

Chapter 26 Andrew Came To Pick Her Up

"What I do isn't your concern," Madisyn retorted, her voice icy and composed.

Phyllis, clearly shocked by Madisyn's audacity, responded with heightened annoyance, "I can't bear to look at you! Think you're still part of the Chapman family? Your folks are just simple farmers, working hard to scrape by. It would be one thing if you'd made it further, but you didn't even get past the preliminaries—you just wasted their effort and money! You're nothing but an embarrassment!"

Didn't get past the preliminaries?

Madisyn's expression tightened subtly as she glanced at Jenna, catching a guilty flicker in her eyes.

It was clear Jenna was behind this misinformation.

Madisyn then retorted, "Who exactly told you I was eliminated in the preliminaries? I am actually the..."

"Mom!" Jenna cut in sharply, pulling at Phyllis's arm, her voice laced with urgency. "Please, let's not discuss this here. Madisyn's had enough, and I'm really hungry. Let's just go have our meal." She attempted to steer her mother away.

"Alright, darling, since you're hungry, we'll leave now," Phyllis said, flashing a smile but not without a parting glance of scorn towards Madisyn.

In Phyllis's view, Jenna was her shining star, a source of immense pride.

She felt reassured by their decision to distance themselves from Madisyn. If they hadn't done that, any failure on Madisyn's part in the preliminaries would have tarnished their family's reputation.

As the Chapman family approached their prominently parked Porsche, Jenna reveled in the admiring looks from bystanders.

Those from the same dance studio as her, who had once looked down on her, were now forced to admire her from afar.

Then, the atmosphere changed.

A blue Lamborghini smoothly pulled up and parked near their Porsche, instantly capturing the crowd's attention with its striking presence.

Even Jenna couldn't help but be drawn to the Lamborghini as the driver's door opened and a charismatic figure emerged.

The man was strikingly handsome, his sunglasses adding an enigmatic touch.

He was dressed in a sleek black shirt and suit pants, his athletic build was unmistakable, and his demeanor exuded an effortless elegance.

Completely entranced, Jenna watched as the man stepped onto the pavement, his presence overwhelming.

She had never seen anyone so effortlessly regal and charming.

And, to her surprise and thrill, he started walking towards her.

Jenna's heart pounded with excitement as the striking man approached.

Could he possibly be interested in her? After all, she was quite attractive...

She subtly smoothed her hair, her eyes sparkling with anticipation as she prepared to meet his gaze.

As the man drew closer, Jenna posed gracefully, ready for his introduction.

However, to her shock, he breezed past her without sparing her a glance, heading straight towards Madisyn.

Jenna's heart sank.

Just as the man reached Madisyn and was about to speak, a cheerful voice called out, "Andre!"

It was Kristine, emerging from the gate, her face lighting up at the sight of Andrew.

Andrew had claimed to be busy, yet here he was.

Could this mean that he finally made time for her?

With a bright smile, Kristine approached Andrew. "Andre, are you here to pick me up? Where are we going for dinner?" she asked eagerly.

Andrew, however, didn't even look at her. His eyes remained locked on Madisyn as he said, "Ready to go?"

Madisyn nodded, her response cool and composed.

As Kristine's eyes finally settled on Madisyn, her face registered surprise and confusion.

Could Andrew be here for Madisyn?

Trying to mask her unease, Kristine turned to Madisyn, still unaware of her role as a judge. "Madisyn, you came to watch the competition too?" she asked cheerfully. "Great, let's all have dinner together. I know a fantastic restaurant!"

After a moment of consideration, Madisyn gave a small nod in agreement.

The trio then made their way to the sleek Lamborghini parked nearby.

As Andrew opened the front passenger door, Kristine quickly asked, "Madisyn, I get carsick easily. Can I sit in the front?"

Madisyn, showing little interest in engaging in any games with her, nonchalantly climbed into the back seat without a word.

Andrew's lips tightened slightly, his expression turning frosty.

Meanwhile, Phyllis, who had been watching from a distance, frowned deeply. "How did Madisyn get to know those people?" she muttered under her breath, her tone a mix of disbelief and disdain.

As the Lamborghini sped away, Jenna remained motionless, a mix of envy and frustration evident in her demeanor. Under her breath, she lamented,

"After Madisyn parted ways with us, she seems to be living a dubious and questionable life..."

Phyllis's face darkened. "Jenna, steer clear of her from now on, or you might get dragged into her chaos!"

"Understood," Jenna responded softly.

Meanwhile, inside the Lamborghini, Andrew, with one hand on the steering wheel, displayed a casual yet dashing demeanor.

Next to him, Kristine couldn't hide her admiration.

Andrew was a man looked up to by countless people. If she married him, her own social standing would be elevated.

"Andre, this is a really nice car," Kristine commented, trying to initiate a conversation.

Andrew's response was a brief and noncommittal "Yeah", maintaining his aloof disposition.

Despite her efforts at small talk, Andrew's cool response eventually subdued Kristine's attempts, forcing her into a resigned silence.

Nevertheless, the thrill of being in his luxurious car, a status symbol in itself, delighted her.

She discreetly took a photo of the car's plush interior.

In the back seat, Madisyn was engrossed in her phone, seemingly detached from the interactions upfront.

Upon reaching the restaurant, they were led to a private dining room where Kristine eagerly took the lead in ordering.

"I've chosen the restaurant's specialty for us, Madisyn. It's highly recommended; you must try it," she said confidently.

Madisyn's curiosity was piqued.

The table was soon filled with an impressive spread of seafood, including

sizable crabs and the necessary cutleries to enjoy them.