Married by Mistake – Chapter 0330

Just because of a promise made when he was young, he protected a woman who had long gone bad like a fool. Meanwhile, he cut the flesh off the woman he loved piece by piece.

Jeremy picked up his phone again and saw the contents on the screen. There was a post that had photos of Meredith from when she was a child.

When he and Meredith reunited, he had asked to see photos of her from her childhood days. However, Meredith said that the photos were lost because she had moved houses.

Now, some netizens had actually dug up photos of her when she was a child.

Jeremy stretched out his fingers and tapped lightly at the title.

Thump, thump.

There was a knocking on the office glass door.

Jeremy looked up and saw that it was Ken Baker. "Come in."

He put down his phone and hid his emotions from a moment ago. They would continue to remain unknown to anyone.

Ken walked toward the office desk and gave a straightforward report, saying, "Mr. Whitman, I've kept a close eye on Felipe for a while now. He hasn't been acting strange, but yesterday, he quietly met with two veterans from Whitman Corporation's board of directors."

"Felipe has always gone his own way since young and never bothered to rely on the Whitmans' money and power. He's not even willing to get involved with the Whitman family, so why would he suddenly contact people from Whitman Corporation's board of directors?" Jeremy said lightly, pondering for a few seconds.

He always felt that Felipe definitely had a secret and that Old Master Whitman knew this secret really well. Yet, Old Master Whitman never wanted to bring it up.

He only knew that Old Master Whitman was always avoiding Felipe.

Although Felipe always looked like a gentleman, underneath his gentle eyes, it was hard to guarantee that there would not be a torrent.

"This is the birth certificate of Vera's daughter, Lilian, and the information of the local hospital. It took so long to get an answer because the investigation was a little difficult." Ken handed over another folder.

Jeremy paused for two seconds before receiving the folder.

The DNA test was already done. This report came in too late.

"You can leave. Continue to keep an eye on Felipe."

"Okay, I got it," Ken responded and left.

Jeremy held the folder but did not open it.

He could not calm down. On the path of Madeline's slow journey toward death, he had cruelly aggravated her physical and mental pain, catalyzing her withering.

He walked into a flower shop in a daze and bought a bouquet of red roses as usual.

Just as he was about to get in his car, he heard a sweet voice.

"What a coincidence." Madeline walked over leisurely.

Jeremy hid away his sadness and grievance, smiling gracefully.

"Vera? Why are you here?"

"Just passing by." Madeline smiled brightly before pointing to the large bouquet of roses in his hands. "But you, why did you buy such a large bouquet of roses? Is it for me?"

Jeremy glanced at the bouquet in his hands and laughed a little. "If you like it, I can buy one for you now. It's just that this bouquet isn't for you."

Madeline raised her eyebrows, pretending to be displeased. "Don't tell me this is for Meredith? Red roses represent love. You indeed still love her."

"Are you jealous?" Jeremy smiled, locking his gaze on Madeline as it suddenly became serious. "Red roses represent love, but do you know what red roses and the number of them represent?"

Upon hearing this, Madeline looked uncertainly at the large bouquet of roses. 'There are about 99 flowers here, right?

'Don't 99 red roses mean you want the love to last forever?

'Hmph, Jeremy, you're still laboriously in love with Meredith.'

While Madeline was silently thinking, Jeremy opened the door to the passenger seat. "Don't you want to know who these roses are for? Get in then."

Madeline was dumbfounded. With a generous smile, she got into the car nimbly.

After a 20 minutes' drive, they finally arrived at the destination.

Madeline could not help but freeze while looking at the familiar scenery outside the window.

It turned out to be a cemetery.