

Rewritten 31

Chapter 31

Zach studied Madelyn intently, his gaze now surprisingly softened. Normally, his eyes held an icy, disdainful distance whenever they fell upon her. Thus, she recognized the flicker of tenderness mirrored in his look—the same tenderness he reserved for Jadie.

Feeling a mix of surprise and apprehension, Madelyn locked eyes with Zach, her nerves jangling. ‘He’s never been like this before... What could have gone wrong? I can’t recall doing anything out of the ordinary.’

Breaking the silence, Zach’s voice cut through the tension. “Jadie would be happy if she knew how much you care about her. But what about you? Are you into Ethan?”

“Huh?” Madelyn’s bewilderment deepened, her thoughts racing. “Why is he suddenly bringing up Ethan? Is he on drug or something? This is so strange.”

Zach remained silent; his focus unwavering as he observed her reaction. Then, abruptly, he withdrew his hand and reverted to his usual cold and distant demeanor, as if the fleeting tenderness he had shown was nothing more than an illusion.

“No!” Madelyn exhaled a relieved breath, feeling the weight on her shoulders lift, and an overwhelming urge to flee washed over her. But just as she was on the cusp of making her escape, a searing and calloused hand seized her wrist, anchoring her in place. Her voice trembled as she asked, “Zach... Wh—What’s the matter? Do you need anything?”

Zach responded, “I’m hungry. Cook me pasta.’

‘What?!’ Cooking was a skill she had yet to master at this point of life, and Zach was well aware of that. In fact, she could turn a kitchen into chaos with a simple attempt at frying an egg.

Before she could refuse, Zach swiveled around and retreated to the couch, his eyes closing in a

semblance of rest.

Assessing the lingering scent of alcohol emanating from him, Madelyn knew he had indulged a bit too much. Resigned to her fate, she made her way to the kitchen, opening the refrigerator and retrieving some cheese, eggs, and bacon.

Zach's habit for drinking on an empty stomach, combined with his penchant of skipping breakfast, often wreaked havoc on his insides. Madelyn thought to herself that, in a way, she was still his sister. Thus, she resolved to prepare him a meal, hoping that her efforts would garner some mercy when he eventually sought revenge on the Jent family.

As Zach watched Madelyn busy cooking in the kitchen, a peculiar warmth stirring within him. Strangely, the sight of Madelyn engrossed in her culinary tasks evoked images of a cozy married life, as if he had witnessed this scene countless times before. It struck him with a sense of familiarity that he couldn't quite explain.

For Madelyn, the aim was simple: cook a plate of pasta for Zach. The dried pasta was remnants

from Rosario's earlier cooking, but she knew that Zach possessed an insatiable appetite, so she added a little extra. Fancy and elaborate dishes were far from her intentions; all she sought was a temporary respite from his penetrating gaze.

Madelyn set water to boil and added the pasta. While waiting, she whisked together the eggs and cheese to make the sauce. When the pasta was cooked, the bacon was ready as well. She drained the pasta and poured the sauce over it, placing the bacon on top. In addition to salt, she added some dried parsley. It would enhance the flavor and aroma.

Adjusting her apron, Madelyn made a conscious effort to ensure it was properly fastened before delicately carrying the steaming plate of pasta over to Zach.

"Zach, your pasta is ready. You can eat now," Madelyn announced, placing the fragrant plate of pasta on the table. She turned her attention to the figure reclining on the couch, wondering if he had already succumbed to sleep.

Approaching him cautiously, she called out, "Zach, wake up~"

However, there was no response from him.

Madelyn extended her hand, intending to rouse him from his slumber. Just as she was about to touch him, Zach's foot, which had been planted on the floor, shifted abruptly.

Caught off guard, Madelyn's foot tangled with his, causing her balance to falter. In an instant, she found herself hurtling forward, landing heavily on top of Zach.

Everything went dark, and Madelyn found herself sprawled on top of Zach, even hearing him let out a pained groan.

As clarity seeped back into her consciousness, Madelyn felt a soft warmth against her lips. Her eyes fluttered open, meeting Zach's intoxicated and dazed gaze, causing her own eyes to

widen in an instant....