

Rewritten 291

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Madelyn understood that going head-to-head with Zach wouldn't yield any positive outcomes, especially given the possibility of someone witnessing them.

Suppressing the strange fluttering in her chest, she inquired, "Since you're here for business, I wouldn't want to disturb you."

"Couldn't you at least drop me a text?" His brows furrowed.

Madelyn was momentarily taken aback. After a moment's pause, she retorted, "Apart from bothering me like this, do you have any other hobbies? You're well aware I don't appreciate it."

As she spoke, Zach nuzzled her earlobe lustfully.

The faint scent of a foreign perfume clung to his suit, a fragrance so potent it made Madelyn slightly uneasy.

Zach's deep voice rumbled, "Then enlighten me, what do you like me doing to you? Do you enjoy when I kiss you?"

With that, he took Madelyn's chin between his fingers and turned her head, capturing her lips in a bold kiss.

He had a drink not long ago, so she could feel a bitter tang invading her taste buds.

Listening to Madelyn's muffled protests only fueled his primal desires.

As soon as Madelyn felt his hand moving downward, her eyes widened. She spoke with a muffled

voice, "No... Not here! Are you out of your mind?"

"Squeeze your thighs together. I'll be quick!";

"...Don't."

"Be a good girl, listen!" He rewarded her with another kiss.

With a soft 'snap,' her pants zipper was pulled open.

"Zach! You jerk." She couldn't believe he would pull this off the moment they met. 'Did he see me as a whore?'

Half an hour later, Madelyn felt like all the strength had been drained from her body. If it weren't for Zach holding her up, she would have collapsed at any moment.

Zach casually wiped the stain off her with a soft cloth, his mind clearing up in the process.

In the next second, he unexpectedly scooped up the weak-legged Madelyn into his arms.

Her face still flushed; she wrapped her hands around his neck in daze. 'Where are you taking me?

Her voice was soft, almost feeble.

"You prefer others to see you in this state?" Zach glanced down at her.

Zach gently lifted her and carried her to a private room. He then went back to the adjacent room to continue his meeting with clients.

Left alone in the room, Madelyn didn't have to wait long before the door swung open and the waitstaff started bringing in a variety of dishes.

"Miss, Mr. Jardin told us to bring you some clothes."

Madelyn said, "Just leave them on the table."

"Okay. Do you want your current clothes cleaned? It'll take about an hour. The changing room is over there." The waitstaff pointed in a direction.

Judging by how Madelyn looked, the staff could easily figure out what had happened

The staff at Supreme World were accustomed to dealing with high-level individuals second-generation wealthy, high-ranking officials, maybe even a mayor or director occasionally, individuals worth billions. Aside from providing top-notch service, they were bound by strict

confidentiality. So, faced with situations like this, they hardly batted an eye.

Madelyn took the clothes and headed to the bathroom. After changing, she gave the soiled clothes a quick wash and handed them over to the waitstaff.

Half an hour later, the door to the private room swung open once again. Madelyn glanced up, then quickly lowered her gaze, focusing on her food.

Zach walked over, taking a seat next to her and lifting her up. "Tasty?" he asked, taking away her used fork and unreservedly picking up some food to eat.

"It's not like there's no other forks." Madelyn moved slightly, but he didn't let her escape.

"Where are you going later?" Zach asked.

"Skyrise Tower..." she added in her mind, "The place where you sent someone to assault me.'

""Need a ride?"

Madelyn replied, "No need, the Arnold family's driver is waiting. He'll take me there." Suddenly, someone knocked on the door.

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Zach said, "Come in."

Madelyn didn't want others to see them in such an intimate position, and she wanted to stand up,

but he wouldn't let her.

Then Kevin came in. "Ms. Jent's clothes are all clean."

Zach spoke calmly, "Just leave them."

After putting the clothes down, Kevin left the room!

Madelyn squirmed uncomfortably, "Please let go, I need to change."

Zach gently held her slim waist, "Stay here with me for a bit."

Madelyn turned her face to the side.

"Would you like some soup?" He held a spoon close to her mouth.

"I've eaten enough, you should have your meal."

"Be a good girl, okay?" Zach's words sounded a bit stern.

He looked at her for a moment, then finally let go of her waist.

He gazed at her slender back. When he saw the faint traces of kisses there and the other marks he

had left below her V-neck collar, he felt satisfied with what he had done.

Madelyn could feel his intense stare.

Zach said, "Since you're full, we..."

Before he could finish, she used the chance of his loosened grip and slipped away from his lap. "

Enjoy your meal. I don't have time to stay here."

Taking the clean clothes, Madelyn hurried to the bathroom and locked the door. Ten minutes

later, she came out in her changed clothes. She tossed her old clothes right onto Zach's face.

Zach, without getting annoyed, took the clothes off his face. "Feeling brave enough to be rude now?"

"He lifted the clothes to his nose, catching a hint of Madelyn's warmth and a sweet scent.

Suddenly, he felt aroused again.

Madelyn blushed as she watched. "Seriously, stop!" she silently cursed, 'What a weirdo!"

Without a second thought, she practically dashed out of Supreme World. Before leaving, she checked her clothes before jumping into the car.

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Madelyn arrived at Skyrise Tower.

She went to after-school classes for a few hours and then spent the rest of her time at the public library.

Forrest had reached the library before her. When he waited for her, he had already finished

several sets of practice papers.

Even during the holidays, Madelyn didn't have much free time for other things. Her progress in her studies had also suffered a bit.

Forrest noticed Madelyn as she sat down and put his pen down. "Look who's here! You've been really busy, huh?"

"Got stuck in traffic on the way here," Madelyn explained, taking out her study materials. She pushed the strands of hair that were falling onto her face behind her ear and then reached into her bag, pulling out a gift bag. "Here's the reward I promised you last time. Can't say I'm not keeping my promise."

Forrest opened the bag and found a pair of black gloves inside. He smiled, clearly happy. It was also the first gift she had ever given him. "Were you stalking me or something?"

Madelyn, who had just taken a pen out of her pencil case, looked confused. "What do you mean?",

In the next moment, Forrest placed the pink gift bag from beside his foot onto the table. "I didn't want to seem impolite. This is a gift in return."

"You got me gloves too?" Madelyn opened it curiously, and sure enough, they were soft and fuzzy in a pink color. "Okay, thanks for the gift. Now, let's get back to solving problems."

Forrest nodded towards the bag. "Why are you still doing calculus problems? Weren't you kicked out of the Math Olympiad team?"

Without looking up, Madelyn replied, "I finished the holiday homework. Plus, I don't have anything else to do."

"Classic you!" Forrest was wearing a black sweater, with his coat hanging over the back of the chair. He propped up his chin with his pen in hand, his gaze fixed on her. "Hey, Jadie took your spot. Aren't you upset?"

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"She took my spot?" Madelyn looked at him.

Forrest gestured toward her calculus book, and only then did she grasp his meaning. She responded with a composed demeanor, "Jadie's grades are outstanding. Her inclusion in the Math Olympiad team is a result of her dedication and hard work in her studies. Also, the Math Olympiad team is based on merit, so those who perform exceptionally well earn their spots."

"But you're better at math than Jadie, right?"

Madelyn didn't want to delve into this topic. In reality, being part of the Math Olympiad team would contribute positively to her academic record and secure her admission to Ventropolis University. However, stepping away from the Math Olympiad team wouldn't alter her ultimate goal.

"Don't you like Jadie? Shouldn't you be happy for her success?"

"Who told you that?"

"Isn't it the truth?" Madelyn narrowed her eyes.

When Jadie returned from abroad to Ventropolis High School, Forrest and her dating rumours had become the talk of both Ventropolis High and Ventrocloud High.

He used to skip classes, often seen in Jadie's company. Madelyn remembered, 'People said they spotted them on the streets, at bars, and I still recall that time in Peach Blossom Village, on the balcony outside – weren't they kissing?'

Moreover, when Forrest learned about Jadie being bullied, he cornered Madelyn against the wall, holding her by the neck, believing she was behind the incident.

Madelyn thought to herself, 'If all of this doesn't prove Forrest's fondness for Jadie, I don't know what does. Young folks these days, so reckless in their youth, they don't seem to take relationships seriously.'

Forrest denied, "Of course not!"

"Okay, got it," Madelyn replied quietly, keeping her head down and continuing to work on her math problems.

"Don't you want to know more? Don't you want to ask me why?"

Madelyn suddenly lifted her head, her gaze steady. "Who you like is your business; you don't need to tell me. I don't have the habit of prying into other people's private matters. My commitment to you was

to help you to improve your grades so that you can get into Ventropolis University. It has nothing to do with anything else.”

She added, “Our feelings for someone are not reliable, actually. We’re all young and foolish, and there’s a whole lot of choices ahead of us. So, our focus right now shouldn’t be on dating, but on concentrating on our studies. Understand?”

Forrest’s expression shifted slightly. He grumbled through clenched teeth, “Oh, what a good student.”

Madelyn chuckled, “I’m hitting the books hard to change my destiny.”

Forrest was momentarily taken aback.

She pressed on, “Same goes for you!”

Forrest shot back, “You sure talk a lot. Go study, go study! My ears are going numb!”

They grabbed a quick bite in the library and stayed until closing time.

As they exited the library, many others were leaving too. These were people gearing up for government exams. This was Ventropolis’s biggest library, bustling every day with dedicated

scholars.

Perhaps some would falter, while others would thrive.

But these were their decisions. Pursuing a civil service career might not be the sole route, but for them, it was the most promising avenue.

Like them, Madelyn had taken her path to transform her life. In her previous existence, she had known nothing and achieved nothing, drifting without a sense of purpose. In this life, she had chosen to live for herself. Death didn't frighten her. Her only dread was slipping into the same misery she had experienced before.

En route to Arnold Residence, a heavy downpour abruptly commenced. Madelyn observed the cascading raindrops on the car window. The rhythmic patter against the glass echoed in her ears as she mused, 'I'm heading back to Arnold Residence once again.'

She glanced at her phone. No messages. She wondered, "Could he be upset?"

Typically, Ethan would send her three messages each day morning, noon, and evening.

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Madelyn kept her head down. She felt like there was an invisible weight on her chest. She wasn't sure if it was because she was overthinking or if it was because of the weather today.

She knew she wasn't sad because she didn't get messages, but because she didn't feel comfortable

in someone else's house.

Even though the Jent residence wasn't great, it was still her home. The Arnold residence was not

her home.

This morning, Ethan had just asked Madelyn to go see his grandmother, but she had run away.

She was pretty sure he must be mad.

When she was at the Arnold residence, Madelyn always thought about things a lot when stuff like this happened.

George said, "Sir, Miss Jent is here."

Ethan responded with a nod. He was wearing a dark plaid sweater. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and lean-waisted.

The Bentley halted at the entrance, and Ethan, holding a black umbrella, walked over and opened the door. Madelyn stood under the umbrella, and the rain started to subside.

Ethan put his arm around her and walked with her into the big room when they got inside the building. He closed the umbrella and gave it to George.

His brow furrowed slightly. "Why is your hair wet? Go get a dry towel."

"I'm okay, it will dry soon." While she talked, Madelyn sneezed.

Ethan's expression softened. "Bertha, prepare some ginger tea."

Bertha said, "Sure thing, sir."

Madelyn was pleasantly surprised. She had never received such treatment at home.

But Madelyn didn't really like bothering others. "You don't have to worry about me; I'll just take some old medicine."

A servant quickly brought a dry towel, and Ethan gently placed it on her head, helping her dry her hair.

Seeing this, everyone else left, giving them some space to be alone.

Madelyn held onto her dress nervously, not sure how to move or what to do.

Ethan looked down and met her eyes. "I wasn't very considerate this morning, and I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault; it's mine. I'm not used to being around people much. I was afraid I might not act properly in front of your grandmother and upset her."

The last thing she said was just an excuse she made up.

Realizing the "truth", Ethan took a deep breath and smiled with relief. He had been worried she would dislike the idea.

"It's alright, there's plenty of time ahead. She's not a fearsome old witch, if you meet her, she'll definitely like you."

Madelyn was taken aback by the comparison, thinking, 'Did you just call your grandmother a witch?'

Ethan saw that the drying was almost done. "I just learned how to stew black truffle soup today, would you like to try?"

"You made it yourself?" Madelyn was slightly surprised.

"After studying recipes for so long, I had to put it into practice myself."

Madelyn thought, 'Do all the men in the Arnold family know how to cook?'

In the Jent family, cooking in the kitchen was always done by the women.

Madelyn sat down, and before long, a servant brought a cup of ginger tea.

Ethan held the cup. "Drink some first, it'll warm you up."

Madelyn took a sip, and to her surprise, it wasn't bad. She tried a little more.

"It's nice." Madelyn drank most of it, feeling the warmth spreading through her body.

When she finally tasted the black truffle soup that Ethan had made, she said, "It's a little strange."

"Really?" Ethan tasted it and found it flavorful and well-balanced, not too salty or plain. "Maybe it's because you just had the ginger tea. Have a bit more, it should taste better."

"I was just kidding. It's actually quite tasty."

Ethan's warm smile grew, and he reached out to tousle her hair.

Madelyn stated, "Tomorrow, I'll go with you to see your grandmother."

He said softly, "No need, she's already feeling better."

She nodded. "Okay."

At nine o'clock, Madelyn got back to her room, took a shower, and got ready for bed.

Suddenly, the phone charging on her nightstand started ringing.

Wearing a soft white pajama set and drying her hair, Madelyn walked over and picked up the

phone. As she read the message, her expression quickly turned serious. She furrowed her brow, placed the phone back down, and acted like she didn't notice.

Zach persistently kept calling. The fifth call got disconnected automatically.

Beep!

A text message popped up on her phone.

Madelyn opened it, and her heart skipped a beat. A shiver seemed to run down her spine, and her

hands shook.

-The messages Zach sent were all explicit and obscene photos of them.

Madelyn clenched her teeth in anger.

When he called again, she paused before answering. "What do you want?"

Zach's deep voice came from the other side, "What are you up to?"

"You sent me those pictures just to ask me that? Zach, don't you have anything better to do?"

Madelyn shot back, while thinking, 'It's so quiet on his side, and given the time, he's probably in his study.'

"I miss you..." Zach's voice turned slightly husky and carried a hint of longing.

Madelyn's eyebrows twitched, surprised because he had never spoken to her like this before.

He continued, "I miss your scent... and your body..."

She cursed inwardly, 'He's still the same!' She told him firmly, "Enough I'm with Ethan now. If you don't want him to hear such things, then stop it!"

"You're alone with him? What are you guys doing?"

Madelyn deliberately responded, "Aside from helping me with my studies, what else can he do? He's not like you; he wouldn't do those things to me. He's coming over now, I'm hanging up."

After saying that, she abruptly ended the call, deleted the pictures he had sent, and switched off her phone entirely.

Zach's study door was knocked. He closed the video screen and said, "Come in."

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"Zach, Hosario's injury hasn't fully healed, so I made some late-night snacks for you." Jadie entered, holding a tray of food, and she also had a workbook in her hand. "I'm struggling with a few problems, could you help me out?"

“Which one?”

“It’s this one. I’ve calculated it so many times, but I can’t get the right value.” Jadie pulled a chair from the side and sat down on his left, leaning in.

Zach looked at the problem, feeling a soft touch on his upper arm. He shifted slightly, noticing that Jadie was wearing a low-cut, yellow nightgown, without a bra underneath. He could also glimpse the fair skin beneath her neckline, but he quickly looked away.

“...So the range of values is -1.”

Jadie nodded, seeming to understand. “I see. You’re really good at this. The late-night snacks won’t taste as good if they get cold.”

Jadie went through the math problem again, turned to the next page, and appeared determined to spend more time in Zach’s study.

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Zach didn’t touch the late-night snacks on the table, but he didn’t reach for them. Instead, he opened an unfinished file and kept working. Aren’t these problems from the last semester? You’re part of the Math Olympiad team already. You can handle these, right? If you can’t, they might remove you from the team.”

He added, “If you’re having trouble with your studies, should I find you a tutor?” When Jadie heard his words, her heart sank. ‘Does he also think I’m not as good as Madelyn? I’m not pretty like her, and my family and grades aren’t as good either?’

Zach’s voice grew stern. “I’ve never thought that about you. When did you start feeling this way?” Jadie said, “But it’s true. When I’m around her, I feel like I’m not as good. At school, people always see me as the adopted member of the Jent family. Even my friends only got close to me because of Madelyn!”

Zach reached out and gently touched her long hair. "Jadie, you're you, and Madelyn is Madelyn. You don't need to compare yourself to her. To me, you're amazing. It's late; don't stress too much. Get some rest.' Jadie asked, "And what about you?"

Zach replied, "You go sleep first. I still have some files to review." Jadie persisted, "Zach, you haven't rested for days. The future assets of the Jent family will all belong to Madelyn! Why are you pushing yourself so hard for the Jent family?"

Zach's expression darkened, and he sternly warned, "Who told you these things? Who put these ideas in your head?" Jadie was taken aback, "I'm sorry, I was just worried about you and didn't want to see you so exhausted." Zach's tone grew sharper, "Enough! Don't say these things again in the future. Now go rest!"

"I... I understand." Jadie hastily left the study, closed the door, and felt shaken by the encounter. Zach thought to himself, 'Jent family? Just the insignificant Jent family...'

George told Madelyn that Hayson would take Jasmine back to the Jent residence, so Madelyn naturally headed home.

"George, we already have so many things. There's no need to bring more," Madelyn said. George replied, "It's all Mr. Arnold's instructions. He's going on a business trip to Marisburg tomorrow for a week. This is also a gesture from him. Just accept it."

Ethan had prepared many gifts that required three whole cars to fit. Madelyn silently made a note of it. George accompanied her back to the Jent residence.

Outside the Jent residence, Hayson smiled warmly, as his palm sweaty. He walked up with a smile and said, "Zach has told me about Madelyn's situation. I appreciate you all taking care of Madelyn these days. When I have the chance, I will personally thank Mr. Arnold."

George had heard about Hayson's way of doing things to some extent. He didn't have much fondness for someone like Hayson. He simply felt it was unfortunate that Madelyn was born into such an environment.

“No need for thanks. My task is done as long as I’ve safely brought Miss Jent back, Goodbye!” “George, take care,” Madelyn called out. George nodded, got into the car, and Madelyn greeted Hayson, “Father.”

Hayson glanced at her, his face devoid of a smile. Instead, he sternly questioned, “You know Ethan Arnold. Why didn’t you tell me about this?”

“I’m sorry, Father. At first, I didn’t know about his identity,” Madelyn lied. “Then tell me, what’s the whole story behind this?”

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During dinner, Madelyn poked at the risotto on her plate. She kept her gaze on her plate as she shared the whole story with Hayson. “... And that’s how it happened,” she finished.

Before hearing the story, Hayson hadn’t realized that the heir of the Arnold family had been living right next door all this time. He hadn’t paid much attention to the identity of their neighbor.

“While you’re eating, remember what the table manners teacher taught you. Don’t lower your head down too much. It doesn’t look good. We shouldn’t give a bad impression of our family at the Arnold residence.”

“Understood, Father,” Madelyn replied. She immediately straightened her back, and Hayson’s tone was gentler than before, not as stern anymore, “Father, there’s no need to be so strict with Madelyn at home,” Zach’s voice chimed in.

Walking behind him was Jadie. She cast a glance at Madelyn and thought to herself, ‘It’s been a while since I saw her. She looks even more beautiful now. Her cheeks, which used to be thin, have filled out, making her features even more delicate.’

Zach had two boxes of tea in his hands. “Finest black tea.” Hayson remarked, “You must have put in quite an effort to acquire them. Thoughtful of you.”

“It’s the least I can do.” After the servants took the boxes away, Zach took off his suit jacket and draped it over the back of the chair, then sat down across from Madelyn.

“You’ve come at the right time. Have you had your meal?” Hayson asked. “Not yet. I’ve just picked up Jadie and came home for dinner,” Zach replied.

The servants quickly brought over two sets of utensils. “Perfect timing, then. Let’s eat together. No need to be so formal in our own home.”

“Sure, Father.” Madelyn ate her dinner slowly, listening as Zach and Hayson talked about recent changes in their company.

Azure Corporation had taken up a new project in partnership with Arnold Corporation. They were working on developing an old residential area into a brand-new shopping mall.

As Madelyn listened to the location being discussed, she could make an educated guess about it. ‘That spot will probably turn into the busiest shopping area in Ventropolis someday, worth way more than it is now. Zach must have had his eye on it right from the beginning.’

She couldn’t help but acknowledge that Ethan had a good sense of foresight. He could see the potential in that land even before Zach did. Back in her previous life, Zach had secured that land as his starting point for building his fortune. Eventually, that very land had helped him make a substantial amount of money.

In her past life, Zach had acquired the land and it was his starting point to grow capital, and later, because of this land, Zach made a considerable amount of money.

However, this time around, Arnold Corporation had acquired the land before Zach could. Zach said, “But I’m planning to negotiate with Arnold Corporation and buy it at a fair price.”

When Madelyn heard this, her lowered eyelashes quivered, causing her to accidentally drop her food onto the floor.

A nearby servant noticed and swiftly handed her a tissue, taking care of the fallen food. Only Zach appeared to notice Madelyn's reaction. He looked at her calmly for a moment before shifting his gaze away.

Hayson expressed his concern, "I recall that area being on the outskirts, and there are a number of old houses nearby. It's not a place people often visit. For Arnold Corporation to purchase that land, it suggests the local government might be considering redevelopment. Otherwise, they wouldn't have gone for it. And if you want it, Arnold Corporation won't easily let it go."

Zach reassured, "Don't worry, Father. I have my methods." Hayson knew well what strategies Zach intended to use, but he didn't elaborate further.

'Why is Zach so determined to have that particular piece of land? Could it be that he's also returned? Maybe I'm not the only one who's been reborn?' Madelyn's thoughts drifted far from the dinner table.

Unable to focus, Madelyn managed to eat for around fifteen minutes, barely taking a few bites, before excusing herself and heading upstairs. Zach and Jadie would stay a few days at the Jent residence from tonight.

As Madelyn went upstairs, a servant hurriedly emerged from her old room on the third floor. That room was now Jasmine's. Madelyn was startled when she saw the servant carrying a basin filled with water tinged with red. She asked, "What happened to Jasmine?"

The servant kept her head down and said, "She accidentally cut herself. No need to worry, the doctor is treating her."

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Madelyn looked at her expression and realized things were clearly not that simple. However, she did not ask further questions. Because she knew knowing too much might not necessarily be a good thing.

She then went upstairs. She thought, ' In my past life, Jasmine indeed got admitted into the hospital due to illness at this time. She spent more than half a month recuperating there. But I didn't know the specific reason.

'Why's she at home this time?' Madelyn realized after her reborn, some things seemed to have changed but they actually did not. Things would ultimately progress toward the predetermined ending.

So, Madelyn was worried. She did not know if Zach still drugged her in this life. She also was not sure about her current health condition. She did not know if she had any other symptoms other than uterine deformity.

She wondered if she had changes in cells that led to the development of cancer. To avoid such a situation, Madelyn would now go to the hospital for a medical checkup every two weeks. When she arrived at the fifth floor, she noticed that her door had been replaced. with a new regular door.

There was a four-leaf clover wall hanging above her door. When she pushed open the door, she saw her wardrobes and bathroom were roughly the same. Her bed's position had changed.

To her, the other changes did not affect her too much. She whispered in her thoughts, 'The bed I slept in had been moved to the Arnold residence. So, this bed... It's probably brand new.'

The most important things to her were her paintings. The servants were carrying Madelyn's things to her room. Madelyn nervously asked, "Where are my paintings?"

"Ms. Jent, we're not sure about this." Madelyn then suddenly remembered the art album Ethan gave her. She hurriedly ran into her cloakroom and found the art album hidden deepest at the bottom of her cabinet. When she saw the paintings inside the art album, she was relieved, "Luckily everything is fine."

Upon hearing the footsteps within the room, Madelyn quickly hid the art album. She covered it with neatly folded clothes before closing the drawer. She then walked out.

Zach was looking around her room as he said, "The renovation is quite good. It's just that the wind is strong here at night. You might catch a cold. Remember to cover yourself with a blanket." Madelyn just ignored him, 'It's none of his business whether I catch a cold or not.'

She then took out her workbook from her bag and placed it on the table. She then suddenly thought of something. She tentatively asked, "Zach, have you also returned?"

She met with his gloomy eyes. Zach squinted as he asked, "Returned? What do you mean?" Madelyn thought, 'So, he wasn't reborn?

Zach took a step forward and felt her forehead with his cold hand, "You're not sick!" Madelyn immediately stepped back to distance herself from him, "I'm sorry. I was lost in my thoughts and misspoke. I want to study now. Zach... Please excuse me."

She complained, 'When will he change his habit of barging in without knocking?!' Madelyn sat at her desk. The sunlight from outside warmed her hands.

Zach dragged a chair over and sat beside her, "I can teach you if there's something you don't understand."

Madelyn gripped her pen tightly, "Zach, do you know what you look like now?" She looked calm when she stared at him. She then looked at the hand resting on her leg.

She smiled sarcastically as she continued saying, "You look like a beast that has a strong sexual desire every second."

Zach did not mind what she said. He then pulled her up and put her on his lap. He tilted his head as he said playfully, "So, you know how to scold someone indirectly now?"

"That's what you are." Madelyn continued saying without looking at him, "I still have a lot of things to do. Please stop bothering me."

Zach, "I said I'll teach you if there's something you don't understand." Madelyn, "I understand everything. I don't need you to teach me."

“You understand everything? Why did you go and ask Ethan about something that you didn’t understand that night? So, did you really have something that you didn’t understand, or did you pretend? Huh?” Zach pinched Madelyn’s chin as he looked into her eyes. He squinted as he said, “Or is it that you don’t want me to teach you?”

He pinched her waist to punish her. Madelyn was in so much pain that she frowned. The spot where he pinched her last time still had not healed.

She thought, ‘It happened so many days ago. Yet, he still brought it up.’ Madelyn responded, “You misunderstood. That question was beyond my syllabus.”

Zach, “Really? Show me then.” Madelyn looked away as she impatiently said, “Zach, I’m really bothered by you. Can you give me some personal space? Can you stop constantly watching me making me feel like a prisoner? Don’t you have anything else to do?”

“Why don’t you go and find Jadie?” Zach responded with a half-smile, “You two are separate individuals! I came to accompany you. Why are you throwing a tantrum?”

He could tell Madelyn was lying. She liked to tell lies growing up. When she lied, she would not dare to look into the person’s eyes. This was her biggest weakest.

Madelyn noticed the coldness in Zach’s eyes. Whenever they were alone, his eyes would turn cold if she mentioned Jadie. Just like now.

She knew that although he might not do anything to her now as they were at home, there was no telling what he might do to her in the future. He was an evil, petty man who held grudges.

Madelyn knew arguing with Zach would only make things worse. So, she suppressed her discomfort and said, “Let go of me now.”

Zach obediently loosened his grip. Madelyn then sat in front of the desk again and fixed her shirt. She took out the exercise book that Albert gave her and flipped to the marked page. “This question,” she said as she pointed at it.

Zach took out a pencil from Madelyn's pencil case. He glanced at the question and said, "Calculus from the university syllabus?" He picked up the book and looked at the cover. It stated, "Math Olympiad exercise book". He then said, "This kind of out-of-syllabus exercise book isn't suitable for you."

Madelyn remembered Zach's educational level was not high. She knew that he did everything based on self-learning. She was not sure what his actual educational level was.

He was always very secretive about his matters. Madelyn, "It doesn't matter if you think it's suitable or not. As long as I like it, it's fine."

Zach did not respond to that. He just put the book down and started seriously explaining the question to her.

His explanation was detailed and concise. Madelyn understood it very quickly. After testing his level of math, Madelyn thought, 'Well, Zach is indeed very capable. No wonder my father values him so much. And no wonder Jadie's grades soared and was even able to get into the Math Olympiad training class.'

Madelyn said, "I got it now. Thanks."

"Do you really understand?" Zach responded. Madelyn, "I'm not stupid."

Zach flipped a few pages and found a similar question. He pointed at it, "Try solving this question using my method just now."

Madelyn thought, 'In my past life after I got married to him, he always looked down on me. I can't let him look down on me again this time.' Madelyn quickly solved the question within five minutes. Zach, "Not bad. You're not stupid."

He then brushed her hair with his hand. Madelyn felt tense immediately. She timidly said, "Go and do your work! I can do it myself now." Zach, "I'll watch you do it!"

Madelyn, "But I like being alone..."

She could not stand the way he looked at her. She was also very afraid of him being around.

Chapter 300

“Zach!” Just when the atmosphere between Zach and Madelyn was tense, Jadie’s voice could be heard from the corridor. The next second, she appeared at the door. Zach, “What’s the matter?”

Jadie, “Mr. Jent wants you to go to the study.”

Zach, “Okay.” Madelyn thought, ‘Lifesaver!’ After Zach left with Jadie, Madelyn immediately closed the door and locked it. In the study, Zach said, “Father.”

Hayson was praying. After he was done, he turned around and said, “The company faced many problems during the time when I was away. “Do you have anything that you want to say to me about that?”

“It was indeed my negligence back in Portsmouth Fishing Village. I failed to protect her. I’m willing to accept any punishment,” Zach lowered his head as he responded.

Hayson, “Have you found out who was behind it?” “They’re all Nicolas Ball’s people. Previously, when he took control of our business area, I used some methods to get him imprisoned for two years. Now that he’s out, he’s targeted Madelyn.”

Hayson calmly responded, “Use the same method to send him back into jail again. If necessary, let the Arnold family know about this. It’ll be best if they deal with this. We don’t need to soil our hands.”

Zach, “Got it.” Hayson, “It’s not easy to establish a foothold in Ventropolis. You must help Madelyn. It’s best to ensure she marries into the Arnold family. If that happens, you won’t have any worries when you completely take over my position.”

“Okay, Father!” A glint flashed past Zach’s dark, deep eyes. Hayson, “Other than Madelyn’s matter, don’t forget about your own matters. About the Young family, you need to act fast.”

Zach, "Father, don't worry. I won't disappoint you."

Hayson, "Go out!"

Zach, "Okay." Hayson, "Take care of your women out there. Don't let them mess up your matters." After Zach left the room, he saw Jadie who was eavesdropping at the door. He frowned terrifyingly. He grabbed Jadie's wrist and dragged her out to the balcony on the second floor.

He said, "Why did you eavesdrop outside the study? Did you think he wouldn't notice?" Jadie looked sad, "If I hadn't heard it, Zach, would you even tell me about your plans to be with Yvonne?"

"But... But you promised me that you wouldn't abandon me. "And you clearly know that I like you!" Jadie was emotional. She cried and her tears dropped to the ground.

"Jadie, you shouldn't concern yourself with all this! Did you forget what I told you? You should be careful about what you say in the Jent residence.

"Did you forget your place because I've been too lenient with you these days? "You better forget about what you heard just now! "Do you hear me?!"

Jadie, "Madelyn has Mr. Jent, Ethan, and Forrest. But who do I have? I only have you! And now you don't even want me. Why should I still listen to you?"

"I hate you, Zach!"

Jadie heartbrokenly ran away. Madelyn was holding a slice of bread and a cup of hot milk hiding near the staircase on the first floor. She did not mean to listen to their conversation. But they were too loud!

Luckily, Jadie ran upstairs. When Madelyn quietly walked upstairs with a small piece of bread in her mouth, she saw a pair of black leather shoes. Her heart skipped a beat as she lifted her head...