

♥Comeback Of The Adored Heiress novel by Brittany

Chapter 1 Driven Out Of The Family

"Madisyn, for years, we've raised you, never imagining you capable of such cruelty. This house can no longer bear your presence. You must leave immediately," declared the imposing woman before Madisyn Chapman, her gaze laden with disdain and a bitter chill, her elegant attire contrasting sharply with the harshness of her words.

"Mom, please, it was an accident. I lost my footing and tumbled down the stairs on my own. Madisyn had no part in this," said a young girl from her seat on the sofa. Resembling the woman in front of her, she clutched at her bandaged knees, her eyes brimming with tears.

Just half an hour prior, Jenna Chapman, the biological daughter of the Chapmans, had suffered a fall on the staircase. At that time, Madisyn had been alone on the upper floor.

Everyone believed Madisyn had pushed Jenna...

Now, the looks that the Chapmans shot at Madisyn were filled with venom and disgust, a stark contrast to their attitude just a week prior, when they had professed their reluctance to ever part with her.

Madisyn looked down at the floor, a fleeting shadow of irony passing through her eyes.

Once, Madisyn was the sole daughter of the Chapmans. Though she never basked in parental favoritism, she lacked for nothing, her basic needs always met.

The facade shattered when Jeffry Chapman, whom she had known as her father, met with a grave accident necessitating an urgent blood transfusion. The subsequent blood tests unveiled a startling truth-Madisyn was not his biological child. Jeffry then harnessed his extensive network to uncover the whereabouts of his true daughter, Jenna.

The Chapman family was a prestigious household in Gemond, and news like this naturally spread quickly. To manage the public narrative and preserve their esteemed reputation, they declared an unwavering commitment to Madisyn, the girl they had raised, asserting their intention to treat her as their own for a while longer before she returned to her biological family.

Behind closed doors, however, their plans were starkly different. Once the public's gaze drifted elsewhere, they intended to quietly send Madisyn away.

Upon Jenna's arrival, the Chapman family blamed Madisyn for Jenna's years of hardship, relegating Madisyn from her room to a mere storage space, diminishing her status drastically.

She was tasked with menial chores, her status far beneath even those of the household servants.

Jenna, however, still wanted Madisyn gone.

She had crafted several schemes against Madisyn, yet her parents turned a blind eye, their disdain for Madisyn thinly veiled.

These tribulations stripped away any illusions Madisyn had about her former family, fueling a resolve to confront the injustices imposed upon her. As the tensions reached a boiling point, she faced Jenna, her voice resolute as she said, "I'll leave, but not before setting the record straight. I refuse to shoulder your misdeeds any longer, Jenna!"

Jenna's composure wavered under the intensity of Madisyn's icy stare, her body trembling slightly.

Was this the same Madisyn who had once submitted quietly to every slight?

A dark glint flickered in Jenna's eyes.

What a bitch!

She was the rightful heiress to the Chapman family assets, not this usurper, Madisyn, who had been living in luxury undeserved.

She had to drive this impostor out!

"Madisyn, I have no idea what you're going on about!" Jenna's voice dripped with feigned confusion. "Ever since I reclaimed my rightful place, receiving the affection rightfully owed to me by our parents, I've sensed your discontent. Despite your actions, I've remained tolerant. But my legs... how could you? Dancing is my passion, my soul's expression. Had I known you coveted the national competition spot so desperately, I would not have contested it."

Her insinuation was clear: Madisyn had sabotaged her out of jealousy.

The gaze of Jenna's mother, Phyllis Chapman, hardened at Jenna's words, her voice laced with disdain. "Jenna, you possesses a remarkable talent that Madisyn could never hope to match. That competition spot was yours by right. And you, Madisyn!" She turned sharply towards Madisyn, adding, "Pack your belongings and leave immediately!"

Madisyn's usually somber expression seemed only to fuel her contempt.

Meanwhile, Jenna, ever the docile and talented daughter, shone brightly in her eyes—a true Chapman.

Amidst the unfolding drama, Jeffrey finally broke his silence, his voice heavy with disappointment. "Madisyn, our agreement was to keep you until the public scrutiny waned, yet here we are, facing your deep-seated resentment towards Jenna. We have no choice but to return you to your true family today."

Jenna's eyes glittered with a triumphant gleam as her father pronounced Madisyn's imminent departure.

In stark contrast, Madisyn's face remained an unreadable mask as she went up the stairs to gather her possessions.

Her prolonged stay on the upper floor kindled a flicker of anxiety in Jenna. "What if she attempts to take everything with her?"

After all, everything of value in the house rightfully belonged to her-how could she allow a fake to leave with any part of her wealth?

Eventually, Madisyn reappeared, descending the staircase slowly, her movements deliberate. She carried a small, unassuming black bag. As her gaze swept coolly across the living room, it unsettled Jeffrey enough for him to divert his eyes.

Phyllis's eyebrows knitted together at the sight of Madisyn's minimal luggage. "Is that all you've packed? What's in there? Show me," she demanded, suspicion lacing her tone.

Jeffrey, however, raised a hand to halt his wife's interrogation. "Let her be." It was probably just the bank card he gave her, which had a mere hundred thousand dollars left on it.

Unfazed, Madisyn placed her bag squarely on the table, her expression stoic. "Inspect it if you must."

Phyllis, unable to mask her distrust, scoffed. "Maybe she has packed something valuable," she muttered as she unzipped the bag. Peering inside, she found nothing more than a notebook, a few seeds, and a small stack of cash-hardly the valuables she had feared. Phyllis, her face flushed with embarrassment from her baseless accusation, straightened up. "I'll let the driver take you there," she said crisply.

Jeffrey, the weight of the situation bearing down on him, reached into his pocket and pulled out a card. "Madisyn, when you return, listen to your parents. They're farmers, yes... but they are good, simple people. You should help them."

Madisyn looked at the offered card with her beautiful eyes, her expression calm. "Everyone has their own destiny to fulfill," she replied quietly, pushing the card back towards Jeffrey. "But before I leave, there needs to be clarity. Jenna, how did you truly fall down those stairs? This is your last chance to tell the truth."

Jenna seethed internally, infuriated by Madisyn's serene composure, which seemed to elevate her above everyone else despite her humble origins.

Madisyn was not from a wealthy family!

She was just two farmers' daughter!

"Madisyn, what are you implying? That I threw myself down the stairs?" Jenna retorted. "My legs are my life; they are essential for my dancing. Why would I ever get them injured?" As she spoke, Jenna's emotions crescendoed, and she dissolved into theatrical tears, collapsing into Phyllis's arms.

"Bang!"

Just then, a vase shattered the tense air, hurtling towards Jenna and interrupting her display. Startled, Jenna instinctively leaped to her feet.

Silence enveloped the room as everyone, including Phyllis and Jeffrey, turned their shocked gazes towards her.

Jenna's sudden agility was startling-didn't she say she couldn't stand up because of her injuries?