

Chapter 18 Resorting To Stalking

Gilbert's expression flickered with embarrassment. Back then, he hadn't expected Madisyn to cut ties with him so decisively. He had assumed she would cling.

After all, she had helped him so much before; she surely loved him deeply.

"Hmph, I thought you had moved on, but following me here proves otherwise. You're such a pathetic woman!" Gilbert taunted, his eyes gleaming with smug superiority.

"Regardless of how you feel, I'm devoted to Jenna now. Spare us the drama and just leave," Gilbert added, his voice tinged with finality.

Adopting a softer tone, Jenna interjected, her smile thinly veiled, "Madisyn, since you've made the trip, why not join us? The cuisine is unparalleled here, and securing a table took some effort."

Madisyn declined firmly. "No, thank you." She would rather maintain her dignity than share a table with them.

As she turned to depart, Gilbert's taunt followed. "Jenna's offering a courtesy you're unlikely to encounter again, now that you've left the Chapman family's luxuries behind. It's foolish to pretend indifference."

His patronizing tone implied a grace bestowed upon an unworthy recipient.

Madisyn walked away without a backward glance, her steps brisk and resolute.

"Following us here, only to storm off? You won't find yourself in

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such esteemed places again," Gilbert called out, his voice laced with mockery.

Jenna said softly, "Such comments are unnecessary, Gilbert. Madisyn must feel very distressed." Her tone was a blend of mock sympathy and concealed delight.

She had always envied Madisyn's noble aura despite Madisyn's humble roots.

Now, witnessing her apparent downfall from a privileged heiress to two farmers' daughter, who had to resort to stalking to see her fiance, filled Jenna with a vindictive satisfaction.

"Why should she be upset over privileges she never owned?" Gilbert scoffed.

Jenna sighed.

At that moment, the manager began to approach.

Gilbert and Jenna, assuming he was heading their way, were taken aback when he went straight to Madisyn.

Jenna, a tinge of worry coloring her tone, said, "Oh no, is Madisyn about to be escorted out for tailing you here?"

Gilbert's smirk widened.

"She would deserve that," he muttered, almost gleeful at the prospect of seeing Madisyn publicly humiliated.

In his mind, her current predicament was a direct result of declining their dinner invitation.

However, the scene didn't unfold as they anticipated. The manager greeted Madisyn with a notably respectful demeanor, surprising them. "Miss, it seems you've lost your way back to your private room. May I guide you back?"

Though he didn't know Madisyn personally, the manager remembered her arrival with Andrew, a guest of significance, and it was his prompt attention that brought him to her aid

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upon noticing her apparent disorientation.

Madisyn acknowledged his offer with a slight nod.

The manager courteously escorted Madisyn to the VIP private room, leaving Gilbert and Jenna to digest the unexpected turn of events.

As they observed the manager returning alone, Gilbert's complexion shifted from pale to red, the shock akin to a physical blow that left him visibly embarrassed.

It dawned on them that Madisyn was not only dining at the restaurant but had been granted access to a VIP private room – a luxury that even they, despite their status, found difficult in securing.

Jenna's facade of composure began to crack, her hand balling into a fist, nails digging into her palm as frustration simmered just below the surface.

The realization that Madisyn was welcomed into a space she couldn't access stoked a fierce jealousy.

Clutching at Gilbert's arm with a feigned look of concern, Jenna said, her voice trembling slightly, "Gilbert, how did she manage that? I'm really worried she has got involved with someone she shouldn't."