

## Rewritten 33

### Chapter 33

The following day, Madelyn woke up quite late, because she had only fallen asleep around three or four. She rolled out of bed, slipped into her bra, and changed into some comfy loungewear. Covering her mouth, she let out a yawn and made her way downstairs.

“Rosario, what’s on the menu for breakfast this morning?” she called out.

Rosario, busy in the kitchen, responded, “Mr. Jardin caught a cold, so I whipped up some carrot ginger soup. I’ll take it up to him first. There’s more in the pot if you want some.”

Madelyn was taken aback. “How did he get sick all of a sudden? He seemed perfectly fine yesterday.”

“It’s partly my fault. I thought he had left, so I stashed away his bedding to keep it from gathering dust,” Rosario explained as she prepared to bring the carrot ginger soup upstairs. Then, a thought struck her. “Oh, I almost forgot. We’re out of fever medicine at home. I need to go out and buy some. Madelyn, do you have time? Can you take the soup up to him for me?”

“Sure thing, Rosario. Go ahead! I’ll take care of Zach in the meantime.”

Deep down, Madelyn felt a pang of guilt. Somehow, Zach getting sick seemed to be connected to her. Without having eaten anything herself, she carried the soup upstairs. She reached Zach’s room and knocked on the door. “Hey, are you awake, Zach?”

Coughing could be heard from inside the room. “Cough, cough... Come in, the door’s not locked.”

Madelyn pushed open the door and entered, only to find Zach accompanied by Kevin.

Zach closed his documents and said, “...Let’s postpone today’s meeting for now. I’ll continue to follow up on this project. That’ll be all. You can head back to the office, and if anything comes up, give me a

call.”

“Alright, Mr. Jardin,” Kevin replied, grabbing his briefcase. He nodded at Madelyn in greeting.

Zach asked Madelyn, “What are you doing here, Madelyn? Where’s Rosario?”

“She went out to buy fever medicine for you,” Madelyn answered.

Once Kevin had left, Madelyn set the soup on the bedside table. “Zach, you’re sick. You should take it easy right now. Have your meal first.”

“Just leave it there,” Zach said, his gaze fixed on the laptop screen. He seemed focused and serious. There was something undeniably appealing about a man when he was fully immersed

in his work.

Madelyn knew that once Zach got engrossed in his work, he would likely lose track of time, and by the time he remembered, the soup would probably be cold. In the past, she might have

1/2

taken away his laptop and insisted that he eat. But this time, she decided not to interfere anymore. “Zach, remember to eat and don’t forget. I’ll go back to studying.”

“Alright, if you have any questions or don’t understand something, feel free to come and ask me,” Zach said.

Madelyn nodded, turned around, and gently closed the door behind her, wanting to avoid disturbing Zach.

Speaking of studying, Madelyn didn't actually return to her books. Instead, she headed downstairs to watch TV. Glancing at the time, she realized it was already past noon. If Hayson didn't come back by

midnight, it meant he wouldn't be returning today. Without him around, Madelyn felt a sense of relief.

Although her external injuries had already formed scabs, Madelyn's internal injuries continued to inflict intense pain whenever she made sudden movements. While they had initially shown signs of improvement, they seemed to have worsened after her fall onto Zach's hard body. In an effort to alleviate the discomfort, Madelyn took a few painkillers, which offered significant relief. 1

Just then, Madelyn's phone chimed with the familiar sound of a text message. Without even looking, she knew it was from Ethan.

Ethan: [Is the wound still hurting? What are you up to?]

Madelyn, shuffling in her slippers, responded while pouring herself a glass of water: [It's almost healed. I'm watching a TV show. How about you? Did you take your medication on time? The weather is lovely today. If possible, you should go out for a walk.]

Ethan: [Will you come with me?]

Madelyn: [Of course! Can we go now?]

Ethan: [Not today, I won't be home. But when we meet, I have a surprise for you.]

Madelyn: [Sounds exciting. I'll be looking forward to it.]

The other person didn't reply, and Madelyn tucked her phone away.

Upstairs in the room, Zach sat on the bed, his gaze fixed on his phone, his eyes filled with darkness. An icy chill permeated the entire room.