

Chapter 38 Making Moves On His Sister

Kristine's grip on her wine glass tightened, a visible sign of her mounting irritation.

As she observed Josie's adoring gaze, her expression softened into a calculated smile. "Josie, it's been too long since you last stayed over at my place. Why don't you come over tonight?"

Josie's eyes sparkled with excitement as she replied without hesitation, "Absolutely, I'd love to!"

Dane looked at Andrew, his words deliberate and sharp. "You've been looking out for Madisyn on behalf of Waylon, right? Well, I'm back now. You can step back; I've got it from here."

Andrew's gaze briefly intensified before he answered in a steady, deep voice, "It's fine. Waylon's sister is my sister as well."

Dane's thoughts churned silently with frustration.

As if she needed another brother— she had already had three!

Madisyn, sensing the tension between the two, felt confused. Why did it feel like they were about to fight?

Opting to remove herself from the fray, she moved towards Susan, seeking the comfort of uncomplicated company.

Meanwhile, his eyes fixed on Andrew, Dane said, "Just so we're clear, the marriage agreement between our families is now void, right? I'll talk to Kristine about it later."

Andrew pondered for a moment, then said earnestly, "I've always regarded Kristine as my sister, but my family is keen on forging an alliance with yours. Lately, I've developed a good rapport with Madisyn, and I'm willing to wait for her decision."

Dane's mind raced with fury. This jerk! Making moves on his sister while he was still around?

Not happening!

"Sorry, but Madisyn is quite young and isn't considering such matters at the moment, right, Madisyn?" Dane said, turning to seek his sister's agreement. But Madisyn was nowhere near; she was joyfully engaged in conversation with her friend while eating.

A mix of helplessness and affection washed over Dane as he watched her from afar.

Madisyn... She was completely unaware of the storm brewing around her.

Andrew, detecting the edge in Dane's tone, realized it wouldn't be easy to start a relationship with Madisyn.

"Dane, perhaps we should shift our focus to the new collaboration?" he proposed, aiming to steer clear of personal conflicts with his future brother-in-law.

After a moment's consideration, Dane nodded.

Business first—personal feelings should never get in the way.

Meanwhile, Madisyn and Susan were savoring the delights at the buffet, both completely absorbed in the joy of the moment.

"I almost dragged you into a mess today, Susan," Madisyn murmured, her expression shadowed with a hint of remorse.

Susan dismissed her guilt with a bright smile. "With you by my side, I'm always in safe hands."

She then leaned in closer, her voice dropping to a whisper. "But... that woman is your sister, right? She doesn't strike me as kind-hearted. Be cautious around her."

"I will," Madisyn replied gently, then motioned for a waiter to bring something to their table.

As Susan unwrapped the gift, her eyes grew wide with astonishment. Inside were opulent items: Chanel perfume, a chic designer handbag, and an array of premium skincare products.

She drew in a sharp breath as she unearthed a limited-edition necklace from Cavo. "All these are for me? Can this be real? Is this truly the limited-edition Cavo necklace?"

Madisyn had prepared these things especially for Susan, making her the sole recipient of such lavish generosity at the event.

"Yes, indeed. We've got gifts for everyone here. Oh, and please hand this one to Giana," Madisyn said, offering another package with a cheerful smile.

Overwhelmed by the thoughtfulness, Susan exclaimed, "I never imagined my first high-end necklace would be a gift from you. Guess I'll be looking to you for more surprises in the future."

Madisyn chuckled in response. "Sure, and my home is always open to you."

Their laughter blended seamlessly as they engaged in lively conversation.

Madisyn was eager for Susan to stay at her place, but her friend hesitated.

At that moment, Dane and Andrew concluded their discussion nearby and caught the tail end of their conversation. "No worries, we have plenty of rooms at our place. Miss, since you're a friend of Madisyn, please feel free to pick any room you like," Dane offered warmly, his tone inviting. "Madisyn has just returned and is still getting acquainted with everything at home. It would be wonderful if you could stay with her for a bit."

Susan glanced up at Dane, his demeanor refined and welcoming. He was an aristocrat with an approachable air.

Madisyn, feeling Susan's reluctance, gently squeezed her hand. "Don't be shy. My parents are really welcoming."

Encouraged by their kindness, Susan nodded in agreement.

She was curious to see how Madisyn was doing at home, and she also wanted to ensure that her friend was being treated well.

But she could see that the Johns family seemed much better than the Chapman family, where Madisyn had never felt comfortable enough to invite her over.

Susan's only encounter with the Chapman couple had been under the stark, unfriendly lights of a hospital room, where their demeanor was anything but welcoming. It was no wonder Madisyn had never extended an invitation to her home under their watch.

The Johns family, however, presented a stark contrast.

As Susan witnessed the warmth and affability that radiated from them, her eyes lit up with joy for Madisyn.

Even though the banquet was still in full swing, Susan decided to head home first to change her attire, before heading to Madisyn's home.

Madisyn had kindly offered to provide clothing, but Susan, not wishing to impose further, chose to fetch her own.

Madisyn didn't insist and arranged for a driver to take Susan home.

On her way, Susan's gaze fell upon a familiar figure.