

A Favor 711

Chapter 711

But despite everything I feel, it's still just an act. The problem is... I don't know why I can't stop myself. I always want to kiss her. I can't control myself whenever I see those soft, rosy, tempting lips. They work like a drug on me, and the more I taste them, the more addicted I become.

My eyes drifted to where Greg was sitting, between Sav and Chris. He keeps sending messages all the time. Yes, he's my best friend, but when it comes to Madi, I can't help feeling annoyed and irritated with him. I'm not jealous... or am I? I can't come to terms with the fact that, out of all the girls around, he's into her. He knows perfectly well she's with me.

It's strange to think that, when all this is over, he might end up with her—holding her hand, doing all the things I wish I could do with her.

I lost my focus when I felt Nancy's elbow brush against me and turned to look at her.

"What is it?" I asked her, already feeling a bit annoyed.

"What is it? Your face! Stop staring at your fiancée and focus ahead," she whispered. "Listen to what the priest is saying for a moment."

I ignored her and glanced back at Madi, but I was surprised to realize she was no longer looking at the priest—she was looking at me, eyeing me with some suspicion. She shifted in her seat and brought her lips close to my ear. I could smell her sweet vanilla and honey scent, and it only made me want to kiss her again, if we hadn't been inside a church.

"Is there something wrong with my face?" she asked. I just shook my head.

"Is my makeup smudged?" she whispered again. I furrowed my brows at the questions but shook my head once more.

"Is my face dirty?"

"No, love. Why do you ask so much?" I couldn't help but ask after her third question.

"If there's nothing wrong with my face, then why won't you stop staring at me?"

How does she know? I thought.

"I... I wasn't looking," I quickly denied, and looked away from her. What a mess, I thought.

"Okay," she said, shrugging a little, and turned her attention back to the priest's sermon.

I sighed deeply and looked at Nancy, who was laughing beside me.

Madi's point of view:

The car stopped in front of my apartment. We were back in Chicago now, where we'd face reality and our agreement head-on. I looked at Gabriel, but he was still on the phone.

"Gab, I have to go now," I said, trying to catch his attention.

"Oh, where to?" He glanced quickly out the window, then turned to me. "You can take tomorrow off, you know."

"I don't need to. I'm fine."

"I insist. You're taking a day off tomorrow."

"And I insist on working. I'm working tomorrow—I need to see Sandy," I said, chin raised.

He stayed silent for a few moments, then nodded and gave me a weary smile.

"Good night, Gab." I grabbed my bag and didn't even wait for him to respond. I could sense he'd been a little distracted ever since we got off the plane.

Chapter 712

Jhon had already carried my suitcase to the front door, and I thanked him before closing the car door. I'd only walked three meters when I heard Gabriel calling my name. He was out of the car now, walking toward me.

"I just want to say two things: goodnight, and thank you," he said earnestly, and kissed my cheek.

"Okay. Goodnight again, Mr. Wilsons. See you tomorrow." His mouth seemed to open slightly, but he didn't say anything else.

"Please, keep the ring. I mean—please, don't take it off your finger." I knew perfectly well he meant the engagement ring he'd given me.

"Huh? And what if they ask at the office?"

"Just say you're engaged."

"But—"

"It's just for a month or two, Madi."

“What do you mean, a month or two?” I asked, feeling a small pang of disappointment.

“In a month or two, I plan to finish my project. By the way, next week we need to go to the registrar’s office to register our marriage.”

“What? So soon?” My eyes widened, and I clutched the handle of my handbag tightly.

“I know. But I spoke to my private investigator—it seems Stacey and Ray are going through a rough patch right now.”

“And what does your marriage have to do with their rough patch? I can’t understand any of this, Gabriel!”

“Because it’s part of the plan to destroy them. To show her how she wasted everything we had, so she can compare what she has now to what she lost by choosing Ray over me.” Even though his voice sounded frantic, there was still a hint of sadness behind his eyes.

“This will be my last request, Madi. Please?”

Next week? This was getting more strange and ridiculous by the second, and it muddled my emotions completely.

“Oh, Gab, that’s really such a huge favor. I’m not sure yet if I can—”

“Madi, listen. Just listen to me,” he interrupted, holding both my shoulders. “It’s just more paperwork. Nothing has changed, Madi. And I promise—even after we’re married on paper only—betrayal won’t shake us. It won’t break our friendship.”

I laughed at that last part. “Are you sure betrayal wouldn’t be a valid reason, Gab? How can you say that with such certainty when you know you’re going to take her back? You’re going to end up dating her again, even while we’re married! Isn’t that also a form of betrayal?”

“I know, but my plan is just to destroy them without letting emotions get involved. No emotions involved.”

“Tell me the truth, Gabriel. Do you still love her?” I think I looked like the most foolish person alive, asking a question I already knew the answer to. “Answer me... or forget it.”

As expected, he said nothing.

“I can’t answer that right now, Madi.”

I simply swallowed the sudden pain rising inside me.

“Right.” I shrugged, as if it didn’t affect me in the slightest.

“But Madi, I’m being completely serious. Even if we’re only married by arrangement, I won’t intentionally betray you. Stacey is something else.”

Chapter 713

“Can you please stop saying the word betrayal for a moment? You know that’s not true. It doesn’t matter if it’s Stacey or another woman—deep down, it’s all the same. Being married to me while dating another woman, or taking your Stacey back, is betrayal just the same, Gabriel!”

“You don’t understand anything, Madi.”

“Oh, really? What is it that I don’t understand? Then explain it to me! If you’re saying you won’t intentionally betray me, then stop this crazy chase after your ex!”

I noticed his breathing turn unsteady.

“I can’t, Madi. Like I promised—even if I’m with Stacey, I won’t let it come between us.”

I laughed again. “You won’t let it come between us? You just said this was nothing but paperwork, an act, part of your business! So what are you talking about, ‘us’? There is no ‘us,’ Gabriel.” I blinked rapidly, trying to chase away the tears forming at the corners of my eyes.

I started to back away and tried to smile at him.

“Madi...” he called after me, but he didn’t bother to follow.

“Don’t worry. I’m going to marry you. Have a good night, Gabriel.” I turned toward the front door, thinking about what would happen once this whole affair ended. But, as they say—stay strong now, because things are bound to get better. There might be a storm today, but it can’t rain like this forever.

Madi’s point of view

“Did you accept his marriage proposal?” Sandy asked when she saw the ring on my finger.

I nodded.

“Why?”

“What do you mean, why? It’s part of the agreement.” I avoided her gaze. We were fifteen minutes early, as usual, before our shift started, and now she was sitting in my office.

“Yes, part of the agreement. However, your heart and feelings shouldn’t be involved in this game. Madi, you know the truth behind his story, and you know he still can’t move on from his past!”

I sighed and leaned back in my seat.

“Tell me, do you have feelings for your ‘fake’ fiancé? You’ve fallen in love with him, Madi.” I didn’t say a word, just buried my face in my hands, resting my elbows on the table, and let out a deep sigh.

“So it’s true, isn’t it? You’re in love with him. And that’s the real reason you accepted the agreement in the first place.”

“No. I mean... yes, I accepted his proposal at the beginning, but I didn’t feel anything for him at that time. I just don’t know when this started. And I’m confused, Sandy, because sometimes I can sense that he cares—his kiss, I can feel something in it, and every time he calls me love, I—I don’t know, Sandy. I hate this! I hate this feeling!”

“What a mess! Madielyn Davis!”

I looked at her, feeling the weight inside my heart. “And we’re getting married next week.”

“What?” She slammed both hands on the table. “Are you crazy? I only encouraged you to accept his game earlier because I didn’t expect you to fall in love with him! And what about marriage, Madi? Are you sure about this?”

“It’s just because of the papers, and only for two months.”

“Damn it, Madielyn! Did you agree to this too? Alright... you realized you were in love with him the moment you started helping him. But marrying him now, after you’ve developed feelings for him, while he’s still hung up on his ex-girlfriend, is utterly foolish, Madielyn!”

“Sandy, you’re not helping me!”

“I am helping you, really! I’m helping you wake up before your good dream turns into a nightmare! Get out, Madi, while you still have time.”

I looked at her and shook my head.

“I can’t. I can’t, Sandy.”

“So you’ve already made your decision. Well, it’s your decision, Madi. You’re not a child anymore. You already know the difference between what’s good and what’s bad for you.”

“Why is it so easy for you to give me advice like that? You’re in love too, just like I am, and we’re almost in the same situation.”

“Ahh!” she said, shaking her head. “We are different, Madi. Yes, we’re both in love, but we’re in completely different situations. I admit it—I’m in love with someone who’s also in love with someone else. And that other person is you. But we don’t have an agreement, we don’t have a contract, and I’m not going to throw myself at him. Unlike you, you know you’re in pain, but you choose to keep going!”

“Sandy...”

“What? Does it hurt to hear the truth? If he were in love with you, he’d abandon his plans and devote all his time to you. But he’s not doing that, is he? So what are you... idiotic, or just dumb?”

“Hey! That’s rude, Sandy!” I choked on her cutting words.

“Because that’s exactly what you need to hear to wake up! Madi, you can’t compete when there’s no comparison!”

I simply swallowed hard and avoided her gaze. It was the first time I’d seen her malicious side and heard her biting sarcasm. When I looked at her again, I smiled and shrugged. “Well, I’ve already figured that out. Dumb, slow, and idiotic...”

Saturday morning. The day of our wedding. I didn’t listen to Sandy’s advice. I kept right on being foolish and signed my name in the registry as Mrs. Madielyn Davis-Wilsons, wife of Mr. Gabriel Wilsons.

After signing the papers, we headed straight to his lawyer’s office for a small ceremony. Jhon, his driver, and Vincent, one of his bodyguards, served as our witnesses. We exchanged rings and sealed my life into a new chapter of challenges with a simple kiss.

Following the brief ceremony, we had lunch at a restaurant and then went straight to my apartment to collect my belongings. Jhon and Vincent helped us pack the things I’d need in the coming months. Just as I was about to leave my room, Sandy appeared and pulled me into a tight hug before I stepped outside. She was still in a bad mood as I waved goodbye, watching her disappear from sight.

Chapter 715

We stopped in front of an enormous house, with four guards stationed at the black gate. Even though I'm used to things like this, my eyes still couldn't believe the number of luxurious cars he owned. Jhon opened my car door and pulled out my three large suitcases. At the entrance, we were greeted by four maids who helped carry my things.

"Madi, I'll show you your room," he said, placing his hand on the small of my back.

"Thank you," I said, and smiled at him.

My room was right across from his. It was a bit spacious—double the size of my apartment bedroom, though about the size of my old room back in Florida. It was painted white, beige, and brown, and came fully furnished.

"Is this good for you, or do you want something bigger?"

"No, it's fine. I'm fine with this room," I said, walking inside. I opened the closet door and frowned when I found dresses and shoes already hanging there.

"This is all yours," I heard him say behind me.

“But I already have my own clothes.” I turned around, and to my surprise, our faces were only inches apart.

“Sorry,” I murmured, and walked past him toward the drawer.

“You don’t need to apologize, you know.”

“And you don’t need to follow me, Gab.”

He was about to speak when his phone rang. I busied myself looking around the room and stepped out of the closet. I left him talking to someone—I didn’t want to know who was on the other end of the line.

“It’s Stacey. She wants us to meet today.” I turned and looked at him, as though I’d heard something completely ordinary.

“Cool.” I shrugged and went back to unpacking, missing the look he gave me. I mean, it’s good that she’s the one falling into your trap.

I noticed him walk ahead of me, but I kept unpacking my clothes from the suitcase.

“We’re okay, right?” he asked, lifting my chin.

I laughed when I looked up. "We are."

"Are we friends?"

"Yes, we're friends." I smiled, though it hurt inside. Friends... that's all he can offer me. Just friends.

"Alright, I need to go."

I nodded. "Bye."

"Hmm... Madi, don't wait up for me tonight. You can ask the maids for anything—they'll help you," he said, standing at the door.

"It's alright, don't worry about me. I can take care of things just fine." I smiled and waved. And then he walked out the door.

I sighed and threw myself onto the bed, grabbed my phone, and searched for the number of the one person I wanted to talk to right now.

"Hello, Mom."

“Ahh, my love. I thought you’d forgotten about your old mother already.” I laughed as I rolled around on the bed.

“Mom, you know that’s not true. I’ve missed you.”

“Hmph! I missed you too, my love. How have you been? How’s your business doing?”

“I’m fine, Mom. And my business... well, it’s going great.”

“Hmmm... So when will you come visit your old mother?”

“Mom, stop saying you’re old!”

I heard her laugh on the other end of the line.

“But it’s true—I’m old now, my baby. And I wish you’d find your prince charming, the one who’d be waiting for you at the altar.”

Chapter 716

I bit my lip and rubbed my palm against my face.

“Mom, actually... I’ve met someone.”

“Is that so? That’s wonderful! When are you going to bring him here and introduce him to me?”

“Hmm... I’ll try to ask him. He’s just a little busy right now. He’s a businessman.” I told her a few details about Gabriel and me, except for the arrangement, the contract, and our marriage. I made up a simple story about our relationship, careful not to mention my real situation.

After thirty minutes of conversation, we said our goodbyes, and I went back to unpacking my things. I needed something to keep my mind off what he and his ex might be doing right now.

“So, where is your ‘dear husband,’ Mrs. Wilsons?” Sandy asked me sarcastically when I returned to work after my two-day break.

It was already 10 a.m., but Gabriel hadn’t arrived yet, and I’d had to cancel his first two appointments of the day.

“Stop calling me that, someone might hear!” I looked at her with a serious expression.

“Alright! Just answer me one thing. Where’s our boss?”

“Why are you asking me? I’m not his mother!”

“What? But you’re his wife—you should know where he is!”

“Sandy, you know very well we’re only married on paper. To answer your first question, I have no idea where he is. The last time I saw him was Saturday afternoon, when he told me he was going to meet Stacey.” The last words came out almost in a whisper.

“Wow. So he spent his wedding night with his ex-girlfriend. How nice.”

“You can stop right there, Sandy,” I said, irritated by her teasing.

“Stop what? I’m not doing anything, I’m just repeating what you told me. That’s all!”

I thought it best to stay silent and kept my focus on the computer screen.

“Have you tried calling him?” Sandy asked, sitting down in front of my desk. “I’ve been trying to reach him since last night, but the calls keep going to voicemail.”

“I’ve been trying since I woke up today, but he hasn’t answered any of my calls.”

“What’s going to happen with today’s meeting, and all his other appointments?”

“I’ve already had to cancel his first two commitments. I really need to talk to him. Gabriel needs to tell me whether he’s coming in later today so I can cancel or keep the rest of his schedule. I also need to know what to tell the investors, so we don’t run into issues.”

“So he didn’t come home last night either?”

“No.”

“Hmm... what do you think he’s doing right now? Or even what he did on his wedding night, and last night? Especially knowing he’s with his ex?”

“I don’t know! Even if he’s sleeping with his ex every single day, all day, I don’t mind one bit! I just need him to show up, because I’m going crazy trying to figure out what excuses to give for canceling his appointments!”

Chapter 717

“Uh-huh. You may not care, but your heart does. Tsk, tsk. You’re under a spell commonly known as being madly in love. Oh, no! Madielyn is in love!” Sandy let out a laugh, like a villain in the movies.

“Can you at least— ugh, Sandy, please get back to work! I need to send some emails and finish some reports.”

“All right.” She shrugged, resigned. “Just let me know the second he arrives. Bye, Mrs. W.”

I pressed my lips together to hold back a retort and simply shot her an irritated look.

My clock read exactly 11:45 when my phone started vibrating on top of the folders resting on the left side of my desk. My heart raced with the hope it might be the person I’d been waiting to hear from. To my disappointment, it wasn’t Gabriel—it was his cousin, Greg.

“Hi, Greg,” I said, trying to sound cheerful and lively.

“Hello, my always-beautiful Madi!”

“How are you?” Greg, at least, always knows how to make me smile. “I’m good, Gregy. And you?” I asked, leaning back comfortably in my chair.

“Very hungry, at the moment.” I laughed at his unexpected answer. “May I invite you to lunch today, Madi? There’s someone here who’s dying to see you.”

“Seriously? And who might that be?”

“That’s a secret! So, will you have lunch with us? Since I’m the one inviting, it’s on me.”

My lips spread into a wide smile as I shook my head. “Really, Gregy? On your own dime?”

“Of course! Do you know that famous restaurant in Chicago, Maiden Restaurant?” I pressed my lips together to hold back my laughter at the mention of my own restaurant. “I heard it’s one of those ‘pay what you want’ places. What’s the manager’s name again? Noelle! That’s right, Noelle! So, will you have lunch with us? I promise, it’s on me!”

“I hate you, Greg!” I replied, trying not to laugh out loud.

“Why? Actually, I know the owner of that restaurant. Since she’s my friend, I’m sure she’ll serve us whatever we want.”

“Of course. And she’ll serve you all whatever you want, ‘for free’!”

“Exactly! See what I mean? I told you, you’re the most beautiful and kind-hearted woman toward people in need!”

“You’re as rich as Bill Gates, and you still have the nerve to call yourself needy? I truly hate you!” I could hear his laughter on the other end of the line. I glanced at my watch and realized there were only five minutes left until noon.

“So, what’s it going to be?” he asked, after a brief silence.

“Okay, I will. By the way, where are you now?”

“We’re already in the lobby. Should we come up to find you, or—”

“No! I’ll just sort a few things out here and come down to meet you.”

“Perfect. We’re waiting!”

I let out a sigh as I ended the call, then pressed the intercom button and invited Sandy to join us for lunch. I didn’t even have to insist—she agreed right away, all excited.

“Little sister!”

“Nancy?!”

She hugged me the moment Sandy and I stepped out of the elevator.

“Oh, little sister! I missed you so much!” she said, pulling me into a tight embrace.

“You missed her a lot? You saw each other last week. It hasn’t even been that long,” Greg said with a playful laugh.

“Since when is that any of your business, Gregy?” Nancy asked, turning to face him. The smile vanished from Greg’s face.

“What are you doing here?” I asked Nancy as her attention returned to me.

“I have a few cases in the city. I’m investigating some criminal syndicates involved in human trafficking.”

I was genuinely surprised to learn she was involved in an investigation like that. “Wow. That’s a huge, complicated case, Nancy.”

“I know, but it’s my job,” she replied with a shrug.

“By the way, this is Sandy.”

“We’ve met before. Sandy Aguilar, Gab’s secretary. Hi, Sandy!” Nancy smiled and pulled my friend into a hug.

“Hi, Mrs. Wilsons,” Sandy greeted her timidly.

“Forget the formalities, just call me Nancy.”

After we finished the greetings and introductions, we agreed to take Greg’s car to my restaurant. I had no idea if Nancy knew anything, but I trusted Greg to have kept my secret.

The moment we stepped into the restaurant, I froze as Nancy let out a shriek beside me.

“Wow, little sister! Your restaurant is beautiful! And it’s huge, too!”

We all turned to look at her. I widened my eyes at Greg, trying to figure out whether he’d told her, but he just shook his head in denial. At that moment, Nancy smiled and took my hand.

“I know everything, little sister.”

My breath caught in my throat, stunned by the revelation. For a moment, I could only stare at Gabriel’s sister’s smiling face. She knows.

“E—everything? You... you know everything?” I stammered, unable to believe what she was telling me. Greg and Sandy just watched with interest as I talked to Nancy.

“Yes, I know everything,” Nancy said, nodding in confirmation.

I swallowed hard, wondering how she’d found out. “My brother didn’t tell you I run a detective agency? I’m the general director there, Madi. I can have one of our staff check whether my brother’s lying or not, any time I want.”

“N... Nancy...” I vividly remembered Gabriel telling me where she worked, but he’d also assured me it wouldn’t be a problem.

“I think it’s better if we don’t talk about this right now. I’m absolutely starving, you know. And Greg told me he knows the owner of this place—sounds like she’s going to let us eat for free!” I chuckled as she finished the sentence with a playful wink at me.

All my employees were very attentive and came over to help us. We ended up choosing a table in a quieter corner so Sandy and Nancy wouldn’t disturb the other customers with their chatter. The two of them had already become friends in no time.

Chapter 719

After I finished eating, I received a text from an unknown number. As I read it, I realized right away it was from Nancy. She was asking if we could talk privately. Of course, I said yes. I got up immediately and excused myself to use the restroom. A moment later, Nancy followed, and I led her to my private office.

We found Noelle at her desk, checking over some delivery receipts. Since I’d already introduced Nancy and Greg to her when we first arrived, there was no need to introduce them again. Noelle seemed to

sense right away that I wanted to be alone with Nancy, so she excused herself discreetly, saying she needed to check on a few things in the kitchen.

Once we were alone, I let Nancy sit on the sofa and sat down beside her.

“So, how are you, Madi?” she asked, her eyes fixed on my wedding ring. I swallowed hard and faced her with a half-smile.

“Well—officially married.” I bit my lip and held out my hand, showing her the two rings on my finger.

“I know. To be honest, I was pretty shocked when I heard. Mom and Dad were too.”

“Do they already know?” I asked, my eyes going wide.

“They know. Gabriel called them before you registered the marriage, to share the news. Though they know nothing about the agreement between you two. Why did you agree to this, Madi?”

I let out a long sigh and looked down at the ring on my hand. How would I tell her the truth? Where would I even begin? How could I explain everything to her?

“I’m not here to judge you, if that’s what you’re thinking.” Nancy took both my hands, to give me courage and comfort. “Even though I think I already know the answer, I wanted to ask you in person. Madi—do you love my brother?”

I slowly lifted my eyes to hers and nodded.

"I knew it!" my sister-in-law exclaimed.

"Nancy!"

"When Gab told us he was going to propose to you, I couldn't help but wonder why you'd accept, since I already knew the truth. The only explanation I could think of was that you were probably in love with him. Well, now I'm sure of it."

I stayed silent. The truth was, I didn't know what to say.

"Do you remember the times I asked whether you truly loved my brother? I already suspected it back then, Madi—when he knelt in front of you and I saw your tears. Tears I knew came from sadness, not joy." At that moment, I recalled a saying about tears: when a person starts to cry and the first tear falls from the right eye, it signifies happiness; but if the first tear comes from the left eye, it means pain.

"You can believe me, Nancy—I didn't want to feel this way at all. If I could command my heart not to fall in love with your brother, I'd do it without a second thought. But I can't."

"I know. That's not who you are, Nancy. If you knew the real Madielyn Davis, you'd see what kind of person she truly is—how she has a cheerful, vibrant personality, how she carries herself with confidence. But right now, all those strengths feel like weaknesses."

Chapter 720

“Madi, I know how much of a fool my brother is being, dragging you into this mess. I know it’s selfish of me to ask what I’m about to ask, but I’m going to ask it anyway. Can you wait for him?”

I looked deep into her eyes and realized she meant it sincerely.

“Why do you want me to wait for him?”

“Because I can see how you’ve changed him, Madi. I see how good your influence is on him. I don’t know what he feels for Stacey right now, but I can see what he feels for you when you’re together—when you’re by his side.”

I couldn’t help but laugh at that. “Don’t give me false hope, Nancy.”

“I’m not giving you false hope, Madi. I’m just telling you what I see. I’ve watched the way he looks at you when you’re not paying attention. I’ve seen how you make him laugh. He even kissed you right in front of us.”

“That was just an act. Part of our agreement.”

“No, Madi. He never kissed Stacey in public—not like that. Especially not in front of our family! And I’m a witness to how jealous Gabriel got of Greg, chasing you around the kitchen.” Nancy laughed, remembering the scene. “How possessive he got over you!”

I limited myself to staring at my hands, saying nothing. Then I felt her arms wrap around me in a comforting embrace.

“I like you, Madi. From the first time I saw the two of you together, I hoped you’d become my sister-in-law. I promise I’ll help you make Gabriel see what an idiot he’s being, dragging you into this ridiculous deal and pushing you aside like this. I wanted you to know I’m on your side, Madi.”

I smiled at her, wiping away the tears that kept streaming down my face.

“Just promise me you’ll wait for him. Please?”

“I’ll try, Nancy. As long as my heart can bear this pain, I’ll try.”

“Oh, little sister.” She hugged me again. After our conversation, we headed back to the table, where the other two were waiting, grumbling about how long we’d taken.

“I thought you two had been swallowed by the toilet! You took forever!”

“Ouch!” I punched Greg’s arm as we all laughed at the image of being swallowed by a toilet.

“The bathroom was crowded!” Nancy rolled her eyes at him.

“We had to wait in line like everyone else,” I added with a smile.

“All right!” The three of us laughed at Greg.

When we finished lunch, Greg drove us back to the office. Nancy mentioned she’d be staying at Greg’s place while in Chicago, meaning she’d spend the whole month with us.

“Where have you been?”

I was startled to find Gabriel sitting in my office chair with a serious look on his face when Sandy and I returned from lunch.

“I... I was having lunch.”

“With whom?”

My eyes went wide at the nerve of that question.

“With whom? What kind of interrogation is this?”

Madi’s Perspective:

“With whom?”

My eyes widened in shock at the question.

“What do you mean, with whom? What is this, an interrogation?” That’s exactly what I thought.

“With Sandy.”

“And?”