

## Chapter 29 Aunt's Scolding

"Auntie, Madisyn's welcome banquet is coming up, and I want to buy a new dress, but I'm a bit short on funds..." Kristine murmured, her voice tinged with hesitance.

Without hesitation, Lynda responded supportively, "I'll cover it. Get something that makes you feel beautiful."

She quickly transferred one million dollars to Kristine's account, believing firmly that financial issues should never stand in the way of confidence and opportunities.

After confirming the transfer, Lynda shifted the conversation towards Kristine's career. "And remember, your upcoming promotion depends on how you perform in the finals. Give it your all."

"I will. I'm determined to do my best," Kristine replied, nodding with renewed focus.

Lynda stayed a moment longer, offering words of encouragement and reassurance, then left Kristine to her preparations. Energized by Lynda's support, Kristine immediately placed an order for the latest design from Chanel, a dress that flawlessly matched her style and aura.

The dress wasn't just a garment; it was her armor and statement. With it, she was convinced she could outshine everyone, especially Madisyn, and tilt the balance of attention back in her favor.

Kristine felt a surge of confidence. She was ready to reclaim her place in the spotlight.

In the living room, Elaine and Madisyn were deeply engaged in a heartfelt discussion, losing track of time. Eventually, Glenn chimed in, noting the hour, "It's getting quite late. Madisyn, perhaps it's time for you to turn in."

"Oh my, it's already eleven! You really should go to sleep, Madisyn," Elaine exclaimed, playfully tapping her own forehead as she looked affectionately at her daughter.

Reunited with her daughter after so many years, Elaine was eager to savor every moment they could share.

Madisyn returned her smile warmly. "I love our chats, Mom, but I'll head to bed now. You should get some rest too."

"Of course, sweetheart," Elaine responded, her voice filled with joy.

As Madisyn ascended the stairs, she encountered Lynda.

"There's something important I need to discuss with you," Lynda stated with a calm tone.

Madisyn paused, intrigued. "What is it, Auntie?"

"Madisyn, since you've returned, I know there might be some tension, particularly with Kristine around. You might be worried about her influence on your parents' affection. But I want to reassure you, your place in their hearts is secure. Your parents adore you immensely, and Kristine's presence won't change that," Lynda conveyed with sincerity.

Madisyn's expression shifted slightly, revealing her confusion at Lynda's words.

"Don't worry, Aunt Lynda. I appreciate your concern," she reassured softly.

With a gentle sigh, Lynda continued, her voice filled with a tender sadness, "Kristine's story is quite tragic. Her father, who heroically saved your dad, suffered long-term health complications and eventually died because of them. Soon after, her mother, overwhelmed by grief, also passed away. Our family owes them a great debt."

Hearing this for the first time, Madisyn felt the weight of the story settle on her. "I see," she responded quietly.

Lynda noticed Madisyn's reflective mood and chose not to add more. "Get

some rest," she suggested before leaving.

Later, in the solitude of her room, Madisyn checked her phone and found new messages in a high school group chat.

Madisyn and Jenna had coincidentally attended the same school but were not in the same class.

Their interactions had been limited, just brief encounters that never evolved into anything substantial.

It wasn't until much later, when a classmate organized a group chat for their graduating year, that Madisyn became aware of Jenna's presence in her high school years.

Jenna's latest message read, "Hey everyone! Super excited to invite you all to my welcome banquet. Looking forward to seeing everyone there!"

The group chat buzzed with replies, brimming with anticipation. "Jenna is the best; count me in!"

"You, get lost. Jenna has always been my favorite since high school. Even in high school, I thought Jenna had an extraordinary aura, and it turned out she's the real heiress of the Chapman family."

"Enough with the nonsense. You were all over Madisyn back in high school!"

"That was a blunder. Who would've guessed she was a fake?"

"Poor Jenna, having her life occupied by someone else for so many years."

"Where's Madisyn these days, anyway?"

Jenna watched the screen, a smug smile on her face as she read the disparaging comments about Madisyn.

Despite Madisyn's role as a judge in the recent dance competition, Jenna felt secure in her belief that Madisyn's humble origins would always keep them worlds apart.

She typed leisurely, "She's probably back in her village. It's quite remote,

with no cell service. I doubt she can see any of this."

"Oh, really? Jenna, you must have been through so much."

"I really feel for you, Jenna! That kind of place is just right for someone like Madisyn! She should have gone back to where she truly belongs long ago!"

Amid their zeal to gain Jenna's favor, the group chat members kept mocking Madisyn.

With a smirk, Jenna scrolled to find Madisyn's contact and sent her a message. "Madisyn, how about joining us at my welcome banquet? Mom and Dad can't wait to see you."

The truth was, Phyllis had no interest in Madisyn's presence.

However, Jenna figured that having Madisyn there would certainly add some intrigue to the festivities.

Madisyn's reply was curt. "I'm not coming."

Jenna, undeterred, pressed on. "Come on, Madisyn. I'll send you an invite. You have to come!"

Madisyn responded firmly, "No, thanks!"

Jenna persisted until her messages were met with only one check mark—she had been blocked.

That bitch! How dare she?

Jenna exhaled sharply, forcing calm.

Her focus had to remain on the banquet.

The Chapmans were set to host a lavish affair, and she intended to dazzle.

Since Madisyn blocked her, Jenna sent the invitation to her former parents.

Perhaps, she pondered, the lure of the Chapman family's clout and fortune might yet draw Madisyn. It would be the perfect chance to humiliate her!

After Madisyn blocked Jenna, her phone rang.

"Sierra, someone's offering ten million dollars just for the design fee if

Commented [Ma1]:

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+165 Points at most

you'll create a dress, not including production costs."