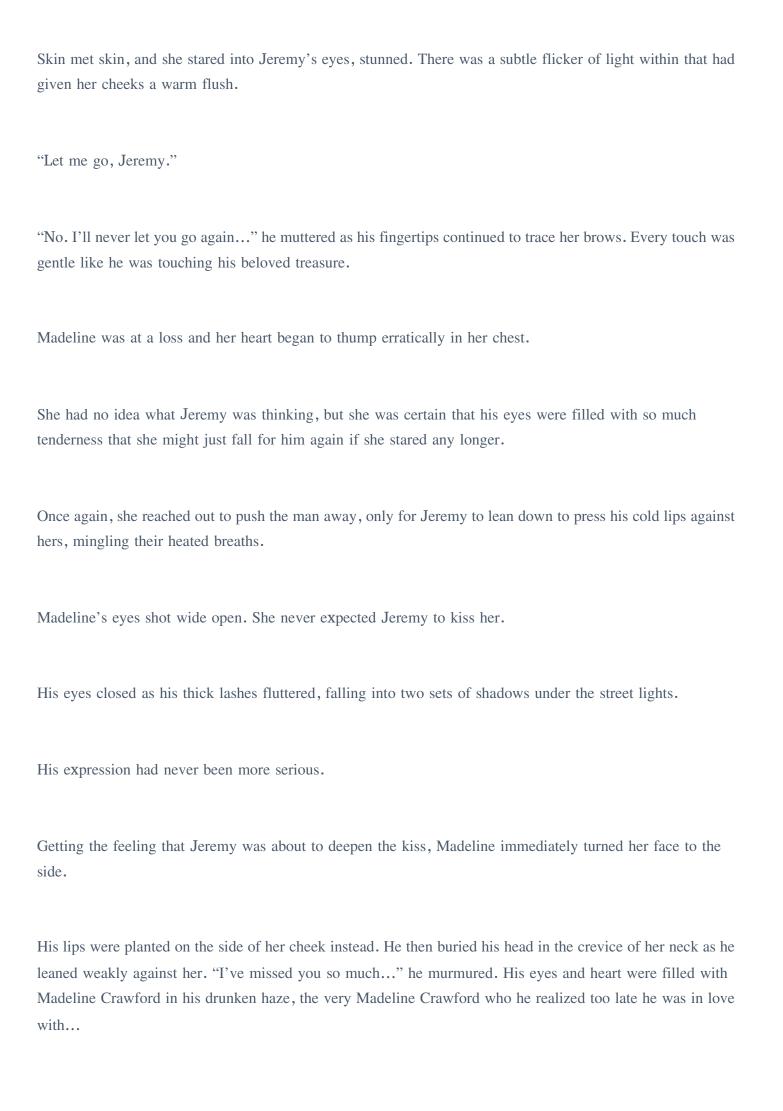# Married by Mistake – Chapter 0302

"You fancy me, don't you?" His seductive tone drifted into her ear with warmth. "I can feel it."

His tone was decisive, and confidence was the only thing in his peach blossom eyes that had glazed over.

Madeline found herself slightly at a loss with how close they were and the words he was saying.

"You're drunk," Madeline responded calmly, though doubt was flashing in her eyes.

Was he actually drunk, or was he just pretending?

"It's nice being drunk. At least then I get to see her…" He smiled, the 'her' spoken so quietly that she almost missed it.

The night wind blew past them, ruffling the wisps of his bangs. His eyes were gentle, tinted with fondness and adoration under the hazy colors of the night that Madeline had never seen before.

He stared at her, then closed their distance even more. The scent of wine tickled her face with every breath of his.

"I missed you so much…" he suddenly proclaimed, staring at her.

Madeline's heart shook and she was about to push him away. However, the man only reached over to caress her face.

Skin met skin, and she stared into Jeremy's eyes, stunned. There was a subtle flicker of light within that had given her cheeks a warm flush.

"Let me go, Jeremy."

"No. I'll never let you go again..." he muttered as his fingertips continued to trace her brows. Every touch was gentle like he was touching his beloved treasure.

Madeline was at a loss and her heart began to thump erratically in her chest.

She had no idea what Jeremy was thinking, but she was certain that his eyes were filled with so much tenderness that she might just fall for him again if she stared any longer.

Once again, she reached out to push the man away, only for Jeremy to lean down to press his cold lips against hers, mingling their heated breaths.

Madeline's eyes shot wide open. She never expected Jeremy to kiss her.

His eyes closed as his thick lashes fluttered, falling into two sets of shadows under the street lights.

His expression had never been more serious.

Getting the feeling that Jeremy was about to deepen the kiss, Madeline immediately turned her face to the side.

His lips were planted on the side of her cheek instead. He then buried his head in the crevice of her neck as he leaned weakly against her. "I've missed you so much..." he murmured. His eyes and heart were filled with Madeline Crawford in his drunken haze, the very Madeline Crawford who he realized too late he was in love with...

Madeline felt that she would have fallen had it not been for the car behind her supporting her up.

A person's weight doubled when they were drunk, and Jeremy had just drifted off to sleep during the absurdity of the situation.

The autumn wind began to blow, clearing the flush and warmth on her face.

The first light of dawn broke through the horizon, waking Jermey from his dream. Opening his eyes, memories of the night before slowly surfaced in his mind. Madeline had felt so real, and the warmth of their kiss seared in the back of his head.

He took a look at his surroundings and realized that he had fallen asleep in his car. His clothes were unkempt, and Vera was nowhere to be found.

Alighting the car, he was met with a familiar silhouette meeting the morning wisps of autumn wind just as he turned around. Barefoot on the sand, the woman's flushed cheeks and fair elegance was a replica of the woman in his dreams.

'Madeline.'

He muttered the name internally and made his way toward her.

Seeing Jeremy make his way over, Madeline turned her back against the sea and smiled at him. "Awake?"

Jeremy nodded, his eyes slightly apologetic. "Did I… accidentally do something improper to you last night?"

Madeline furrowed her brows in distress. "I suppose the phrase 'alcohol is a precursor to sex' isn't entirely wrong."

Jeremy's expression immediately changed. "You mean..."

"How do you plan to take responsibility, Jeremy?"