

Chapter 14 The Mysterious Dancer

"The dance I just did?"

"Yes, you performed it in the living room."

Kristine blinked in confusion.

Lynda's brow furrowed. "Wasn't that you?"

But there was no one else in the house who could dance!

Realization dawned on Kristine. Someone had danced in the living room, and Lynda had mistaken her for the dancer. Yet, she had been upstairs in her bedroom all this while.

Who could have performed a dance that amazed Lynda?

Under Lynda's perplexed gaze, Kristine had a heavy heart. After a brief pause, she admitted, "Oh, you saw that? I was just dancing casually."

Lynda's face softened into a smile. "If I hadn't witnessed it myself, I wouldn't have realized just how much you've improved. You must be weary today, so I'll watch you dance tomorrow. You can dazzle those old-timers when you have the opportunity to perform in front of them, and I'm certain you'll clinch a high position!"

Kristine exhaled, relieved, and managed a smile. "Alright, I'll give it my all. Especially now... with Madisyn back, I need to double my efforts to deserve my place here. I can't afford to let anyone think I'm merely leeching off the family..."

Lynda's gaze sharpened instantly. "Kristine, who's been

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talking to you like that?"

"Auntie, please don't get it wrong. No one's said anything. It's just me wanting to push myself further."

As an expert in dance, Lynda understood the immense effort required to excel.

She was disheartened to think Kristine's drive stemmed from the pressures of proving her worth in the Johns family.

With a newfound empathy, Lynda reassured her, "Kristine, don't burden yourself with such thoughts. You've always been our little star. As long as I'm here, no one can belittle you. If anyone dares, they'll have to answer to me!"

Not even Glenn or Elaine would be permitted to treat Kristine unfairly.

Gratitude washed over Kristine. "Thank you, Auntie. In this family, you're my rock. Knowing you're here comforts me, and I'll continue to strive."

"That's the spirit!"

Once Lynda had departed, a shadow fell over Kristine's expression.

Who else in this residence could dance that well?

Surely not Madisyn. Could it have been one of the staff?

Prompted by this question, Kristine accessed the house's surveillance system.

The screens flickered to life, revealing a startling truth. Two figures had descended the stairs at that time: the maid Fiona, and Madisyn.

The camera in the living room, unfortunately broken days earlier and still awaiting repair, left a gap in the coverage.

However, the hallway camera provided enough insight. She believed Fiona was the mysterious dancer. Kristine resolved that Fiona must be kept away from Lynda's eyes.

As such, Kristine didn't suspect Madisyn at all.

Meanwhile, Madisyn, oblivious to the brewing storm, retreated to her room. The day's events had drained her, prompting an early night.

As she settled down, her phone buzzed with incoming texts.

"Madisyn, did you mistreat Jenna?"

"Anyway, you're back in the countryside now, aren't you? Just steer clear of Jenna and carry on with your life."

Madisyn's lips curled into a sneer.

After parting ways with the Chapman family, she had indeed grown adept at seeing people's true colors.

The night stretched deep and mysterious, cloaking all in its inky embrace.

The next day, the morning sun cast a warm glow as it spilled into the hallway.

As Madisyn descended the stairs, the sound of sobbing reached her ears.

"It wasn't me, I swear!" Fiona, the maid who had just served Madisyn the previous day, was kneeling on the floor, tears streaming down her face.

"Mrs. Johns, I never took the necklace. Please believe me."

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Curious, Madisyn stepped closer and asked, "What's all this about?"

Kristine sighed deeply before responding, "Fiona's stolen my necklace. Fiona, I understand your brother is sick. If money is the issue, I'm here to help, but theft is not the solution."

"Mrs. Johns, I'm innocent. I don't know how the necklace ended up in my room," Fiona insisted, her voice choked with emotion.

Elaine looked on, her brow furrowed with worry.

Fiona had been a loyal employee for many years, making the situation hard for Elaine to accept.

Lynda, however, was stern and resolved. She stated coldly, "Enough. You were caught with the evidence. No more excuses—take your story to the police."