

## Rewritten 32

### Chapter 32

Madelyn's heart raced as she darted back to her room, her mind in turmoil, uncertain of how to proceed. She slammed the door shut with a trembling hand, securing it with a lock. Leaning against the door, she shivered, repeatedly wiping her lips as if trying to rid them of some invisible contamination.

Though she had already kissed Zach before when he was in intoxicated state, she couldn't forget the disgust that had emanated from him when he looked at her after forcefully pushing her away.

However, Madelyn had changed. She was no longer the girl she had been before. The mere thought of being entangled with Zach filled her with a profound aversion.

A wave of nausea washed over Madelyn. It felt as if countless flies were swarming around her. She continued to rub her lips vigorously until they became swollen and numb. Lost in contemplation of the bewildering events that had unfolded, she struggled to comprehend how she had stumbled and fallen into Zach's embrace so unexpectedly.

Under normal circumstances, such an incident would have been unthinkable. However, with Zach in his drunken state, Madelyn couldn't find it in herself to question his actions. She sought solace in the belief that it had been an accident, something not worth dwelling on. Yet, as she lay in bed, restlessly tossing and turning, sleep eluded her. Zach's face relentlessly haunted her thoughts, replaying itself in an endless loop...

In the living room downstairs, Zach sat in silence, his presence a blend of sobriety and intoxication, marked by his dilated pupils. The enigmatic haze surrounding him blurred the boundaries between reality and inebriation. Before he knew it, he had already polished off the pasta on his plate, savoring a flavor that had eluded him during his usual outings.

A thought crept into Zach's mind—had Madelyn possessed cooking skills all along? Was it possible that she had feigned ignorance to deceive him? However, the notion seemed implausible. Recalling her attendance at cooking classes, he reasoned that her ability to prepare pasta shouldn't have come as a surprise.

Earlier on,

he had intentionally tripped Madelyn to gauge her reaction. To his surprise, Madelyn's gaze had noticeably changed. Every time he ventured within three steps of her, he could sense her visible resistance. It puzzled him. It wasn't rooted in jealousy toward Jadie; instead, it was a profound animosity and fear directed solely at him. A nagging question lingered in his thoughts, 'Could it be that she has discovered something? Madelyn, what exactly... do you know?'

Accustomed to having control over every aspect of his life, Zach found himself losing his grip on Madelyn. He couldn't shake off the feeling that she was concealing something from him. However, she was merely a pawn in his game—a piece to be discarded when it no longer served his purposes.

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As the remnants of the pasta settled in his stomach, Zach's intoxication gradually waned. A sense of calm replaced the unsettling churn within him. He reached for a cigarette, exhaling a cloud of smoke that dissipated into the air. Smoking was not a habit he indulged in frequently, reserving it for social occasions or when he sought a means to push people away...

Time seemed to stretch indefinitely, yet Madelyn's mind remained alert.

Knock, knock, knock...

The rhythmic knocks pierced through the stillness of the night, jolting Madelyn from her reverie. She instinctively pulled the covers tighter around her, hiding beneath their comforting embrace. She knew

all too well that it was Zach at the door. The clock struck two in the morning, and the absence of Rosario and Hayson left her vulnerable and alone in the house. Determined, she closed her eyes tightly, feigning obliviousness, determined not to give him a response.

"Madelyn, are you awake?"

Silence hung heavy in the air, Madelyn refusing to break it.

The knocking persisted, an incessant reminder of his presence, while her heart pounded like a wild stallion, the rhythm of her fear resonating in her ears. She had made a solemn promise to herself, vowing never to be ensnared by Zach's deceitful charm again.

Finally, the knocking ceased, fading into the night as Zach retreated. It took an eternity for

before Madelyn dared to move.