

Chapter 58 Dangerous Man

Madisyn froze, her eyes wide, words failing her.

Andrew, sensing the weight of the moment, held his silence.

The hallway plunged into an awkward hush. The scent in the air, one Madisyn knew all too well, stirred a whirlwind of emotions within her—part comfort, part confusion.

Madisyn wasn't clueless. She could see through the quiet gestures and stolen glances—Andrew's concern for her was far from ordinary.

After what felt like an eternity, the conversation in the room shifted, pulling them both back to the present. With that, Andrew and Madisyn made their way in, though the atmosphere was far from casual.

Eyes locked onto them, anticipation practically buzzing in the air.

Madisyn, steeling herself, chose to ignore the silent questions, focusing instead on her meal with forced calm.

Once dinner was done, Madisyn instructed the others to go home by taxi. She assured them the company would cover the expenses.

Brenda, moved beyond words, couldn't believe her luck. A boss this thoughtful was a rarity. Overwhelmed with gratitude, she quickly shared her joy online.

"What a wonderful day! I truly have the best boss ever!"

Meanwhile, Michelle and her group walked out of the restaurant they dined in as well.

They caught a glimpse of Brenda and her group leaving.

"Was that Brenda? What are they doing here?" one of them whispered, puzzled.

"We had dinner together today. They probably did the same."

"Wait a second... didn't they just walk out of that snack street?"

Michelle rolled her eyes, a sneer curling her lips. "Looks like they've been downgraded to street food now."

The others chuckled, nodding in agreement.

But then, a woman scrolling through her feed froze, eyes widening as she spotted something.

"Hold on a minute... Check this out!" She thrust her phone into the center, showing the photos Brenda had just uploaded. "It looks like they were dining at New Moon Restaurant!"

Everyone crowded around, peering at the images. The dishes on display were exquisite, the kind of fare they'd never even seen before. Expressions shifted from smugness to disbelief.

"No way," Michelle declared, her voice laced with skepticism. "It's impossible Madisyn would splash out on a meal that pricey for her employees. Brenda must've stolen those pics from somewhere else. She was probably just trying to make us jealous, pretending she was dining in a fancy place while we were actually doing it."

Most of the group nodded, buying into Michelle's theory.

Poor Brenda—what a pitiful state to be in!

In the Johns family's house.

As soon as Madisyn stepped inside, Kristine's eyes narrowed. "Who just dropped you off?"

"Andrew," Madisyn replied without hesitation, with no intention of hiding anything.

A shadow of unease flickered across Kristine's face, though she tried to mask it with a forced smile. "It's... good to see you getting along so well with him," she said, her voice tight with unspoken emotion.

Yet her demeanor betrayed a different story. She looked like someone

watching something precious slip away.

Dane was seated nearby

and couldn't hide his surprise. "Wait, you and Andrew? Are you two close, Madisyn?"

Madisyn shrugged, keeping it vague. "Waylon asked him to look out for me. That's all."

Dane exhaled, visibly relaxing, but still felt compelled to warn her. "Just... be careful. Don't get too close to him. He can be very dangerous."

Dangerous?

The idea struck Madisyn as absurd.

"Dangerous? I didn't realize I had such a reputation." At that moment, Andrew's voice cut through the living room from the doorway.

He strode in with the confidence of someone who owned the space, a magnetic presence impossible to ignore.

Kristine's eyes brightened the moment she saw him. "Andre," she exclaimed, her earlier sadness forgotten.

Was he here to see her?

Dane, unruffled by the fact that Andrew had overheard him, eyed him coolly. "What brings you here?"

"I'm returning something," Andrew replied smoothly. He approached Madisyn, extending his hand. Nestled in his palm was a delicate diamond earring.

Madisyn blinked, only noticing the absence of her earring now. "Thank you," she murmured, taking it from him.

Andrew's gaze softened as he looked at her. "You should go to bed early," he said gently.

Kristine watched as Andrew and Madisyn conversed, their attention locked on each other. The tension in her tightened jaw hinted at the

emotion she struggled to keep in check.

Once Andrew finished his gentle exchange with Madisyn, his gaze shifted to Dane, sharp as a blade. "Mr. Johns, isn't it a bit inappropriate to badmouth me behind my back?"

Dane met Andrew's piercing gaze without flinching. "I'm just being honest. I've only got one sister, and it's my job to protect her. I can't let her fall for something—or someone—that isn't right."

Andrew's eyes narrowed slightly, but his voice remained steady. "You're right to be protective. Waylon's sister is like my own. I'd never let anything happen to her."

Dane's expression darkened, a flash of anger in his eyes.

Like his own? The thought grated on him.

"Madisyn already has three brothers. She doesn't need another." Dane didn't mince his words.

Andrew didn't back down either. "Have you asked Madisyn what she thinks? She has her parents. And an elder brother's control might be more of a burden than you realize."

Dane was momentarily taken aback. He turned to Madisyn, trying to explain, "I didn't mean it like that..."

The two men's argument had left Madisyn with a pounding headache. "I'm going to bed," she said abruptly.

Without another word, she turned and headed upstairs.

Kristine approached Andrew, her tone soft and hopeful. "Andre, why don't you stay for a bit? I could make you a cup of tea."

But the warmth in Andrew's demeanor vanished the moment Madisyn was out of sight. "No, thank you," he replied, his voice icy and distant. "I'm heading out."

With that, he turned on his heel and left.

Kristine stood there, momentarily stunned, the chill in the air seeping into

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her bones.

 +120 Points at most

She couldn't shake the nagging question that gnawed at her. Why couldn't he recognize what a wonderful woman she was?

She was accomplished; she was everything one could want—so why did everyone's attention seem to revolve around Madisyn?

Upstairs, Madisyn stepped out of the shower, refreshed but weary. She glanced at her phone, catching up on the latest updates online.

