

Chapter 41 He Definitely Has Feelings For You

Madisyn looked at Susan. "Hmm?"

Susan met Madisyn's clear eyes and suddenly found herself at a loss for words. If Madisyn knew about the recent discussions concerning her gifts, she would surely be heartbroken.

"I see," Madisyn said softly, her voice low but full of understanding. She reached out and clasped Susan's hand warmly. "I'm fine with only having you as my friend."

Tears sprang to Susan's eyes at the sincerity in Madisyn's words.

How could Giana fail to appreciate someone as genuine as Madisyn?

Seeking to lighten the atmosphere, they both decided to take showers, clearing their heads before settling into the comfort of the bed.

However, the tranquility was abruptly cut short by the vibrating of Madisyn's phone.

She glanced at the caller ID—Andrew was calling.

"Hello?" Madisyn answered, her tone crisp and even.

On the other end of the line, Andrew's voice resonated with warmth. "Feeling tired from today? I asked a maid to place the gift I got for you in your room. You can check it out tomorrow."

"You already got me a dress. Why another gift?" Madisyn questioned, her interest evident.

"It has a different significance," Andrew responded smoothly, his tone comforting. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

After ending the call, Madisyn caught Susan's intent gaze. She cleared her throat slightly. "Why that look?"

Susan's smile was mischievous. "Seems like there's something brewing here! Was that Mr. Klein from the banquet?"

"How did you know?" Madisyn was visibly surprised.

"I noticed how he looked at you. He definitely has feelings for you. What about you?" Susan's voice was tinged with intrigue. "Do you feel the same?"

Madisyn hesitated, her response measured. "We're just friends. He's close to my brother, Waylon, and just looks out for me," she clarified.

Susan mused with a hint of intrigue. "It's not just a simple friendship, is it? Do you have feelings for him?"

"What kind of feelings?" Madisyn responded, her tone edged with uncertainty.

"What if he tried to kiss you? Would you stop him?" Susan asked, her eyes gleaming mischievously.

This question caught Madisyn off-guard, prompting an unbidden image of Andrew close enough to touch, his subtle scent enveloping her, his lips dangerously inviting...

"Oh, come on, it seems you might actually like him!" Susan teased Madisyn, pulling her back from her daydream.

"That can't be," Madisyn countered quickly, her voice a mix of surprise and denial.

Susan just shook her head gently, her look one of knowing amusement.

Madisyn was still oblivious to her own feelings, which she'd surely recognize in time.

Their conversation meandered on, fading into quiet murmurs as sleep began to overtake them.

In the study, however, the light was still on.

Dane was deep in his work, his intense concentration evident in every deliberate movement, his aura one of undeniable authority.

Josie, stepping into the room, paused to take in the sight.

Dane's handsome features and sharp business acumen marked him as a standout among his peers.

She had admired him since their youth.

"Dane, you're still working at this hour? Would you like some milk?" Josie suggested softly, her voice laced with care as she extended the warm glass towards Dane.

"Thanks, but I don't really drink milk," Dane responded, his tone flat, devoid of warmth.

"Milk is good for you, but if you prefer, I can make you some coffee instead?" she offered, hoping to find a reason to stay.

"You're Kristine's friend. You don't need to bother with these things. Just go rest," Dane said, maintaining a polite but firm distance.

Josie's heart sank a little.

Despite her looks, her family background and her friendship with Kristine, Dane seemed to have no interest in her.

"Dane, it's no trouble at all. I'm not busy. I'll make the coffee," she insisted gently, then turned to leave, hiding her frustration.

Dane felt a stir of annoyance.

He had always made sure to decline unwanted attention from women he wasn't interested in.

But with Josie being Kristine's friend, he often found himself treading a delicate line, not wanting to be overly harsh.

As he mulled over this, a sudden noise at the door caught his attention.

"Ah!"

Frowning, Dane stepped out to investigate and saw Susan and Josie had collided with each other. Coffee had splashed, scalding Susan's arm.

"Sorry, I'm really sorry," Susan said, her voice tinged with pain.

Josie, already on edge from Dane's earlier rejection, snapped. "Can't you watch where you're going?"

Susan, taken aback by the accusation—it was Josie who had bumped into her, after all—still opted to keep the peace.

"Sorry, I didn't see you coming..."

"Don't you see she's hurt?"

Before more could be said, a warm hand enveloped Susan's wrist. Dane's icy gaze met Josie's, making her flinch.

Josie was taken aback. When did Dane come out of the study?