

# Married by Mistake – Chapter 0108

Jeremy walked in with a calm expression and a chill surrounding his body.

“Jeremy.” Felipe addressed him.

Jeremy did not respond. His cold eyes swept across the dining table before finally falling on Madeline’s pale face.

“Madeline, what are you even asking? I am your husband. Is it so weird for me to have the key?”

“...”

“Do you blatantly bring other men back to eat and drink when I’m not around?”

Jeremy spoke with a smile but he shot Felipe a sharp gaze. “So, Uncle Felipe, you like this kind of woman?”

Madeline’s heartbeat stuttered.

‘This kind of woman.’ He used these words to describe her.

Madeline’s face went even paler with that, but she did not dare confront him again.

Facing him now, she was like a frightened bird, alarmed and uneasy.

“Jeremy, don’t get me wrong,” Felipe explained calmly, “I was just worried that something was going on with Madeline, so I came to see her.”

“Hmph.” Jeremy sneered again. “Worried about this cruel, mean, and sinister woman?”

Madeline’s heart seemed to have bled when she heard Jeremy’s ironic words.

Felipe frowned. “Jeremy, Madeline is your wife, how can you say that to her?”

“Am I wrong?”

Jeremy walked toward Madeline’s side and bowed his head slightly, his warm breath gushing by her ears. Madeline smelled a faint fragrance of wine. He had been drinking.

“Let Uncle Felipe know, am I wrong? Did you not rack your brains back then trying to climb into my bed?”

For Jeremy to have asked something so humiliating like this, not even caring about Felipe’s existence. Madeline bit her teeth, her eyes are red.

“Yes.” She finally opened her mouth and laughed at herself. “I am the kind of despicable, insidious, and vicious woman Mr. Whitman had claimed. I have done one shameless thing after another just to get to you,” she said, raising her eyes to meet Jeremy’s cold gaze.

“And so to make disgust Mr. Whitman anymore, we will divorce soon.”

Madeline thought that she would not only cooperate with Jeremy but she would also make him feel satisfied. She found, however, a clod, gloomy light bursting out from his eyes, forcibly trapping her gaze.

“Madeline, what right do you have to mention a divorce with me? Are you even worthy?”

“Jeremy, if you really don’t like Madeline that much, a divorce is good for you.”

Jeremy let out a chuckle as soon as Felipe’s persuasive words came.

He looked at Felipe with extremely cold eyes. “Does Uncle Felipe really want to see me divorce this woman?”

Jeremy’s tone at the moment sounded with a strong scent of gunpowder. He suddenly pinched Madeline’s face, squeezed her chin firmly, and turned to Felipe. “Does Uncle Felipe like this face? Although it is already rotten Halfway, it’s still very attractive.”

The man’s sarcasm was so smooth that Madeline only felt pain. The wound that had been bandaged during the day seemed to have split open again. The tearing sensation had numbed her scalp.

She wanted to break free, but Jeremy’s hands were very strong.

“Jeremy, you have drunk too much.” Felipe’s eyebrows were more deeply furrowed than before.

“Let go of Madeline quickly. She is uncomfortable.”

When he heard those words, Jeremy looked at Madeline who was imprisoned in his arms with a chuckle. “Let my uncle know, are you uncomfortable, hm?”

Looking at Jeremy’s deep icy eyes, Madeline endured the pain. She gritted her teeth and smiled lightly at Felipe. “I’m not uncomfortable.”

“Madeline.”

“Mr. Whitman, don’t you worry about me. I won’t die, you can go back.”

Felipe seemed to consider it for a few seconds before nodding. “Jeremy, Madeline is just a girl, don’t be so harsh.”

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