

# Married by Mistake – Chapter 0207

Just like that, the truth back then finally came to light thanks to Tanner's ramblings.

Jeremy's expression darkened instantly as unrestrained bloodthirst flared in his eyes.

In his fury, he raised a fist that crashed hard against Tanner's cheek.

Tanner stumbled backward, losing his footing. His mind was muddled by the hit.

Wine glasses and plates crashed all over the floor upon impact to the long table behind.

However, Jeremy did not stop. Rather, he pulled Tanner up to deliver two more punches.

Blood trickled from the corner of Tanner's lips as his face turned distorted.

However, no one dared to stop Jeremy.

The man looked terrifying that very moment and too scary. Everyone felt that getting too close would leave them burnt by the flames of fury that engulfed him.

Jeremy kept thinking that he had been wrong for the past three years.

Especially on the topic of Madeline's purity. He could not shove off the feeling of being blindfolded.

Right now, he had finally taken off the veil that covered his eyes. In light of the truth, he found it hard to face his heart, let alone the face that swam in his mind...

Watching the scene unfurl, the pretty corners of Madeline's tips tugged up infinitesimally.

Finally.

Finally, she heard Tanner reveal the truth behind her slander.

Finally, she was deemed innocent.

Madeline felt the wounds in her heart hurt a little less.

However, she was still far from healing all the holes that riddled her heart or from pacifying the red-hot burning rage of hatred within her.

"Tanner! How could you say something like that to slander me?" Meredith accused, her eyes red. She was angry from feeling wronged.

She had to defend herself now.

Naturally, Eloise did her best to protect her. "What nonsense is this b\*stard spewing? As if we needed Meredith to slander her. Everyone already knew about how easy a woman Madeline was!"

Tanner had suffered quite a few blows, as evident from the taste of blood that filled his mouth. As afraid he was of Madeline haunting him, Tanner was more afraid that Jeremy would strike him to death.

The hits seemed to have sobered him up as well, and he realized that he had told everything—the things he should and should not have said. His only priority now was to protect his own life!

"I've really got nothing to do with it, Mr. Whitman. I was merely following Meredith Crawford's instructions. She was the one who told me to lie about having done something with Madeline. Yes, I liked Madeline

Crawford, but I swear I've never touched her! And the thing about the kidnapping, that has nothing to do with Madeline either. It was all Mer—”

“Tanner Long! The Lord sees everything you do. How could you frame me for something I didn't do? I'll sue you for defamation if you keep slandering me!” Meredith was determined not to let Tanner continue. “What are you still waiting for? Throw him out! Or are you waiting for Jeremy to do it himself?”

She ordered the bodyguards impatiently.

The bodyguards immediately turned to pick up a fainted Tanner, kicking him out the doors of the hotel.

Tanner may have been thrown out, yet everyone in the ballroom had clearly heard the words he said.

“It... It was just a small squabble. Please, everyone, it's over now. Please enjoy the rest of the night.” Meredith forced out a smile as she tried to revert the atmosphere of the night, then she turned to Jeremy after fixing a hurt expression on her face. “Jeremy. Please don't believe a word Tanner said...”

“I knew it. Madeline would never do such a thing!” Old Master Whitman interrupted Meredith's excuses with his infuriated tone. “So it was all you! You were the one who joined forces with that thug to frame Madeline. How could you kidnap your son just to harm her? You, you... I can't believe you!”

Meredith shook her head, tears brimming in her eyes. “That's not true, Grandpa Whitman. You can't just convict me based on the thug's words alone. How could I possibly kidnap Jack? He's my son! How could I have the heart to?”

“Yeah. My daughter would never do such a thing, Old Master Whitman. How could we believe the words of a thug?” Eloise's expression was stern, her emotions much calmer than Meredith's.

That was because she firmly believed that her precious daughter would never do such a thing.

“Hmph!” Old Master Whitman huffed coldly. He did not believe a word she said.