

Chapter 21 Odd Questions

Kristine's dance from last night had amazed Lynda.

Lynda, who held a deep appreciation for genuine talent, felt especially proud of Kristine, whom she had watched grow up.

Kristine's eyes sparkled with ambition and excitement. It was rare for a woman at her age to become a senior member in the National Dance Association.

She could almost hear the media's praise and see the accolades in her future. Her dreams felt tantalizingly within reach.

"Okay," Kristine responded, her voice tinged with determination.

Lynda then suggested, anticipation in her voice, "Can you perform that dance again today? If you perform that in front of everyone, they'll surely be impressed."

Kristine frowned slightly. "Actually, it was all impromptu last time, and I've forgotten exactly how I danced."

Lynda responded with an encouraging smile, "Well, it seems you have a knack for improvisation. It's fine. Just dance casually. I'd like to see your performance."

Kristine took a deep breath.

She had just started practicing actually and was worried her imperfections might be noticed.

However, Lynda's expectant eyes left her no choice but to begin.

Ding!

Just as she started, Lynda's phone rang.

"What is it?" Lynda's voice shifted from curious to serious. "Alright, I'll be

right over."

She turned to Kristine, apologetic. "I'm sorry, Kristine. There's an urgent matter at the association that I need to take care of immediately."

"It's alright, Auntie. You should attend to that," Kristine said, her tone understanding yet tinged with a sense of relief. Lynda then rushed off.

Kristine recognized the urgent need to refine her improvisational dancing—she couldn't risk Lynda finding out that she hadn't been the one dancing in the living room last night.

Kristine resolved to enhance her skills, refusing to be outshone, especially by a maid.

When Madisyn walked into her room, she found her maid, Fiona, visibly upset while cleaning the floor.

"What's troubling you, Fiona?" Madisyn inquired with a look of concern. "Did Kristine give you a hard time again?"

"Yes," Fiona replied, pausing as confusion clouded her features. "She asked me some odd questions."

"Like what?"

"She inquired about the dance I supposedly performed. But I don't know the first thing about dancing!"

Dance? Madisyn frowned.

It seemed that Kristine was on a quest to identify the mysterious dancer who had performed in the living room last night.

Realizing that, Madisyn said, "Don't worry about it. If she bothers you again, just let me know."

"Okay, I'll get back to work then," Fiona replied, relieved by Madisyn's support.

Once alone, Madisyn turned her attention to her computer to go over the

materials for the upcoming dance competition.

Jenna would be participating in the preliminaries, while Kristine, due to her advanced skills, was allowed to go straight to the finals.

The preliminaries were scheduled for the day after tomorrow.

The next morning, Madisyn received an enticing message from Andrew. "That restaurant we went to has started a delivery service. You liked their black truffle sirloin, right? Now you can enjoy it at home."

Madisyn indeed loved it, but she decided to order just that and nothing else since lunch was already prepared at home.

During the meal, she found herself eating less than usual, which did not go unnoticed.

Elaine, observing her daughter's lack of appetite, expressed her concern. "Madisyn, you ate so little. Is the food at home not to your liking?"

"No, Mom, I'm just not very hungry," Madisyn reassured her, trying to alleviate any worries.

"Alright then."

Despite her assurances, her diminished appetite persisted for a whole day.

Elaine knocked on Madisyn's door the next day, and the enticing aroma of food immediately greeted her as the door swung open.

Both mother and daughter exchanged knowing glances, and Madisyn felt a twinge of guilt. "Mom..."

In the Chapman household, ordering takeout was frowned upon, seen as unsophisticated. Madisyn had never eaten takeout at home before.

Elaine observed her daughter for a moment, her expression unreadable.

Madisyn pursed her lips, feeling a bit nervous.

Then, with a curious gleam in her eyes, Elaine asked, "Sweetheart, what are you eating? It smells wonderful!"

"It's takeout from Riggi Huggi," Madisyn confessed. "Do you want to try some?"

"May I?"

"Of course!" Madisyn invited her mother in.

After a bite, Elaine's face lit up with understanding and pleasure. "This is delicious. But, does Riggi Huggi do takeout now?"

"Yes, Andrew mentioned it yesterday. Weren't you aware, Mom?"

"Perhaps because I seldom dine out." Elaine reflected, then with brightened eyes, she expressed, "Madisyn, do make sure to order some for me next time."

Madisyn, initially surprised by her mother's response, felt a wave of relief. It turned out that ordering takeout wouldn't get her scolded.

Smiling warmly, she assured her mother, "Absolutely, Mom."

After a brief chat, Elaine left the room.

After the meal, Madisyn made her way to the dance competition venue.

It was a world buzzing with talent from across the country.

Upon entering the backstage area, Madisyn noticed a cluster of people surrounding a familiar figure.

It was Jenna.

What a coincidence!

At that moment, Jenna was enjoying the admiration of others. She had once shared a dance studio with these individuals, but her new status as the Chapman family's heiress had transformed her relationships; those around her now seemed eager to gain her favor.

Jenna was basking in the adulation until her eyes met Madisyn's, sparking a flicker of surprise and curiosity.

What was Madisyn doing here at a dance competition?

The thought of Madisyn competing seemed to unsettle her.

With a change in her demeanor, Jenna approached Madisyn, her voice carrying a mix of intrigue and caution. "Madisyn, are you thinking of competing as well?"