

Rewritten 3

Chapter 3

Madelyn took a deep breath and smiled at Zach, her voice softening as she spoke, "Brother, I'm sorry! I was being stubborn earlier. I was wrong, and I shouldn't have pushed you like that. I've realized my mistake now, and from this moment forward, I'll always remember that you're my brother."

She refrained from arguing or causing a scene, maintaining a calm demeanor reminiscent of a lifeless doll.

Zach's eyes momentarily lost their brightness, replaced by a cold smirk that curled his thin lips. He sarcastically thought to himself, 'Is this her new approach?'

Speaking gently, Zach responded, "It's good that you understand. Get some rest and don't stay up too late. I'll come to pick you up tomorrow." With that, he reached out and gently patted her head, like an elder would.

Madelyn fought the urge to pull away from his touch and obediently nodded.

As Zach turned away, the tenderness in his eyes vanished instantly, replaced by an icy coldness. Leaving the hospital room, he retrieved a white handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the hand that had just made contact with Madelyn. He then walked toward the elevator and nonchalantly discarded the handkerchief into the nearby trash bin. Upon the opening of the elevator doors, Zach stepped inside and pressed the button for the underground parking level.

An Audi, its headlights illuminating the area, awaited his arrival. Seated in the passenger seat was a woman with long, wavy hair, dressed alluringly, with a cigarette delicately held between her fingers. A puff of smoke escaped her sensuous red lips as her gaze followed the man's tall figure until he entered the car. Curiously, she inquired, "Did you manage to calm her down?"

Zach settled into the car and secured his seatbelt, a hint of disgust flickering in his eyes. He swiftly snatched the cigarette from the woman's hand and flung it out the window. His voice turned frigid as he admonished, "You're no longer allowed to smoke in my car!"

The woman responded with a seductive smile, crossing her legs. "If I can't smoke, how else am I supposed to mask the sweet scent of that girl's perfume?" Her eyes, enhanced by a touch of eyeliner, fixated on the pink perfume bottle placed in the car. A sticker on the bottle declared it as "Madelyn's exclusive seat."

She let out a light chuckle. "Who would've thought that an eighteen-year-old girl like her would be so possessive? Have you ever considered marrying into the Jent family and then manipulating the young girl? That way, everything you desire would be much simpler, without all the unnecessary complications."

Zach grasped the steering wheel and pressed down on the accelerator. As the car smoothly maneuvered out of the parking lot, he spoke, "For now, let Madelyn be. She still has her uses to me."

"Tsk, I thought you might have a soft spot for her and be unwilling to harm her. But it seems you're even more ruthless than I anticipated! It appears she's not as significant as I thought. After all these years, she still hasn't managed to capture your heart."

Zach's expression twisted with annoyance as he spoke in a cold, cutting tone, "Utter one more word and get out of my car!" Internally, he cursed, 'Madelyn? She's nothing but a naive fool! I have no interest in an immature brat.'

The car drove away, fading into the darkness until it vanished from sight.

Meanwhile, Madelyn lay on the hospital bed, her eyes wide open. She occasionally felt a subtle pain in her wrist. Serenely, she stared into the enveloping darkness, unable to discern anything. Her eyes

remained open until the sun gradually ascended on the horizon. Unwilling to wait for Zach to pick her up, she took charge of her own discharge procedures and left alone at six-thirty in the morning.

In her past life, Madelyn had devoted herself entirely to Zach. However, in this new chapter, she yearned to live for herself...

Madelyn comprehended Zach's motive for aligning with the Jent family—nothing more than a quest for revenge. She knew she couldn't halt him, nor did she wish to try. She no longer desired involvement in

the hatred between her father, Hayson Jent, and Zach. Their deadly conflicts held no appeal to her. She no longer harbored the foolish belief, as she had in her past life, that she could reconcile them, persuade them to release their grudges, and live harmoniously.

Now, Madelyn's sole aspiration was to navigate through college. She resolved to endure three more years before departing from the Jent residence, Ventropolis, and starting a new life of her own.