

## Rewritten 35

### Chapter 35

"Why would I mind? It's actually thoughtful of you, knowing how to take care of me," Zach said, reaching out to tousle her hair.

Madelyn smiled lightly, "You're my brother, and it's my duty to look after you, especially when you're sick."

She brought a spoonful of soup to Zach's lips, and he obediently opened his mouth, swallowing it down.

Taking care of Zach had become a routine for Madelyn in her previous life, although she remained unfazed as long as he didn't fix his gaze on her. Her only goal at this moment was to finish the task swiftly and leave.

Little did she know that it would take almost ten to twenty minutes just to feed him a bowl of soup. Zach ate slowly, coughing incessantly, and there was little Madelyn could do to assist. A glimmer of hope emerged only when Rosario returned...

"Mr. Jardin, let's check your temperature first!" Rosario handed Zach a thermometer, which he held in his mouth for a while before removing it. The reading showed a temperature of 39 degrees.

Rosario urgently exclaimed, "That's a high fever, Mr. Jardin. Perhaps you should go to the hospital!"

Zach replied, "Going to the hospital is too much trouble. Let me try taking some medicine first."

"Alright then, Mr. Jardin. If it becomes unbearable, be sure to inform Madelyn. If Mr. Jent finds out how sick you are, he'll surely hold me accountable," warned Rosario.

Madelyn's eyes flickered with a trace of unease. Hayson, her father, had always prioritized Zach, his godson, over her, his own daughter. She feared that Hayson's anger would somehow impact Rosario, so she hastily said, "Rosario, it's alright. You don't need to blame yourself. I'll stay here and take care of everything. Attend to your other tasks!"

"Alright, Madelyn. Remember to give Mr. Jardin his medicine after half an hour and ensure he drinks plenty of hot water to induce sweating," instructed Rosario.

Madelyn nodded, "I've got it."

Once Rosario departed, Madelyn took charge of Zach's affairs, carefully removing the laptop from his blanket and setting it aside.

"What are you doing, Madelyn?"

"Now that you're sick, it's important to put your work aside for now. You should lie down and rest properly," Madelyn insisted, gently guiding Zach to lie down and covering him with the

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."

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.”