

Chapter 3 Her Real Family

"The news about Ms. Johns's arrival must have been leaked," Jenna said with a facade of innocence, her voice low and tinged with curiosity. "It seems Madisyn is also keen on learning from Ms. Johns. Perhaps she doesn't know yet that Madisyn has been kicked out of our home. It looks like we might both end up as her students!"

Phyllis's face clouded over with concern at Jenna's words.

She hurried forward, her intent clear—to intercept Madisyn before she could make any influential connections. However, Madisyn was already moving swiftly toward the Room of Emerald, the hotel's most exclusive and private room.

Phyllis was perplexed. Why would Madisyn head to the Room of Emerald?

Jenna, catching up, shared her mother's surprise. "Mom, that room isn't just open to anyone. It seems Madisyn is more connected than we thought. She must have some very impressive friends."

"What sort of friends could she possibly have?" Phyllis muttered bitterly, her mind racing with unfavorable assumptions. Could it be that she somehow climbed up the ladder of society by seducing some rich old man?

That would put a grim stain on the Chapman family's reputation.

Disgust momentarily overtook her as she grappled with these thoughts, but there was little time to dwell. With a sense of urgency, Phyllis pulled out her phone and dialed

Lynda.

"Apologies, I'm currently handling an urgent matter." Lynda's voice was detached and brisk over the phone before she promptly ended the call.

Despondency overwhelmed Jenna, her spirits plummeting as she masked her face with her hands, tears trickling between her fingers.

Jeffrey encircled her with his arms, his voice imbued with gentle assurance. "Don't worry, Jenna. There'll be more opportunities. We'll find another way."

Meanwhile, Lynda placed her phone back on the cushion beside her.

Her brother Glenn had orchestrated an immediate family gathering following the discovery of his long-lost daughter.

"Madisyn must have been through a lot over the years," said Kristine Johns, sitting elegantly beside Lynda.

She had striking features, exquisite makeup, and was dressed in a luxurious gown. Though she projected the image of a refined lady, her expression betrayed a deep-seated concern.


Lynda responded thoughtfully, "I heard her former family had treated her quite well. She might not have faced the hardships we imagine."

Kristine's reply was laced with conviction. "It's crucial that we extend our warmth and support to her."

Lynda affectionately stroked Kristine's head, taking pride in her student's good character.

Kristine was adopted by the Johns family. Her acceptance of Madisyn highlighted her generous spirit and kindness.

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She was not concerned that Madisyn's return would threaten her status.

In the corner, Elaine Johns sat quietly, her gaze fixed on the door, eager and expectant.

Kristine caught the intensity of Elaine's gaze, feeling a stir of unease.

Finally, the door opened, revealing the driver first, who stepped aside to let the others come in.

The young woman who entered looked gorgeous, her aloof and exquisite features mirroring Elaine's strikingly enough to affirm their kinship.

Kristine felt an inexplicable hollowness at the sight.

Elaine, unable to contain her emotions any longer, surged forward.

"My daughter!" she exclaimed as she enveloped Madisyn in a tight embrace, her tears flowing freely.

Madisyn stood momentarily stunned by the intensity of the welcome, her hands hesitantly patting Elaine's back.

A newfound warmth blossomed within her—a familial warmth.

So this was what it felt like to have a loving family...

"Let Madisyn sit down first." Glenn's voice was gentle.

As they settled onto the sofa, Elaine clung to Madisyn, trying to steady her voice through her tears. "Madisyn, I'm so sorry it took us this long to find you. You must have endured so much."

"I... It's okay. I'm alright." Elaine's tears, warm and earnest,

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dripped onto Madisyn's hand, leaving her somewhat at a loss. Touched by such a heartfelt display, she gently reassured Elaine, "Don't cry, Mom. We're together now."

The term "Mom" seemed to spark a profound joy in Elaine, her voice quivering as she responded, "Yes, you're back. And I promise to make everything right."

Glenn observed the exchange with a bright smile, his eagerness palpable as he looked at Madisyn. Feeling the weight of his gaze, she turned to him. "Um... Dad."

"We're so happy to be reunited with you, my Madisyn." Glenn beamed, his face alight with happiness, a rare expression of pure delight. "Let me introduce you to our family. This is your Aunt Lynda."

Lynda observed Madisyn, offering a slight nod in acknowledgment. Madisyn returned the gesture with polite warmth.

Then, it was Kristine.

Kristine's smile was radiant as she addressed Madisyn. "I've been waiting so long to finally say this—I have a sister to brag about now!"

Elaine chimed in, her voice tinged with a hint of hesitation, "This is Kristine. Her father was a close friend of your dad's. Kristine lost her parents when she was very young, and we took her in. If this makes you uncomfortable..."

"It's fine." Madisyn cut her off gently, understanding the implication.

"You also have three brothers, though they're not here right now. We'll make sure you meet them later!" Elaine continued, a smile lighting up her face as she observed Madisyn's accepting nod.

Glenn pulled out his phone. "It's been tough for you all these years, Madisyn. Let's start by exchanging numbers," he suggested.

Elaine quickly followed suit, producing her own phone. "And exchange numbers with me as well," she added eagerly.

After Madisyn compliantly exchanged numbers with them, her phone buzzed with two notifications. Her father had sent her ten million dollars through Venmo, and her mother did the same.

Glenn grinned, his voice filled with a casual generosity. "Here's a little pocket money from Dad. If it's not enough, just let me know."

Elaine's warmth didn't falter. "And I've picked out some clothes for you. You can try them on when we get home!"

This whirlwind of generosity was unfamiliar to Madisyn, yet it enveloped her in a warmth she had never known.

However, Kristine felt both unease and shock. Glenn and Elaine had just casually transferred twenty million dollars to Madisyn—a sum that dwarfed her own relatively modest monthly allowance.

Was this because Madisyn was their biological child and she was adopted?