

Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife

Chapter 71

Due to the inertia, Madeline's body flew forward. A sharp pain came fr her stach. Madeline curled up her body to try to relieve this pain, but before she could do that, Jeremy yanked her over to him.

His handse face was not affected by his anger, and it was magnified in front of her.

Jeremy looked at Madeline with an icy glare. "So you're admitting that you drugged me and climbed into my bed back then?"

Madeline looked at the face that she had loved for so many years and grinned. "If you think I did it, then I did, Mr. Whitman." She did not want to make too many unnecessary explanations. 5

However, Jeremy stopped in his tracks and looked at the grinning face that was before him. A similar grin appeared in his head, and the hand that was holding Madeline's collar loosened. Then, after a while, there was a strong disgust in his eyes. "How cheap." He spat out the insulting words fr his lips and pushed Madeline away.

Madeline felt a pang in her stach and she frowned as she endured it. Then, she smiled profoundly at Jeremy. "Yeah, I'm cheap. However, no matter how cheap I a m, I'm still 1,000 and 1,000,000 times cleaner than the love of your life." "Shut up!" Jeremy roared as he interrupted her. " Are you trying to insult Mer again?" "Heh." Madeline laughed as she endured the pain. " Do I even need to insult an

underaged girl who got a abortion after she got pregnant?"

After she said that, Jeremy put his hand around Madeline's neck.

In that instant, Madeline lost the freed to breathe freely. "Madeline, say that again. Do you trust that I'll strangle you to death right now?" Jeremy ground his teeth. His solemn eyes were staring at Madeline like he was about to devour her.

Madeline's face was red, but she did not plead for mercy. "I'm going to say this anyway. Meredith Crawford is a firstclass twofaced b*tch who pretends to be innocent and pure!"

Even though she was having difficulties breathing, Madeline's every word was powerful and resounding. Her eyes were staring into that man's terrifyingly icy gaze like torches. "Jeremy, I can swear with my life that I only had one man before and that's you. However, Meredith has had so many boyfriends that you can't even count all of them with all ten of your fingers. "The child she had three years ago wasn't your child, but you insisted on trusting her. You even sacrificed our child because of the miscarriage she orchestrated."

When she said this, Madeline felt as if there was an invisible knife slicing across her heart.

She sobbed as tears escaped her eyes.

Jeremy looked dazed. He let go of Madeline all of a sudden. "Cough, cough..." Madeline gasped for air.

She saw Jeremy's gloom and cold gaze from the corner of her eyes. She took a deep breath and said, "Jeremy, you can go and investigate what I said just now." "Hmph." Jeremy snorted. "Do you think I'll believe the words of a man who did time in prison before?"

Madeline smiled sarcastically. "If I'm lying, I'll die a horrible death." "Then you should just drop dead." Jeremy cursed with no mercy.

Madeline felt as if her heart was frozen and it was extremely cold.

Jeremy opened the car door. "Scram."

He left her on the side of the road once more. In addition to that, it was raining.

He did not even look at Madeline. Then, he turned his steering wheel before speeding away.

She recalled what he said to her before she got out of the car. Then, Madeline balled herself up and squatted down on the side of the road in pain and exhaustion. Her face was as white as snow.

Huge raindrops fell mercilessly on her weakening body. Her body was cold and so was her heart.

When she was about to lose consciousness, Madeline saw a silver car stopping in front of her. After that, a man approached her with a black umbrella.

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Madeline saw a pair of expensive black leather shoes and a pair of long, lean legs. She lifted her head, and in her dazed state, she vaguely saw a familiar face before she passed out.

When Madeline regained consciousness, she realized that she was in the hospital. Ava was staying next to her.

Ava saw that she was awake but she still was not relieved. "Maddie, don't you know the condition of your body? Why did you go out in the rain and get yourself into this situation?"

Madeline saw that Ava was on the brink of tears. Her eyes were red and the corner of her lips was twitching. "I'm awake now, aren't I?" Madeline smiled. However, she subconsciously felt that her body might have worsened. She did not want to think about it anymore.

She recalled how she had used her life to swear to Jeremy earlier. Perhaps her life was going to end soon, so that prospect of dying a horrible death felt extremely hilarious and amusing to her now. "Who sent me here?"

Madeline remembered what happened before she passed out. She vaguely remembered seeing a familiar face. "I don't know. The nurse said it was a very handsome and masculine man. Right, his voice sounded nice as well. He's the one who called me to be here with your phone," Ava said with a smile of interest on her face. She pushed Madeline's shoulder. "Maddie, could he be your admirer?"

Madeline laughed in selfmockery. "How would a wan like me have any admirers?" "What's wrong with you? You're so pretty and talented. You have men lining up for you. You're just blinded by love and that's why you're still in love with that trash of a man."

Was she still in love with Jeremy?

Madeline was still in a daze.

After resting for a few days, Madeline finally regained her energy.

Jeremy did not ce to cause any trouble for her during this period.

Despite not having much time, Madeline did not want to give up on herself.

She had not avenged her daughter yet, so she would not allow herself to die so quickly. She submitted a lot of resumes and finally, one cpany called her for an interview.

Madeline valued this opportunity a lot, so she put on a set of simple office wear.

The cpany was located in the city center and was just one street away fr Whitman Corporation.

When Madeline reached the cpany, she did not expect Meredith to walk out. Perhaps she was going t

o meet Jeremy at Whitman Corporation and decided to buy coffee on the way there. When she saw Madeline, her face fell. "Madeline, you're even cheaper than imagined ! You didn't even let Old Master Whitman off the hook! You must've drugged that old guy and that was why he was so defensive of you!"

Her words were hurtful, but Madeline did not want to argue with her here. "Meredith, please watch your mouth. Do you think everyone is as cheap and heinous as you are? Grandpa is a smart man, so he saw through you a long time ago." "Pah!" Meredith was furious. "Madeline, you b*tch! You made yourself seem so innocent. If you hadn't talked bad about me and insulted my past in front of that old thing and Jeremy, then why would Jeremy want to investigate my past all of a sudden?" 7

This was beyond Madeline's expectations. It seemed that Jeremy had actually listened to her. "Don't feel so pleased with yourself, Madeline. Let me tell you, Jeremy won't find anything about all those things you said!" Meredith gritted her teeth and shrieked. Despite her talking like she was prepared for this, Madeline felt that Jeremy was starting to suspect Meredith when she saw her on the brink of explosion. If not, why would she react like this? "You b*tch!" she yelled at Madeline angrily. After a moment, she looked at Madeline's outfit, then back at the company in front of her. "Tch, are you looking for a job? I want to see who dares to hire you!"

As Meredith said that, she flung her right hand and splashed the piping hot coffee on Madeline.

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When Madeline thought that she would be unable to dodge away, a tall and slender figure appeared in front of her.

Madeline's coffee was splashed onto that man's neatly ironed suit and shirt.

It happened so quickly that Madeline and Meredith were both shocked. "Miss, I can sue you for assault just by your action of splashing hot coffee on someone else," the man said. His voice was deep and mellow, like red wine to the ears. His demeanor was not like anyone else.

Meredith looked at the man's face before saying arrogantly after she came back to her senses, "Tch! Are you trying to scare me? So what if I assaulted her? I was going to assault this b*tch. Why did you step in all of a sudden?" "Miss Crawford is my official employee. As her superior, I have the responsibility to protect my staff."

When Madeline heard this, she was beyond shocked.

When she was about to say something, her eyes met the man's bottless eyes. She was taken aback as she felt that he looked very familiar. "Haha." Meredith laughed savagely. "You dare to hire this woman? Don't you know who she is? She's that plagiarizing b*tch everyone in Glendale is after!

None of the jewelry companies dare to hire her. If they do, they'll be going against the Whitmans and the Montgeries!"

The man was indifferent to Meredith's threats. "The Montgeries? The Whitmans? You should just wait for the letter from my lawyer. I'll definitely get to the bottom of you trying to assault someone else."

After he said that calmly, he looked at Madeline. "Come with me."

Madeline looked at Meredith who had a shocked expression on her face before following the man.

Meredith did not expect to be taught a lesson. She threw the coffee cup on the floor and ran to complain to Jeremy.

Madeline looked at the man next to her when they were in the elevator.

He was tall and had very nice features. He had the air of a noble and approachable tyrant.

Madeline contemplated for a while before saying, Thank you for helping me again." This man was the person who had sent her to the hospital that day. She was certain of it.

When the man heard that, he lowered his head to look at Madeline. He smiled lightly. "I thought you wouldn't remember what happened that day after you passed out. I guess you remember me pretty well."

His tone was mischievous, making Madeline less nervous.

Madeline felt that her extreme sorrow had turned into joy. Not only did this man save her twice, but he was also the chief director general of this company where she was interviewing with.

He hired Madeline quickly and stated that he trusted her.

When she left his office, Madeline asked for his coffeestained suit jacket and shirt. She wanted to wash them for him when she got he.

He did not reject her and let her take those away.

Madeline finally found a stable job. Plus, her colleagues were nice. Madeline told Ava immediately and told her she could treat her to a meal to celebrate.

If Madeline had not agreed to meet Ava, she would not have wanted to leave even when it was time to get off work. She loved her current job and was able t o forget her unhappy past by working.

When Madeline was at the entrance, the silver car stopped next to her. The window was rolled down and that same handse face appeared behind the window. "Get in. I have sething to ask you."

Madeline hesitated. However, she recalled how he helped her before, so she did not have any reason to reject him. Eventually, she nodded.

However, when Madeline opened the door to get in, another familiar black car stopped in front of her all of a sudden. She would have gotten hit if the car had driven forward just a few more inches.

Madeline was so shocked that she was stunned. She saw Jeremy walking over to her with a poker face,

then he looked at the man inside the car with a fake smile. "You don't have to be so courteous, Uncle. I'll pick u p my own wife fr work. You don't have to go through all of this trouble."

Chapter 74

What?

Madeline could not believe what she had just heard.

Jeremy calling her his wife was already a fantasy, but what astonished her the most was how Jeremy addressed her boss.

Uncle?

She did not know the name of the man who had helped her twice. She only knew that the staff would call him Mr. Whitman.

However, Madeline did not think too much of it at that time. After all, there were so many people with the same last name in this world. Hence, she did not expect him to be Jeremy's uncle.

Felipe Whitman got out of the car slowly, looking at Madeline in puzzlement. "So, you're Jeremy's wife?"

Madeline opened her mouth after being stuck in a daze. "For now."

Jeremy's face fell when he heard Madeline's answer. "For now?" Felipe's interest was piqued by her answer. He looked at Jeremy with a small smile on his face. "If that's the case, then I won't stop you from taking your wife home."

Felipe got into his car again before looking at Madeline. "Remember to come to work tomorrow. I believe with your ability, you'll be able to accomplish a lot in your industry." "Thank you, Mr. Whitman. I'll do my best." Madeline thanked him sincerely. However, before she could finish talking, she was dragged away by Jeremy and pushed into the car.

After the car started, Jeremy said weirdly, "

Madeline, you're really something else. Are you going to go after every man in the Whitman family? The way you behave as a woman really opens my eyes."

She recalled how Meredith had threatened her arrogantly this morning. Then, after hearing what he said to her, Madeline felt the flames of anger rising in her chest. "Jeremy, if you really see me as your wife, then please respect me as well as Grandpa and Uncle. If you don't see me as your wife and you only did that just now just to preserve your dignity as a man, then you can stop the car now. I'll gladly get lost from your sight!"

After she said that, Jeremy slammed the brakes. He really stopped the car.

He reached his hand over and pinched Madeline's cheek with a sinister gaze. "Uncle? How intimate. When did you two get together, hmm?"

His sarcastic tone and suspecting eyes made Madeline extremely uncomfortable. She stared at the furious man. "If you think I'm so dirty and cheap, you can divorce me. I'll convince Grandpa to agree to it!"

Did Jeremy not want to divorce her so badly? She had already agreed to it!

However, after she said that, the vein on the man's forehead protruded. There was a dark wave underneath his eyes. "Who are you going to run to now that you're so desperate to divorce me? Daniel or Felipe?" he asked angrily. He was pinching Madeline's cheek even harder now. "Madeline, listen carefully. I'll tell you this one last time! "You don't have the right to control our marriage! You will never have the chance to divorce me or seduce another man in this lifetime! Get lost!"

He pushed her away and as usual, he kicked her out of the car.

Madeline stood at the side of the road and watched as the car drove away.

She remembered how she was so determined to love this unreasonable man for the past ten years. Then, she did not know whether to laugh or cry.

Madeline met up with Ava. The two of them had pizza in a pizzeria . Madeline wanted to drink like Ava so that she could get drunk for a while. However, for the sake of her worthless life, she decided against it.

Chapter 75

It was already dark, and Madeline helped the drunk Ava into the cab.

When she turned around, she was surprised to see Jeremy standing at the front door.

He leaned against his car lazily. One of his hands was in his pocket while the other was holding a cigarette. The end of the cigarette was lit up before it gradually dimmed in the night. He looked pretty lonesome.

Madeline's heart skipped a beat. She did not know whether she was nervous. She wanted to stay away from Jeremy, but the man had already seen her.

His cold gaze landed on Madeline. "Get in."

He was always commanding her, never giving Madeline the chance to choose.

Madeline calmly averted her gaze from him. "I'm sorry, Mr. Whitman. We should talk tomorrow. It's late now."

Jeremy frowned. He stood in front of Madeline in frustration. "I asked you to get in." "Who's that? Why is it so noisy?" Something was blocking her way, so Ava lifted her head while in a drunken state. She looked at Jeremy for a while and suddenly, she burst out laughing. "I was wondering who it is. It's just you, you scumbag."

After she said that, Madeline could feel Jeremy's agitation.

She was worried that Jeremy would let his anger out on Ava, so she quickly smoothed things over. "Ava, you're drunk. I'll take you to bed." "I'm not drunk! And I didn't get the wrong person too! He's that scumbag, Jeremy Whitman!" Ava pointed at Jeremy angrily. His face was icy now. Why are you here? What were you doing when Maddie was suffering? You only know how to hold that mistress of yours!" Ava yelled at Jeremy. Her voice was exceptionally loud in the middle of the night.

Madeline was frantic. If Jeremy was infuriated, then Ava would also suffer in Glendale. "Ava, stop talking. Let's go."

Madeline dragged Ava to the door. However, a drunk person was extremely heavy. Madeline could not move Ava despite using all of her might.

Madeline said to Jeremy quickly after she saw his face turning green from anger, "Jeremy, I'll go with you. However, you can't get mad at Ava. She's drunk and she doesn't know what she's talking about." "I think she's very sober." Jeremy glared at Ava with a fake smile on his face. "Jeremy, you won't cause trouble for a woman who doesn't know what she's saying when she's drunk if you're a man." Madeline was worried.

Jeremy chuckled and let out a ring of smoke. "It'll be as easy as killing an ant if I want to kill her."

Madeline knew Jeremy had this ability, but Ava was very drunk now. She looked at Jeremy without showing her weakness. She kept on spewing words to fight for justice on behalf of Madeline. "Cce and kill me then! Burp. "Jeremy Whitman, you're just a scumbag! Other than that, you're a blind scumbag!" "Ava, stop talking!" Madeline could feel beads of cold sweat on her forehead. Jeremy's face was extremely dark. A storm was about to come at any time. "Why not? I've been hiding these things in my heart for a very long time! I want to say them out today!" Ava was drunk and being as stubborn as a cow. Not only did she ignore what Madeline said, she even wanted to fight Jeremy headon. "Jeremy, I say that you're not worthy of Maddie! She's so beautiful and talented. Most importantly, she only has you in her heart. She's been waiting for you for so many years and she has

kept the prize between you two. What about you? What did you do to her? "Maddie suffered so much before she could finally start a new life. She even has a new job now and you want to meddle in her life again. Who do you think you are? Do you think no one wants Maddie? Let me tell you, there are hundreds of men waiting to take

Maddie's hand even if you don't want her!"

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Madeline realized Ava's last sentence had completely offended Jeremy.

He suddenly put out the cigarette and looked like Satan from the underworld. Then, he pulled Madeline into his arms.

Ava, who had lost Madeline's support, faltered and fell to the ground with a loud thud. "Ava!"

Madeline shouted nervously as she tried to run over and help Ava. However, Jeremy forcibly pushed her into the car.

The man was full of hostility. "Madeline, is this what you did? You lied to your good friend that I let you down and portrayed yourself as a victim? You're really setting else."

Jeremy stared at Madeline angrily. It was as if he was trying to penetrate her with his eyes. "The prize

between us? What prize did I make to you? Can you stop dreaming?"

Once again, he erased the prizes and agreements he had made to her back then.

Madeline did not expect Jeremy to remember those beautiful vows anymore.

Those memories had long been left with only a black outline. They would disappear into nothing with a gust of wind.

She stopped thinking about that. At this moment, she was worried about Ava. "Jeremy, let me go down and take Ava home. The weather is so cold and it's late at night. What if something happens?" "Everyone should be responsible for what they say."

Jeremy's words were meaningful, and his anger was obvious on his icy face.

Madeline realized that Jeremy might take action against Ava. When he was about to start the car, she stretched out her hands and grabbed his arm abruptly. Her eyes were red. "Jeremy, Ava is just seeking justice on my behalf. Everything's my fault, and you can see at me with any dissatisfaction you have! "I'll accept whatever you do to me as long as you stop being angry with Ava. You can even send me back to prison or you can ask someone to beat me again. If one round of beatings isn't enough, then you can hit me again. Please don't target Ava! Jeremy, Mr. Whitman, oh great Mr. Whitman! I'm begging you! Please!"

If it were not for the environmental restrictions, Madeline would have knelt.

Jeremy looked at Madeline as she kept begging for mercy while on the brink of an emotional breakdown. Suddenly, he felt as if he was in a trance.

In his memory, Madeline was stubborn and strong. He did not know when she started begging him like this. She had begged him to believe her and begged him to let her go.

Jeremy was a little annoyed when he unlocked the car. "Three minutes."

He went easy on her, and tears stung Madeline's eyes. "Thank you, Mr. Whitman. Thank you so much, Mr. Whitman!"

She thanked him profusely and quickly got out of the car. She struggled to lift Ava who had fallen on the ground. Then, she pulled her back to the apartment.

When Madeline left, Ava kept muttering, "Maddie, don't be fooled by that man anymore. He's not worthy of your love..."

Jeremy took Madeline back to their he.

Madeline did not know what Jeremy's intention was. She tried her best to keep up for fear of angering this man again.

While Jeremy was taking a shower, Madeline washed Felipe's clothes.

Now knowing that Felipe was Jeremy's uncle, Madeline felt that it was a little weird to help her uncle wash his clothes.

However, she did not have that much money to send such expensive clothes to the dry cleaner. That was why she could only hand wash them.

When Madeline was almost done washing, Jeremy's icy voice suddenly sounded fr behind her. "What are you doing?"

Chapter 77

His voice was frigid, making Madeline stop in her tracks. Then, she said, "Laundry."

Jeremy came over and glanced at the black shirt in Madeline's hand. A storm suddenly set off under his eyes. "Are you washing another man's clothes at he?"

He was furious and kicked the washing bucket in front of Madeline.

The water splashed onto Madeline's body, instantly drenching her.

Madeline stood up in fear, her white sweater clinging to her body as her beautiful curves fell into Jeremy's vision.

It was as if ice and fire had collided behind his eyes. A primitive impulse surged up his body.

Jeremy reached out his hand to pull Madeline into his arms. Then, he pinched her chin, forcing her to look at him. "It seems that after three years in prison, not only have you not learned how to behave, but you've also learned how to provoke me, hmm?"

His gentle breath hit Madeline on her face.

Madeline could not help but laugh. "Mr. Whitman, I don't want to die yet, so I won't be caught dead provoking you. Plus, I don't want to wash another man's clothes as well, but what else can I do? Such a thing won't be happening if it weren't for the love of your life suddenly going crazy and splashing coffee on me. Thankfully, Uncle saved me by standing in front of me." "Heh." Jeremy sneered, "Uncle? You're addressing him more affectionately than you do me. How long have you known him, eh? He even felt sorry for you and saved you from hot coffee. Madeline, you're really good at this. Say, how did you seduce him? Like this?" 3

As he said that, he suddenly and forcefully tore off the sweater that was hanging from Madeline's shoulder. 3

The sweater was so soft that it was torn by Jeremy immediately.

Madeline's skin was exposed to the air immediately. Even though she was indoors, she felt extremely cold.

Jeremy then threw her on the bed. He did not allow her to struggle or escape.

Madeline really did not want to be treated like this. Maybe back then she could bear with it, but now, she could not put up with him anymore. 2 "Jeremy, let me go!" She struggled with all her strength, but she could not win against this man's power.

He buried his head between her neck and shoulder before taking a bite.

Every cell in Madeline's body throbbed in pain and the area where the tumor was hurt as well. She was in pain. 5 "Didn't you say that you only love me in this lifetime and would only sleep with me? Did you say this when you were with other men too? Madeline, you really make me sick. How was I even forced into marrying a man like you?" Jeremy said in anger before tearing away all her clothes. 4

Just as he was about to vent his anger, Madeline, who was struggling initially, stopped all movements. She was as motionless as a dead fish. Then, Jeremy heard her bursting out into laughter. 2

He stopped in his movements and no longer trapped her underneath him.

He was looking at Madeline's side profile. She was smiling when tears suddenly slipped from the corner of her eyes. 2

Jeremy's heart missed a beat all of a sudden as he stared at Madeline who looked like she was longing for death.

The wounds of different sizes on her body were like sheets of invisible nets. They caught his heart all of a sudden, making Jeremy become a little breathless. 2

Madeline saw that Jeremy had suddenly paused, so she sneered sarcastically, "Mr. Whitman, why did you stop? Do you think I'm too dirty so that's why you can't do it anymore?"

She smiled and looked at the unhealed wounds on her body. She parted her lips and said through her tears, "Tsk, what an eyesore. I'm even dirtier than before. I'm sorry for ruining your appetite, Mr. Whitman." "Madeline..."

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Jeremy stared at Madeline intensely with his brows furrowed together. The raging fire in his eyes seemed to disappear in an instant.

He lowered his body to get close to her. Then, he pushed the strands of her stray hair away from her forehead. His tone was unprecedentedly gentle when he said, "You said that you were pregnant with my child before you got incarcerated. How did you lose the child?"

It would be fine if he had not asked her. The moment he asked her, the unhealed wound in Madeline's heart was split open. Blood started pouring out from it profusely.

She looked at Jeremy who asked her this question all of a sudden in amusement. "Just like you said, Mr. Whitman. She's dead, so why bother asking? Would she come back to life?" 6 "Madeline, answer me."

Jeremy looked at Madeline who had a fake smile on her face. Her heart was being clamped tightly by an invisible pair of pliers. "Mr. Whitman, you're such an expert at sprinkling salt on someone else's wound." Madeline smiled sarcastically, her red eyes drenched with tears. She could not see Jeremy's face anymore. "Jeremy, it's been so many years. I can get past you yelling at me, hurting me, or hating me. However, do you know what's the cruelest thing you've ever done to me? "You give me the hope of waiting. However, in the end, it turned out it was all my wishful thinking, and this entire time, I was showering affection on an uninterested party. You're the one calling out another woman's name when we're in bed. And it was also you who hired people to induce labor on our premature child before turning her into ashes." 11

After she said that, she felt the air around her plummeting into silence.

She could clearly hear her and Jeremy's hearts beating. They were beating slowly with no particular rhythm. Of course, how would his heartbeat be in sync with hers?

She allowed her tears to drench the pillow as she remembered the promise they made when they were young and innocent. Madeline smiled bitterly and sobbed. "Jeremy, I won't deny that I still have feelings for you and I'm still obsessed with you. However, these feelings aren't love anymore, but rather, it's hate. "Jeremy Whitman, I hate you!" she repeated. Her previous obsession and unforgettable memories had all crashed and burnt.

If there was still anything she could not part with nor forget, it was the naivety and innocence that she used to have. She had believed naively when he said he would take her as his bride...

Madeline closed her eyes in exhaustion. She was tired. She was so tired that she did not want to love anymore. 3

Jeremy, in a trance like state, looked at Madeline who was not looking at him any longer. He felt as if a million needles were stabbing his heart at the same time. He had never felt as uncomfortable as this before. 5

He turned around lifelessly and lay down next to her. His hands reached over and held Madeline's body inch by inch. However, it was as if he was unable to warm her up despite putting his skin against hers.

When Madeline was about to fall asleep, she heard Jeremy say in her ear, "Madeline, stop lying to yourself. You still love me." 16

Did she?

Madeline asked herself and fell asleep tiredly. She was back in her childhood days in her dream.

The beach, shells, and the boy who ran with his back toward her on the beach.

However, this beautiful memory had turned into a wound that could not be healed. It was never going to recover or heal.

The next morning, Madeline's biological clock woke her up on time. 8

She remembered what happened last night and could not help but feel a pain in her heart. However, after that, she felt ironic and pathetic.

The culprit who made her all battered and bruised had asked her that question pretentiously.

Madeline got out of bed and cleaned up. She put on se light makeup to hide her haggardness.

She thought the clothes and necessities in this ro would have been replaced by Meredith's things long ago. However, Madeline found out that nothing had changed in the closet. Her clothes fr three years ago were still hanging in there neatly.

She was stuck in a daze for a ment. Then, she grabbed rand pieces of clothing and put them on before going downstairs.

When she went downstairs, she saw Jeremy in the living ro. "You're awake." His voice was devoid of all temperature.

Madeline smiled with her lips pressed tightly together. "Were you expecting me to sleep forever, Mr. Whitman?" 8

Clank! Madeline saw Jeremy throwing his spoon in agitation. 8

Had she crossed him again?

Chapter 79

Madeline smiled. When she was about to leave, she saw Jeremy looking over at her. "Ce have breakfast."

What?

Madeline stopped in her tracks in disbelief.

When had he ever talked to her in such a gentle tone and when had she ever eaten alone with him, especially when it was such a heartfelt breakfast? "Madam, your breakfast is ready." Mrs. Hughes smiled at Madeline benevolently.

After hesitating, Madeline walked over.

She looked at the dining table. There were bowls of cereal and plates of toasts along with se of Mrs. Hughes' hemade bread. Madeline liked this spread of typical breakfast food. "Sit here." Jeremy pulled out the chair next to him.

Glancing at him, she said, "No, it's too near. I'm afraid that I might dirty you, Mr. Whitman."

Then, she sat down opposite Jeremy.

Jeremy's face went dark immediately. It was as if a storm was cing.

Seeing this, she felt nervous. She lowered her head t o eat her cereal and did not say anything.

Jeremy looked at her nervous face and scoffed. "

You're so unwilling to stay with your husband now. Can't wait to see that man, huh?"

That man?

Madeline stopped in her tracks. She lifted her head i confusion and her eyes coincidentally met Jeremy's. "Madeline, didn't you say you'll only love me in this lifetime? Is your lifetime over now?"

He was mocking her and had succeeded by a lucky stroke.

Madeline took a bite of her toast and said mischievously, "Yeah, my life is almost over."

When he heard her answer, the last remaining trace of sarcasm in his eyes disappeared. "So you're admitting to having fallen in love with another man?" Jeremy asked in a cold voice.

Madeline tugged the corner of her pink lips. "I guess." "Madeline Crawford! You..."

Madeline felt that Jeremy was about to flip out when the doorbell rang just in time.

Mrs. Hughes opened the door and Meredith came sashaying in. "Jeremy, why didn't you ce to find me last night ..." Before Meredith could finish her sentence, her tone changed

Madeline could see Meredith's face change fr afar. The wan obviously looked like she was about to burst, but she still forced out a contorted smile on her face. "Maddie, wwwhy are you here?"

Madeline looked at the man who was eating his breakfast and grinned cheerily at Meredith. "Miss Twofaced, what are you talking about? This is my house. Am I wrong to eat breakfast with my own husband?" "... The look in Meredith's eyes changed. She held her purse tighter in her hands, the veins on the back of her hands protruding. It was obvious how mad she was. However, she was still great at acting. She walked over to Jeremy with an aggrieved look on her face. "Jeremy, should I not show up? I think Maddie i s jealous again."

Madeline put down her utensils and got up. "You look like someone had just punched you in the face. Just look at you. Your features are all squeezed together." 3 "... The corner of Meredith's lips twitched in anger. "I'm full. Take your time flirting with each other." "Where are you going?" Jeremy called out to her. "I'm going to work, of course." Madeline smiled. I'm not like those wealthy women out there who can spend their days having afternoon tea and shopping." 4

Jeremy frowned and walked over to Madeline. "I'll drive you."

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When Meredith heard this, she could not hold it in anymore. "Jeremy, I came looking for you the moment I woke up. I haven't even had breakfast yet. What should I do if you leave?"

Jeremy did not turn around. "You can use this time to have breakfast." Meredith stood on her ground with a dazed look. She watched as Jeremy ignored her and walked toward Madeline instead. She grabbed her purse tightly, feeling as if she was about to explode.

Madeline was surprised about Jeremy's actions as well. However, it seemed like he was being serious. When he walked past her, he intentionally slowed down and looked at her profoundly. "Come with me."

Madeline did not understand why Jeremy was doing this, but when she saw Meredith's livid face, she smiled and cooperated. She got into Jeremy's car.

To prevent any unnecessary arguments, Madeline did not say anything the entire way. Jeremy did not

say anything as well.

Madeline stole a glance at Jeremy and saw his gorgeous side profile that was abnormally icy.

She recalled the times she stole glances at him when they were in university. She did not know how many times she did that before. Even though the feeling when she had a crush on him was not the best, it was beautiful and pure.

However, she could not go back to those times anymore.

Her heart would not skip for any kind of sweetness anymore. There was only a lamentable rhythm left.

After Madeline spaced out for a while, she realized the car had already stopped. They were at Whitman Corporation.

She looked at Jeremy in confusion. However, he got out of the car before her and walked to the passenger seat. Then, he opened the door for her. 9

She thought this man offered to drive her here out of kindness, but it turned out that it was because of convenience. However, it was fine. Felipe's office was just in front. She just needed to cross the street.

Madeline got out with her bag. "Thank you, Mr. Whitman." She thanked him and turned around. "Where are you going?" Jeremy's deep voice sounded behind her again. "From now on, you'll be working here."

Madeline thought her ears were deceiving her again. She looked at the frigid man. "Mr. Whitman, if you lack manpower, I suggest you put a recruitment ad online." "Madeline, don't make me repeat myself." Jeremy frowned, a layer of frost on his face. "Don't you like jewelry designing? Whitman Corporation has the best environment for you to unleash your potential."

It sounded extremely attractive, but it also sounded like a fantasy. "Did you suddenly find your conscience, Mr. Whitman?" Madeline laughed and looked at him with sarcasm in her eyes. "I like jewelry designing, but I like the feeling of being trusted more."

After Jeremy heard that, he was taken aback.

Madeline smiled even wider now. "Mr. Whitman, when have you ever trusted me? Did you believe me when I was accused of plagiarism three years ago? No, you didn't."

She answered for him. Then, she chuckled in self mockery. "So, please don't recruit someone who has a history of plagiarizing just in case your company gets into trouble when I plagiarize other people's work again."

After she finished saying that, she saw Jeremy's face turn extremely dark. It looked as if a storm was coming.

Madeline's heart skipped a beat as she turned around quickly. She was scared that her fake smile

would be exposed if she was a second too slow.

When the light turned red, Madeline could not help but turn around to look at where Jeremy was with the corner of her eyes.

He was still standing there while looking at her.

For se reason, he looked a little melancholic at this ment.

Madeline averted her eyes and walked across the crosswalk. However, it was as if she could feel Jeremy staring at her.

Did he finally find his conscience and was feeling remorseful about that dead child?

Hehe.

Madeline felt aggrieved now. How would he feel remorseful?

Even if he did, it was already too late.

Madeline slowly got used to her new working environment. Her colleagues were friendly and they were discussing a celebration for Madeline the newbie during lunch.

When it was lunchtime, everyone was discussing what they wanted to eat when the department manager, Elizabeth Snow walked over.

Elizabeth was very beautiful and young. She was dressed in a very stylish outfit as well. When she walked in, she clapped her hands and said with a serious face. "We just accepted a very important project. The current rising influencer, Lolly Tate is about to get engaged with her boyfriend. They came to Mr. Whitman and asked us to design a pair of couple rings, a necklace, and a bracelet for them. They placed a tenmilliondollar custization fee. If we have this deal, our department can get a 10% award bonus." "Wow!" "Does it mean every one of us will get tens of thousands?"

Everyone was elated and Madeline felt excited as well. She loved jewelry design and she only liked it because of Jeremy. "So, you guys should just have a simple lunch and don't eat out. We only have one month." Elizabeth told them that they did not have much time. "Please look at the requirements for the project that I just sent to your emails."

Everyone understood, but the huge bonus also played a huge part in this. They felt that anything would taste delicious when they got that money. So, everyone went back to their work stations. 5

Madeline was not hungry so she opened her inbox. When she was about to read the content, walked to her. Elizabeth "Arè you Elizabeth Crawford?" She asked.

Madeline stood up quickly and smiled. "Hello, Miss Snow. I'm Madeline Crawford." "So it's you..." Elizabeth started looking at her up and down in interest.

Madeline felt uneasy but she still maintained her polite smile. After a while, Elizabeth asked in curiosity, "I heard you served three years in prison because of plagiarism, is that true?"

After she said that, the office plummeted into silence.

More than then employees looked over at Madeline at the same time.

Designers looked down on people who plagiarize the most. Madeline could feel her colleagues who used to treat her pleasantly all looking at her differently now.

Madeline kept her cool and continued smiling. "I never plagiarized." "If you didn't, why did the judge declare you guilty?" Elizabeth asked. She raised an eyebrow. "Never mind, you're fortunate that you have support, but I want to remind you that I look down on plagiarizing thieves the most. Now that you're in my department, don't try to do what you did before. If not, I won't go easy on you."

Elizabeth rolled her eyes. After she warned Madeline, she walked away while clicking her heels. Madeline stood on her ground and felt her colleagues looking at her with suspicious gazes. She felt aggrieved and helpless.

God loved playing tricks on her. She just saw the light and now he decided to put it out.

She sighed softly in selfmockery. She walked to the door to get some air. When she got to the door, she saw someone walking toward her.

Madeline was beyond shocked when she saw her.

It was Eloise.

When she saw Eloise, she felt an unknown friendliness rising in her chest. Even though their relationship was a little rocky because of Meredith, Madeline still greeted her politely. "Mrs. Montgery."

However, when Eloise saw Madeline, her face fell. She lifted her hand and slapped Madeline across the face immediately.

When everyone in the office saw this, they ran out to watch what happened in shock.

**** Scroll down to read the next chapter ****

Madeline clutched her aching right cheek. She was confused. "Madeline, you vile wan! You evil witch!" Eloise shrieked as she pointed at Madeline's nose.

Madeline did not understand why she felt so horrible when she saw Eloise's piercing gaze. "Mrs. Montgery, why did you hit me?" Madeline tried to keep calm but her heart was beating fiercely. "You still have the cheek to ask me why?" Eloise pointed at Madeline furiously. "You kidnapped my grandson with another person and you bullied my precious daughter, Meredith! Now, you're even inciting another man to make him side with you. He sent Mer a lawyer's letter and said she deliberately assaulted seone with hot coffee!"

As she said that, she threw the letter angrily at Madeline's face. "Madeline, you're such an evil wan! Thank god your parents died early, if not, they'd die fr shame! If you're my daughter, I would have kicked you out of the family!"

As Madeline heard Eloise yelling at her, each one of her words stabbed in her heart like shards of glass.

She understood now. Eloise came all the way here to vent for her precious daughter, Meredith.

Heh.

What a great mother. She did not know the truth nor what happened. However, mothers would always believe their children unconditionally, right?

Madeline felt tears sting the corners of her eyes. She felt as if her heart had been clenched by an invisible hand. She felt so horrible that it hurt when she breathed. "Madeline, I'm warning you, don't think you can go anything just because you have people backing you up! I'll do double to you what you did to Mer and my grandson!"

Eloise pointed at Madeline with her warning. Then, she turned around with a dark expression on her face. "I thought they just have the same name, but I didn't expect her to be that Madeline Crawford." "She's the one who stole her boyfriend and caused her sister to miscarry." "Tch, are we going to work with someone like this from now on?"

Madeline could hear her colleagues gossiping about her. She stood at the door of the office. She felt so embarrassed she did not know where she should go.

Why was her life so difficult?

She was so tired.

She wanted to have parents as well so that she could lean on them when she was sad and vulnerable.

However, aside fr her sickness and infamy, she had nothing.

Tears rolled down her cheeks quietly as she bent down to pick up the letter. She did not expect Felipe t o really sue Meredith.

It was fine. She did assault them. Felipe did nothing wrong.

A good deed goes unnoticed, but a scandal spreads fast.

Madeline was like a joke during this entire afternoon. People fr other departments kept dropping by to look at her. They wanted to see what a vile and plagiarizing twitface looked like.

Madeline felt she would not have the chance to get involved with Elizabeth's project since everyone refused to trust her. However, Elizabeth said righteously, "Everyone makes mistakes. It's fine if you're willing to change. This project is very important, so everyone has to work together."

She purposely walked to Madeline's side and encouraged her. "Madeline, do your best. Don't disappoint me."

Even though Madeline was curious about Elizabeth's sudden change toward her, when it came to work, she would not dare to be negligent.

Her colleagues' attitude toward her changed slightly as well. Madeline knew they were just doing this for the sake of Elizabeth. However, no matter what it was, life still goes on and she had to be serious about her work. Besides, Madeline was fond of this job.

It was time to get off work and her colleagues started packing to go home. Madeline took a sip of water and continued her work.

Elizabeth walked out of her office and saw Madeline still here. "You're not going home?"

Madeline lifted her head. "I want to finish the draft for the bracelet." "You can finish it at home. It's pointless to pretend to be hardworking here," Elizabeth said coldly and rolled her eyes.

Madeline was wondering if Elizabeth had Multiple Personality Disorder. The way she treated her was so inconsistent.

At this moment, a tall and slender figure appeared at the door.

Elizabeth's eyes lit up. "Mr. Whitman, why are you here?"

Her attitude changed. She was now extremely gentle.

When the rest of the employees heard this, they placed down their bags and smiled respectfully at Felipe. "Mr. Whitman."

Madeline finally came back to her senses. However, everyone had already finished greeting him. It would be as if she was trying to stand out if she greeted him now. So, she only nodded and smiled at Felipe.

Felipe smiled at Madeline before walking in. He had an imposing manner to him. He was very handsome and elegant. "Everyone, thank you for your hard work. Good luck on the new project," he said with a gentle tone.

Elizabeth eyed her colleagues immediately and everyone understood what she meant immediately. "Thank you for your concern, Mr. Whitman. We'll do our best!" "Okay." Felipe nodded.

Elizabeth played with her long and curly hair. As she waited for Felipe to approach her expectantly, she saw him walking past her and headed directly to Madeline.

Elizabeth's smile cracked. The other employees looked over in curiosity.

Madeline felt something was going on. It seemed that Madeline had feelings for Felipe. However, when her brain finally registered that, Felipe was already standing in front of her. 14 "Maddie." He called out gently, "How are you holding up?"

Madeline stood up quickly. "Mr. Whitman, I'm fine. Thank you for giving me such a great opportunity." "We're family. You don't have to be so courteous to me." Felipe's smile was gentle.

However, when everyone heard his response, the entire office exploded.

Everyone looked at Madeline in shock and puzzlement. They desperately wanted to know how Madeline was related to their boss. "We're having a family dinner tonight. I'm going there as well so I'll take you along."

Madeline hesitated and rejected the offer. "No need, I can go myself." "We're going to the same place anyway. Why are you being so courteous?" Felipe asked with a smile. His tone was gentle.

Madeline did not know how to reject him anymore. She would look pretentious if she rejected him again.

However, if she did not, they would look too intimate.

When the atmosphere was getting awkward, Felipe opened his mouth. "Even though Maddie and I have a special relationship, she got into our company with her own talents. Maddie is still new here, so I

hope you'll take good care of her." "Don't worry, Mr. Whitman, I'll take good care of Maddie!" Elizabeth ran over just in time. After that, she even patted Madeline's shoulder intimately." Maddie, just ask me if there's anything you're unsure of. Mr. Whitman's friend is my friend!"

Hehe.

Madeline looked at Elizabeth's pretentious smile and felt extremely awkward.

Then, Madeline and Felipe left under everyone's cplicated gazes.

When the lift was on the first floor, Madeline's phone rang. It was fr Jeremy.

She looked at the caller ID. After a few seconds of hesitating, she hung up the phone.

This was the first time she hung up on him. "Why didn't you answer?" Felipe asked curiously. Madeline smiled lightly. "It's just a scam caller."

After she said that, the lift arrived on their floor. When the door opened and Madeline was about to walk out, she saw Jeremy dressed in all black standing in front of her with cold air around him.

When he saw Felipe standing with Madeline, a cold chill immediately appeared in Jeremy's eyes.

He lifted his head to look over and Madeline could feel her heart skip a beat.

Even though he was not the man she cared about, her body was still hinting to her that she still could

not get away fr his shadow. "Jeremy?" Felipe walked out of the elevator in. surprise. "Are you here to pick Maddie up?" "It's none of your business." Jeremy's tone was cold. His eyes landed on Meredith's face. "Why did you hang up on me?" "So you're the one who called Maddie just now?" Felipe said with a laugh. "Maddie joked that it was a scam caller and hung up. Did you two fight?"

After he said that, Madeline saw Jeremy's face darkened.

He stared at her. "What are you waiting for? Let's go."

Jeremy said and grabbed Madeline's hand.

It was already winter so it was very cold. However, Madeline could feel that Jeremy's hand was burning.

She fantasized about him holding her hand to cross the road considerably so many times before. However, this searing heat was not what she longed for. "I'll just go with uncle." Madeline got out of Jeremy's grip and walked toward Felipe.

Jeremy felt his hand slipping fr hers and then he was stunned. "Uncle, please, let's go.

Felipe frowned slightly. Two seconds later, he nodded and looked at Jeremy. "So, we'll get going now, Jeremy. Maddie, let's go." "Okay," Madeline replied and turned around following Felipe.

She was scared that she would hesitate if she delayed this. She was scared that she would follow the other man absentmindedly. "Madeline, are you sure you're not cing with m e?"

Before she could leave, she heard Jeremy's questioning voice.

Madeline grabbed her bag tighter with both hands. Her nails dug into her palm.

She stopped and turned around. He saw Jeremy standing there alone. His tall and slender body looked lonese for se reason.

However, the unhealed wounds on her body started hurting dully. She felt as if a million bugs were gnawing on her skin.

It was this pain that made her reply, "I'm sure."

Madeline said without hesitation. After she said that, she quickly caught up to Felipe.

The ment Madeline and Felipe arrived at Whitman Manor, Jeremy arrived as well.

The ment his car stopped, he walked quickly to Madeline and wrapped his long arms around

Madeline's tiny and thin body. He was holding her so tightly and she could not get out of his hold.

Madeline's heart started beating frantically. "Jeremy, what are you doing?" "What do you think I'm doing?" Jeremy questioned. His deep eyes were staring straight at Madeline. "Grandpa longed to see us being all loveydovey. Don't you want to make him happy?" Madeline had no words. In order to make grandpa happy, she was more than willing to improve her relationship with Jeremy. However... You don't have to hold me so tightly."

When Felipe saw this, he said, "Jeremy, even though you're in a fight with Maddie, you don't have to do this. Didn't you notice that Maddie was very uncomfortable?"

Jeremy chuckled lowly. "How do you know whether my wife is uncomfortable or not? You two have such an extraordinary relationship."

There was double entendre to his words. He lowered his head and saw that Madeline was feeling reluctant to be held by him. He felt anger rising in his chest. "This is between us. Don't try to meddle in our business."

Jeremy said that and went in while holding Madeline.

Madeline looked at Felipe awkwardly. She could only let Jeremy have his way with her.

It was a family dinner but Meredith was also in the dining room while making no secret to her presence. On the other hand, the old master was in his room and did not come downstairs as he did not feel well.

When Meredith saw Jeremy and Madeline walking in together, she was so mad her hands were already in fists. There was something sinister in her eyes but she could not do anything about it.

However, when she saw Felipe, she was utterly shocked!

That man was Jeremy's uncle!

She was feeling extremely uneasy. She did not expect that Jeremy's uncle was the person who stood up for Madeline that day.

Plus, this man even gave her a lawyer's letter to sue her!

She looked at Felipe nervously. She stood at one side and pretended nothing happened.

Felipe saw Meredith as well. He averted his eyes calmly.

Madeline was dragged by Jeremy to sit next to him. On the other hand, Meredith sat on Jeremy's other side. The moment she sat down, she poured wine and took food for Jeremy like a perfect little wife.

Madeline felt that she was being an eyesore. There were all kinds of food on the table but she did not have much of an appetite. Plus, because of her health, she could only eat bland things. "This is my mother's best dish. You've never tried this before. Here, try it." Jeremy suddenly put some curry into her bowl.

Madeline knew he was just putting up an act when he made such a considerate gesture. She wanted to cooperate but her body would not allow her to eat such spicy food. Plus, she was not a fan of curry. "Thank you, darling, but I don't like this."

Jeremy's face fell when Madeline rejected it. "Maddie, Mrs. Whitman made this dish. Why don't you support her a little? Plus, you love curry, so why are you lying?" Meredith said innocently.

Madeline wanted to laugh. When did she start liking curry?

On the other side, Mrs. Whitman's face turned extremely dark. "Do whatever you want. Do you think I want you eating my food?" "Madeline." Jeremy looked at her in annoyance. "Are you eating or not?"

He was forcing her and Meredith was smirking at one side secretly.

Madeline held her spoon. She did not know how she should do this.

She really did not like this, plus she also could not eat this. "Maddie is tired fr work and she didn't eat much during lunch so she can't eat such spicy food. It would be better for her if she eats sething bland." Felipe smooth things over just in time. Then, he took se vegetables or Madeline. "You should eat this."

Madeline was taken aback, then she thanked him. " Thank you, uncle."

Jeremy was already enraged when Felipe chose to sit next to Madeline. Now, when he saw Felipe taking food for Madeline, a dark wave started crashing over in his eyes. "Do you think it's appropriate to take food on behalf of my wife, uncle?" Jeremy asked in dissatisfaction. Then, he started at Madeline eerily. "You should know what you should eat."

Madeline felt her head hurting all of a sudden. When did she start to lose the freed to choose what she wanted to eat?

In order to not involve Felipe in this, she put the curry in her mouth.

The spiciness of the curry traveled fr her mouth t o her stach. The burning sensation made Madeline extremely uncomfortable.

Madeline finished her food with no choice. Then she felt her stach gurgling as it burnt uncomfortably.

Meredith even deliberately brought her more curry. "Maddie, you have to drink the curry while it's hot. Piping hot curry is the essence of this dish. You can't let Mrs. Whitman's effort go to waste."

Madeline was feeling unwell. There was a sheen of cold sweat on her forehead as well. At this ment,

Jeremy urged, "Why are you not eating?" "I don't think Maddie can handle the spice." Felipe could see that sething was wrong with Madeline.

However, Jeremy laughed. He looked at Madeline. " You can't handle the spice? Didn't you have the time of your life eating tacos with hot sauce with Daniel last time?"

Madeline knew what happened back then. She felt sad when she recalled what happened.

She picked up the bowl with no choice. However, before she could drink much, she felt an extreme reaction in her stomach. Then, she felt her throat getting hot before she vomited blood along with the curry.

Madeline was caught unprepared. She reached over to pull out some tissues to soak up the blood. She was frantic. She did not know why she vomited blood, however, she did not want to let Jeremy see this. "Madeline! I don't care if you don't want to eat, but why did you tarnish my food?"

Mrs. Whitman did not notice that there was blood in the curry Madeline vomited out. She pointed at Madeline and screeched angrily. "Tell me before you come here next time so that I can get away from you! I don't want to see you ever again!" "Don't be mad, Mrs. Whitman." Meredith ran over quickly to comfort her. However, she did not forget to look back at Madeline and smirked at her.

She saw clearly that Madeline was throwing up blood.

She knew very well that Madeline could not operate on her tumor anymore. Her lifespan would be shortened if she ate such triggering food now.

If Madeline died, then her chance to be the legally wedded wife would be here. "Are you trying to gross me out?" Jeremy roared angrily next to her.

Madeline endured the burning pain in her stomach and covered her mouth. The taste of blood in her throat did not go away. She was afraid that she would throw up more blood if she opened her mouth. "Jeremy, don't be mad. Maddie did not do this on purpose." Felipe's tone was calm and he was worried about Madeline. "Are you okay?" 4 Madeline felt tears welled up in her eyes. At the end of the day, the person who was most concerned about her was the person she knew a few days ago.

She held back her tears and shook her head. "I'm fine..." She squeezed those words out through gritted teeth.

However, her answer enraged Jeremy. "You played dead when I talked to you but on the other hand, you can't wait to answer him when he asks you a question. Madeline, you're really setting else!"

He yanked Madeline up angrily. At this moment, the old master's voice boomed from upstairs. "Why is it so noisy?"

The old master's eyes were squinted. He looked like he just woke up from his nap. "Are you done eating? If you're done then go home." He looked at Jeremy who was holding Madeline and he smiled deeply. "Go now, go back and make a baby. I'm waiting for Maddie to give me a big fat grandson."

A big fat grandson.

Madeline started crying. Her tears fell on the back of

Jeremy's hand.

Jeremy suppressed his anger and pulled Madeline into his arms. He smiled at the old master. "Don't worry, grandpa. I'll go he and make a baby with Maddie now."

His tone was firm but Madeline knew he was mad. H e was seething.

Jeremy forced himself to turn around while holding Madeline. When he passed Felipe, he looked at him with hostility in his eyes.

Jeremy sped he. When the car stopped, Madeline rushed into the toilet and started projectile viting.

When she saw the blood on the sink, her face was white. She supported herself lifelessly on the sink.

Was her tumor worsening?

Was she finally going to die?

She looked at her reflection in the mirror lamentably. She was as pale as a ghost.

Jeremy's footsteps got nearer and nearer. Madeline quickly turned on the tap to wash the blood away. Then, she gargled hurriedly.

After she cleaned up, Jeremy dragged her away. "Why are you so filthy, Madeline? Hm? It's fine if you want to gross me out, but you even want to involve my family!"

Madeline crashed into his firm chest limply. Her brain was buzzing. The burning sensation in her stomach was still there to stay.

She wanted to run away badly, but Jeremy pulled her to the side of the bathtub like he was mad. He took the showerhead and sprayed cold water on her face and body.

It was in a house with the heater off during winter.

It was freezing.

It was so cold that Madeline's heart froze instantly.

However, she was hoping that it would get colder. It would be great if it was so cold that it numbed her entire body.

That was she would not have to feel pain anymore, be it her body, or her heart.

Jeremy saw that Madeline was not struggling at all. So, he stopped what he was doing and yanked Madeline up as she trembled.

He saw that her face was as white as snow and there was no color on her face. She looked like a puppet that had its blood drained from its body. What was left was only its empty shell.

Jeremy suddenly felt scared. "Madeline, Madeline..."

He was calling her name but she did not respond. "Madeline, don't play dead! I'm asking you to talk!" Jeremy's heart was beating so fast he felt as if it was i overload. A fear that he had never felt before started taking over him.

When he saw that Madeline was still not reacting, he carried her and placed her on the bed.

He hurried over to take se clean clothes for her to change into, but he turned around and saw Madeline sitting up.

Jeremy felt as if he had been cheated. He threw the clothes on the floor and charged over to grab Madeline's collar. "Madeline, you're indeed playing dead!"

He snarled through gritted teeth.

Madeline's shaky body was being held in place tightly by Jeremy. If that sharp pain in her body was not preventing her fr falling asleep, then she might have never woken up. "Tell me, tell me if Felipe and you are in cahoots! If not, based on his personality, why would he pay so much attention to what you do?"

Jeremy's questions were very amusing to Madeline.

The attention he thought Felipe was giving her was just his ignorance of her. "What are you laughing at? Answer me! Do you like him?" Jeremy asked with eeriness in his eyes. He had se alcohol before so his eyes looked slightly intoxicated.

Madeline lifted her dazed eyes and then grinned at him. "Yeah, I like him. He's much gentler and much mature than you. Plus, he's even considerate about me. How would I not fall for a man like that? Since you don't like me, then I should find a man who knows how to care for me." "Madeline!"

Jeremy was utterly infuriated.

Madeline was drifting in and out of consciousness, but when she heard him calling his name through his gritted teeth, she was cpletely awake.

However, Jeremy's rage could not be diminished anymore.

He ripped apart Madeline's clothes in anger and bit o n her collarbone.

Madeline's nerves were all wound up fr the pain. He pushed her backward when she did not have any energy to fight him.

She could not fight back against Jeremy's punishments. It was as if he wanted to tear her apart. He did not allow her the chance to even breathe.

She was truly terrified of this man's violent mood swings.

When he was in a good mood, he would cook breakfast for her.

However, when he was in a bad mood, he would really kill her.

Madeline was scared that she could not endure this. She was scared that she would die before she got her revenge. She could not die like this. "Mr. Whitman, are you sure you want to touch a filthy, lowly, despicable, and shameless wan who already had another man in her heart?" s When Jeremy was about to take action against her,

Madeline said this to him calmly. The man froze and looked at her after she said that. He lost all interest instantly.

She said she had another man in her heart.

Madeline looked at Jeremy's angry eyes. Then, she gathered her courage. "Jeremy, let's get a divorce."

After she said that, it felt as if the air around them had frozen over.

Jeremy towered over the wan beneath him. "

What did you say? Say it again." "Us. Divorce." Madeline repeated without hesitation. Those two words were firm and clear.

The air became silent again. After a few seconds, Madeline heard Jeremy snorted. His eyes looked like

they belonged to Satan. They were dark and they looked like they were about to devour her. "Divorce? Don't even think about it!"

Those icy and bonepiercing words escaped fr his seductive lips. "Weren't you so desperate to bece my wan? I'll fulfill your wish."

Madeline could feel herself breaking down while looking at his sinister smile. "I don't need you to fulfill my wish! Jeremy Whitman, I want to divorce you!" "In your dreams." Jeremy rejected her with no mercy. Then, he pinched Madeline's jaw. "You want to divorce me just because you have another man? Madeline, how shameless can you be?" 2 'Madeline, how shameless can you be?'

His insults were always so fluent. His eyes looked ever more sinister than before. "You said you had my child three years ago and you blamed me for that child's death. Now, I think you must be pregnant with a bastard child back then! After all, you have so many custers. You even have Daniel and Tanner. I wonder if you even know who the child's father is!"

Madeline was trying so hard to suppress her emotions, but now, they started crumbling down.

Her hands were shaking violently. It felt like her heart that had just been stabbed. It was in excruciating pain.

She gritted her teeth and her red eyes were staring intensely at the man who was mocking her.
"Hmph."

Jeremy scoffed before peering at her in disdain. Then, he walked away. "Don't try to be pitiful in front of me. A wan like you deserve to be beaten to death in prison."

Madeline watched as Jeremy walked further and further away. After she heard what he said, she finally could not hold down the feeling in her throat. She vited a mouthful of blood again.

Her stach was still burning. Her tumor was also hurting. Madeline slowly curled her pained body up and gripped the bedsheet tightly.

The pillow still smelled faintly of him. It was like the most lethal poison and it was slowly poisoning Madeline's heart.

She thought she would have the most memorable love story after she met Jeremy.

However, the only thing he gave her was the most memorable pain.

Madeline stayed in bed for the entire day and no one noticed.

She looked up the reason why she vited blood. It might be acute gastric mucosal lesions. She dragged her tired body and bought se medicine for herself.

She did not dare to go to the hospital. She was scared that they might find sething bad again.

Worse ces to worst, she would still have at least a few month's time.

Madeline was glad that this was the weekend. She changed the bedsheet and washed away the blood she vited. Then, she packed a few pieces of clothes before going to Ava's place.

Madeline went to work as normal on Monday. Perhaps it was because of her relationship with Felipe, her colleagues treated her pretty well except for Elizabeth. She was always behaving weirdly and she had severe mood swings.

When it was lunchtime, Madeline took se time to give back Felipe his clothes.

Coincidentally, he was in his office and he was on the phone.

Madeline wanted to leave after putting the clothes down. However, Felipe gestured to her to sit down and wait.

He finished the call quickly and Madeline handed the neatlyironed clothes back to him. Felipe smiled. "I didn't think you'd actually wash it." "I have to keep my prise. Besides, you only got splashed with Meredith's coffee because of me." "As a man, how could I watch a wan get bullied and not do anything?"

Felipe's answer warmed Madeline's heart. Then, when she recalled the man who prised to protect her forever, her heart ached.

"You don't look too well."

When Madeline heard Felipe say that, she touched her face awkwardly.

She was unwell. Her body was getting worse and worse so of course, she would not look too healthy. "Are you okay?" He asked considerately. "Thank you for your consideration, Mr. Whitman. I'm fine."

Madeline thanked him quickly before getting up.

She remembered how she got Felipe involved because of Jeremy and she felt very apologetic. "You can stop calling me Mr. Whitman when there's no one around."

Madeline hesitated and then she said, "I'll get going now, uncle." "Actually, I'm only older than Jeremy by three years. I don't like being called uncle, so you can just call me by my name."

Madeline was taken aback. Then, she nodded. "Then I'll get back to work, Mr. Whitman."

Felipe looked at Madeline and smiled. "Go on."

Madeline focused on her work. She could only forget about the things and people that made her unhappy this way.

Their onemonth long project was already halfway done. Madeline was pretty happy with the part that she was responsible for.

According to the client's orders, after Madeline finished with her design, she used her company email to send it to Elizabeth who was on a business trip. After that, she took her purse before going to the cafeteria.

When she was in the lift, she ran into Felipe coincidentally. When he saw her with her purse, he smiled and invited her. "I'm going for lunch as well. Why don't you join me?"

There were other employees in the lift. They were all looking at Madeline with weird gazes. This made Madeline unsure of what she should do. "Are you going to let me down, nieceinlaw?" Felipe tried to ease the awkwardness with a mischievous tone.

Madeline displayed a forced smile on her face. "

Thanks in advance, Mr. Whitman."

She followed Felipe out of the lift. However, she could still feel the criticizing gaze behind her.

Madeline had never been to restaurants with five stars and above. She sat down after Felipe did while feeling ill at ease.

They were sitting near the window and they were able to see every corner of the busy street.

Madeline did not know what to eat, so she let Felipe decide for her. After a while, their food arrived. They looked and smelled delicious. "Eat more. You're too thin," Felipe said gently. "Alright, I will. Thank you, Mr. Whitman." Madeline lowered her head. She was still not used to such a highend restaurant.

Felipe could tell that she was uneasy. "Did Jeremy never bring you here? He's an honorary member here."

Madeline froze after she picked up her fork and knife. She shook her head and smiled. "He never ate with me alone."

Felipe was surprised. When he was about to say sething, two figures stopped next to them. It was Jeremy and Meredith.

When Madeline saw Meredith holding Jeremy's arm and how intimate they were, she felt the juice in her mouth turning bitter.

She looked at Jeremy and she noticed that he was looking at her. However, his gaze was piercing and it felt like they were about to penetrate her.

At this ment, Meredith displayed an apologetic and warm smile at Felipe. "I'm sorry, uncle. I lost m y cool that day. However, I was forced by Maddie. She had a history of plagiarizing and she even killed

our child. So that's why I did what I did that day. I didn't think I'd hurt you by accident."

She found an excuse for her true self that got exposed and pushed all the blame and mistakes to Madeline.

Felipe looked at Meredith indifferently. "Seeing is believing. I've seen those accusations you said about Maddie, but I did see you bullying my employee in front of my cpany like a shrew. Plus, you even assaulted her." "... " Meredith's forced smile looked a little awkward. "Uncle..." "I'm not your uncle. Don't call me that."

Meredith deflated once again. She got near to Jeremy aggrievedly. "Jeremy..." "Didn't you say you're hungry? Let's eat before we talk," Jeremy said softly to Meredith. Then, he lifted his head to look at Felipe. "Uncle, do you mind us sitting here?"

Jeremy said as he sat down. Meredith tugged at him pretentiously. "Jeremy, I don't think this is a good idea. Maddie doesn't look too pleased."

Madeline wanted so badly to throw her glass of juice on Meredith's face. She wanted to ask her which one of her f*cking eyes saw that she was not pleased about this?

Amid the silence, Madeline heard Jeremy saying calmly, "Who is she to deny us?"

Hehe.

Yeah, who is she?

She had always been nothing to him.

When Meredith saw that Madeline did not dare to say anything, she was extremely pleased.

She put down her purse and sat down next to Madeline. However, she did not expect Jeremy to sit down next to Madeline.

Meredith was taken aback, on the other hand, Madeline was surprised as well.

However, based on their identities, there was nothing wrong with Jeremy sitting next to her.

Despite feeling unhappy about this, Meredith did not dare to make a fuss. So, she could only sit next to Felipe.

After she sat down, Meredith felt that this was rather nice. After all, Felipe was handsome and he had an exceptional demeanor.

Jeremy's food arrived in a blink of an eye. They were all Meredith's favorite food. When Madeline saw them, she lost her appetite.

She knew she told herself to not care about this, but her fragile heart kept getting bloody and bruised.

At this moment, Jeremy placed a spicy dish in front of Madeline. It was as if he was purposely going against her. "I ordered this especially for you." "... " Madeline lifted her head in confusion.

Jeremy was smirking. "Don't you like spicy food? Especially tacos with hot sauce." "... " Madeline was suddenly amused. He still remembered her eating a taco with hot sauce with Daniel on the side of the road. This had even been the thing that he would bring this up occasionally to strike her down and humiliate her. "Maddie, Jeremy ordered this just for you. You have to eat more." Meredith added just in time.

Madeline looked at her with an amused look on her face. "How could I possibly have the appetite to eat this in front of a mistress?"

Meredith's face changed and it became extremely dark. Jeremy stopped eating as well. "Madeline, are you trying to make something out of nothing?" "How would I dare?" Madeline smiled briefly at Jeremy. "It's so rare for you to sit down and eat with me, darling. I don't even have time to be happy about this."

Jeremy's piercing gaze landed on Madeline while he had a fake smile on his face. "If you're happy, then you should eat more." "Thank you for your kindness, darling, but I'm already full." Madeline looked at the man opposite her. "Mr. Whitman, I should go back to the office now. Thank you for lunch."

Felipe nodded. "Okay."

Madeline got up to leave, however, she was sitting next to the window and the aisle was next to Jeremy.

Her heart started beating erratically. "Mr. Whitman, please move out of the way."

It was as if Jeremy did not hear her. He did not react.

Madeline asked again while feeling slightly embarrassed. "Mr. Whitman, please let me through."

When she saw that Jeremy was not moving, Meredith was extremely pleased. She loved when Jeremy forced Madeline into awkward and impossible situations. "Jeremy Whitman, please get out of the way." Madeline used 'please' for the third time. Her face was slightly red.

Jeremy finally lifted his head to look at her frantic eyes. "Are you talking to me? I thought you're talking to that Mr. Whitman."

Madeline looked at the unbelievable man in front of her. Finally, he got up lazily.

"I'll send you back." "Madeline was shocked.

While surprise was blown wide on Meredith's features and she began to plead coquettishly. "But you prised to go shopping with me, Jeremy." "You can wait for me here first." Jeremy walked over to Madeline without even sparing Meredith a glance. "Let's go." "It's alright. I can go back myself." Madeline quickly rejected him. She had no idea what Jeremy was playing at, but she did not like the atmosphere it came with. "Is there someone else you'd prefer to send you back, if not this husband of yours? Perhaps another Mr. Whitman?" Jeremy's gaze bored into her, the words left unsaid reaching her anyway.

Not wanting to fight anymore, Madeline stopped protesting and let Jeremy send her back.

Madeline could not help the joy then ran through her when she turned to find Meredith's indignantly puffed cheeks about to explode.

Jeremy took the guise of sending her back as an opportunity to warn Madeline. "Don't let me see you getting close and touchy with Felipe again," His voice rang out, devoid of warmth. "Why?" Madeline blinked innocently at Jeremy, her voice saccharine sweet when she spoke, "You are my husband, yet you seem to have no qualms hugging and getting chummy with other girls on the street. So why can't I even have dinner with the opposite sex?"

Jeremy paused, almost like he was surprised by Madeline's reaction.

He stared at her. With the faint makeup dusting on her exquisite and small face coupled with glistening eyes that shimmered under the light, Madeline looked intelligent and innocent.

His mind blanked for two whole seconds before Jeremy got ahold of himself and what pretense of warmth he had in his expression vanished. With a tinge of anger in his actions, he reached out to clutch her by the chin. "So is this how you seduced Felipe? By putting on an innocent and pitiful

look?"

Madeline smiled through the pain. "Whatever floats your boat, Mr. Whitman." "Madeline!" Jeremy exploded in anger, the fury in his eyes burning hot enough to cremate Madeline.

Thinking about how he was about to punish her, Madeline had not expected him to bend down and bite hard on her neck. 10

Chupse.

It hurt and Madeline tried to push Jeremy away, only to realize that he had her pressed firmly against the wall.

A good few seconds later, he let her go.

It was supposed to be a cold winter, yet Madeline felt hot and her cheeks burning.

Jeremy pulled her scarf off, leaving the bright red mark on her neck available for all to see.

Proud and satisfied with his work, he pulled a frantic

Madeline into his chest. "You're not allowed to buy scarves anymore."

He warned, his tone leaving no room for protest. Madeline was at a loss. "What do you want from me,

Jeremy?"

Jeremy's charming features chuckled evilly in the reflection of her dark eyes. "Weren't you praying to be mine? Why can't I kiss you, I'm your husband, right?" "Madeline flushed bright red, unable to refute. Indeed, they were technically husband and wife. "I'm going to the cpany!" Madeline struggled against his hold. "The love of your life is still waiting for you, go to her."

Instead of letting her go, Jeremy pulled Meredith closer toward him. His hot breath fanning against the shell of her ear. "Why are you so adamant about pushing me away to another wan? I thought you told me you loved me. Or is this just how you show love?"

Madeline's heart thumped in her ears. Right as she thought she was about to go crazy, Jeremy let go of her.

Frantically, Madeline began to straighten out her clothes. Turning around, she found Felipe Whitman, staring at them fr the doors of the restaurant.

Madeline felt her racing heart calm immediately and the heat leave, her blood cold in her veins.

Haha.

To think that she had actually thought that he was jealous. What ludicrousness.

When it was merely just him being a possessive alpha male, asserting his dinance.

She was merely a prop in his play.

Madeline smiled mirthlessly, as she felt Jeremy approach fr behind. "I shall leave my wife in your hands, Uncle Felipe. Thank you in advance for looking after her," He thanked Felipe.

Felipe smiled gentlemanly. "Of course."

While Madeline had not bought another scarf, she did buy a bandaid to cover up the red mark Jeremy left on her. 3

She sat down and began to work. Not long after, she began to receive angry texts fr numerous unknown numbers. All of them scolding her about how shameless she was to seduce Jeremy.

It was almost too easy to guess who the culprit behind was when no one else but Meredith would send her such texts.

To warrant such a reaction fr Meredith, Madeline knew that she must have also seen Jeremy holding her by the corner of the wall.

Ignoring the malicious texts, she continued to work.

After another while, servants of the Whitmans called her over for dinner.

Madeline had decided to visit Old Master Whitman anyway since he had not been doing so well as of late.

Clocking out, Madeline made a stop to buy the Old Master's favorite muffins before taking the bus to the Whitman Manor.

Entering through the doors, he was met with the sight of Meredith eating fruits lazily on the sofa. Next to her laid Jackson, asleep with his head on a bolster.

The sight of the child had Madeline's heart clenching uncontrollably.

The pain always a prerequisite to the memory of the night her labor was induced and the child she had never gotten the chance to see. "Hello."

Meredith showed no surprise at the sight of Madeline.

Ignoring her, Madeline continued to walk into the house. Approaching the stairs to look for the Old Master, she heard Meredith's dark voice sound fr behind. "The old f*ck isn't here."

Madeline turned sharply at Meredith's words. "That's still Jeremy's grandfather, Meredith. How could you refer to him like that? What if the Whitmans hear you?" "Hmph." Meredith snorted and spared

Madeline a disdainful glance. "What's wrong with me calling him an old f*ck if that's what he is? Why, does it hurt you?" "Meredith..." "I would have been Mrs. Whitman long ago had it not been for that old man. Well, I suppose it's not too bad now that he's been sent to the hospital thanks to his heart attacks." "Wait, Grandfather had a heart attack and got sent to the hospital?"

Madeline felt her heart sink as unease settled in the pit of her abdomen. "Which hospital is he at, Meredith?" "Pfft." Meredith chuckled coldly. "Who are you to know about that? Who do you think you are?"

Tossing the fruit knife in her hand, she marched ferociously toward Madeline. "Look at you, Madeline, broke and stinky. Who are you to steal my man? You think just because Jeremy did what he did today because he likes you? You're just a toy in his eyes!"

Arrogantly, Meredith lifted her head to glare at Madeline. Her anger must have been driven by the humiliation of Jeremy's actions this afternoon.

Madeline chuckled lightly. "Then why are you angry if you're so sure that he only kissed me for fun? Why spend so much money to have people send me those texts?" "You..." Words formed lumps at Meredith's throat, unable to be said.

It dawned on Madeline. "That's why you had the Whitman servants call me? What did you call me here for?" "Important business obviously." Meredith's smile turned sinister as she suddenly grabbed Madeline by her wrist, her eyes harsh and fierce. "Why won't you get lost already, Madeline? How many times must I remind you that Jeremy is mine? You should know by now what happens when you steal my man. "Did you forget why you went to prison? Did you forget how Jeremy killed the illegitimate child in your stomach to console me? Did you forget how your mentally ill grandfather died?"

Meredith's smile grew demonic before Madeline's eyes.

Staring at Meredith's wretched expression, Madeline's mind supplied her with scene after scene of torturous imagery. Especially at the mention of Grandfather's death. "You were the one...." Blood rushed to Madeline's head. "Meredith, you killed Grandfather..." "It's not my fault he found out something he shouldn't." Meredith lowered her voice, an evil look swimming in her dark eyes.

Madeline shivered. Right as she was about to counter the other, Meredith pushed her back.

Taken by surprise, Madeline staggered backward only to realize that Meredith had walked back and picked up the fruit knife on the coffee table.

Madeline thought that Meredith would be cing after her, but she was shocked to find Meredith point the blade of the knife at Jackson who laid asleep on the sofa.

Madeline's heart raced. "What are you doing, Meredith?!" She yelled, her heart thumping inexplicably hard in her chest. "Hmph. I'd like to see how you're gonna get out of this, Madeline!" Staring at Madeline as she spoke, Meredith suddenly raised the fruit knife and cut Jackson's face! "Stop!" "Ah!"

Both Madeline's protest and Jackson's yell of agony rang out at the almost same time.

Seeing the angelic little cheeks marred with a long wound, Madeline felt her heart clench in pain. Blood began to leak out of the long gash, staining the fair skin below.

She could not believe Meredith's actions. Not even tigers would prey on their young. How could Meredith do such a thing...

She immediately ran over to help Jackson stop the blood, only to be held back by Meredith who shoved the fruit knife into her hands. Then she used both her hands to grab Madeline's right and began to wail, all while holding Madeline tight enough that she could not struggle out of the other's grasp. "Madeline! How could you? Why did you have to hurt my son? Hurt me instead, leave my son alone!"

Meredith yelled fr the top of her lungs, making

Madeline's head ache with how loud she was being.

Madeline stared at Meredith in disbelief.

So this was Meredith's plan all along!

The cacophonous activity had the servants and Mrs. Whitman rushing downstairs and toward them. Seeing the scene, Mrs. Whitman exclaimed in shock, "Oh My God! My precious grandson! How could you be so ruthless, Madeline Crawford? How could you attack a child?"

Coincidentally, Jeremy walked through the doors just as she began to rage at Madeline.

Seeing Jeremy, Meredith began to cry and shake. " Jeremy! Madeline tried to kill our son!"

Jeremy's first thought when he walked into the house had been a complaint about how everyone was so noisy. However, hearing Meredith's words, his eyes shifted to the fruit knife and Jackson whose face was soaked with blood. Instantly, his expression darkened.

Madeline's heart skipped a fearful beat and the blood drained fr her face as she stared at the man walking toward herself. "It wasn't me, Jeremy! I didn't..."

The man's sinister gaze froze her before she could finish explaining herself. "You need to die!"
"Jeremy, it wasn't me..." "Bang!"

With that, Jeremy kicked her hard enough to send her flying.

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NEXT: CHAPTER 94

Madeline's abden crashed against the corner of the coffee table as she fell onto the floor and shivered as the pain stabbed into her and spread throughout her body in waves. Climbing back onto her feet with difficulty, she was slapped again by Mrs. Whitman before she could even stabilize herself. "You wicked wan! I'll make your life a living hell i f anything happens to my grandson!" Mrs. Whitman warned harshly, before pushing Madeline again.

Already weak on her feet, Madeline found herself falling to the floor again as Mrs. Whitman pushed. This time it was her head that knocked against the coffee table. Her forehead was cut on impact and

blood began to leak from her wound.

Black spots appeared in her vision and her mind buzzed. "My heart hurts, Jeremy! Why does Madeline have to be after me all the time?" Meredith began to wail and complain.

Jeremy's threatening and terrifying gaze swept over Madeline again before he turned around to carry a pale Jackson. "Don't worry, our baby will be fine." Jeremy comforted Meredith as he marched out. "Don't worry, I'll make the culprit pay the painful price."

He praised Meredith, a praise that solidified Madeline's impending doom.

Swaying, Madeline braced against the pain and stood. Her heart shook as she watched Meredith turn around to smirk victoriously. Never would she have expected Meredith to cut her own son's face just to frame her, but that was the horrifying truth.

Just how evil must one be to do such a merciless thing? 5

The thought of Jackson's angelic appearance, so cute and innocent, potentially marred for life had Madeline's chest tightening uncomfortably.

Secretly, she followed them to the hospital. Allowing the doctor to quickly patch up the wound on her forehead, she immediately went to the emergency ward.

Arriving, she watched a nurse rush out of the ward.

Meredith tugged on the nurse, tears streaming off her face. "How is my son, nurse? Will his face scar?" "Scarring is the least of the problems now. The child's lost a fair amount of blood and we need an infusion, but the hospital doesn't have blood packets that fit your son. As his mother, you..."

Meredith's expression shifted slightly and she rushed to interrupt. "I'll do it, Nurse. I'll do it! You can take all my blood if it means you'll save my son!"

Haha.

Madeline could not help but laugh at the scene before her.

That was just how fake Meredith was.

Yet this very fake act turned into something magnificent in Jeremy's eyes.

Frowning, he walked over to Meredith. "Meredith." "I won't let anything happen to our son, Jeremy!" Meredith looked at Jeremy with teary eyes and followed the nurse out.

Only to run out not a minute later. "The doctor said no, Jeremy. I can't give my blood when I'm still on my period."

She began to wail, clutching Jeremy tightly. "What do we do, Jeremy? What if our baby dies? How could Madeline be so cruel? Why can't she just hurt me? Why did she have to hurt our son?"

At that, Madeline watched bloodlust bloom in the space between Jeremy's brows.

Her heart clenched and she turned to the blood donation center without sparing them another glance.

Knowing that her blood type was just like Meredith's, the rare RhAB blood type, she should be able to donate for Jackson.

After a quick inquiry, the doctor waved off her initial concern about the situation of her body posing a problem.

With that, Madeline donated Jackson 500cc worth of her blood, leaving her body too exhausted to even walk.

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NEXT: CHAPTER 95

With heavy steps, she turned to leave only to have Jeremy's voice ring out suddenly from behind. "A woman just donated her blood to my son? Which one?" "Huh? Oh, that one."

Hearing the nurse's reply, Madeline hid herself in the emergency exit.

She was afraid that Jeremy would find it disgusting to know that it was her blood, but saving Jackson took priority. Madeline hid in the corner, clenching her jaw and crouching as she saw Jeremy's shadow pass in front of her.

Her entire body ached and the blood donation had left her shivering from the cold. Curling into herself by the corner, she watched Jeremy's figure leave and vanish from sight, just as Madeline's consciousness began to give. It was already the following day when she woke. Her legs cramping from her position as she stood with a hand braced on the wall.

The pain in her body was still present and the wound on her forehead seared.

Supporting her weight on the wall, she found Meredith on the phone, approaching the emergency staircase, just as she was about to inquire about Jackson's situation.

Madeline immediately stepped back, hiding behind the door.

Meredith's frustrated tone drifted over. "Hmph. So she was just happened to step up and donate blood

for that thing. I don't know where she came fr but I hate it. She should've just let the thing die, then Jeremy definitely would not go easy on Madeline!" "That thing's a damn eyesore. He should've died two years ago! The only reason he's still alive is that he's useful."

Madeline was shocked by the words out of Meredith's mouth.

Were these even the words of a mother?

Jackson was still hers and Jeremy's son. How could she be so fickle with her biological son's life just to make Jeremy hate Madeline?

That was inhumane!

Unable to suppress the fumes of anger, Madeline walked out the door.

Hearing movement, Meredith turned around to see Madeline and her expression shifted immediately.
"

Why are you here, Madeline, you b*tch!" "You are inhumane, Meredith!"

Furious, Madeline raised a hand to slap it across Meredith's cheeks. "Meredith Crawford! Not even tigers prey on their young! Yet you? Not only did you slice your own son's cheek open, how can you even wish death upon him? How could a wan as evil as you exist i this world?"

A dark and wretched look glossed over Meredith's features. "You b*tch! How could you hit me?"

Raising her claws to pounce on Madeline, Meredith was suddenly held back by a unique notification on her phone. Reading its display, Meredith broke into a sinister and terrifying smile. "I'm going to make you pay for slapping me, Madeline. I'll make your life a living hell!"

Madeline got the inkling that Meredith was about to try something and she was right. She watched as Meredith undid her updo and mess it up, then fall back onto the corridor outside. "Help! Jeremy, save me!"

She suddenly bawled, climbing away embarrassedly.

People began to gather, but most importantly, Jeremy arrived in time as well.

Seeing Meredith on the floor, her clothes amiss and her hair a mess like a frightened doe, Jeremy quickly rushed over to carry her in his arms. "I don't want anything else, Jeremy. I just want our kid to be fine," She wailed, tears and snot everywhere as she stared at Madeline in fear. " Please, Madeline. I'm begging you. Leave me alone!"

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NEXT: CHAPTER 96

Meredith threw herself into Jeremy's arms in terror, vividly creating the image of the victim.

She had played the same old trick but still, he believed it without suspicion.

Everyone had cast their disdainful and doubtful gazes on Madeline. Madeline had long been accused to these looks, but she still could not get used to the murderous and cold look Jeremy was giving her.

In her mind, it was a face that she loved deeply. Yet, it no longer held the gentleness it once had.

At this moment, as Jeremy was holding Meredith, his cold, blade-like eyes pierced Madeline. "Ma. De. Line!"

He gritted his teeth as he spat out these three syllables, each with an engulfing force!

Madeline felt a chill travel from the soles of her feet through her whole body. It was horrifying.

Meredith who at this time was leaning into Jeremy's arms was crying nonstop. "Jeremy, how could Madeline be so cruel? She told me that she herself had been pregnant with a child, but the child had died during her imprisonment. Since she's also been a mother, why can't she understand a mother's feelings?" she said whilst looking at Madeline, her tears whirling. "Madeline, stop it! Do you want your child and your grandfather to die without peace?"

Speaking of her grandfather and the murdered child, Madeline suddenly clenched her fist and her feeble body suddenly rushed towards Meredith with all her strength.

She pulled up Meredith's collar and slapped her madly. "You still dare mention my grandfather and my child! Why were you not the one who died, Meredith! You are the most d*mnable!" "Ah! Jeremy, my face hurts!" Meredith screamed again and again.

The situation happened so suddenly and Jeremy did not expect that Madeline would suddenly lose her mind and rush over with so much might. It took him a bit of force to finally push Madeline away and protect Meredith in his arms.

Madeline was pushed violently, her back hitting the wall behind her. The immediate pain was so much so that she could not straighten herself.

Jeremy hugged Meredith who was still crying and turned around. Before leaving, he glanced at Madeline. That glance was alike a poisonlaced awl as it plunged into Meredith's eyes.

Madeline was still hurting physically and mentally. She also had no more energy to explain and so turned away amidst the curses of the crowd.

On the way back, Madeline felt a lot of pain from where the tumor was. She trembled and took out the painkillers from her bag. As she was about to take one, a black car stopped in front of her all of a sudden.

The car door opened and out came a large man who grabbed Madeline. "What are you doing? Let go of me!"

She struggled hard and the pain in her body became more and more unbearable as she struggled.

The man stuffed her into the car and Madeline saw Jeremy's cold face as soon as she looked up.

He was wearing a black coat, looking cold and abstinent, so full of hostility.

Noticing the medicine bottle in Meredith's hand, Jeremy snatched it away, and seeing that it was painkillers, he sneered. 20 "You do know pain as well don't you, Madeline? When you hurt my son with a knife and bullied Meredith, have you ever thought that they would feel pain too?"

He asked in a cold voice. Flicking his palm suddenly, he threw the painkillers out.

Madeline's face turned pale. The area of the tumor hurt so bad that it made it hard for her to breathe. "Drive," he ordered and the car quickly sped on the road.

Madeline did not know where Jeremy was taking her but she endured the severe pain whilst she looked at the man with a tough and cold expression. "Jeremy, I know you won't believe what I say, but I will still say it. I didn't hurt your son, it was Meredith..." "Shut up!"

He interrupted angrily, his terrifying and malicious gaze piercing. "You say one more word and I will throw you out the car."

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NEXT: CHAPTER 97

Madeline was forced to shut her mouth. She glanced out the window. The sky was overcast as if it was going to rain.

Looking at the sections of road that seemed to be gradually familiar, Madeline's nerves slowly tightened.

The car stopped. Jeremy got out of the car freely while Madeline was dragged out of the car.

Looking at the surrounding environment, Madeline's eyes widen in disbelief. "Jeremy, why did you bring me here!"

She asked facing Jeremy's back, but the man ignored her.

Madeline had been dragged to the grave she had built for her grandfather and the dead child. She no longer had the strength to stand, and the bodyguard had pushed her toward the grave.

Madeline fell to the ground, clutching where the tumor was. She took a deep breath, enduring the pain, and then she raised her eyes.

Jeremy stood in front of her, noble and cold, his aura was inviolable and cold. "Why, here?" Madeline asked, gritting her teeth, her vision was being gradually blurred by the fog.

Jeremy leaned over and pinched Madeline's chin with his warm fingers. A terrifying smile in his slender and alluring eyes. "To let you experience for a ment, a bitter anguish." "What?"

Madeline did not understand. She could only see the white snow falling fr the sky, obscuring Jeremy's appearance in her vision at this ment. "Move." He suddenly ordered, shaking off Madeline coldly.

Madeline immediately heard the sounds of chiseling a stone wall. She turned her head abruptly and saw several bodyguards smashing the grave with stone hammers and chisels.

There was a "bo" in Madeline's head, then it blanked. "No! Stop it!"

She yelled. She had gotten up and wanted to run to stop them, but Jeremy grabbed her. "Don't smash it! Don't!" Madeline cried, tears falling wantonly fr her eyes.

She turned around and begged Jeremy, but the man smiled lightly. "Now you know fear? Why were you not afraid when you hurt my son?" "Jeremy, I never hurt your son! Tell them to stop!"

Madeline's emotions were completely crumbling and her body that had long been riddled with hole like wounds seemed to be covered over with salt in this split ment. The deep and dense pain burrowed into her bone marrow.

Yet, he did not ask anyone to stop. The grave was quickly broken open and two urns, one large and one small, were dug out. Madeline instantly felt as if she could not breathe anymore. Her eyes were blurry and her body trembled violently. "No, Jeremy, please don't! Alright, I was wrong! I shouldn't have hurt your son and Meredith. It's all m y fault! You can vent your anger at me, just don't touch my daughter and my grandfather's ashes. Please, I beg you!" 20

Madeline knelt down at Jeremy's feet, bowing desperately to him, begging for mercy, even accepting those baseless wrongs.

Still, Jeremy did not even look at her. He reached out and took the urn containing a small pile of ashes into his hand.

Madeline looked at the ashes in his hand in a daze. Her face was as white as paper, and she was clutching at his trousers. "No, Jeremy, this is also your daughter, no..." "My daughter?" Jeremy sneered. "I only have one child, and his name is Jackson Whitman. As for this...

He glanced at the small pile of ashes in the glass bottle and suddenly loosened his hand.

Crash!

The glass shattered and the ashes were scattered.

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NEXT: CHAPTER 98

Madeline snapped instantly like a puppet without strings, losing all consciousness.

Her world seemed to have turned dark all of a sudden and the intense pain like her skin was peeling swallowed her consciousness entirely. "No!"

She desperately rushed towards the ashes that were gradually washed away by snow and rain.

Madeline cried sorrowfully, her trembling hands desperately rubbing against the uneven ground as she tried to collect the remaining ashes.

However, the ashes were gradually stained red fr the blood flowing out of her palms, and then it melted away in the rain and snow.

Just like that, her only glimmer of hope was cpletely extinguished.

She cried and laughed miserably, her red and wet eyes staring at Jeremy.

She did not recognize him anymore.

No, she never knew him.

Madeline gritted her teeth and looked at the unwavering man, her eyes were extremely sharp.
"Jeremy, you will regret this!"

Seeing Madeline's hateful gaze at this ment,

Jeremy chuckled coldly. "There is no 'regret' in my dictionary."

He looked at the bodyguard and motioned for him to give him Madeline's grandfather's ashes. "Bring it here."

Madeline suddenly rushed forward. She snatched her grandfather's urn and hugged it tightly in her arms.

The bodyguard did not expect that Madeline would suddenly rush over. Seeing the urn had been taken, he turned around to grab it.

Madeline would not relent. He lifted his leg and kicked Madeline's abden.

Crash!

The urn fell to the ground. A familiar smell rose up i Madeline's throat.

But she could care less about it. She crawled over, shielding the urn under her body, biting her teeth.

"No one is allowed to touch my grandfather's ashes! Jeremy, if you have to be so cruel, then you might as well grind me into ashes too!"

She yelled at Jeremy. Her neat, white teeth were stained with bright red blood and her whole body was wracked with splitting pain.

Upon seeing this, the bodyguard raised his fist to hit Madeline, but before his fist fell, it was caught tightly by Jeremy. "Move! Who asked you to touch her!"

He flew into a rage all of a sudden and with one leg, kicked the bodyguard away.

The rain and snow had also become heavier all of a sudden. Jeremy crouched down, his eyes full of complexities.

He looked at Madeline. She cut a sorry figure lying on the ground, her short black hair was covered with patches of white snowflakes, her body was trembling violently, her lips stained with blood, but still, she held onto the urn. Not letting go no matter what.

Jeremy's heart suddenly became very tight. Madeline's appearance at the moment was quickly becoming unrecognizable. Only those eyes were as clean as before, which surprised him inexplicably.

Madeline was no longer crying but she smiled as she looked at the man who had crouched down to look at her. "Jeremy, just kill me. I don't want to see you again."

Jeremy paused, then parted his lips lightly. "Do you know your wrongs now?"

Madeline looked at him and the corners of her bloody lips twitched. "I know."

She gazed at the man who had once loved her so deeply and who she was so eager to meet again with glittering tears. "The biggest mistake of my life was to believe your lie and to have loved you for so many years."

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NEXT: CHAPTER 99

Hearing every word uttered from Madeline's lips, Jeremy frowned, his heartbeat becoming very irregular all of a sudden. "Jeremy, if you don't kill me today, I will definitely kill you and avenge my child."

Her clear eyes were as decisive as before.

Jeremy smiled nonchalantly. "I'll be waiting."

He stood up as he said it and then left just like that.

After watching that black figure disappearing gradually from her gaze, Madeline instantly seemed to have been drained of all her strength and blood as she leaned limply on her grandfather's urn.

Warm tears once again overflowing but her heart was already numbed with pain.

However, it was not over as Meredith had suddenly appeared.

Meredith was holding a fruit knife when she saw Madeline lying on the ground while holding onto the urn. Meredith walked toward Madeline and then crouched down, reaching out to pull up her short hair. "Tsk tsk, I told you not to go against me. Are you afraid now?"

Madeline sneered, no longer wanting to waste her breath and energy. "Meredith, you venous wan, kill me if you have the guts!" "Haha... you want to die? Oh, but I'm not so cruel." Meredith pretended to chuckle. "However, Jeremy did say that you had ruined his precious son's face, so I'd have to return the favor doubled."

Accpanied by Meredith's dark voice, Madeline's suddenly felt a sharp pain on the right of her face.

Madeline trembled all over fr this skinsplitting pain, but she made not a single sound, forcibly enduring the sharp pain.

Clang!"

Meredith threw the fruit knife in front of Madeline, then lifted her foot and kicked Madeline heavily.

"Bah! B*tch! You should have died long ago!" She then turned abruptly and left.

Madeline got up with difficulty. She touched her cheek that had been slashed twice with her trembling palm. She could no longer feel the pain.

Red blood flowed fr between her fingers, falling drop by drop onto the ground, corrupted by the rain and snow. With more and more, it became extremely dazzling.

At her last gasp, Madeline fell onto her grandfather's ashes. Watching the snowflakes fall one by one, she could not help think of the wonderful time she had had with Jeremy. 5

Yet, all of that was like the snowflakes that she had reached out to grab at the ment. Once she released them, there were no more, leaving behind only unbearable pain...

Madeline laid on the bed for three days and when she woke up for the first time, the person she saw was Ava.

Ava looked at Madeline with red eyes, finding it so unbearable that her heart was about to break. She did not know what Madeline had gone through, but she was certain that the two slaughterers, Meredith and Jeremy were indispensable fr the bruises on her back.

Though, Madeline only smiled and cforted Ava. " Ava, don't feel sorry for me. If there is a next life, let's be sisters again."

Ava let out a cry and hugged Madeline's thin body." I don't want the next life. I want this life, want it to go on for a long, long time!" "Well, this life, is a long, long one..." Madeline opened her pale lips to respond. She wanted to laugh, but her tears had run out.

Her life could not be any longer.

Madeline rested for a few days and when the wound on her face was no longer covered with gauze, she went back to work.

Although there was no need for gauze, the Xshaped wound on her cheek was still obvious. She had short hair now and it was difficult for her to cover the wound on her cheek.

When her colleagues saw it, they could not help whisper amongst themselves.

Two female colleagues had ce to inquire as if they were concerned, but they were not. It was just to satisfy their curiosity.

A video showing Madeline beating Meredith in the hospital was gradually circulated on the Internet.

Gradually, se people thought that it was a lesson taught to Madeline as a result of her bullying Meredith and the looks shared between colleagues became weird. Almost all of them had questioned Madeline, only Elizabeth had spoken up for her resentfully. "Those videos on the Internet are all fake. Mads's face is not because she had offended seone who shouldn't be offended. Isn't that right, Mads?"

In the end, even Elizabeth was just actually trying to satisfy her curiosity.

Faced with the pairs of questioning and curious eyes, Madeline smiled magnanimously. "That's right, I hit Meredith because she deserved it. If I could, I'd really want to kill her."

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