

## Chapter 10 Dance Association

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"Oh, really?" Madisyn's eyebrow arched, curiosity lacing her voice. "What makes you think it was my first time?"

"Didn't you grow up in the countryside? I can imagine it wasn't easy to access all these things for you back then. But don't worry—you've got all the time in the world to explore now." Kristine's smile widened, soft and understanding.

Madisyn's expression remained calm, her voice cool. "Yeah, my life was nothing like what you've had."

That single line hit Waylon hard, stirring something deep inside him.

He leaned forward, his tone laced with determination. "Madisyn, if there's anything you ever want, just say the word. I'll make sure you get it."

"Thank you, Waylon, but I think I'm good," Madisyn replied, her tone even and composed.

Kristine's eyes flickered as she watched the exchange, her fingers tightening subtly.

Forget it. Her goal was to marry Andrew anyway.

As long as she could win him over, Mrs. Klein would be her title soon enough.

She turned her gaze toward Andrew, a soft, affectionate smile playing on her lips. "Andre, wouldn't you like to try the coffee I made for you?"

Andrew's response was as cold as the air between them. "Not today. I'm not in the mood."

Madisyn had to stifle a laugh.

Waylon's friend was certainly an intriguing character.

Kristine looked disappointed.

Not long after, the scent of dinner filled the air, signaling that the meal was ready.

Glenn walked through the door just in time, and the family gathered around the table to eat.

At noon, it was only Glenn and Elaine who insisted on piling food onto Madisyn's plate, but now Waylon had joined in as well. She ate in silence, the mountain of food before her seeming insurmountable.

Across the table, Kristine's presence went unnoticed. She clenched her fork tightly, frustration simmering beneath her composed exterior. She leaned closer to Andrew, her voice barely above a whisper. "Andre, there's a dance competition next week. Would you like to come watch? I've heard some of the best dancers will be there—both seasoned masters and fresh talents. I just joined in the National Dance Association and have an extra ticket. I'd love for you to come with me."

Her gaze locked onto Andrew's, filled with a deep, unspoken longing.

It was the kind of look that most people would find impossible to refuse, especially coming from someone as beautiful as Kristine.

But Andrew wasn't like most people. His response was as cold as ever. "I'm busy."

Kristine couldn't mask the disappointment that flashed across her face.

Elaine, however, perked up, clearly surprised. "Kristine, you got into the National Dance Association?"

"Yes, Mom," Kristine replied, her voice brimming with pride.

"That's incredible. You must be one of their youngest members, right?"

Kristine's pride swelled even more. "Yes, I am the youngest so far."

"That's wonderful news," Glenn added, his tone warm. "I'll make sure to send you a special gift."

Kristine's face lit up with pure joy. "Thank you, Dad. I still have a lot to learn, but I'm determined to keep improving my ballroom dance skills. My ultimate goal is to become a top dancer like Madi."

Madi was a dancer that had emerged in the dance world only a few years back.

When foreign dancers mocked the dancers from Lorpond, dismissing them as all flash and no substance, Madi had stunned everyone with an original dance piece that left the critics speechless.

That very dance was now a staple of the curriculum at many academies of arts, studied by countless aspiring dancers.

Madisyn was quietly eating when she heard Kristine's declaration. She paused, her gaze lifting to meet Kristine's.

Kristine caught the look and sneered inwardly, certain that Madisyn had never even heard of ballroom dancing, let alone appreciated its nuances.

With a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes, she asked, "Madisyn, do you have any hobbies you're particularly good at?"

Madisyn considered the question for a moment, then replied nonchalantly, "Not really. My hobby is making money."

Just as Kristine had suspected—a simple-minded girl from the countryside. How utterly vulgar, Kristine thought, inwardly rolling her eyes. A girl obsessed with money was hardly worth her time.

But Waylon spoke up with enthusiasm. "Madisyn, then you need to exchange numbers with me right away!"

He quickly rattled off his number, and Madisyn, bemused, dialed him. Almost immediately, her phone chimed.

Ding! "You have received a transfer of 1,000,000 dollars."

Madisyn stared at her screen, momentarily speechless.

Sure, Madisyn liked making money, but this was a bit much!

Waylon grinned widely. "Madisyn, if you ever need money, just let me

know!"

"Okay," Madisyn replied, though inwardly she couldn't help but think how much Waylon reminded her of an overly eager puppy.

Sitting beside him, Andrew maintained his dignified posture, his every movement exuding a quiet nobility as he ate.

Madisyn couldn't help but be amazed—how could two people with such contrasting personalities get along so well?

Meanwhile, Waylon was buzzing with excitement. He quickly shared a screenshot of the transfer in the group chat with his two brothers on WhatsApp.

"Ha! Madisyn exchanged numbers with me first!" he boasted.

Dane Johns, the eldest, replied instantly, "Send me her number."

Howard Johns, the middle one, echoed, "Yeah, I want it, too!"

But Waylon wasn't willing to do it. "No way. It was not easy to get her number. I'm keeping it to myself!"

He felt a surge of triumph, relishing the thought of having Madisyn's attention all to himself.

That was, until he found himself abruptly kicked out of the group chat.