

Chapter 19 Thrown Out Of The Restaurant

Gilbert snapped out of his momentary stupor, his eyes filled with renewed distaste. "Let her chase after fleeting riches and status. It's pathetic and shameless. Jenna, I want you to keep your distance from her moving forward."

"Alright, Gilbert," Jenna responded.

Meanwhile, Andrew lurked in the shadows, his expression colder than ever.

His phone held the voice of his close friend. "You promised to meet for lunch today. I made the reservation and everything. Who are you with instead of me?"

Andrew simply replied, "I'll explain another time."

Then he promptly ended the call, his fingers already dialing another number.

As Jenna and Gilbert settled into their seats in the bustling dining hall, a waiter abruptly approached them. "I'm sorry, but we can no longer serve the two of you. Please leave," he stated firmly.

Gilbert frowned. "But I made the reservation a week ago!"

"I apologize for the inconvenience, but you've been blacklisted by our restaurant. We can no longer serve you."

The surrounding diners turned their heads, curiosity piqued by the unfolding drama.

Murmurs and whispers filled the air as everyone speculated about what could have led to such a drastic action.

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Humiliation washed over Jenna as she felt the weight of all eyes on them. "You must be mistaken. Do you have any idea who we are?"

The influence of the Chapman and Santos families was well known in Gemond, and she could not fathom being dismissed so easily.

"That's not my concern," the waiter replied, his voice steady. "The decision comes directly from our boss. Please leave now, or I will have to involve security."

The threat of a security escort only added to Jenna's and Gilbert's embarrassment.

Jenna's cheeks flushed a deep red, and though she was furious, she knew that causing a scene would only worsen their plight.

Silently, they left the restaurant, the eyes of the diners following them out. Once outside, Jenna, still reeling from the shock, asked, "What the hell is going on?"

Jenna had previously boasted to her friends about securing a table at this prestigious restaurant, and now, being escorted out was not just unexpected but deeply embarrassing.

"I'm not sure either, but I'll find out," Gilbert assured her.

"Fine..."

Inside the plush VIP room, Madisyn relaxed into the comfortable ambiance, coffee in hand, as Andrew returned.

Handing her the menu, he said, "Take a look and see what catches your eye."

Madisyn skimmed through the menu, adorned with vibrant images of each dish.

The offerings were nothing short of spectacular, each seeming to cater perfectly to her palate.

The VIP exclusives were particularly tempting, sparking a hint

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Andrew observed her wavering, a smile tugging at his lips.

Unlike many ladies who would feign modesty, Madisyn was refreshingly genuine about her preferences.

"How about I surprise you?" he suggested, his voice deep and enticing.

"Surprise me?"

"Let me pick out something for you?"

Madisyn nodded, figuring it was best to let Andrew decide since she couldn't make up her mind.

She watched as Andrew confidently talked to the server.

After the server left, Madisyn broke the silence with a personal query. "You and Waylon are quite close, aren't you?"

"Yes, ever since childhood. We practically grew up together. Our grandfathers were close friends and fought in the war together," Andrew explained, then added with a slight hesitation, "It led them to arrange a marriage between our families."

He paused, studying Madisyn's reaction to this revelation.

Somehow, he felt a slight nervousness stirring within him as he awaited her response.

However, Madisyn remained calm and unperturbed. She thought wealthy families truly favored arranged marriages. However, she harbored no intentions of stealing someone else's love.

"Before I returned, Kristine was my father's only daughter. Were you two..." Madisyn began to ask, hinting at a possible past engagement.

"I never considered her my fiancée," Andrew replied swiftly,

Chapter 19 Thrown Out Of The Rest. 🎁 +120 Points at most wanting to clarify any misunderstandings immediately.

It was evident that while Kristine might have harbored feelings for him, the sentiment was not mutual.

So, what was the point of bringing the arranged marriage up?

Looking earnestly into Madisyn's eyes, he reassured, "Of course, my family would never force anything on me."

"Hmm..."

Interrupting Madisyn's thoughts, the server started to set down their ordered dishes before them.

As Madisyn gazed across the generous array of dishes, astonishment touched her voice.

"This is quite a feast. Surely we can't finish it all."

"Enjoy as much as you can," Andrew suggested lightly, a slight shrug accompanying his words. "Anything left over, I'll take to the stray dogs."

This glimpse of kindness behind Andrew's usually reserved facade surprised Madisyn.

Her expression softened as she looked at him. She shared her own experiences with animal care, and their conversation naturally veered towards the welfare of strays.

During their discussion, Andrew picked up some food for Madisyn.

Madisyn's delight was palpable as she tasted it— each bite surpassed the already excellent culinary standards she was accustomed to at the Johns' residence, seeming almost custom-prepared for her.

Amid their dining, the buzz of Madisyn's phone interrupted—a video call from Waylon.

"Are you in a restaurant, Madisyn?" Waylon appeared on

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Madisyn's screen, dramatically attired as an ancient nobleman
on a film set, his demeanor captivating.

"Yes," she answered simply.

"Who's accompanying you? Is it a man?" Waylon's eyes
conveyed a mix of curiosity and concern.

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