn't what you're saying."

"Jadie White, stay out of it. You're just adopted into the Jent family, and Madelyn never treated you as her sister. Mind your own business," someone retorted.

Serena quickly pulled Jadie away.

Another voice joined in with laughter, "Yeah, spill the details."

Madelyn's response was simple, "Let me through." She tried to step forward, but they blocked her way.

"Why the hurry? We're not done talking yet."

Jadie's frustration was evident as she stepped up. "You guys are crossing the line."

Normally, Madelyn would have been furious, but their repulsive expressions made her want to burst into laughter.

Madelyn's laughter was captivating. Her beauty outshone that of the other girls in school.

Then a boy presented a bank card to Madelyn, "There's two hundred grand on it. Let me take care of you for a year."

Madelyn vaguely recognized him; his family was prosperous in the mining industry, but she couldn't recall his name.



Accepting the card with a smile, Madelyn asked, "Even if I agreed, would you even dare to lay a finger on me?"

## Chapter 247

Madelyn said, "Remember, I come from the Jent family, the one you all talk about having shady dealings, the one you hate "

Advancing slightly, she lightly tapped the boy's cheek with the bank card, her voice icy, "Go ask your dad if he'd dare to challenge the Jents! And don't forget, those three girls who crossed me..." She paused for effect. "Where are they now?"

Her words triggered a moment of realization among many as memories resurfaced about what had befallen those girls who had messed with her.

The Linney family had teetered on the brink of bankruptcy, and Mrs. Linney had received a five- year sentence for her past actions. Michelle Linney had vanished from sight as well. Jenny Lupert and Lorrie Lamprey's families were in even direr straits. Rumors said that they were burdened with debts amounting to millions and had fled.

Madelyn's words stirred a shift in many expressions. All of them inhabited the same privileged sphere, they understood all too well if any family's business had crumbled or faced legal woes.

Perhaps most had some form of business partnership with these families and had felt the repercussions to varying degrees. They couldn't claim ignorance.

The boy who had extended the bank card tried to downplay it, "We were just having fun, no need to take it so seriously. Madelyn, we were classmates once, loosen up."

Certain individuals simply clung to the belief that their wealth elevated them above others.

“Do you really find pride in bearing the Jent name?” A chilling voice cut through the crowd as Timothy Johnson approached. A path cleared for him. “I swear, one day, your family will fall!” he proclaimed.

So many had died due to Hayson’s covert actions. Ten times the death penalty would barely suffice for the enormity of his crimes.

“I’ll be waiting for that day,” Madelyn declared, her anticipation palpable.

If Hayson Jent was a cancer in the city, the Johnson family would act as the cells battling against the Jent family.

Madelyn walked past Timothy, clutching the boy’s bank card, and nonchalantly tossed it into a

With Hayson away on vacation, Madelyn finally found respite. She spent two or three days in her apartment, relishing the rare moments of relaxation. For once, no one was telling her what to do.

During these days, she didn’t go anywhere. She mostly stayed home, passing the time idly. Suddenly, the tranquility was disrupted by the sound of knocking. Uncertain about the visitor’s identity, Madelyn initially hesitated, not inclined to address the intrusion.

The knocking persisted, growing more insistent.

With reluctance, she roused herself and headed to the door. To her astonishment, it was Zach standing on the threshold. A brief moment of hesitation hung in the air.

Madelyn avoided direct eye contact with him. She turned and went back inside, sitting on the floor to continue her drawing. There were cushions and a blanket spread on the floor, keeping the chill at bay.

Zach stepped into the apartment, surveying the surroundings. The living room and kitchen seemed old but were neatly arranged. A few unwashed dishes lingered in the sink.

Sunlight streamed through the window, casting a glow on Madelyn. She sported a fluffy white nightgown adorned with a hat that sported two whimsical ears.

Madelyn's sleeves were casually rolled up, revealing her hands gripping a paintbrush. The paint had seemingly found its way onto her hands, attire, and even the floor.

"Doing this after getting kicked out of school?" he asked, his tone not revealing his emotions.

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## Chapter 249

As Forrest poured oil into the frying pan, his hand trembled at Zach's words.

In an unexpected moment, Madelyn's finger got nicked by a shard of glass, and a trickle of blood started flowing. She calmly wiped it away with a tissue, showing no signs of discomfort, and spoke with composure, "But hasn't he already paid a price? Compared to your actions, Forrest's deeds were just minor clashes among classmates.

Madelyn thought, Forrest had been hurt, stuck in a hospital bed for months. Yet, Zach, who did wrong, faced no consequences."

Preferring not to dwell on the matter, Madelyn managed a faint smile at Zach, "Would you stay for dinner, Brother? Forrest's cooking is delicious."

Zach met her gaze, glimpsing a hint of distance.

Beyond her composed exterior, Zach yearned for Madelyn to unleash her anger openly, to let her emotions free instead of wearing a facade.

"However, we might not have extra plates at home, Brother. Forrest bought his own plate."

Zach stood, fastening his black suit jacket, exuding an imposing presence, "You've got three days to pack. I'll come get you "

Madelyn's immediate response was resolute, "I won't go back!"

"It's not your choice. Father isn't as lenient as I am." With those words, Zach departed.

Forrest turned, catching sight of Madelyn, "Why stand there? Come lend a hand."

He was washing tomatoes, preparing a meal.

Shaking off her thoughts, Madelyn joined him in the kitchen.

Madelyn mused to herself, "Zach's right. I can't hide from home forever. Sooner or later, I'll have to return. And once I'm back, every move will be scrutinized.' She knew what lay ahead, the challenges she would face.

Once the meal was ready, they sat at the quiet dining table.

Madelyn savored a mouthful of food, then began, "Tomorrow..."

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"Planning tomorrow's meal already, even before finishing today's? You really are ahead of the game!" Forrest playfully redirected the conversation, fully aware of her intentions.

“Forrest, I will definitely help you get into Ventropolis University.”

“What about you?”

“Me too.”

“Remember, when aiming for a goal, the path isn’t always smooth as you expect. Don’t be

disheartened by the challenges along the way. Focus on reaching the goal, no matter how tough the journey. Madelyn, trust me, things will improve.”

Madelyn met his gaze, his expression unusually solemn. It was a side of Forrest she hadn’t glimpsed before.

She responded with a smile and a nod, “Alright.”

His words held exceptional weight, impacting her profoundly.

Madelyn had pondered over what she would do if she were to lose this goal. After everything that

had unfolded, a sense of confusion lingered. She contemplated, ‘If my tireless efforts fail to

reshape my future, what’s the point of all I’ve done so far?’

She held onto the hope that Forrest wouldn’t share her fate. ‘He still has a shot at his own life. His

existence within the Arnold family likely isn’t a walk in the park either!’

In various respects, Madelyn and Forrest were kindred spirits. Both overlooked, dismissed by those around them. Both labeled as “unworthy” through others’ eyes.

While trapped in this mire, they both believed there must be an escape route, a path to liberation.

## Chapter 250

After lunch, Madelyn spent time helping Forrest with his studies. She had noticed his improvement in recent days.

He had prepared for the geography test ahead of time, following his notes, and had achieved a respectable score of 89. He lost a few points while analyzing the last two questions.

Humanities subjects were mostly about memorization, and they were quite straightforward and not too hard for him.

His previous low grades were mainly because he wasn’t interested in studying. If he decided to learn, Forrest could do even better than others.

At three in the afternoon, Madelyn went for her after-school lessons, while Forrest packed his things and went back to school.

Upon entering his classroom, his attitude underwent an immediate shift. Swiftly, he pulled a



chair, nonchalantly flung his backpack onto his desk, and settled into the seat. With a relaxed air, he extended his legs, letting them rest leisurely upon the desk's surface. His uniform pants, a bit too loose, slid down to his calves, lending him a somewhat rebellious appearance.

"Timothy, where's that guy?" Forrest asked.

Timothy walked up and put his hand on Forrest's shoulder, saying, "You're at it again! If you keep bothering him like this, he'll go crazy! Maybe you should stop. Madelyn is okay, right? Plus, he's not the reason she got suspended."

Forrest shrugged off Timothy's hand, making Timothy's face freeze. Timothy controlled his frustration, and Adrian took him aside, shaking his head at him.

"That guy doesn't know his place." Forrest stood up, looking agitated. He kicked the table angrily, his gaze scanning the room where everyone had their heads down. "Listen up: I'm the only one allowed to bully Madelyn. If anyone tries to spread rumors behind her back and I find out, I'll take them to the lake and make them realize their mistake!"

Forrest's words were aimed at none other than Peter Reid, who intended to pay Madelyn to be with him.

Even though Forrest wasn't present at school during that time, it seemed as if he was privy to all the details concerning Madelyn. Peter found himself struggling under the weight of Forrest's

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The moment Forrest reappeared on school grounds, he unleashed his inner fury like an untamed beast. Whether it was during class or not, he seized Peter with a single powerful grip, dragging him outside. In an instant, a swift kick propelled Peter a staggering five meters away.

In a stroke of fortune, Timothy and Adrian managed to restrain Forrest's rage. Peter was escorted to the infirmary, where the school doctor reported minor abrasions and a slight concussion.

From that point onward, Peter chose to keep a low profile, avoiding eye contact even when he ventured to the restroom.

Then, almost unexpectedly, an unforeseen event shook the status quo. Peter collapsed within the restroom's confines, witnessed by others. His urine was tinged with blood, leading him back to the infirmary once more.

Whenever Forrest's anger ignited, it seemed to rage uncontrollably. Just as he was departing. Timothy intercepted his path. "You bullied Madelyn back then, and I was involved too. If you've got balls, come after me!"

Forrest's eyes darkened slightly. He spat out two words, "Get lost!" Brushing shoulders with Timothy, he strode away.

Seeing Forrest like this, Timothy was filled with anger. "I saw through your feelings for Madelyn a long while back. Don't forget what you said back then!"

Adrian intervened, asserting, "Enough! Cut it out!"

Forrest left without looking back.

Upon hearing that, everyone in the class looked at Jadie.

Jadie, however, remained unaffected, her focus locked onto her practice paper.

The classroom was no place for conversation with so many people around. Recognizing this, Adrian steered Timothy toward the lakeside, where they could both find some respite.

Adrian's voice was steady, "You feeling calmer now?"

Timothy stood with his hands on his hips, a lingering fury clinging to him, seeking a release.

"I just can't wrap my head around it. He used to single out Madelyn, and then, out of the blue, he's changed. He's become her defender. What Peter said was merely a jest. If we hadn't shielded him, puppy."