

Chapter 12 I Will Only Marry The One I Love

"Alright then," Madisyn replied as she settled into a seat.

The game began, and it wasn't long before Kristine gained the upper hand. Just as she had predicted, Madisyn was clearly out of her depth, and Kristine couldn't suppress a chuckle each time Madisyn made a move.

This girl really was a country bumpkin, not good at anything.

Kristine felt herself relax, confident she was about to utterly crush Madisyn.

Andrew, who was sitting beside Madisyn, watched her moves closely. His brows furrowed slightly, a hint of confusion crossing his face before his expression smoothed out.

This young lady wasn't as simple as she seemed.

Just as Kristine was about to make her next move, a cold sweat broke out on her forehead as she scanned the board.

Somehow, without realizing it, she had walked straight into Madisyn's trap.

No matter how she played it, she was doomed to lose.

Refusing to accept defeat, she made a move anyway, hoping Madisyn wouldn't notice.

"You've lost," Madisyn stated calmly, capturing one of Kristine's pieces with a casual flick of her hand.

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Kristine's face drained of color. How could this be happening?

"Let's go another round!" Kristine demanded, convinced that the last game had to be a fluke.

Madisyn didn't object.

Kristine steeled herself, determined not to make the same mistake twice.

She played with meticulous care, every move calculated. As victory seemed to edge closer, she allowed herself a small smile. But then Madisyn made her next move, and Kristine froze in disbelief. Madisyn had been lying in wait the entire time, like a predator ready to pounce.

A shiver ran down Kristine's spine.

"Do you want to play?" Madisyn asked Andrew, sounding almost bored.

Kristine felt a flush of embarrassment. Was Madisyn looking down on her for being so outclassed?

"Madisyn, Andre is very skilled in this. You might have nothing else to do at home and play chess to pass the time, but Andre is a professional."

Kristine implied that Madisyn wasn't qualified to challenge Andrew.

Madisyn found Kristine quite annoying, but before she could respond, Andrew's deep voice rang out. "Sure."

Kristine's lips tightened, and she had no choice but to step aside, though she hovered nearby, eager to witness Madisyn's inevitable humiliation.

How could someone like Madisyn even think she was qualified to challenge Andrew?

Yet as the game unfolded, Kristine's anticipation turned to frustration. Time passed, and Madisyn and Andrew continued playing without a clear winner.

Madisyn's expression grew more serious, her focus sharpening with each move.

Finally, the ringing of her phone broke her concentration. Waylon's voice came through the line. "Madisyn, something's come up with the film crew. I have to head back now. Call me if you need anything, okay?"

Waylon had managed to sneak away from the set to see her, but duty called him back.

"Alright, Waylon. Go back to your work; don't worry about me," Madisyn replied, her tone reassuring.

As soon as the call ended, Kristine seized the opportunity. "Andre, it's getting late. Why don't you two continue tomorrow? Madisyn's had a long day—she should rest."

Kristine thought she was supposed to be the one playing with Andrew, not Madisyn.

How had it come to this?

Andrew turned to Madisyn, his gaze steady. "Are you tired?"

"Not at all," Madisyn responded, shaking her head. For the first time, she had found a truly challenging opponent, and it had sparked her competitive spirit.

Without further delay, they resumed their game.

Kristine sat nearby, her expression shifting as she watched

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the game unfold.

Each glance exchanged between Madisyn and Andrew only deepened the gnawing sense of panic within her.

Andrew had always been distant, almost indifferent toward others, especially women.

But now, his demeanor toward Madisyn was unmistakably different.

Half an hour later, Madisyn made her final move and won.

Andrew's eyes lingered on her, and for once, his icy exterior seemed to thaw a bit. "You impressed me," he remarked, the words almost carrying a hint of warmth.

Madisyn responded with a modest smile. "Thanks, but I'm sure you held back. Let's have a rematch some other time."

Before the moment could settle, Kristine swiftly interrupted, her tone sharp enough to slice through the budding connection between Andrew and Madisyn. "Madisyn, I'll walk Andre out. You should call it a night."

Madisyn simply nodded, slipping away without another word.

Andrew headed toward the parking lot, with Kristine trailing behind. "Andre, wait," she called out, her voice edged with a sense of urgency.

Andrew halted, turning to face her, his expression as unreadable as ever.

Under the night sky, his tall figure loomed, emanating an almost chilling aura.

"Kristine, I thought I made myself clear." Andrew's voice was detached, stripped of any warmth.

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Tears welled up in Kristine's eyes instantly.

She knew exactly what he was referring to—their so-called engagement that, in truth, never existed.

But Kristine's resolve was unshaken. "Andre, I've loved you for so many years, and I've done everything to be with you. I'm about to compete in an international dance competition, to become a master. I'm working hard to be worthy of you!"

Andrew's response was as cold as ice. "I will never love you."

The words hit Kristine like a slap, freezing her expression.

"Why?" she demanded, her gaze burning into him. "Andre, no one is more suited for you than I am. Do you intend to stay single forever?"

Even if Andrew didn't love her, she was determined to marry him.

She believed that with enough effort, even the hardest heart could be softened.

Tears brimmed in her eyes as she waited, desperate for any sign that her words had reached him.

Andrew's voice was calm but resolute. "I will only marry the one I love." And with that, he turned and walked away, leaving Kristine standing in disappointment.