

Chapter 11 Andrew's Behaviors

Waylon was left speechless. What the hell? His brothers were so cold and heartless! Humph! Those two fools were clearly jealous that he was now with Madisyn!

Meanwhile, Elaine watched Madisyn and Andrew eat, both of them exuding an effortless elegance.

A fond smile spread across her face—Madisyn and Andrew truly looked like a perfect match.

But just then, something unexpected happened.

As Madisyn reached for a piece of spare rib, Andrew subtly moved his hand, causing the rib to land squarely on his plate instead.

For a brief moment, everyone's expressions shifted.

Andrew was a well-known figure from Ansport, famously obsessed with cleanliness. The first time he had dined with the Johns family, Kristine had picked up food for him. He'd immediately swapped his plate for a new one, leaving Kristine so mortified that she'd cried after he left.

Today marked Andrew's first visit to the Johns family's residence since that unfortunate incident.

"I'm sorry." Madisyn glanced at the rib that had ended up on Andrew's plate. Should she take that back?

Kristine jumped in, her tone sharp but controlled. "Madisyn, Andre is extremely particular about cleanliness. Please, be mindful next time so we don't have any more of these..."

mishaps." She shot a glance at a nearby maid. "Get Andre a fresh plate."

Andrew's voice cut through the dining room, smooth and commanding. "No need."

With deliberate calm, he placed the rib back onto Madisyn's plate, continuing his meal without missing a beat, his poised demeanor unshaken.

The room fell silent, everyone caught off guard by his reaction.

This was nothing like his behavior toward Kristine before.

Kristine's face tightened, her eyes locked on Andrew in quiet disbelief.

Madisyn, however, remained unfazed, more interested in savoring her rib than in the awkwardness around her.

The latter part of the meal felt charged with tension.

When it was over, Waylon eagerly offered to give Andrew and Madisyn a tour of the estate.

Kristine insisted on tagging along.


The Johns family's estate sprawled out like a vast paradise, with fountains and gardens brimming with exotic plants. The evening breeze added an air of tranquility, making it feel like a hidden sanctuary.

Halfway through their walk, Waylon's phone buzzed. He glanced at the screen. "It's the director. You guys hold on a minute—it might be about the script."

Kristine seized the moment, smiling brightly. "I'll take Andre and Madisyn for a stroll, then."

"Sure." Waylon nodded, stepping aside to take the call.

Kristine led Andrew and Madisyn down a winding stone path, her conversation flowing effortlessly.

"So, Andre, are you busy these days?" 

"Not too busy," he replied.


Kristine continued, her tone brimming with enthusiasm, "This here is our little stream. We've got fish in it. I love spending time in that pavilion—reading, fishing, just unwinding. You should definitely try it sometime, Andre. It's incredibly peaceful."

Her eyes shone with admiration as she looked at Andrew, who, even under the dim night sky, exuded an enigmatic charm.

A gentle breeze stirred, and Andrew glanced down to see Madisyn shiver slightly beside him.

Without a word, he shrugged off his jacket.

Kristine's eyes sparkled with anticipation.

Was Andrew really about to drape his jacket over her shoulders? After all these years, had she finally touched his heart? 

Madisyn was lost in the beauty of the estate when she suddenly felt a warmth settle over her.

Glancing down, she saw a men's suit jacket draped over her shoulders, carrying the faint scent of cologne.

She had been feeling a bit chilly, so she accepted it without hesitation. "Thank you," she murmured to Andrew.

"You're welcome," he replied in his usual calm, measured

tone. Andrew was now in a finely tailored brown vest, exuding a noble elegance, drawing Madisyn's gaze for a moment longer.

Kristine was utterly stunned.

Andrew, who had always been so distant with women, had never done something like this before.

She stared at Madisyn, her expression shifting. This woman wasn't as simple as she seemed. Madisyn even had the audacity to play the delicate damsel in front of Andrew.

Kristine quickly regained her composure, a bright smile returning to her face. "Andre, there's a chess board set up in the pavilion just ahead. Care for a game?"

Andrew was well-versed in chess, having dominated many tournaments since his youth.

Kristine had even learned chess for a while, just to impress him.

But instead of agreeing right away, Andrew turned to Madisyn. "Do you know how to play chess?"


Madisyn offered a vague smile. "A little."

Kristine couldn't help but feel amused. Madisyn probably played the kind of chess you could pick up at a supermarket for a few bucks. "Oh, Madisyn, you do? That's fantastic! Let's play, then. This particular set was auctioned by our dad—it's worth millions."

Madisyn remained silent, her expression unreadable.

The three of them soon arrived at the pavilion, where Kristine effortlessly took a seat by the chess board, her eyes glimmering with anticipation and a touch of shyness.

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 +120 Points at most

"Andre, I'm not very skilled. Please be gentle with me."

Andrew's voice was cool, almost detached. "If your skills aren't up to par, why don't you start by playing against Madisyn?"

Kristine's smile faltered slightly. She had proposed this game to play with Andrew, not this country bumpkin. What was the point of this?

She quickly regained her composure and turned to Madisyn with a sweet but calculated smile. "Madisyn, let's play then. I'm not very good, so please don't mind."

But then a thought struck her—if she crushed Madisyn in this game, it would boost her own image in Andrew's eyes. Perhaps it would even make Andrew see Madisyn for what kind of person she really was and he'd regret ever showing her any attention.