Married by Mistake – Chapter 0295

To be fair, Madeline was the only woman he had ever seen naked.

Jeremy remembered being completely wasted the two times he had gotten Meredith 'pregnant'. It was only from Meredith's words the following morning that he came to know they had slept together.

Yet right now, he found himself repulsed by the vague silhouette of Meredith in the shower.

"Sob, sob... Why, sob..." Meredith's sorrowful wails sounded from inside.

At that, Jeremy grabbed the bedsheets and walked into the bathroom with his gaze lowered, wrapping them around Meredith.

"Come out."

Pulling her out of the bathroom, he realized that Meredith's legs were completely fine.

Displeasure swam in his cold eyes as anger began to brew between his brows.

"Jeremy!" Meredith walked over as she dove into Jeremy's chest, her arms clinging around him like an octopus.

"Why, Jeremy? Why did something like this happen to me? They took turns torturing me. It hurts. Why me? I feel so disgusting, I feel so dirty! Sob...

"You don't want me anymore, do you, Jeremy? Not after this. I remember how you told me I was the most adorable and innocent girl you've met. But your Linnie's tainted now…"

Jeremy's fingertips bent instinctively at Meredith using the nickname 'Linnie'.

His Linnie.

He should have let her go the moment he fell for Madeline.

So why? Why did he find himself caring so much whenever he heard that nickname?

He was well aware that he felt nothing for Meredith at all.

Jeremy frowned deeply at the internal conflict.

Jeremy's lack of reaction had Meredith pushing herself away from his chest and running out the bathroom to carry out her plan. Taking a fruit knife, she held it over her wrist.

"What are you doing?" Jeremy frowned. "Put the knife down."

Meredith stared tearily at Jeremy and shook her head. "You must think I'm disgusting now, Jeremy. You won't want to marry me anymore. My life's ruined and my face won't look the same. The man I love doesn't want me either. What's the point of living anymore?

"I love you, Jeremy. Perhaps our next life would treat us better than this…"

Having feigned sorrow as she spoke her lines, the corners of Meredith's lips quirked upward as she placed pressure on the fruit knife.

Jeremy took large steps toward her and snatched the knife from her hands.

"Why won't you let me die, Jeremy? Just let me die!" Meredith fought for the knife, acting extremely upset.

The blade of the fruit knife cut into the back of Jeremy's hand as they fought over it, and red liquid began to flow quickly from his wound.

Meredith's complexion paled. "Jeremy! Oh my God, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to!" She apologized frantically.

Jeremy calmly stared at his wound before averting his eyes that flared coldly at Meredith. "You're the one who got people to kidnap Vera, right?"

Meredith's hand immediately halted just before she could press the emergency button. Her expression froze as she turned to look at Jeremy. "What are you saying, Jeremy? Why would I do such a thing?"

"Wouldn't you?"

"Of course not!" Meredith lied through her teeth. "Unless you don't believe me, Jeremy? Don't you trust your Linnie?"

"Trust?" Jeremy's thin lips curled into an ironic smile just as the ice in his eyes thickened. "How am I supposed to believe you when you're standing here with no issues?"

"…" Meredith's pupils contracted as she frantically went to hold Jeremy's arm. His gaze became furious. "I didn't mean to lie to you, Jeremy! My legs did actually get injured, it's just not that severe. The doctor was the one who exaggerated it. That has nothing to do with me…"