

# Married by Mistake – Chapter 0392

Yet here they were, with Jeremy happily bringing her through Whitman Manor's doors.

Perhaps this was what people meant by the future was unpredictable.

Mrs. Whitman, Karen Yalaman, immediately rushed forward to ask when she realized that Jeremy had arrived. "Is it true, Jeremy, the things I read on the internet? Did Meredith actually do all those things? Is she sitting for 12 years? Did she actually pretend to be the Montgomeries' daughter too?"

Jeremy frowned in displeasure. "I don't want to hear her name anymore."

"But..."

"I'm here today for my fiancé to meet my parents. I'd appreciate it if you didn't speak of depressing names and things," Jeremy interrupted coldly before lowering his gaze to look at Madeline. "My mom made these dishes herself. I hope you'll find them to your liking."

"What?" Karen's expression darkened instantly. "You told me we had an important guest over tonight, Jeremy. You even told me to make the dishes myself! You're telling me it was for this woman?"

Madeline quirked a delicate brow and smiled lightly. "It's nice to see you, Aunty."

"Well, it's not nice to see you, you witch!" Karen spared Madeline a disdainful glance. "Looking at you kills my appetite!"

"Vera will be your daughter-in-law soon, so would you please not use such a sharp tone?" Jeremy asked distastefully.

Mrs. Whitman paused before huffing and marching to Mr. Whitman. “Do you see this? Your son’s gone mad! I can’t believe he brought home a woman who looks exactly like his ex-wife. Why divorce that b\*tch anyway if this is the case?”

That b\*tch.

Madeline’s eyes flinched as she pursed her lips while taking in Karen’s insulting label for her.

Jeremy’s patience was running thin. “If you don’t want this daughter-in-law, then you can say goodbye to having this son as well.”

“...” Karen’s expression froze. Seeing Jeremy pulling Madeline toward the door, she frantically composed herself and hid away her targeting words as well as attitude. “Forget it, forget it. Meredith’s had her fun already, not to mention that she’s been pretending to be the Montgomeries’ daughter this entire time. You don’t love her anymore, right? Then Mom won’t care anymore. Be with whoever you want.”

Karen turned and walked toward the kitchen. “I’ll go check if the soup is ready.”

Madeline took her jacket off and placed her bag down. “I’ll be going to the bathroom, Jeremy.”

Jeremy nodded warmly at her. “Be careful, alright? You’re a pregnant woman.”

“Alright,” Madeline replied dotingly before making her way there.

Mr. Whitman, Winston, glanced at Madeline and placed the finance newspaper down. “This Vera Quinn looks a lot like Madeline, Jeremy. What are you thinking? Why marry a woman who looks so much like the one you hate?”

“Who said I hated her?” Jeremy fired back, leaving Winston stunned.

Winston's impression of Madeline was rather neutral, for he had only met her two or three times since he spent most of his time working overseas, but Madeline's appearance was something fresh in his mind.

While he had not seen much of Madeline, he had heard a lot of the wicked things the woman did from his wife and thus came to the conclusion that Madeline was not a good person and was someone his son despised to his bones.

Yet now...

Madeline had no actual need to use the bathroom, but Karen's words fueled the burning flares of hatred within her. She needed to calm down.

She had thought that this mother-in-law of hers would help her when Meredith framed her for stealing a bracelet. Ultimately, Karen had referred to her as their maid instead.

She had never once taken this orphaned daughter-in-law of inferior status seriously.

After recollecting her emotions, Madeline then turned to walk out of the bathroom only to meet face to face with Old Master Whitman who had just returned from the garden outside.

"Hello, Grandpa Whitman. We meet again," Madeline greeted calmly, her chest filled with genuine respect for the man in front of her.

Old Master Whitman replied meaningfully as he stared at the gorgeous features in front of him, "I was still in doubt before, but I'm pretty sure about it now."

Suspicion rose in Madeline's chest, but she wore an expression of befuddlement. "What are you talking about, Grandfather?"

Old Master Whitman lifted his intelligent gaze that was now glistening under the light. "It's you, isn't it, Madeline? I know it's you."

