

## Chapter 17 Madisyn's Former Fiance

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"Well, thank you. But really, why don't you keep these for yourself?" Madisyn asked.

Susan chuckled softly, her gaze thoughtful. "These items come at a steep price. I use them sparingly on clients here and just a bit on myself from time to time. That's all I really need," she explained.

Then, her expression shifted to one of concern. "Madisyn, how have you been holding up? I heard you had parted ways with the Chapman family. Where are you staying these days?"

Madisyn responded with a serene smile, "I've found a nice place, actually. You should come over for a visit soon."

Relief washed over Susan's face. "I'm glad to hear that," she sighed, her earlier worries dissipating.

Their lifelong friendship had always been a source of strength and they told each other everything.

Suddenly, Susan asked, her voice filled with genuine interest, "And how are things going with your fiance?"

The Chapman and Santos families had intended to strengthen their ties through marriage.

Madisyn paused before responding to Susan's inquiry about her supposed fiance. "He's not my fiance anymore."

Susan's expression softened with empathy. "Are you serious? But you've been together for so long..."

"Time doesn't mean everything," Madisyn replied. "Besides, I was never truly a Chapman."

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She reflected on her relationship with Gilbert Santos—it had always felt more like companionship than romance.

The dynamics had shifted drastically when Jenna returned. The change in Gilbert's demeanor made Madisyn's past feelings seem almost foolish in retrospect, especially considering she had once helped his family during a financial crisis, viewing him as her future partner.

As they continued their conversation, a customer entered the store, prompting Susan to excuse herself to attend to the new arrival.

Madisyn remained seated nearby, watching as more customers filtered in.

Not wanting to impose while Susan was busy, Madisyn decided it was time to leave. After a brief farewell, she stepped out of the skincare store.

As Madisyn wandered outside the store, her attention was caught by a tall figure not far off.

Was that Andrew?

It looked like he had found himself in an awkward position.

"Hey handsome, I really like you. Can I get your number?"

"No!" Andrew's response was a frosty dismissal.

Intrigued, Madisyn watched the scene, noticing the woman's striking figure. Andrew wasn't even interested in such an attractive woman. He must have high standards.

The woman, undeterred by Andrew's refusal, pressed on.

Madisyn's amusement soon gave way to sympathy as the persistence bordered on harassment.

Then, Andrew's gaze swept over, his eyes locking with hers.

Madisyn shifted uneasily as he approached and stood beside



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her, declaring to the woman, "I have a girlfriend."

The woman's face crumbled with disappointment.

Without further ado, she retreated.

"Ahem, Mr. Klein, I didn't expect you to be such a heartbreaker,"  
Madisyn teased, her smile lighting up her face.

Andrew offered no reply but instead queried, "What brings you  
here?"

"Just meeting a friend and grabbing a bite," Madisyn responded.

"Eating alone?"

She nodded, and then Andrew suggested, "Would you care to  
join me?"

"Sure, where to?" Madisyn's curiosity was piqued.

He gestured towards a nearby establishment.

Oh?

Madisyn's eyebrows rose in surprise. Riggi Huggi?

The name was synonymous with culinary excellence, known  
for its Michelin-starred chefs and the sort of dining experience  
that required reservations.

Being able to enjoy a meal at Riggi Huggi with Andrew was a  
stroke of luck.

"Is it just the two of us?" Madisyn inquired.

Andrew explained, "I was expecting a friend, but he's been held  
up."

Perfect! This moment was for her to savor.

Madisyn could barely hold her excitement.

They proceeded into the restaurant, where they were

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immediately ushered by the manager into a VIP room.

The space was serene and tastefully decorated, offering a view of a gently babbling stream. Its beauty was undeniable.

Just as they settled in, Andrew's phone rang. "I'll need to take this," he said, excusing himself.

Madisyn nodded understandingly.

She went to use the restroom, and when she exited the restroom, a grating voice stopped her in her tracks. "Why are you here?"

She looked up to see Jenna, elegantly clad in a Chanel gown, standing beside a man who looked moderately impressed.

His expression quickly soured when he saw Madisyn, as if he'd glimpsed something distasteful.

Jenna, feigning innocence and surprise, asked, "Madisyn, what brings you here? This isn't a place for just anyone. Surely you're not here to see Gilbert?"

Madisyn wouldn't be kept by her sugar daddy forever.

Gilbert, as the heir of the Santos family, had drawn the admiration of numerous socialites in Gemond.

Jenna, seeing Madisyn here, jumped to the conclusion that she was here to pursue Gilbert.

Jenna's words only deepened the disdain in Gilbert's eyes. He rebuked Madisyn sharply. "Madisyn, remember what I said when Jenna returned? She's my real fiancée. You, having occupied her place for more than twenty years, should be embarrassed rather than shamelessly pestering me. Your malice knows no bounds!"

Madisyn was taken aback. "Pestering you? I'm the one who stopped contacting you in the first place. Did you forget?"