

## Rewritten 7

### Chapter 7

After Zach departed, Madelyn found herself able to sleep peacefully. Perhaps it was because she knew Jadie was still alive in this lifetime, the terrifying nightmares no longer plagued her.

The following day, Madelyn was roused from sleep by the sound of footsteps overhead. She turned over and opened her eyes, feeling fully awake. In her previous life, during the months of chemotherapy before her death, a good night's sleep had eluded her. Excruciating pain tormented her each night, preventing her from getting even a wink of sleep. To make matters worse, her hair had fallen out drastically—a consequence she hadn't anticipated from chemotherapy.

In her previous life, Madelyn loved to sleep in and would get grumpy if disturbed from a restless slumber. But now, as she faced this unwelcome interruption, she somehow felt nothing. She reached for her cell phone, checking the time. It was just after eight o'clock. Rosario knew about her inclination to sleep in and usually refrained from disturbing her. Setting her phone aside, Madelyn forced her eyes closed and dozed off for a little while.

After all, Zach was a very suspicious person, and Madelyn couldn't afford to let him notice her drastic changes, or else it would raise suspicions.

By the time Madelyn woke up, it was already past eleven o'clock. After getting out of bed, she went to the bathroom to brush her teeth.

A knock on the door signaled Rosario's arrival, carrying a freshly laundered blanket. "Ms. Jent, lunch is ready. However, it might take a while since Mr. Jardin had to return his place before joining you for the meal later."

Madelyn nodded as she brushed her teeth, water splashing over her face. She gazed at her reflection in the mirror, noting her youthful and innocent appearance, with skin as smooth as silk—truly flawless.

Her hand involuntarily reached up to touch her face, reminded of her withered self in her previous life before death. The memories of that past existence felt like a distant dream.

In truth, Madelyn wasn't unattractive. She possessed upturned eyes that, when devoid of expression, carried a hint of innocence, making her appear vulnerable and harmless—a quality that could easily be exploited. She recalled her personality in her past life, which was indeed quite unpleasant. Back then, she was the spoiled and headstrong daughter of a wealthy family, the kind of young lady that others would describe as bratty and privileged. As Hayson Jent's sole daughter, she used to believe she could have anything she desired, including... Zach.

"Got it," she replied to Rosario.

Since Madelyn had no plans to go out that day, she opted for a casual pink floral long-sleeved pajama set and left her slightly curled hair loose. Making her way downstairs, she stood in front of the refrigerator and poured herself a glass of milk. It was then that familiar voices filled with laughter reached her ears from the foyer. She knew without a doubt that it could only be them.

Madelyn glanced up and saw Zach standing in the doorway, accompanied by Jadie. They were both dressed in matching outfits. She couldn't help but wonder, 'Did they plan this?'

Today, Zach, who typically favored dark colors, wore a white jacket. Jadie, who had spent years abroad for treatment, appeared even more radiant. She donned a white dress that exuded purity and flawlessness, resembling an ethereal elf plucked from a painting.

Jadie's beauty provided Madelyn with a glimpse into why Jadie had held a special place in Zach's heart all these years. However, a twinge of discomfort lingered within Madelyn. Perhaps she hadn't entirely moved on from her role in her previous life as Zach's wife.

Madelyn only stole a quick glance at Jadie before diverting her gaze.

Zach leaned in and whispered softly into Jadie's ear, "It's alright, let's go have our meal."

Jadie, feeling a hint of uncertainty, tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and nodded. Holding a gift in her hand, she approached Madelyn, who was already seated at the dining table and began eating. Jadie handed the gift to Madelyn and said, "I bought this for you when I returned. I hope you'll like it."

Madelyn smiled warmly and replied, "Thank you. Please, have a seat and let's enjoy our meal. Rosario prepared something delicious today."

Jadie seemed taken aback by Madelyn's kind words. In the past, Madelyn would have flung the gift to the ground, grabbed Jadie's hair, and demanded that she leave. Zach would have intervened to defuse the situation and escort Jadie away.

In Madelyn's previous life, that's exactly what transpired at this moment. She had even scratched Jadie's face. The exact words of Zach's reprimand eluded her memory, buried in the distant past. However, she knew it hadn't been pleasant.

Jadie cautiously glanced at Zach, his expression remaining devoid of emotion.

Calmly, he handed his plate to Jadie and spoke in a low voice, "Let's eat. Later, I'll take you to see if there's anything you want to buy."

Jadie took the plate obediently, her voice soft, "There's actually nothing I really need to buy. I know you're busy, so don't worry about me. Focus on your own matters. I'll be waiting for you at home when you finish work and come to pick me up."

Zach served her some food from the plate, stating, "It's alright. I took the day off. It's rare for me to have a whole day with you. Opportunities like this may not come around often in the future."

They sat together while Madelyn remained seated alone across from them. She showed no interest in their conversation, simply nodding as she continued eating her meal. On her plate, there was a chicken wing that Zach had served to her. "You're really not joining us today?" he asked.

As Madelyn heard Zach referring to "us," implying himself and Jadie, she came to the painful realization that she would forever remain an outsider in their eyes. The thought of accompanying them felt like being an unwanted presence, a perpetual third wheel. Moreover, in this fresh start, her main objective was to distance herself from Zach, making it necessary for her to reject his invitation.

With a light and cheerful smile, Madelyn responded, "No need, I still have some studying to do." She had only eaten a little and felt no desire to linger. Taking a tissue to wipe her mouth, she stood up gracefully and ascended the stairs. As she turned away from them, her expression slowly changed.

In her heart, she whispered to herself, 'Zach Jardin, in my previous life, my obsession consumed me, making you more important than my own existence. Trying to bind you to me through marriage was my mistake. In this lifetime, I'll let you go and set myself free as well! I wish you both a peaceful, joyous, and blissful life...'