

Chapter 2 The Richest Man In Gemon

Realizing her mistake, Jenna collapsed onto the sofa, clutching at her legs with exaggerated distress. "Ah, my legs! They hurt so much!"

Jeffry's response was not of anger but of a guilt directed towards Madisyn. "Madisyn, please understand, Jenna is still very young. Don't hold this against her..."

Madisyn had heard this excuse too many times.

"Of course, I wouldn't retaliate if a dog bit me. After all, it picks up such behavior from its owners, right?"

With a final sneer that cut through the tense air, Madisyn shouldered her modest bag and strode towards the door, her steps resolute and unwavering. She did not look back at the family she was leaving behind.

The trio she left in her wake seethed in fury.

Outside, the driver waited, oblivious to the turmoil that had unfolded within the walls of the Chapman family's house. Since Jenna's return, respect for Madisyn from the household staff had waned significantly—even the driver withheld the customary greeting as she approached.

Ignoring his presence, Madisyn strode past him, her posture straight with resolve.

The driver, catching up to her with a hint of urgency in his steps, called out, "Madisyn, I have been told to drive you to your destination."

Madisyn halted, turning slightly to deliver her response, her tone icy, "No need. From this moment, I want nothing to do with the Chapman family."

With those final words, she hailed a cab and told the driver the address Jeffry had previously sent to her phone.

The destination was a humble, rundown village, far from the opulence she had known.

Upon arriving, she noticed the disrepair of her biological parents' home, the air filled with muffled cries that pulled at her heart.

Stepping inside, she saw many people.

A stark contrast presented itself: a man in a clean, elegant suit, surrounded by bodyguards, stood in front of a weeping couple clad in simple peasant garb.

As Madisyn absorbed the surreal tableau, the man turned, his eyes filled with redness and disbelief. He rushed towards her, arms open wide.

"My daughter, it's really you! I can't believe that you're really alive!" The tall, imposing man's voice broke with emotion.

Madisyn stood bewildered.

Who was this man and why was he acting like that?

Madisyn absorbed the teary gazes of the peasant couple before her. Her voice, shaky with confusion, finally broke the silence. "Mom, Dad, what's happening?"

The male farmer sighed heavily, his voice weary with the weight of untold truths. "Madisyn, we are not your real parents. Jenna is the rightful daughter of the Chapmans, but you... you are not ours. Our baby was stillborn."

He paused, motioning towards the well-dressed man. "This man is your real father."

Madisyn's eyes flickered to the stranger, noting the undeniable similarities in their features.

The man produced a document from his briefcase, his hand trembling slightly. "Madisyn, when I first saw you at the hospital, something about you struck me, though I dismissed it then," he explained, his voice choked with emotion. "After hearing about the Chapmans' reunion with their real daughter, I had to know if perhaps, there had been a mistake. This paternity test confirms my suspicions—you are indeed my daughter."

Taking the report, Madisyn saw the undeniable proof in black and white.

In fact, even without it, their similar features spoke volumes.

Madisyn's response was a silence filled with tumultuous thoughts.

This revelation, this new twist in her already complex narrative, overwhelmed her.

The man continued, "It's a lot to take in, I know. But this is the truth. The night you were born, there was a tragic error at the hospital. Due to a nurse's negligence, three families had their lives unknowingly intertwined. This couple's child was declared stillborn and mistakenly given to us, you ended up with the Chapmans, and Jenna was brought here."

"Your mother and I were devastated, thinking we had lost you," he added, his eyes moistening. "You have no idea how much this affected your mother. She's waiting anxiously at the hotel, hoping to finally meet you."

Moved by his sincerity, Madisyn nodded slowly, her gaze shifting back to the farmers.

The suited man's voice softened as he promised, "This was all an accident. They too are victims in this. I intend to offer them compensation for their loss."

The male farmer waved his hand dismissively, his voice firm. "We don't need compensation; knowing the truth is enough for us."

The farmer's voice carried a tinge of weariness mixed with a subtle disillusionment as he spoke. His relationship with Jenna, the girl he and his wife had raised as their own, had soured after she reunited with her biological family; she had ceased all communication with them.

"You should go home now. It's not often a family finds their way back to each other; don't waste your time lingering here," he said, his expression a mixture of sadness and detachment as he guided Madisyn and the suited man to the door.

Madisyn followed the suited man towards a gleaming Rolls-Royce parked by the curb.

The opulence of the vehicle was a stark contrast to the modest home she had just exited.

"Madisyn, I am Glenn Johns, your father. From here on out, I'm here for you—whatever you need, don't hesitate to ask," the suited man said, his voice soft but firm.

The realization dawned slowly—Glenn Johns was not just a wealthy man; he was the CEO of the Johns Group—the richest man in Gemon.

The implications of her newfound lineage began to settle in, heavy and profound.

Madisyn nodded slowly.

The Alpenglow Hotel was the most luxurious hotel in Gemond.

Jenna, draped in a flowing Chanel dress, embodied elegance as she entered the grand lobby with her parents.

The occasion was momentous; Phyllis had just learned that Lynda Johns, vice president of the Dance Association and a judge for the national competition, was in town.

Phyllis had quickly seen the opportunity—being under Lynda's tutelage could secure Jenna the championship.

With this in mind, she had Jenna swiftly put on her finest attire and rushed her to the hotel. However, upon their arrival, a surprise awaited them.

Across the lobby, Madisyn stood, her attire simple—a T-shirt and jeans—yet she carried herself with a poised grace that seemed to draw the eye.

Beside her was a man in a suit, his presence striking, though his features were obscured from Phyllis's view.

"Madisyn? What the hell is she doing here?" Phyllis murmured under her breath, her tone a mix of confusion and annoyance.