

Chapter 13 Inviting Her To Be A Judge

Kristine stood frozen in place, a chill creeping through her entire body.

The one he loved?

Andrew, who had never even shown an interest in marriage, was now speaking of love?

Could it be that someone had already captured his heart?

The idea that he might already care for someone else sent a shiver down Kristine's spine.

No! She couldn't let that happen.

The man she had her heart set on for years—if she couldn't have him, then no one else would.

Kristine stumbled back to her room in a daze, her mind too scattered to even think about practicing the dance routine Lynda had given her.

In another room, Madisyn sat at her computer, reading an email that had just come in.

"Dear Madi, we sincerely invite you to be a judge at our upcoming National Dance Competition..."

The message was from the National Dance Association.

Madisyn, who had always preferred solitude over the chaos of crowds, usually avoided events like this.

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The sender, well aware of her reserved nature, had wisely chosen to reach out via email instead of calling, despite their eagerness for her participation.

She spent some time watching videos from past competitions.

It was no surprise that Lorpond's dance scene was often mocked internationally. A series of scandals involving Lorpond's top dancers had left the country without any prominent figures in the art.

After some thought, Madisyn typed her response. "Sure, but please keep my identity confidential."

The reply came almost instantly, brimming with enthusiasm. "Absolutely!!"

After finalizing the details, Madisyn headed downstairs to grab some water.

"Miss, may I help you with something?" a maid asked, glancing up from her tidying as she noticed Madisyn.

"Just getting some water," Madisyn replied.

The maid smiled warmly. "The kettle's right over here, miss. I can pour it for you. By the way, I'm Fiona Huff. If you ever need anything, please don't hesitate to ask."

Madisyn nodded, watching as Fiona cheerfully poured the water for her.

Fiona's eyes lit up with excitement as she said, "Miss, how about some chocolate cake? There's some in the fridge that's absolutely delicious."

"Really?" Madisyn's face brightened at the mention of cake. "I'd love some!"

Fiona quickly cut a slice and handed it over, her cheerful energy infectious. As Madisyn took the plate, she couldn't help but think of the maids at the Chapman family's estate—always so quiet, so withdrawn. Curiosity got the better of her. "Fiona, do you like working here?"

"Oh, definitely!" Fiona beamed. "Your family has been so good to me. I've been here since I finished my education, five years now, and I always try to give my best."

Madisyn nodded, a thoughtful expression settling on her face as she moved to the living room.

Once Fiona had finished her tasks and left, Madisyn found herself gazing out the large floor-to-ceiling window. A sudden realization hit her—she hadn't danced in what felt like forever.

On a whim, she stepped in front of the window. Slowly, almost tentatively, she began to move, her body remembering the rhythm, as she reconnected with the dance.

Outside, the car engine fell silent as Lynda returned home after a long, exhausting day.

She was eager to unwind.

With the National Dance Competition on the horizon, soon followed by the International Dance Competition, she had been pouring all her energy into training her students, desperately hoping to find a few promising talents.

But as she looked up, all traces of fatigue disappeared in an instant.

Behind the curtains, a graceful figure moved with a fluidity and elegance that took her breath away. Each step and each turn perfectly captured the passion and vibrancy of

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the samba.

Lynda was completely mesmerized.

By the time she snapped out of it, the dance had ended, but her heart was still racing. Such skill—such extraordinary talent—was exactly what could shine on the international stage!

Her worries about the upcoming competitions melted away, replaced by a surge of excitement.

She never imagined Kristine had reached such an exceptional level in her dancing!

Without a second thought, Lynda rushed inside the house, certain of who it was.

After all, Kristine was the only one in the Johns family besides herself who danced and had been under her tutelage since childhood.

She hurried to Kristine's door and knocked eagerly.

After a moment, Kristine opened the door, her hair damp as if she had just finished showering.

Seeing Lynda standing outside her room made Kristine feel a twinge of guilt—she hadn't practiced dancing that evening. Was Lynda here to check up on her?

But instead of the expected reprimand, Lynda's face was lit up with a broad smile. She stepped inside without hesitation. "Kristine, I didn't expect you to make such incredible progress in just a few days."

Kristine was momentarily thrown off. What was Lynda talking about?

She quickly forced a smile, recovering her composure. "It's

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all thanks to your guidance, Auntie."

Lynda waved away the flattery, her eyes glowing with pride. "No, this is all you, Kristine. I just nudged you in the right direction. You're truly a prodigy, and I've got high hopes for you in this competition. In fact, I'm going to recommend you for a high position in the association. With your talent, it would be a shame for you to remain just a regular member!"

Kristine was shocked. Was Lynda really this impressed by her? Could it be that she had recognized her talent? Moreover, Lynda was even going to apply for a high position for her in the Dance Association? The idea of becoming the youngest senior member of the Lorpond Dance Association sent a surge of excitement through her.

Lynda's eyes sparkled with anticipation as she continued, "By the way, could you show me that dance you just did?"