

## Rewritten 30

### Chapter 30

Moonlight pierced through the window, its cold brilliance illuminating the room. Madelyn, clad in her nightgown, descended the stairs into the living room. Rarely prone to wake during the night, she had awakened thirsty only to find her water pitcher empty. As she made her way downstairs, sleep still fogging her vision, she turned and gasped at the unexpected sight of a dark silhouette on the couch.

“Ahh!”

Her drowsiness evaporated instantaneously, as the figure rose from the couch, switching on the wall light. The sudden brightness made her squint, and it took a moment for her to make out the man before her.

“Bro, what are you doing here? You didn’t go home?”

The room was steeped in a faint aroma of alcohol, a scent unmistakably emanating from Zach.

‘He just got back from an outing? And why isn’t he with Jadie? What’s he doing in the Jent residence?’

Despite eight years of marriage, Zach’s intentions were as elusive to her as ever.

As Madelyn spoke, Zach moved closer, their distance shrinking. She was backed against the wall, escape impossible. As he approached, his gaze swept over her. Though it was a casual, unassuming look, she could not help but notice the strange glint in his eyes. His breath hitched, revealing a hint of disarray. She knew Zach was not one for infidelity—not until Jadie was out of the picture. After Jadie’s death, Zach had drowned himself in debauchery, sampling many women. Madelyn was aware that, with Hayson around, Zach would not dare touch her.

A tremble ran through Madelyn’s lashes as she feigned ignorance, intending to escape. But he suddenly stretched out a hand, bracing it against the wall, blocking her path. A ripple of panic coursed

through her, her heart pounding in her chest.

“Bro... is there something else you need?”

Her heart raced, each beat faster than the last. His piercing gaze, sharp enough to cut through even the thickest armor, was daunting. His powerful aura, coupled with the thick scent of alcohol, left her feeling uneasy.

Gently, Zach brushed her hair behind her ear. “Madelyn, have I done something to upset you recently?”

“No... no...” Madelyn, fists clenched against the wall behind her, kept her gaze lowered, afraid to meet his eyes. She knew if she did, he would instantly spot her vulnerability, deducing her every thought with a single glance.

“Really? Because it feels like you’ve been avoiding me. Is it because of Jadie?”

Zach leaned in closer, this proximity revealing the contours of her body beneath the thin

nightgown. He clearly remembered the sight of her waist hollow revealed by the curve of her back.

‘Truth be told, for an eighteen-year-old, her figure and body is extraordinarily well- developed. I wonder how many men will fall beneath her enchanting spell once she fully

matures.’

In a soft voice, Madelyn responded. “I’ve always known you loved Jadie... I was foolish before, but now I understand. So, I thought it best to keep my distance. To avoid any misunderstandings with Jadie.”

“Lift your head.” His tone was unbearably firm, brooking no argument.

Despite having lived twice, Madelyn was still mortally afraid of him. She lifted her gaze, eyes brimming with a pitiable innocence that was profoundly touching. This vulnerability stirred an urge in him to dominate, to ravage.

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‘This is how she’s meant to be.’