

Rewritten 34

Chapter 34

BANG!

A loud noise echoed from upstairs, causing Madelyn to glance up at the ceiling. She quickly slipped on her slippers and raced up the stairs, fearing that something had gone wrong with

Zach.

Filled with concern, Madelyn pushed open the bedroom door, her heart pounding with the anticipation of an accident. "Zach, what's the matter?"

Zach was hunched over on the bed, as if trying to gather the shattered pieces of a bowl from

the floor.

"I've got it under control. Just lie down and rest," Madelyn reassured him. She approached, adjusted the pillows behind his back, and then fetched a broom from outside, swiftly sweeping up the mess on the floor. After that, she crouched down on the floor, meticulously wiping away the stains with a few tissues.

Zach observed her actions, squinting his eyes in a perplexed and puzzled manner. If he hadn't witnessed it himself, he wouldn't have believed that Madelyn would stoop to performing such menial tasks. After all, he knew she had never done these things before. He wondered what had brought about this sudden change in Madelyn. Had something happened to her?

The reason Madelyn had transformed into her current self was due to Zach's influence.

In their previous life, she had married Zach shortly after graduating from college. After eight years of marriage, Zach's company had skyrocketed, firmly establishing itself in Ventropolis and striking fear

into the hearts of many. Meanwhile, Madelyn was left at home, patiently awaiting his return. Despite having household staff, she found herself simply passing the time

as a housewife.

During those years, Madelyn sought other activities to occupy her mind. She couldn't bear to remain idle, as her thoughts would wander. Thus, she took up cleaning the rooms, tending to the flowers, and managing household chores. She even contemplated building her own social circle. It was during this time that she invited the neighbor's wife over for tea, pampered herself with beauty salon treatments, and started going to the gym...

However, as soon as Zach discovered her newfound independence, he insisted that she stay at home, claiming that her actions would bring him embarrassment.

Madelyn understood that Zach's disapproval wasn't rooted in a dislike of her going out; rather, he simply didn't want anyone else coveting what belonged to him. Whenever she visited the gym, a few young men would express interest in her, but what Zach failed to realize was that in her eyes, no man could ever compare to him. Gradually, Madelyn became a prisoner, confined within the decaying walls of their already defeated household, akin to a canary trapped in a gilded cage.

Her previous life resembled that of a fallen consort in an ancient Oriental palace, waiting each day for the emperor's fleeting favor.

If we were to sum it up succinctly, Madelyn's past existence could only be described as heartbreakingly tragic."

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Perhaps... Zach, convinced that she would never leave him, had acted recklessly, failing to appreciate her love. Madelyn couldn't help but imagine that in her past life, after Zach had learned of her death, he

must have found happiness with Cecilia!

After Madelyn finished cleaning, she brought a bowl of soup and settled herself by the edge of the bed. "The soup has cooled down now. Be careful not to spill it again."

"Madelyn, thank you..." Zach's voice was hoarse, punctuated by a few coughs.

Madelyn handed him the bowl, but the intense heat emanating from his palm caused her to flinch. Observing his frail condition, she grew increasingly worried that he lacked the strength to hold the bowl steady. The last thing she wanted was for the soup to spill all over the bed, leaving Rosario with yet another mess to clean up.

With a hint of reluctance, Madelyn reached a compromise within herself.

"Zach... If it's alright with you, let me feed you."