

Rewritten 37

Chapter 37

'This is so unfair to Rosario,' Madelyn silently cursed.

"If something like this happens again, don't expect me to acknowledge the years you spent serving my father and hesitate to dismiss you," Hayson's words reverberated through the

room.

"Yes, sir!" Rosario responded.

Hayson furiously dropped the cane he had been clutching and stormed off to his room upstairs, leaving behind a tense atmosphere.

With a heavy heart, Madelyn led Rosario back to Rosario's room, determined to tend to her injuries. She couldn't shake off the tumultuous thoughts swirling in her mind, a whirlwind of disbelief and outrage. 'How could he dare to strike Rosario with that cane?' she silently seethed. 'The pain she's enduring is unimaginable. After all the years of devoted service she has selflessly given to our family, how could Hayson bring himself to inflict such cruelty upon her?'

After Madelyn applied the medicine on Rosario's wounds, Rosario offered her a comforting

reassurance.

"Silly child, why are you crying? I'm fine," Rosario gently consoled

"But he hit you! That despicable jerk! How could he stoop so low?"

"Young lady!" Rosario's gaze suddenly turned cold, her tone firm. "He's your father. You can't speak so disrespectfully."

Madelyn fell silent for a moment before saying, "Understood. I won't utter such things again."

As Madelyn entered her own room, her gaze instinctively drifted toward the window. A car parked by the front gate captured her immediate attention. Seated in the passenger seat was a woman dressed in a striking red dress. Though the woman's face remained blurry, an undeniable sense of intuition welled up within Madelyn, whispering that this woman was none other than her homeroom teacher, Jasmine Manning. Jasmine seemed preoccupied, engrossed in the act of touching up her makeup using the car's mirror.

Shortly after, Hayson concluded a brief conversation with Zach and made his exit.

The sight only fueled Madelyn's growing conviction that Jasmine had bewitched Hayson, causing him to disregard his responsibilities at home.

As the car began its departure from the Jent residence, a flicker of concern crossed Madelyn's thoughts. With a sense of urgency, she quickly retreated behind the protective embrace of the curtains, aware that Jasmine might have noticed her presence.

In that moment, Madelyn's mind raced as she silently contemplated the dire consequences

that awaited her if her knowledge of Jasmine's collaboration with Zach and his true intentions were to be exposed. Aware of the perceptive and cunning nature that defined Zach, she understood that he would stop at nothing to protect his secrets. The mere thought of his ruthlessness sent a chilling shiver down her spine.

Nibbling anxiously on her fingernails, Madelyn paced the room, her mind racing in search of a solution. Her very survival hinged on dispelling Zach's suspicions, but she couldn't afford to reveal her knowledge of his true motives within the Jent family. Approaching him directly and uttering, "I don't care about your plans for the Jent family or Hayson. If you want Jent Corporation, take it," would be a reckless and swift path to her own demise. 1

She understood the urgency of allaying Zach's doubts and convincing him that she posed no threat. Yet, her deep understanding of his cunning tactics and vengeful nature fueled her fear. Zach nursed an

unyielding grudge against the Jent family, and Madelyn was acutely aware of the depths of his animosity.

However, Madelyn resolved not to disturb Jadie and him for now. Instead, she would seek an opportune time to approach him the following day.

Apart from Rosario, there were other servants who visited the house at specific times to tend to their cleaning duties but didn't stay overnight. As a result, when hunger struck Madelyn late at night, she had to fend for herself in the kitchen. With Rosario suffering a severe back injury, Madelyn had taken on the responsibility of preparing her own meals in recent days.

That particular night, after ensuring Rosario's well-being, Madelyn ventured out of Rosario's room. Resting against the railing of the staircase, a parched throat compelled her to seek refreshment. Descending to the ground floor, she noticed that the living room lights were still ablaze. Assuming Jadie was preparing a late-night snack for Zach, Madelyn paid it little mind. Little did she know that the timing of her appearance would prove less than ideal.

With disheveled hair and weary eyes wide open, she stepped into the room, only to quickly clamp her mouth shut, suppressing a yawn. A sense of embarrassment washed over her, accompanied by an inner admonishment: 'Could I have chosen a more inappropriate moment?'

At the dining table, Jadie and Zach sat, indulging in their late-night meal. Their gazes swiftly turned toward Madelyn, leaving her feeling flushed and self-conscious. Offering a sheepish smile, she mustered an explanation. "I was feeling thirsty and came downstairs to get some

water."

Jadie, feeling apologetic, spoke up. "Madelyn, we thought you were already asleep, so we didn't call for you. There's some gnocchi soup in the pot. Why don't you join us?"

Madelyn graciously declined, intent on avoiding any third-wheel moments and hoping to win Zach's favor. "No, thank you. I'm not accustomed to having late-night snacks, and I have a fear of gaining weight. I'll simply have some water and retire to bed."