

Married by Mistake – Chapter 0097

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 97

Madeline was forced to shut her mouth. She glanced out the window. The sky was overcast as if it was going to rain.

Looking at the sections of road that seemed to be gradually familiar, Madeline's nerves slowly tightened.

The car stopped. Jeremy got out of the car freely while Madeline was dragged out of the car.

Looking at the surrounding environment, Madeline's eyes widen in disbelief.

“Jeremy, why did you bring me here!”

She asked facing Jeremy's back, but the man ignored her.

Madeline had been dragged to the grave she had built for her grandfather and the dead child. She no longer had the strength to stand, and the bodyguard had pushed her toward the grave.

Madeline fell to the ground, clutching where the tumor was. She took a deep breath, enduring the pain, and then she raised her eyes.

Jeremy stood in front of her, noble and cold, his aura was inviolable and cold.

“Why, here?” Madeline asked, gritting her teeth, her vision was being gradually blurred by the fog.

Jeremy leaned over and pinched Madeline's chin with his warm fingers. A terrifying smile in his slender and alluring eyes.

“To let you experience for a moment, a bitter anguish.”

“What?”

Madeline did not understand. She could only see the white snow falling from the sky, obscuring Jeremy’s appearance in her vision at this moment.

“Move.” He suddenly ordered, shaking off Madeline coldly.

Madeline immediately heard the sounds of chiseling a stone wall. She turned her head abruptly and saw several bodyguards smashing the grave with stone hammers and chisels.

There was a “boom” in Madeline’s head, then it blanked.

“No! Stop it!”

She yelled. She had gotten up and wanted to run to stop them, but Jeremy grabbed her.

“Don’t smash it! Don’t!” Madeline cried, tears falling wantonly from her eyes.

She turned around and begged Jeremy, but the man smiled lightly. “Now you know fear? Why were you not afraid when you hurt my son?”

“Jeremy, I never hurt your son! Tell them to stop!”

Madeline’s emotions were completely crumbling and her body that had long been riddled with hole-like wounds seemed to be covered over with salt in this split moment. The deep and dense pain burrowed into her bone marrow.

Yet, he did not ask anyone to stop. The grave was quickly broken open and two urns, one large and one small, were dug out.

Madeline instantly felt as if she could not breathe anymore. Her eyes were blurry and her body trembled violently.

“No, Jeremy, please don’t! Alright, I was wrong! I shouldn’t have hurt your son and Meredith. It’s all my fault! You can vent your anger at me, just don’t touch my daughter and my grandfather’s ashes. Please, I beg you!”

Madeline knelt down at Jeremy’s feet, bowing desperately to him, begging for mercy, even accepting those baseless wrongs.

Still, Jeremy did not even look at her. He reached out and took the urn containing a small pile of ashes into his hand.

Madeline looked at the ashes in his hand in a daze. Her face was as white as paper, and she was clutching at his trousers.

“No, Jeremy, this is also your daughter, no...”

“My daughter?” Jeremy sneered. “I only have one child, and his name is Jackson Whitman. As for this...”

He glanced at the small pile of ashes in the glass bottle and suddenly loosened his hand.

Crash!

The glass shattered and the ashes were scattered.

