

## Chapter 4 Her Brother

Throughout the meal, Elaine and Glenn took turns heaping food onto Madisyn's plate, the food piled high looking like a small mountain. By the time Madisyn finished it all, her stomach was full.

It was a novel and heartwarming barrage of affection, expressed through every dish her parents offered.

Kristine observed this with a keen eye. Since Madisyn was in simple attire and Elaine and Glenn had said Madisyn had suffered a lot, Kristine naturally assumed that Madisyn had grown up in a poor family.

"Mom, Dad, how about I teach Madisyn some etiquette? Knowing the ways of our society, she won't feel out of place," Kristine suggested.

Elaine turned to Madisyn. "Madisyn, Kristine has been tutored by your Aunt Lynda. She's not only a talented dancer but also well-versed in the nuances of etiquette. Would you be interested in learning from her?"

Madisyn, catching Kristine's look, responded with politeness, "No, thank you."

Kristine, undeterred, smiled. "Madisyn, since you've just returned, you might not be aware of the many unspoken rules in high society. It's really easy to feel out of place, or worse, become the subject of whispers. I'm familiar with all of these, so let me help."

"I said no," Madisyn retorted, feeling slightly irritated but maintaining a calm tone.

Kristine was taken aback by Madisyn's firm refusal.

She had stooped, quite literally and metaphorically, to bridge the social gap she presumed existed between herself and Madisyn, only to be met with refusal.

Somewhat provoked, she was prepared to watch Madisyn make a fool of herself soon enough.

Looking at the caviar on the table, she turned to Madisyn with a feigned casualness. "Madisyn, have you ever tried caviar? It might look simple, but it's quite the delicacy. You should give it a try."

Madisyn responded by scooping up a spoonful of the caviar.

Kristine's lips twitched into a sly smile.

Typically, novices would consume caviar directly from the spoon—a common mistake that both looked unappetizing and spoke of poor etiquette.

She believed Madisyn was about to make a fool of herself.

However, with a practiced ease, Madisyn placed the caviar on the area on the back of her hand between the thumb and index finger, allowing it to warm slightly before tasting it gracefully.

Kristine watched, her initial smugness replaced by astonishment.

How could Madisyn, presumably raised far from such luxuries, display such finesse?

Elaine smiled warmly as she said, "Madisyn, if you like the caviar, please have some more. Is there anything else you'd like to try? Feel free to order whatever you wish."



"Sure, Mom," Madisyn replied, nodding with gentle appreciation.

Elaine's gaze rested on Madisyn with a deepening affection, a maternal warmth radiating from her that seemed to cocoon Madisyn in silent protection. She was completely engrossed, unaware of the complex emotions flickering across Kristine's face.

The sudden ring of Glenn's phone cut through the moment.

He glanced at the caller ID and a broad smile spread across his face. "Madisyn, it's one of your elder brothers on the line, the youngest among them. He's eager to meet you."

He accepted the video call, and a voice brimming with enthusiasm burst forth. "Did you find her? I can't wait to see her!"

Glenn glanced at Madisyn, who gave a shy nod, prompting Glenn to angle the phone towards her. "Here she is—your little sister, Madisyn."

"Yeah, we're definitely related!"

The face on the screen lit up with a mischievous grin.

Madisyn's heart skipped a beat as she recognized him—Waylon, a famous award-winning movie star.

Her world seemed to expand in an instant, her family connections sprawling into realms she had never imagined.

"Hi," Madisyn said, her voice a soft whisper.

Waylon Johns's excitement surged through the phone. "Madisyn, I'm stuck on set right now, so I can't come back, but I'll send you something special soon!"

His affection was palpable.

Despite their newly discovered biological tie, Waylon's warmth felt genuine and immediate.

Waylon and his brothers had long hoped for a younger sister. Although they had Kristine, she was adopted by their parents when she was not an infant anymore, and she was not blood-related to them, making them not that close.

Waylon then turned to the aloof and noble man beside him. "Andrew, meet my sister. Isn't she adorable?"

Andrew Klein, known for his reserved and imposing presence, glanced at the screen. The moment he saw the girl on the screen, his previously casual glance instantly froze.

Madisyn's long soft hair flowed down her shoulders and her delicate features, remarkably mirroring the Johns family traits, were very captivating.

Her amber eyes, carrying a hint of laziness and indifference, seemed to calm the room itself.

Andrew's eyes were deep and profound.

Madisyn maintained her poise as the video call continued, but Kristine's reaction was less controlled.

At the mention of "Andrew", her body stiffened, her eyes locked on the screen where Andrew appeared as striking as ever.

His aloof disposition made her suspect he wouldn't spare much attention for Madisyn.

"Hi." Andrew's greeting was brief, his voice low.



Kristine felt a pang of discomfort, her nails digging into her palm.

She reassured herself silently that Andrew's greeting was nothing more than a formality.

Madisyn gave a polite nod in response, her demeanor calm and detached.

Then, Waylon continued to chatter away on the phone with Madisyn until Glenn stepped in, reminding him not to keep Madisyn from her meal.

Even though his father hung up on him, Waylon was visibly delighted, turning back to Andrew with a grin. "That's my long-lost younger sister. Isn't she adorable? I need to finish up here fast and head back to meet her."

He threw a casual invitation Andrew's way. "Andrew, want to come back with me?"

He knew it was a long shot; Andrew typically avoided visits to the Johns family's residence due to Kristine's overt affection.


There had been an old arrangement of a potential marriage between the Johns family and the Klein family, but it was merely a verbal agreement made by the elders.

The Kleins, a prominent family from Ansport, were leagues apart from the Johns family of Gemond in status and influence, a gap that Kristine seemed to ignore as she clung to the idea of marrying Andrew.

Andrew, his gaze intense and distant, replied nonchalantly, "Sure, it's been a while since I last saw your parents."

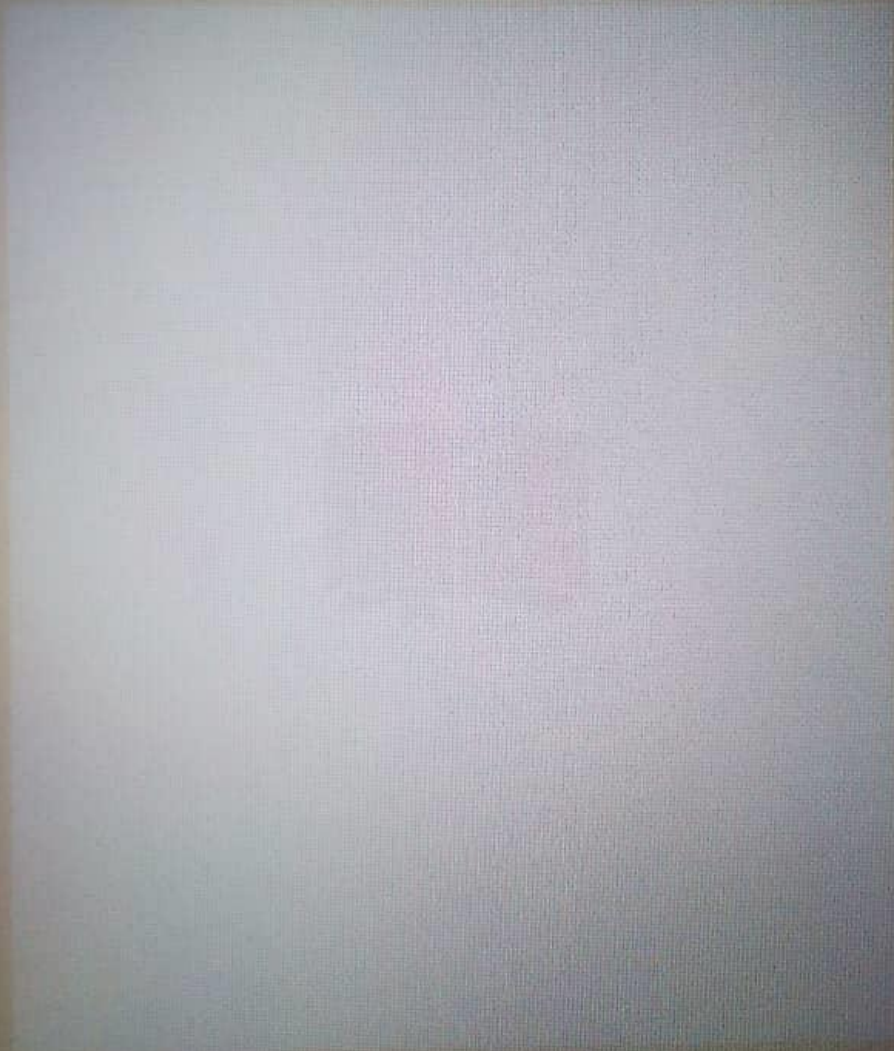
Waylon blinked, taken aback by Andrew's unexpected acceptance.


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