

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1671

Jeremy and Madeline shared a look before he got up and walked to the entrance.

He cautiously peered into the peephole, but he did not see anyone standing there. Then, the doorbell started ringing again.

Jeremy opened the door decisively, scaring the person outside, who was about to continue ringing the doorbell, into retracting their hand in fear.

"You again." When Jeremy saw the woman standing near the wall by the door, his eyes were filled with disdain. "It's best if you stay away. My wife and I don't want to see you."

Of course, Ada knew Jeremy hated her, but this time, she was ready to go all out.

Camille already hated her anyway, so if she wanted to fight for the chance to get into the Gray family, she could only scheme her way through.

Seeing that Jeremy was about to close the door, she quickly reached out her arm to stop him.

Who knew Jeremy would be this callous? Without the slightest concern about her hand, he continued pushing the door close.

Ada's arm was crushed by the door. "Ah!" She let out a wail.

When Ada saw that the door was closing, she quickly blurted out, "I know Shirley Brown's weakness!"

Despite some distance laid between them, Madeline could almost hear Ada's roar even inside the room.

'Shirley's weakness?'

Jeremy's eyes narrowed slightly. Doubtful, he asked, "You know Shirley Brown?"

A pleased expression immediately emerged on Ada's face. "Of course, I know her. You could say that I know her very well because I used to live with her, and it wasn't merely for a year or two."

Judging from confidence written all over Ada's face, Jeremy was certain that Ada truly knew Shirley.

'Shirley was from Glendale and Ada was from St. Piaf. How would they have known each other?'

Ada saw the curiosity in Jeremy's eyes, and she grew more confident. "You must want to know more about Shirley, yes? May I come in? After all, it's not convenient to talk here."

Jeremy could not stand seeing Ada's villainous glee. As he was about to object, he heard Madeline's approval from behind him.

"Let her in."

He turned around and saw Madeline standing a short distance from him.

“Linnie, why did you get up? Sit down and rest, quickly!”

Jeremy strode next to Madeline and held her shoulder, bringing her back to the bedroom.

At this moment, he heard the door closing. He lifted his eyes and saw Ada walking in, minding her own business.

Ada peered at the weak-looking Madeline and rolled her eyes in contempt. Then, she sat on the sofa and spoke in a muffled voice.

“I don’t really want to see you at all. I wouldn’t have come here if it wasn’t for the sake of my future.”

“If you didn’t want to come, then get out now! No one begged you to come in!” Jeremy mercilessly chastised her as he walked over to her.

Ada’s initial smug instantly froze. She even felt a little fearful.

How could she have forgotten Jeremy’s concern for Madeline?

She would be digging her own grave if she targeted Madeline in front of him.

Ada pressed her lips together, not daring to speak another word against Madeline.

However, Madeline, unbothered by Ada's words, walked straight over. Bluntly, she asked, "How did you know Shirley? What's the point in coming over to find us?"

"I came here to make a deal. As for how I know Shirley..."

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1672

Ada kept Jeremy and Madeline on tenterhooks, the corner of her lips curled.

"Before learning how I met Shirley, I think you should know something else first."

Jeremy's eyes filled with disgust seeing Ada making a show out of this.

"I don't have time to listen to your nonsense. Just tell us if you want to. If you waste any more time, you should just get out immediately."

"..."

After suffering two consecutive defeats, Ada no longer dared to put on a mysterious act.

However, she hesitated for a moment before speaking, as if considering something.

"Carter gave Shirley her name."

'Carter and Shirley knew each other?'

The revelation about that relationship caught Madeline and Jeremy by surprise.

Jeremy finally understood. The person who had been manipulating Shirley was Carter.

"When Carter was ten years old, he brought Shirley back to the Gray Manor. Ever since then, they had been living together, spending time with each other, day and night. Although I could be considered as Carter's childhood sweetheart, honestly, compared to Shirley, I'm still a bit far off."

Ada was visibly unhappy and discontent as she said these last words.

The man she liked since childhood had never cared about her.

"I don't know where Shirley came from. I just know that had stayed by Carter's side for over ten years. In fact, for a long time, I could tell that Shirley liked Carter, but Carter doesn't reciprocate her feelings. She was just a homeless child abandoned by her parents, yet she hoped to become a viscountess? She's obviously dreaming!"

Ada gritted her teeth. Jealousy was an ugly look on her.

She snorted. "She's pretty tactful though. She had left the Grays on her own accord a few years ago. From that time on, the Grays never mentioned her again. She had never resurfaced, as if she was dead, yet now she's suddenly returned! I saw it all!"

Ada recalled the scene she had witnessed not long ago at the Gray Manor's entrance as well as the scene at the convenience store entrance, where Madeline and Shirley had confronted each other.

"I didn't expect her to turn out like this after leaving for a few years. She seems more charming and coquettish than before. Tch, did she think that she could come back and fight me for the position of the viscountess just because she got prettier?"

Ada's fists were tightly clenched. A while later, she relaxed. "Okay, I've told you everything I know. Now, it's your turn to help me."

Jeremy coldly glanced at Ada. "The things you've said don't seem useful to us in any way."

"..." Taken aback, Ada suddenly felt anxious. "What do you mean it's useless? If it wasn't for me, would you have known the relationship between Shirley and Carter? Mr. Whitman, you're a businessman, and all businesses run on trust."

"Trust? You dare talk about trust with me?" Jeremy chuckled, immediately lifting his fierce narrow eyes. "That day, in this exact spot, you had told me that you had wanted to make a deal with me as well. What happened then? You were just colluding with Carter, leading me into the trap. Do you think I'd still trust your words?"

"..." Ada grew more anxious hearing that. "I was forced to do that!"

"Forced? Then, did Carter force you to call the police at the wedding?"

"..." Ada's mouth dangled open; her face suddenly turned crimson. She did not know how to explain herself.

"Get out. Now." Jeremy kicked her out. "If you don't leave, I'll have someone kick you out."

"..."

Ada would never have compromised, but she did not expect Jeremy to call the hotel security to kick her out.

“Jeremy, how could you do this? I’m here to make a deal with you! How could you not keep your word?” Ada yelled and shrieked again in disbelief.

Jeremy, too tired to deal with her, closed the door immediately. After a while, Ada’s voice gradually disappeared.

Jeremy’s lower lip pulled down as he contemplated the information that Ada had just unveiled. As he turned and lifted his head, he saw the petite woman standing a short distance in front of him, gazing at him with a weird look.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1673

Jeremy could not help but briefly froze. Then, he walked toward Madeline.

“Linnie, why are you looking at me like that?” Her gaze seemed to be questioning him.

Madeline, betraying no emotion, gave a measured look at Jeremy, and suddenly smiled. “I didn’t expect my husband to act this shamelessly.”

Jeremy had thought that Madeline was questioning his earlier actions. Upon hearing this, he smiled in turn.

“Trust is off the table when dealing with the likes of her, but the information she provided is indeed useful.”

Madeline smiled and nodded in agreement, then quickly reverted to her serious look.

“Shirley and Carter knew each other, and they have an intimate relationship. That means that Shirley was just following Carter’s orders when she acted against me. Shirley used this kind of thing to keep me in check, but at the end of the day, it was all to get at you, Jeremy. I really don’t understand what they’re up to.”

Madeline’s troubled look calmed Jeremy down instead. “Maybe we’ll find the answer to this question when we return to Glendale.”

Since Shirley had made this request, he was certain that he would only get the answer after returning to Glendale.

The next day, Jeremy and Madeline finally boarded the plane back to Glendale without a hitch.

They did not return to the old manor until the evening.

As soon as she went in, a gust of familiarity rushed toward Madeline, making her feel steadier and more at ease.

Home was always the warmest no matter where one went.

Seeing their parents returned, Jackson and Lillian immediately ran over, hugging their legs. Even their youngest son, still wobbly on his feet, managed to stumble toward Madeline’s side, affectionately hugging her calf. “Mommy, mommy...” He called out in his little boy’s voice.

Madeline bent over and embraced her youngest son, kissing him again and again. “Mommy misses you too, Pudding.”

“Do you not miss me and Lily, mommy?” Jackson’s aggrieved voice came from beside her.

Madeline handed Pudding to Jeremy, squatted down, and, with a loving and gentle smile, embraced both children.

“Of course, I miss Jack and Lily too! You are mommy’s and daddy’s darlings. Come, give mommy a kiss.”

Madeline pressed her face, still smiling, close to them. Jackson and Lillian obliged and pressed their cute tiny mouths toward her and kissed Madeline on both cheeks.

“Me too.” Jeremy squatted and lifted that firm yet refined and handsome face.

Indulgently, Jackson and Lillian eagerly ran over, planting kisses on Jeremy’s cheeks.

A warm current of emotions flowed across Madeline’s heart when she saw such a warm scene.

From the corners of her eyes, she saw Eloise sitting on the sofa staring at her.

Madeline swiftly got up and walked over, squatting down in front of Eloise. “Mom.”

As she went to hold Eloise’s hand, Eloise avoided her briefly. She gave Madeline a puzzled look, then her gaze softened.

“You’re Eveline. That Eveline.”

Upon hearing this, Madeline could tell that Eloise once again regarded herself as someone else with the same name as Eveline.

Although a little disappointed, she felt at ease seeing Eloise in good health.

“Don’t worry, your mother will be able to recall everything after a while.” Karen came over and comforted her.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1674

Madeline looked back at Karen and expressed her gratitude. “I’m so grateful to you for all your help in caring for my mother all this while. I truly mean it.”

Karen could fully sense Madeline’s sincerity. She raised her hand and patted Madeline’s shoulder lightly, her eyes filled with love and kindness that she never had before.

“We’re family. You don’t need to thank me. I feel at ease now that you’re back safely. You and Jeremy ought to rest up in your room first. The other issues can be dealt with later. Plus, there’s no need to worry about your mother. I’ll take care of her myself.”

Hearing Karen’s words, Madeline was quite moved.

Sometimes, life was truly wonderful. At the very least, it never crossed her mind that, one day, her relationship with Karen would be like this.

Madeline and Jeremy returned to their bedroom. Although they had not been back for a very long time, the room had been thoroughly cleaned, all traces of Naomi erased.

After lying down on the familiar bed, Madeline felt her fatigue melting away.

Jeremy laid next to Madeline, gently pulling her into his arms. “Linnie, are you tired?”

Madeline leaned against Jeremy’s body, free from her worries. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. “I’m exhausted.”

She did not continue to hide how she felt right now. She was distraught from the consecutive series of predicaments around her. Even now, her body was infected with some unknown poison.

Jeremy suddenly tightened his embrace and leaned down, planting a soft kiss on Madeline's forehead, guilt-ridden.

As her husband, he had been incapable of protecting her throughout it all.

"Linnie..."

"Jeremy, don't blame yourself." Madeline could guess what Jeremy was about to say. She opened her eyes and lifted her head, lying on him. "No one can predict what comes next, and you've already done what you should, so don't blame yourself."

When he heard that, Jeremy felt his heart ache. He softly stroked Madeline's cheek. "Linnie, don't you know that sensible women are the easiest to get hurt?"

"I don't believe in that. I only know that my husband will do all he can to make me happy."

Madeline smiled sweetly and kissed Jeremy's thin lips.

When they broke off the kiss, he regained his initiative, pressing his hand against the back of Madeline's head and lifting his head to kiss her lips.

His heart was bursting with unmeasurable excitement and desire to make love to her, but he stopped himself.

Once they had stopped flirting, he held Madeline and sat up. "Linnie, we should head over to Adam's place. Nothing is more important than your body's condition now."

Madeline thought Jeremy had a point. They swiftly drove to Adam's house, bringing along the last tube of test reagent Shirley had given them.

The sky had already turned dark. Although Madeline and Jeremy felt uncomfortable with troubling Adam, they were worried that Madeline's condition could worsen with every passing second.

When they arrived, Adam was sitting alone in the living room, dazed, and holding a toy bear.

Upon seeing Madeline and Jeremy, his mouth curved into a slight smile.

"You're here."

Adam said as he took the test reagent from Jeremy. He realized that it was vacuum-packed. Once opened, it would be contaminated by bacteria.

That way, when it was time for Madeline to use the test reagent, she would be in trouble.

"It seems like I can't test this right now. I'll need to wait until the time when you need to use the test reagent. I'd only be able to extract a drop for examination then," Adam said, helpless. Then, he asked, "Have you seen Shirley? What did she tell you?"

"She has an unusual relationship with a man named Carter," said Jeremy. "The man who had barged in here last time. Do you still remember him?"

Adam tried recalling and nodded slightly. "I remember." However, he was more perplexed now. "Who's this person?"

Jeremy filled him in with every detail he had gathered, which Adam found inconceivable. "This person has quite the background. How did Shirley know him?"

"It is said that your sister appeared suddenly at the Gray Manor over ten years ago. Since then, your sister had constantly been with Carter, day and night, but then she left the Gray Manor for some unknown reason a few years back," Madeline explained.

Adam's long brows snapped together, his eyes betrayed his helplessness, hesitating to speak.

Madeline caught this change in his eyes. "Adam, why did your sister leave home back then? She would have been just a little girl more than ten years ago."

Adam gave a melancholic and wry smile as he sat down on the chair, somewhat weakly.

"She has always misunderstood. She wrongly thought that our parents do not love her and that there's no place for her in this family. In reality, our parents had only wanted to give her the best arrangement, but she was too stubborn. She'd rather cut off relations with us and leave this family. She'd also refused to listen to our explanation."

Madeline and Jeremy shared a look after hearing this.

Although Adam did not provide the specifics, they could still feel his helplessness in this matter.

"She's very smart. She has been smart since she was a child, and she's able to learn everything in a snap. She'd said that her dream was to become a medical scientist like our parents. She is indeed very talented in medicine, so I thought that she would grow up to be an exceptional doctor, but in the end..."

Adam said with a sigh.

“She has achieved great attainments in this field, and the reagents she has studied on are avant-garde. I think I’d need to spend some time examining it.”

“Eveline, why don’t you stay here for the time being? That way, when your condition flares up again, I could simultaneously provide immediate help and get the sample from this test tube.”

Adam suggested, showing a genuine consideration for Madeline’s physical condition.

“In that case, apologies in advance for the bother.” Jeremy immediately agreed on Madeline’s behalf. “Linnie, we’ll move here tomorrow and stay for a while.”

Madeline raised her eyes in surprise. “Are you going to live here with me too?”

“Of course, he’d want to be with you. You’re the one he cares about the most,” Adam jokingly answered before Jeremy could speak, but the smile on his face gradually faded. “If only I had someone who cares about me like this. I imagine that it must feel great.”

Adam’s statement immediately reminded Madeline of Cathy.

However, this large house was empty. It did not seem that Cathy was around. Moreover, the children were nowhere to be seen as well.

“She’d moved out,” Adam said suddenly, as though he had read Madeline’s mind. He seemed extremely down. “Actually, I knew this day would come. Her memories won’t remain lost forever, and she won’t stay forever in the false relationship I’d created for her. She’s still in love with that man the whole time.”

That man, as well they could tell, was Felipe.

However, Adam was not being bleak. He instead smiled in acceptance. "Perhaps the most special thing about a relationship is loving someone yet unable to have them."

Madeline and Jeremy understood what this meant.

The most precious thing about a relationship was mutual love.

"I'll walk you back." Adam walked Madeline and Jeremy to the door.

When he was about to turn around, Adam saw an unexpected yet familiar figure appearing in his sight.

Madeline was similarly astonished, but she was also pleasantly surprised.

"Cathy." She greeted her with a smile.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1676

Cathy walked toward Madeline with a smile, saying, "Evie, it seems that you've gone back to your regular self. Has the hypnotism been broken?"

Madeline nodded. "It's all thanks to you, Cathy. You and Adam have helped us a lot."

Upon hearing this, Cathy looked at Adam. "Adam has also helped me a lot," she said with sincere gratitude in her eyes.

Meeting Cathy's gaze, Adam gave her a gentle and friendly smile.

“You’re here so late, is there anything I can help you with?”

“I left something here so I dropped by to get it back.”

Adam quickly understood. “Wait for me.”

As he said that, he turned around and entered the house. A moment later, he walked out with a teddy bear in his hand.

“You’re here for this, right?” Adam smiled and handed it over. “Juan likes to sleep with this doll the most. He’ll make a fuss if he doesn’t have this teddy bear with him.”

When Cathy heard Adam say that, she could not help but feel touched inside.

She walked up to Adam and took the teddy bear from his hand. “Thank you, Adam.”

“You don’t have to thank me. I should apologize to you instead. I took advantage of your amnesia to lie to you for so long,” Adam apologized as he felt guilty. “I shouldn’t have tampered with your memories, let alone create a false relationship between you and me. Also, you should be very clear now that Juan and Jan belong to you and Felipe.”

Although she already knew this a long time ago, Madeline was quite moved when she heard the words from Adam’s mouth.

However, Cathy did not have any complaints, nor did she blame anyone. Despite everything, she was still really grateful to Adam. Without Adam, she would not have had the chance to be reborn again. Without Adam, she would have indirectly died under Felipe’s gun.

“Adam, you didn’t take advantage of me. You only did that to me out of good intentions. I understand

that I've let you down," Cathy said with sincere gratitude, "I'll bring Juan and Jan to see you. They're reluctant to be apart from you too but I really can't continue to live here and disturb you, Adam."

"I understand. Take good care of yourself. If you need help, just ask me." Adam was still so generous and friendly.

"I will. Well, I'll leave now. I can't be away for too long."

Adam had nothing to say so he nodded. "Be careful on the way back."

They had been living with each other for hundreds of days and nights, but at the end of the day, she did not belong to him.

"Cathy, Linnie and I are about to leave too. Let us send you back." Jeremy offered courteously.

Cathy looked at Jeremy and Madeline, seemingly pondering for a moment before she finally answered, "Okay."

Adam suddenly lowered his eyelids after he watched the familiar figure turn around.

There was still some lingering warmth in his palm but it was not a warmth that he could hold.

The car slowly drove onto the road and Cathy sat in the backseat with Madeline. She was holding the teddy bear Adam had bought for her son back then in her hand.

She knew she had let down a man who wanted to love her and care for her, but she had no choice.

She could continue to stay with Adam and live like how they used to, but this would be very unfair to Adam. She believed that Adam would not want her to thank him like this.

As such, the best thing for both of them was for her to leave.

After staying silent for a while, Cathy lifted her head to look at Jeremy who was driving and said, "Do you have anything to ask me and is that why you offered to give me a ride back, Jeremy?"

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1677

Jeremy looked in the rear-view mirror and saw Cathy looking at him calmly.

"Have you visited Felipe?" he asked.

"Yeah, I've gone to meet him," Cathy said, her eyes darkening slightly. "He has also figured that the two children belong to him."

"Does he already know?" Jeremy and Madeline were both surprised at her words.

Cathy did not nod or shake her head, merely whispering, "Although I didn't admit it, I think he must already know."

"I know it's very selfish of me to say this, but Cathy, those two children are Felipe's only hope for appealing and commutation." Jeremy's tone was soft, even carrying a hint of a plea.

Although he and Felipe had a lot of friction between them, blood was thicker than water and he was still Felipe's nephew. Plus, those things in the past were over. They had already moved on from those things.

Cathy lowered her head and fiddled with the teddy bear in her hand. She was still speaking softly, "He should take responsibility for all the things he has done. He's still at fault no matter how you look at it."

“But—”

“Jeremy, focus on driving,” Madeline parted her lips to stop Jeremy from trying to change Cathy’s mind.

Jeremy looked at Madeline and did not say anything more.

After sending Cathy back to the apartment she was currently staying in, Jeremy contemplated for a while before getting out of the car and chasing up to Cathy who had already walked away.

Madeline was sitting in the car. Due to the distance, she could not hear what Jeremy said after he called out to Cathy, but she saw Cathy nodding.

After a while, Jeremy was back in the car and Cathy had already walked into the entrance of the apartment.

The car started again and Madeline wanted to ask what was going on out of curiosity, but just as she was just about to speak, Jeremy was one step ahead of her and spoke first.

“I asked Cathy to go to see Felipe again.”

“Did Cathy agree?” Madeline asked. She had only seen Cathy nodding.

However, Jeremy’s answer was not as she thought. “Cathy didn’t agree to it. Maybe Cathy finds it hard to forgive Felipe for what he had done. Maybe she doesn’t hate Felipe for hiring someone to kill her, but she’s just bothered about the illegal trades Felipe previously involved himself in.”

At once, everything became clear to Madeline when Jeremy said that.

If Madeline thought about it from another angle, it would be hard for her as well to forgive Jeremy if he had involved himself in something like that—let alone accept him despite it all.

“Since Cathy refused, why did she nod her head just now?”

“I told her that I would go to see Felipe and tell him honestly that they have two children together. She didn’t object to that.”

Madeline looked at the bleak winter night outside of the car window with a thoughtful look. “Will Felipe appeal to have his sentence reduced because of this?”

“I don’t know.” Jeremy sighed silently. When they stopped at the red light, he reached out and held Madeline’s hand tightly.

Madeline looked back at him suspiciously, and coincidentally, her eyes met Jeremy’s soft and gentle almond eyes.

“Linnie, I think I’m really lucky. I hurt you so much back then yet you’re still willing to give me a chance.”

Madeline pursed her lips and smiled. “Maybe I owed you in my previous life, or maybe we have a very strong bond.”

Jeremy smiled as well. “I hope the bond between Cathy and Felipe is as strong as ours.”

“I hope so.” Madeline sighed, but they could only pray and hope that this was the case.

...

The next day.

Madeline got up early in the morning and made breakfast for the two children.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1678

Now, the person Madeline was most worried about was Lillian. Except for the two words 'Daddy' and 'Mommy', she still could not speak.

After eating breakfast, Madeline straightened the clothes of the two children and took their hands to walk them to the front door where they would wait for their ride.

While walking, something fell from Lillian's hand. She hurriedly stopped, broke free from Madeline's grip, and walked back. Then, she squatted down and picked something up.

Madeline walked over to take a look out of curiosity and found that the little girl was holding a piece of candy in her cute, fair, and chubby hands.

The candy's wrapper looked a bit old, as though it was expired.

"Lily, do you want to eat candy? I'll buy some for you. It looks like you can't eat this candy anymore," Madeline persuaded softly.

Lillian blinked her big eyes and then shook her head slightly.

The little girl looked at Madeline as though she wanted to say something, but even after moving her little mouth, she could not utter a single word.

Madeline's heart ached as she caressed her little princess' head pitifully. She then turned back to tell

Jackson, "Jack, remember to look after your sister in kindergarten. Don't let other children bully her."

"Of course, I won't let anyone bully my sister, but there is someone who bullied my sister and I can't teach him a lesson." Jackson shrugged his little shoulders helplessly.

When she heard that someone had bullied Lillian, Madeline's expression instantly changed.

"Who bullied your sister? Tell me!"

"Uh... It's that brat, I think his name is Fabian."

"..."

Madeline was stunned when she heard that. Brat?

Jackson, a 6-year-old, was calling Fabian a brat?

After a few seconds, Madeline came back to her senses and asked, "Jack, did you say that Fabian bullied Lily? How did he bully her?"

Jackson put his hands in his pockets and said coolly, "He came to the kindergarten to find Lily and gave her this candy. He said that this was a goodbye gift. After that, Lily keeps bringing this candy everywhere she goes. She doesn't eat it either. She just holds it in her hand."

After listening to her son's narration, Madeline finally understood why the little princess cared so much about this candy.

In retrospect, she had not heard from Fabian for a long time, nor did she know what he was up to.

Yorick and Lana were dead, and he had no family members in this world anymore. However, he seemed to be very fond of Lily from the first moment he met her.

As she thought about this, Madeline could not help but sympathize with Fabian.

“Lily, do you miss that guy named Fabian very much?” Madeline asked, touching the little princess’ head.

Lillian merely blinked without nodding or shaking her head.

“Lily, do you want to see him?”

Madeline asked again, but this time, she saw the little princess shaking her head.

She did not want to see Fabian.

“If I were Lily, I wouldn’t want to see that brat too. He said he wanted to be Lily’s boyfriend when she grows up but he suddenly disappeared. He’s not trustworthy at all,” Jackson complained. After that, he walked over and held Lillian’s hand affectionately.

“Lily, let’s go to school.”

Madeline came back to her senses and saw Jackson holding Lillian’s little hand as they walked toward the nanny van that had been waiting at the door.

She stayed where she was and immediately took out her mobile phone to call Fabian. She did not get through until the third call.

Madeline asked straightaway, "Fabian, where are you now?"

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1679

When the person on the other end of the phone heard Madeline's words, he replied rudely, "Who's Fabian? There's no Fabian here! Stop calling me!"

After he said that, he hung up the phone, leaving Madeline only to hear the disconnect tone.

She was stunned. When she was about to call again, she realized she could not get through anymore. The only possibility was that her number had been blocked.

Madeline lifted her eyes to look at the nanny van that was driving farther away. When she thought about Lillian's behavior just now, she started to feel a little worried.

She could imagine that Fabian must hold a very special position in her precious daughter's heart.

When Fabian saved the little princess from Felipe, they had mysteriously and inexorably formed some kind of bond.

Madeline looked at the phone number that had blocked her and there were questions in her heart that could not be answered.

Fabian had left all of a sudden. She could not understand what could be the reason behind his actions.

"Linnie." Jeremy approached her from behind. "Why are you standing here with such a solemn look on your face?"

Madeline turned around and looked at him. She relayed what their son had just told her to Jeremy. "It seems that Fabian has really left. He's even canceled his old phone number. It seems that his number is being used by someone else now."

After Jeremy heard that, he took out his phone to try to call Fabian's number. In the end, his number was blocked as well.

"I don't think he canceled his number. I think he's intentionally stopping himself from contacting us." Jeremy analyzed the situation and said, "If he canceled his number, why would it be such a coincidence that my number can't get through to him as well?"

When Madeline thought about this, she could not help but feel a little disappointed in her heart.

"Why is he so determined to stop all contact with us?"

"Perhaps it's because of Yorick and Lana's death." Jeremy could only think of this reason. "If he wants to blame us for the deaths of Yorick and Lana, then it's not altogether inexcusable."

"I don't think Fabian is someone like this," Madeline said affirmatively. She had known Fabian for so long. She thought that Fabian was just hedonistic on the surface, but on the inside, he was more mature and steady than most adults.

When Jeremy heard Madeline say that, Jeremy felt that it was reasonable.

Fabian was indeed not that kind of person. Plus, Jeremy still remembered how Fabian had risked his life when he was saving Lillian with him.

"It seems that Lily misses Fabian a lot, but when I asked her if she wanted to see him, she shook her head." Madeline recalled the desolate look on the little princess' face and felt very worried.

“Linnie, don’t be too worried. I’ll find Fabian and ask him about this. I’ll take you to Adam’s place first. I’m going to the prison later.”

Madeline figured that Jeremy must be going to see Felipe. “Jeremy, I’ll go with you.”

“Okay.” Jeremy smiled and agreed.

The husband and wife looked at each other and smiled. They had already reached a tacit mutual understanding.

After leaving some luggage at Adam’s place, Madeline and Jeremy arrived at the prison.

Here, Felipe was counting down the days he had left to live.

He refused to see anyone, but when he heard that Jeremy and Madeline were here, he ultimately decided to see them.

Madeline and Jeremy were waiting in the conjugal room, and after a while, Felipe arrived.

He no longer had his usual gentlemanly and graceful appearance. At this moment, he was slovenly in dress and manner, looking extremely wretched and battered.

Madeline looked at the person in front of her in surprise. At that moment, she could not believe that this was the man who had pulled her back from the brink of death.

However, Felipe looked pretty calm. He sat down opposite Jeremy and Madeline, the corner of his lips lifting slightly.

"I didn't expect to see you again." He broke the silence in a light manner, but the smile on his face was no longer charming and looked a little desolate.

"Have you really decided not to appeal?" Jeremy went straight to the subject. "You have the opportunity to appeal and I can help you find a lawyer so that at least you won't be sentenced to death."

"I don't need it anymore," Felipe refused decisively. "I've been obsessed for so many years and as a result, it's all for nothing. I've had feelings for a woman for so many years, but in the end, I personally drove her to misery..."

He paused as he was talking, his brows furrowing with endless grief and melancholy.

"We should let this end here."

"Grandpa is still waiting for you to go back."

At Jeremy's words, there was a slight change in Felipe's expression. Jeremy could see that Felipe was still a little reluctant to leave this world, but it was just that he could not spare himself when he thought about what had happened to Cathy.

"Apologize to Uncle for me. I can no longer step into the Whitmans' door." Felipe's eyes went red.

"You still have a chance as long as you're willing," Jeremy repeatedly advised. Although Felipe had made a lot of mistakes, he did not have to die to atone for his crimes.

Felipe fell into a short silence when he heard the words, but after a while, he still refused.

“Jeremy, Eveline, I only have one request. I hope you can spend more time with Cathy in the future. Apart from Adam, I’m afraid that there’s no one else to accompany her here.”

“What do you mean?” Madeline asked suddenly, her tone straightforward and sharp. “She still has two children to accompany her.”

As soon as he heard the mention of the two children, Felipe’s dim eyes lit up.

“The two children—”

“Are yours,” Madeline said these two words without hesitation.

Although Felipe had already figured this out, he was still taken aback when he received such a certain answer.

The light in his narrow eyes became brighter and it was as though it had lit up his gloomy heart as well.

“So, will you still stubbornly await death?” Madeline asked sharply.

Felipe was really stunned. He could no longer be as resolute and decisive as before. The light in his eyes that was getting brighter was the best proof.

“Actually, I can feel that Cathy still has feelings for you.”

“Really?” Felipe raised his wet and red eyes that were full of expectations.

Madeline nodded slightly. She was not lying to Felipe, she just told him candidly about what she

thought.

“If Cathy didn’t have feelings for you, she would not have taken the initiative to withdraw the court’s accusation against you. Otherwise, with an additional charge of attempted homicide, you wouldn’t be able to escape the death penalty at all.”

“It turns out that Cathy was the one who took the initiative to revoke this...” Felipe sighed as he leaned back in the chair in exhaustion.

He closed his eyes and opened them slowly after a while.

“I want to see her again for the last time. Can you help me persuade her to come and see me again?” Felipe pleaded.

Seeing the strong hope in Felipe’s eyes, Jeremy agreed without hesitation. “I’ll help you arrange it.”

Felipe, who was sitting limply in the chair, immediately became more energetic. “Really?”

Jeremy nodded. “I’m a man of my word. Just wait, I’ll not only persuade Cathy to come and see you, but I’ll also let you have a special meeting. Just wait for me to arrange it.”

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1681

Jeremy’s promise suddenly imbued Felipe’s life in prison with meaning.

If there was truly anything or anyone that Felipe could not bear to part with, it would be Cathy.

If he could be granted any other unlikely wishes, it would be that he could see the two children again.

The children.

The thought of them kindled an extremely warm feeling within Felipe.

When he was the love of Cathy's life, not only had he ignored her, but he had also killed those two children with his own hands.

He knew he would never be able to make it up to Cathy any more, but he certainly had not expected that she would be pregnant with his baby when the accident occurred.

This was God's gift. Yes, this was God's gift to him.

Now, he hoped that Jeremy could arrange for this day to come as soon as possible.

After they had left, Madeline went to stay with Adam. A few days passed, and the poison in her body did not flare up. Nevertheless, she did not forget how excruciatingly painful it had been when the poison had flared up.

As she sat in front of the window sill, basking in the rare, warm winter sun, her attention was focused on the small tube of anti-toxoid test reagent lying in her palm.

When she reflected on the relationship between Carter and Shirley, Madeline finally figured out exactly when she had been poisoned.

It was that night when Carter had so willingly agreed to cancel the marriage agreement. There must have been something amiss with the glass of red wine he had poured for her.

Since Carter would certainly have known about her keen sense of smell, the poison must have been colorless and tasteless. This would explain why she had not detected anything when she drank it.

They truly had planned this out far in advance, and had set their plot in motion ages ago.

Madeline clenched her fists. From the corner of her eye, she saw a figure approaching.

“She truly did take good care of me when I was young. She was a good sister.” Adam’s very gentle voice drifted to her ears.

Madeline lifted her eyes and saw Adam approaching her, a smile on his face.

“You mean your sister Shirley?” She asked.

“Yes.” Adam nodded. From the smile on his face, one could tell that he was thinking of something pleasant. “When I was young and heedless, I did a lot of ignorant and rebellious things. Every time something went wrong, she would always stand up for me.”

As he said that, his eyes filled with the scenes from his memories.

"I still remember the time in fifth grade when I had skipped class to catch frogs at a pond with a few of my classmates and she happened to spot us. Just as she was about to take me back to school, my parents, who were on their way home from work, caught sight of us.

"To save me from getting scolded, she said that she was the one who encouraged me to skip class. Even after my parents had punished her by making her copy out a 70,000-word medical book, she still came and comforted me, telling me that everything was fine."

As Adam spoke, his eyes started welling up with tears.

"She was a good sister in the past, don't you think?" Adam asked Madeline. Since the present-day Shirley had given him a different impression, he wanted to hear other people's affirmations of Shirley.

Madeline slowly stood up. "Perhaps she used to be a good sister. However, ever since she ran away from home and left this family, I don't think she's the sister you knew anymore."

"I'm sorry," Adam said remorsefully. "I finally understand what kind of person could develop this sort of poison. If it was Shirley, it's no surprise at all. She's always been very accomplished in this aspect since she was young."

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1682

"However, she's using her talents and gifts in ways she shouldn't." Madeline could not help but sigh. "It truly astounds me. The sister hurts others while the younger brother saves them."

"I'm sorry."

"Adam, you didn't do anything to wrong me, so there's no need to apologize to me. On the contrary, I'm truly grateful to you." Madeline conveyed her sincere gratitude. "Without you, I won't be here today, and my son would've died long ago."

"Saving others is a doctor's mission. It is also my only conviction and aspiration ever since I've matured

in thought.”

“You’re a very good person, Dr. Adam.” Madeline lauded him sincerely. As soon as she finished speaking, she suddenly felt her temple throbbing uncomfortably.

Adam was very observant. He immediately noticed something was wrong with Madeline. “Are you feeling unwell?”

Madeline did not bother putting up a tough front. “My head is hurting a little...” she said. She wanted to head to the bedroom to sit and rest briefly, but as she lifted her gaze, everything in her vision seemed to be spinning.

Adam hurriedly stepped forward, supporting Madeline’s arm. “Are you feeling dizzy?”

“I think the poison’s flaring up. I was perfectly fine right before this, so it shouldn’t be possible that I’d suddenly get dizzy,” Madeline said, guessing.

However, this was insufficient for Adam to make a judgment call. There was only one test tube. Madeline’s current symptoms were completely different from the symptoms she first experienced. If he made a mistake, then Madeline would suffer.

As Adam struggled with this dilemma, Madeline’s phone rang.

It was an unknown number. Adam answered for Madeline, and the voice that came from the other end of the line surprised Adam.

“Eveline, it should be time for your second flare-up.” Shirley’s tone sounded extremely confident. She

chuckled. "This experience should feel a tad better than one before, doesn't it? While it can be a little uncomfortable, my control was on point, so no matter how uncomfortable you feel, your life will not be in danger."

While listening to Shirley's inhumane words, Adam's heart suddenly trembled.

"Do you even know what you're talking about?" Adam could not help but roar out in rage.

Shirley was stunned. She did not expect Adam to be the one answering the phone.

"You'd use your talents, and the gifts you'd inherited from our parents, to commit this kind of utterly heartless act. Shirley Brown, do you not feel any guilt?"

Shirley was a little lost when Adam yelled at her, but when she heard this, she suddenly sneered.

"Guilt? Ask the two dead persons whether they feel any guilt?" Shirley asked in a cold voice. Then, she followed up with a harsh warning, "I'm telling you, Adam, you better not interfere any further. Otherwise, I won't show mercy, even if we are siblings!"

"Shirley, what do you want..."

Beep.

Before Adam could finish speaking, Shirley hung up.

Adam dared not be distracted or wasting time. He immediately injected the tube of test reagent that Madeline held in her hand into her vein.

Jeremy, who happened to be back, saw the scene unfolded as he reached his bedroom door. His expression changed as he quickly ran to Madeline's side, holding Madeline, who was now slowly losing consciousness, in his arms.

"Linnie, Linnie!" Jeremy yelled a few times, but there was no response from Madeline. He cast an anxious look at a dazed Adam. "Adam, what happened to Linnie? Why did she pass out?"

"It's another flare-up," Adam answered Jeremy's question, quickly returning to his senses, and suddenly feeling the unusual heaviness of the syringe in his hand.

"She should just be asleep for a while. She'll be fine when she wakes up. However, based on my many years of experience, Eveline's condition might be..."

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1683

Jeremy's heart skipped a beat at Adam's sudden pause, but he quickly calmed down.

"Linnie and I have been through a lot together, so there is nothing I can't handle. Tell me what's going to happen next, Adam."

"I've just talked to Shirley," Adam said. "Judging from what she had said, and the symptoms of Eveline's flare-up, the symptoms may differ each time she experiences a flare-up. Furthermore, it might worsen each time."

It might worsen each time.

Those words felt like heavy rocks crashing down on Jeremy's heart. His eyebrows tightly knitted together as he looked at Madeline, who had now fallen asleep...

Madeline slept for the entire afternoon. When she woke, she saw Jeremy staring at her with a gentle gaze.

She had always been aware of the circumstances right before she fell asleep. Before Jeremy could speak, Madeline spoke instead, comforting him. "Jeremy, don't worry. I'm fine."

After hearing Madeline's comforting words, Jeremy felt even more distressed.

He sat on the bed and raised his hand, softly stroking Madeline's delicate cheeks. "Linnie, sometimes I'd truly hope that you could be coquettish and complain like those ignorant little ladies. I truly don't want you to be so compassionate. You're obviously the one who is suffering, yet you're the one who is comforting me."

Madeline smiled slightly. "You're so weird, Mr. Whitman. Most men want their women to be considerate, gentle, and thoughtful, yet you're the complete opposite. Do you want me to behave like a little lady, acting coyly and without restraint?"

"I hope so. I truly hope so." Jeremy held Madeline's hand tightly, holding them in his palms, and kissed them. "Linnie, you are too thoughtful, in the past and the present. That is why I hope you'd be less thoughtful in the future."

Madeline understood what Jeremy meant by "less thoughtful". She smiled and nodded. "Okay, I got it. I'll try to make myself into a 'less thoughtful' little lady in the future."

Jeremy pressed his lips into a smile. He bowed his head close to Madeline, dropping a light kiss on her somewhat pale lips.

“Linnie, I made you suffer again because of me.” He lowered his voice, his words ridden with guilt.

Madeline smiled, shaking her head. “Have you forgotten, Mr. Whitman? We are husband and wife, and the husbands and wives should stick together, through thick and thin.”

Jeremy hugged Madeline, feeling his heart breaking further. “Linnie...”

“Cough.”

Madeline was about to speak, but she could not help but cough slightly.

Jeremy released his arms nervously, and his eyes were filled with worry. “Linnie, are you alright? Is the poison flaring up again?”

“No, don’t worry.” Madeline immediately assured him. “I just feel a slight discomfort in my throat.”

Jeremy breathed a sigh of relief, but his gaze turned more solemn.

He knew neither when Madeline would flare up next nor what her condition would be like. He only knew that before it came, Shirley had to be dealt with.

“Jeremy, how’s the arrangement regarding Felipe wanting to see Cathy? Didn’t you say that Felipe and Cathy could meet at a special ceremony? What is it?” Madeline finally revealed her curiosity.

“You’re still concerned about that right now?” Jeremy touched Madeline’s head. “Relax, I think they should be seeing each other now.”

“Now?” At this point, Madeline’s shock overshadowed her curiosity.

She still wanted to ask further, but Jeremy took her hand.

“Linnie, let me bring you somewhere.”

“Where?”

Jeremy gave a mysterious smile. “To a place that is worth remembering and imbued with memories.”

A place that is worth remembering and imbued with memories.

A scene quickly emerged in Madeline’s mind...

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1684

The blue sea and the salty sea breeze.

That was the smell of April Hill all year round.

Now, however, the sea breeze blew with a biting coldness.

Crash.

The waves rushed forth, repeatedly crashing against the reef and shore.

On the empty beach, two figures stood face to face.

Felipe had deliberately groomed himself today, restoring his former graceful gentleman image. He now looked at the person in front of him, unlike in the past, with tenderness and affection.

The person in front of him no longer looked the way she did back then as well.

Cathy's once tender and sweet little face was now adorned with a hint of mature charm unfamiliar to him. There was no longer the pure admiration for him in her eyes; it had been replaced with some level of calmness and composure that could only be gained through experience.

Whoosh.

Although the sea breeze felt like knives as it blew at them, Felipe did not feel the cold, for his heart was burning hot at this moment.

He had not expected Jeremy to arrange for him to meet Cathy here.

Even though a policeman waited for him in the police car a short distance away, even though he had only one hour, he was already satisfied.

Amidst the silence, Felipe finally summoned the courage to speak. "Cath."

The way by which he addressed her, though in a familiar voice, bore a hint of foreignness within its intimacy.

Cathy calmly looked at Felipe. Her tone was still so gentle as she spoke. "There's no need for you to call

me that, Mr. Whitman. It should be clear to you that you don't have much time, so if there's anything you want to say, you should just say it as quickly as you can."

In the face of Cathy's indifference, Felipe felt disappointed, but he figured that this was fine.

The best outcome would be for her to let go.

Smiling in relief, he said, "Cath, you remembered everything, is that right?"

Cathy no longer denied it. "Yes, I have remembered a long time ago. I'm also aware that Evie and Jez have already told you that you are the father of those two children."

Upon hearing Cathy's admission of this, an indescribable wave of emotions seemed to ripple through Felipe's heart.

"However, I won't be letting them know that you're their biological father. You are not worthy."

Cathy's words seemed to rapidly freeze the ripples of emotions in Felipe's heart. His whole body seemed to immediately freeze over too, let alone his heart.

Who could he blame though?

He only had himself to blame.

Felipe put on a bitter, self-deprecating smile, the light in his eyes flickering. A while later, he uttered, "Adam is a good man. He's worthy for you to depend on."

Cathy looked at Felipe, indifferent. "Of course, I know Adam is a good man. I don't need you to tell me that, Felipe. If you don't have anything else to say to me, I'll leave then. My kids would cry if they didn't see their mother for too long."

After she had said that, Cathy glanced at Felipe and turned around.

"Wait." Felipe hurriedly stepped forward. At that moment, he could not control himself as he grabbed Cathy's hand.

The moment their skin came into contact, everything around them seemed to suddenly come to a standstill.

At this moment, it was as though the two of them were the only people on earth.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1685

Felipe and Cathy locked eyes. After a long while, Cathy returned to her senses and broke free from Felipe's hand.

"What on earth do you want to say?" Cathy asked, seemingly impatiently. "If you're still not going to speak, I'll leave, seriously."

Seeing the decisiveness in Cathy's eyes, Felipe dared not waste any more time.

Carefully, he took out an object from his pocket, then stretched out his hand toward Cathy.

Cathy looked down. The sight of the red string in Felipe's palm stupefied her.

"I'm sorry. Forgive me for only realizing your importance after losing you. Forgive me for discovering you to be that little girl I have been thinking about for more than ten years only after realizing your importance."

When Cathy heard Felipe's words, her expression became slightly dazed for a moment, and a strange emotion flashed in her eyes.

"What... did you say?" Her tone, losing the earlier calmness, now sounded somewhat shaky. "Didn't you know the entire time? Didn't you only decide to sponsor me because you knew about our first meeting back then?"

"No." Felipe shook his head slightly. "This whole time, I had mistaken Eveline as you."

"... What?" Cathy was shocked once again. At the same time, she finally understood.

'No wonder Felipe had been so concerned about Madeline and would protect her no matter what. It seemed that he had made a mistake...'

"For all those years, since meeting Eveline, I had thought she was you. I had thought that she was the girl who had given me the red rope when I was a child, bringing me hope and joy. Until I thought that you were going to leave me forever. Then, I finally realized that, after all these years, I had been giving the warmth and love that I should have given you to the wrong person."

"..."

Upon hearing this, tears silently fell from Cathy's eyes.

Those tears were quickly dried by the wind, and she started laughing through her tears.

"Cath, perhaps we're not fated to be with each other in this life." Felipe raised his hand and tried to caress Cathy's cheek, but midway, he clenched back his fist, slowly retracting it.

“When Jeremy had hurt Eveline back then, he could turn back because he had not crossed the line. However, I’m different. I had crossed the line. This is also the gap that prevents us from coming together again.”

Felipe smiled as he spoke.

“I’m happy to be able to see you again. Adam will bring you happiness, and I sincerely wish you two all the best. Of course, I wish that the two children would grow up healthily too. You’d also have to keep this secret forever. Don’t let them know that they have such an abominable biological father.”

In the end, Felipe still took Cathy’s hand.

He once had the opportunity to hold these small and soft hands tightly, but he had pushed them away ruthlessly. Now, all he could do was put them down gently.

Felipe placed the red rope in Cathy’s palm before bowing his head. Then, he pressed a deep kiss on the back of her hand. In the end, he could only let go.

“Cath, you must live a blissful life.”

After giving his blessing, Felipe turned around.

The moment he let go, Cathy felt as though her heart was being hollowed out.

She clenched the red rope in her hand, watching Felipe’s bleak silhouette as he walked further away from her. Tears pricked at the corners of her eyes again.

“Felipe!”

She called out his name with an indescribably intense feeling.

Felipe's footsteps came to a halt.

He turned his head. It was unsure if his eyes were moist from the sea breeze as his vision of the beautiful face seemed slightly blurry. Gradually, he could not see Cathy's expression clearly, but he could hear her question clearly. "Felipe, is there still a chance for us to see each other again?"

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1686

Upon hearing her words, Felipe gave a slight and gentle smile. "In the next life, Cath. I'll see you in the next life."

His tone, light and shallow, blew past Cathy's ears like a gust of wind, falling instead into her heart, leaving an extremely profound imprint.

Cathy's tears broke out from her eyes against her will.

The next life, he said.

It turned out that they were truly not destined to be together in this life.

Felipe quickly got into the police car. The moment the car started, he looked at her through the car window, and tears welled up in his eyes.

'Cath, I'll only be able to see you again in the next life.

'In my next life, I'll be a respectable and law-abiding person. Never again will I cross the line and stoop to anything unscrupulous.

'Cath, thank you for coming into my life. Thank you, and goodbye.'

He thought to himself before shifting his gaze away.

As the police car promptly drove away, Cathy remained rooted to the ground, not knowing what it means to feel relieved...

Half an hour later, Madeline and Jeremy arrived at the beach of April Hill.

Madeline immediately saw Cathy standing in a daze by the coast, while Felipe was nowhere to be seen on the beach.

Jeremy too was a little bewildered. They were promised an hour, and the time was not up yet, so why had Felipe left?

When Cathy heard movement behind her, she glanced back. She forced a smile upon seeing Madeline and Jeremy.

"He had already left. He told me that he'll see me in the next life." The smile remained plastered on her face. "I think he has already made up his mind."

"How could it turn out like this?" Jeremy said in disbelief.

He had thought Cathy to be the last ray of light that could pull Felipe out from the darkness.

However, Felipe's final decision remained unchanged.

“Linnie, stay here with Cathy. I’m going to talk to Felipe.” Jeremy hurriedly said and drove away immediately.

Seeing Cathy’s sorrowful face, Madeline felt sorry for the woman with all her heart.

“Cathy, deep down, you still can’t let go of Felipe, can you?”

Cathy tugged the corners of her lips, feeling dejected. “It’s truly easy to fall in love, but it turns out that letting go is very difficult. So difficult...”

She sighed. As she looked at the endless sea, the light in her eyes gradually faded...

Jeremy rushed to the prison that held Felipe as quickly as possible. Soon after, Felipe arrived.

Instead of being bound in handcuffs, he was impeccably dressed. He also seemed to be accepting of his impending death, visible from his tranquil manner.

However, Jeremy was infuriated seeing him act this way. “Felipe, have you thought this through? Do you honestly want to choose this path? Do you know that you could appeal? Even if you had committed those crimes, you also have the opportunity and the right to give yourself a chance to fight for a heavy sentence. This is a right granted by the law!”

“Jeremy, I know you only want what’s best for me, but I’ve already made my decision. I hope you can respect it,” Felipe said lightly.

“Respect? In that case, are you showing respect for Cathy? Are you showing respect for your two children? No, you aren’t, Felipe. You’re only thinking about atoning for your sins, but do you think that your passing on is a means of atonement? I’m telling you, it’s not!”

“Felipe, I’m asking you again. Do you truly want to give up on this opportunity?”

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1687

Jeremy had always thought that he was of a calm disposition, but now, he was on edge.

Felipe was giving up on himself. As his nephew, Jeremy was extremely worried.

Jeremy knew that if Felipe were willing, Felipe could certainly avoid the death penalty. However, he seemed to have accepted his fate.

He had also thought that, after meeting with Cathy and learning that he had two children, Felipe would certainly aspire to continue living. On the contrary, the meeting only solidified his determination to walk resolutely towards death.

“Felipe, have you thought about it, truly?” Jeremy sought his confirmation yet again. “You only live once. There’s no turning back.”

After listening to Jeremy’s earnest reminder, Felipe seemed to be lost in contemplation.

A long while later, Felipe lifted his gentle and narrow eyes.

“Jeremy, I need your help for the final time.”

“Tell me.”

“I hope Cathy will have a blissful and carefree life from now on.”

“You can give her the bliss that she wants.”

Upon hearing his words, Felipe curled his lips into a small smile. “Her bliss would require a condition, and that would be for me to withdraw from her life.”

Jeremy frowned at this. “How in the world do you want me to help?”

Felipe only gave a mysterious smile. “Jeremy, I believe that with your ability, you’d certainly be able to assist me in performing this task with perfection.”

Jeremy stared at Felipe’s smiling face in confusion. Felipe’s words slowly made it clear to Jeremy what Felipe’s favor would entail.

Jeremy could deeply sense Felipe’s love for Cathy in his words.

He pitied them and felt a pang of heartache for Felipe.

Felipe was most probably very regretful, but regret was often useless.

In this regard, Jeremy had already experienced much himself.

Fortunately, he and Madeline could still turn back, but Felipe and Cathy...

...

The seaside of April Hill.

Madeline accompanied Cathy for some time as they enjoyed the sea breeze. Although it was a little cold, Madeline did not want to disturb her.

Madeline, watching Cathy standing motionlessly on the shore like a wooden person, felt a pang of heartache for her.

As she was about to persuade Cathy, Cathy looked back and gave Madeline a friendly smile.

“Evie, you don’t need to accompany me. Just let me stay here by myself.”

Madeline approached her. “Cathy, if there’s anything that’s bothering you, don’t hesitate to talk to me about it. You’ll have my undivided attention.”

Tears pricked the corners of Cathy’s eyes. Biting her lip, she strode toward Madeline and hugged her. “Evie.”

The way Cathy called out to her tightened Madeline’s heart.

She held Cathy and gently patted her back, comforting her. “I’m here. Don’t cry. Just tell me if you have any grievances.”

The corners of Cathy’s eyes were soaked as she could no longer fight back the tears. “He said that he’ll see me in the next life. He said that he has always loved the wrong person.”

Madeline’s patting motion suddenly stopped. Based on Cathy’s words, Felipe still intended to accept the death penalty, no longer wanting to appeal.

This surprised Madeline.

It seemed that he seeks death as his atonement.

It was evident that, deep down, Cathy could never truly let go of Felipe.

Despite her earlier memory lapse, the instant that she remembered, her feelings for Felipe would have only become stronger.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1688

Besides comforting Cathy, Madeline did not know what else she could do at this moment.

Half an hour later, Jeremy drove back to the beach of April Hill.

When she saw Jeremy, Cathy hurriedly approached to probe him with her questions.

"Jez, did you meet with him?"

Jeremy faced Cathy, who had an expectant look on her face, and gave a slight nod. "Yes."

"Well, what did he... What did you guys talk about?"

Recalling Felipe's request before he left, Jeremy paused for a while before speaking.

"He hopes that you could live a blissful life."

The terse statement felt like a cold sword stabbing through Cathy's heart.

The glint of expectancy in her eyes slowly crumbled until the wind blew away the remnants of her shattered hope, and the light in her eyes completely faded.

Once they had sent Cathy back, Jeremy brought Madeline back to Adam's place.

Adam was currently away at the hospital for consultation.

Madeline could tell that something was up with Jeremy since his return from the meeting with Felipe. As it was awkward to ask him with Cathy in the car earlier, she was waiting for this moment to ask. "Jeremy, what did you guys talk about when you went to see Felipe? It's not just as simple as what you'd told Cathy, isn't it?"

Jeremy had already decided earlier to inform Madeline, but he had not expected her to see through him so quickly.

"Linnie, you certainly know me well." Jeremy could not help but sigh. "Yes, that wasn't the only thing we talked about."

"What else did you talk about then?"

"He asked me to do something for him."

"What is it? You can't even tell Cathy about this?"

"That's right. This is something that can be known by anyone except Cathy," Jeremy said as his expression grew serious.

Madeline immediately realized the import of this matter. At the same time, she became more inquisitive and confused.

“What is it, exactly?” she asked.

As she said that, the hallway reverberated with the sounds of high heels clicking against the floor.

Madeline and Jeremy simultaneously looked up and saw Shirley.

Wearing a coat, Shirley slowly strutted closer toward them. “You must be surprised. You just got a call from me not long ago, yet here I am, in the flesh.”

She chuckled. “Don’t be too surprised. I just want to observe how my experiment is coming along, and my experiment seems quite successful.”

Jeremy had initially intended to seek out Shirley for a solution, so he certainly had not expected her appearance.

Emotion darkened his eyes as he quickly walked toward Shirley. “Shirley, if you want to conduct your experiments, I’ll be your subject. Stop tormenting my wife any further.”

Shirley looked at Jeremy with admiration. “It’s her who I intend to torment. Wouldn’t it be a waste of effort if I were to torment you?”

“Shirley, you...”

“Jeremy.”

Madeline interrupted Jeremy in a gentle tone. She met Shirley's grinning eyes with a calm and sharp gaze.

"Jeremy, let her continue tormenting me. After all, Miss Brown had said that my life won't be so easily ruined no matter what. In that case, so long as I live, I think I can handle whatever torture and suffering that might follow."

Shirley laughed. "Mrs. Whitman is indeed no ordinary woman. Since you are so courageous, I do hope you can survive the next flare-up."

As she carried out her profound speech, she glanced around the house. Her gaze eventually became fixated on the calendar for a few seconds.

"Ah, no wonder he's not in. It seems that today's that day."

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1689

Shirley stared at the calendar for a few moments, then she suddenly turned and left with a cold expression.

Madeline and Jeremy shared a look before shifting their gaze onto the calendar.

That day?

What day was Shirley referring to?

A cemetery in the city outskirts.

For nearly the entire afternoon, Adam had been sitting in front of a tombstone at which two individuals

were laid to rest.

He initially had to go to the hospital for consultations in the afternoon, but this day was too special.

Adam sat alone on the edge of the railing in front of the tombstone. He quietly faced the tombstone and whispered with a smile.

“It’s been another year. Time passes so quickly. I had wanted to come here earlier, but my friend suddenly became unwell, so that delayed me for a bit.” Adam explained to the tombstone. “You must be disappointed, aren’t you? It’s still just me this year. My sister, she...”

“I’m here now, aren’t I?”

A sudden voice interrupted Adam mid-sentence.

He paused abruptly. He looked back in disbelief and saw Shirley walking with a carefree demeanor toward him in a beautiful coat.

Shirley leisurely approached him. She shifted her gaze from the white chrysanthemum in front of the tombstone, to the burning candles, and finally to the engraving on the tombstone before her. Her eyes grew icier the longer she looked at it.

“When did you come back?” Adam asked. They had just talked on the phone not long ago, and he still remembered Shirley’s cold attitude on the phone. He would never have thought that someone who had never asked after their parents for more than ten years would suddenly appear here.

“Does it matter when I came back? Isn’t my appearance on this important day all that matters?” Shirley asked with a sneer.

Adam frowned. Such words were always a little unsettling to him. However, today is their parents' death anniversary. It could not have been better now that Shirley came to pay her respects, so he did not want to pry for now.

He walked over and handed a candle to Shirley. "Light a for mom and dad. You had never visited them all these years."

Shirley looked at the candle that Adam was handing out and seemed to ponder for a few seconds. She then reached out her hand.

While Adam had thought that Shirley would light the candle, Shirley threw the candle to the ground and stepped on it with her foot instead.

Additionally, Shirley stretched out her hands and swept the flowers and burning candles off the stone table.

The rattling sounds of the falling objects instantly broke the silence in the cemetery.

Adam, briefly stunned, stepped forward to stop her, but it was too late.

"Shirley, have you gone crazy?" questioned Adam. "This is your birth parent's resting place!"

"Birth parents?" Shirley sneered, responding with extreme coldness. "I don't have such patriarchal parents."

"They were not patriarchal, Shirley. You've always misunderstood mom and dad!" Adam growled lowly, his typically mild and gentle face betraying a never-before-seen impatient look.

"Shirley, for all these years, you've always thought that mom and dad only loved me and not you, but in

fact, the person they had wanted to protect and nurture was you!”

As he finished speaking, Shirley cackled.

“Heh, hehe, hahaha...” Shirley howled with laughter. “Adam, you’re only saying this to get the anti-toxoid reagent for Eveline, aren’t you?”

“This is our family’s affair. Why would I involve an outsider?”

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1690

Adam emphasized, then carefully explained.

“Shirley, you always think that you’re so smart, but you’re extremely stupid when it comes to this! You keep thinking that our parents hadn’t cared about you and ignored you. Even when they’d sent you to St. Piaf to further your studies, you still think that they’d abandoned you. I’m telling you, Shirley, you’re just too conceited!”

“Shut up!”

Shirley stopped Adam, feeling slightly infuriated.

“Who do you think you are to lecture me? I’m warning you, Adam. Stop meddling in my business with Eveline and Jeremy. If you dare antagonize me by helping them develop the anti-toxoid test reagent again, you’d just be asking for trouble!”

“Trouble? By trouble, do you mean Carter Gray? The man who has you at his beck and call, isn’t that right?”

When Adam mentioned Carter, Shirley's expression changed abruptly.

Adam felt even more pained upon seeing the change in Shirley's expression.

"Are you in love with that man?" Adam asked in a much softer tone.

Shirley did not respond.

Adam frowned further. "Shirley, stay away from that man. Otherwise, you'll be beyond redemption."

He spoke as he brought out a small notebook from his coat pocket. "I know that you won't believe anything I say, so you should uncover the truth by yourself."

He handed the notebook to Shirley.

Shirley lowered her gaze, glanced at it, her pupils suddenly constricted in recognition.

It was an old and aged little notebook. She knew it so well that she could still remember where the brown stain on the cover came from.

"You should still be able to recognize dad's notebook, right? You should still be familiar with dad's handwriting too. I found this when I was packing mom's and dad's belongings after they'd passed away. You ought to read dad's diary entry back then and see for yourself whether they had loved you or had wanted to abandon you."

Shirley stared at the notebook for a long time, but she did not take it, laughing absent-mindedly instead.

“Do you still intend on lying to me, Adam?”

“I think you don’t have the nerve to read the contents. Am I right, Shirley?” Adam asked sarcastically, then gently placed the notebook on the stone table. “Regardless of whether you want to read it or not, I’ll leave this here. At the end of the day, I just want to tell you that a doctor’s duty is to save the dying and heal the wounded. I won’t just stand by and watch my patients suffer. That is why, Shirley, I’ll definitely save Eveline.”

After saying this, Adam cleared the mess that Shirley had caused before turning around to leave with the garbage.

Shirley stood alone in the cold winter wind. Her mind was awl with Adam’s every word.

She lifted her gaze, facing the tombstone which was engraved with the names that she would never forget as long as she lived.

Here laid her closest family members, yet her heart bore only hatred for them.

All these years, she had always been insistent and firm in her belief that her parents, having no love for her, had always wanted to abandon her. However, on this day, at this moment, her firm belief seemed to be shaken, making her anxious and frightened.

There was a sudden blast of bleak and biting cold wind, and the notebook was blown off the stone table.

Shirley had wanted to ignore the notebook so that she could continue hating them. Coincidentally, the notebook, blown off by the wind, fell at her feet.

She had to notice it now. She had to squat down and pick up the notebook.

She had intended to avoid looking at the notebook contents no matter what, but through the corner of her eye, she heedlessly glimpsed at the contents of one of the pages...

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1691

Shirley held the corner of the notepad, her fingers trembling slightly.

Upon seeing the familiar handwriting, the cold wind seemed to dampen the corners of her eyes in an instant.

It was unknown how much time had passed before Shirley stood up with a cold look on her face while biting her red lip and pinching the corner of the notebook.

Her almond eyes were filled with tears as she stared indifferently at the engravings on the tombstone in front of her. After staying for about ten seconds, Shirley turned and left.

A few days later, news quickly spread on the internet.

The news was of Felipe's death sentence.

When Felipe's photos, education, background, and all the relevant information were dug out, many pitied him, but more were feeling pleased with this decision.

Those who had committed a crime should not be sympathized and felt sorry for.

Cathy also saw this push notification. The moment she saw the news, she seemed to have fallen into the ice cave. Her whole body was cold and stiff.

He had chosen not to appeal, after all. He willingly accepted the death sentence in the end.

In addition to that, the day of the death penalty had also been pushed forward.

Cathy glanced at the two children playing with the nanny in the living room and decided to go out after some contemplation. However, as soon as she walked into the hallway, her son Juan ran to her.

“Mommy, Mommy, where are you going?” The little guy raised his innocent eyes and looked up at Cathy curiously.

Cathy bent down and tried hard to put a smile on her face. “Mommy is going to see an uncle.”

“Uncle? Is it the handsome uncle who helped me pick up my balloon?” the child asked in a childish tone. Although his words were a little inarticulate, Cathy still understood him.

She touched his little head and nodded gently. “Yeah.”

“I want to go too.” The little guy waved his cute hands.

Cathy paused and asked again, “Do you really want to go too?”

“Yes!” the little guy said affirmatively without thinking.

Cathy was silent for a few seconds. Then, she nodded. "Okay, then you can come along with me."

As she said that, she took the child's hand and stepped out, leaving her daughter to the nanny's care.

On the way to the prison, Cathy's heart was beating anxiously. Her hands kept clasping the corners of her clothes.

She should not be going to see Felipe anymore, but he was going to die. He was dying. He was going to be dead...

The word 'dead' kept lingering in Cathy's mind. She could not face it and could not accept the day when Felipe would die, but this day was about to come.

Ten minutes later, she arrived at the prison only to coincidentally see Madeline and Jeremy walking out from there.

Cathy hurriedly walked over and asked, "Evie, Jeremy, did you guys just visit Felipe?"

Madeline and Jeremy looked at each other before shaking their heads at the same time. "He doesn't want to see anyone anymore."

This answer made Cathy's heart go cold. By anyone, it also included her, right?

Her legs felt as if they had been filled with lead and she could no longer move forward.

“Mommy, Mommy,” the little guy called out to Cathy and shook her hand.

Cathy came back to her senses. “What’s the matter, Juan?”

“Mommy, are we not going anymore?” the little guy asked.

Cathy did not know what to say for a moment.

“Cathy, you should go in. Maybe Felipe will want to see you.” Jeremy’s face was solemn. “If you’re able to change his mind, you should persuade him to appeal again. If you can’t...”

Jeremy paused as he said that and Madeline raised her eyes to look at Cathy whose eyes were restless. She said, “If you can’t, then treat it as the last time you’ll be seeing him and bid farewell to him.”

Farewell. The last time...

Cathy was unable to face those words until now.

After a long while, Cathy stepped forward.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1692

She took the child by his hand and walked into the prison.

Madeline and Jeremy were waiting at the entrance while holding hands. The warm winter sun looked brilliant, but it was unable to bring them any warmth at all.

After Cathy entered the building, she explained to the prison guard why she was here.

Due to Felipe's extraordinary circumstances, the prison guard asked Cathy to wait outside.

While she was waiting, Cathy became sick with worry.

She wandered back and forth in the hall, waiting for a less regrettable result.

It did not take long for the prison guard to come back, but he only had an answer that made Cathy's heart turn cold.

"Miss Jordan, Felipe said that he doesn't want to see anyone, especially you."

Cathy was stunned. 'It turns out that I'm the person you don't want to see the most right now.'

She smiled. "Thank you."

After thanking him, Cathy turned around but looked back again after taking two steps.

"He's about to be executed, isn't he?"

The prison guard glanced at Cathy and nodded.

With this definite answer, Cathy felt her vision turning black and even her brain was blank for a

moment.

Madeline and Jeremy had been waiting outside. They hoped to wait a little longer because if they were here long enough, it would mean that Cathy had seen Felipe. However, in the end, Cathy came back out again soon after.

“It seems that he has already made up his mind.” Madeline and Jeremy looked at each other. “Felipe has given it a lot of thought.”

“Then we shall respect his wishes and help him fulfill his last wish.”

“Okay.”

Madeline nodded. Suddenly, she felt a touch of warmth from the winter sun.

The days after returning home, Cathy would stay in her apartment in a daze and rarely went out. Most of the time, she would just be standing on the balcony tending to the yellow roses.

‘Felipe, maybe you didn’t know this but yellow roses also carry meaning.

‘It means I’m still waiting for you.

‘However, you will eventually leave me. You’ll leave me forever and ever.’

Cathy did not expect Felipe to be sentenced so quickly and would even be executed soon.

When she woke up early this morning, the sky was gray.

Cathy held the umbrella and walked to the flower shop downstairs. She bought a bunch of yellow roses as usual. When she walked out of the shop, the rain suddenly became slightly heavier.

Looking at the city shrouded in rain and fog, Cathy's heart seemed to fall into darkness.

As her thoughts wandered, her phone vibrated. It was a call from Adam. Cathy answered and Adam's gentle greeting sounded from the other end.

"Are you okay?" Adam's voice was gentle and laced with boundless concern.

Cathy froze for a moment before speaking, "I'm fine. How about you?"

On the other end, Adam was silent for a while. "I'm fine too. If you have time, bring the kids over to hang out with me. I miss Juan and Jan."

"I'll bring them over to play with you. Thank you, Adam. I'll hang up now if there's nothing else."

"Okay." Although Adam was a little reluctant, he still ended the call.

Cathy looked at the dimmed phone screen. Then, the screen lit up again while she was in a daze. This time, it was from Jeremy.

For some reason, she started to feel dazed when she looked at the incoming call.

In the end, she still answered the call. "Jeremy, what's the matter?"

"He's gone."

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1693

It was just a few brief words but they were deeply imprinted in Cathy's heart.

She also instantly understood what he meant by that.

"Cathy, are you still listening?"

Cathy abruptly came to her senses when she heard Jeremy calling out to her.

"I am."

She tried to control her emotions and keep calm, but she still could not hide the tremble in her voice.

"Thank you for telling me about this, Jeremy. If there's nothing else, I'm going to hang up now."

Cathy hung up the phone in a hurry at the same time she finished her sentence.

She did not have the courage to continue listening at all. She could not even handle even one more word.

The rain in front of her was getting heavier and heavier. The dense raindrops seemed to smash against her heart, causing her intense pain.

The yellow roses in her arms seemed to lose their colors in an instant, losing their original meaning as well.

Tears escaped from her eyes unconsciously, blurring her vision.

'Felipe Whitman, I don't know if we'll meet again in the next life, but in this life, it seems we have no chance of meeting ever again.'

...

After the flare-up from that day, Madeline moved back to Whitman Manor.

The original plan was that when Madeline had a flare-up, Adam would take a sample of the anti-toxoid test reagent that Shirley gave her. However, the situation was so urgent that Adam did not manage to get the sample of the anti-toxoid test reagent.

Adam felt very guilty regarding this because this was his purpose for letting Madeline move in and now it was all for nothing. However, he would not give up just like this. He started studying the poison developed by Shirley with another approach.

Madeline was not bothered but Jeremy was even more worried now.

He had no idea what poison Shirley had used on Madeline, and he did not even know what would happen to Madeline the next time her condition flared up.

When he recalled what he had gone through whenever he had flare-ups, he could not imagine the pain Madeline would have to endure. It might even be several times worse than what he had gone through.

However, he did not express his worries. He no longer expressed his worries in front of Madeline.

After Madeline returned to Whitman Manor, she had more time to take care of Eloise and accompany her children. Among the three children, she was worried about Lillian the most.

Jeremy knew what Madeline was worried about. Plus, he finally got a response after sending people to look for Fabian.

During breakfast, Jeremy stopped Madeline who was going to take care of the children. "Linnie, there's news about Fabian."

Madeline was alarmed but pleasantly surprised. "Where is he now? Is he still in Glendale?"

"He's returned to F Country," Jeremy told Madeline what he had learned. "He's also started a business, and he seems to be doing pretty well."

"He started a business?" Madeline pondered thoughtfully for a few seconds. "Jeremy, did you get into contact with him?"

Jeremy frowned and shook his head slightly. "He didn't change his number. He just doesn't want to contact us anymore."

Upon hearing this, Madeline inevitably felt a little disappointed.

She did not understand Fabian as a person at the beginning, but eventually, she started treating him as a trusted friend.

Madeline did not think that Fabian wanted to distance himself from them because of what had happened to Lana and Yorick. He was not that kind of person. He had a sense of justice and would stand on the side of justice rather than his family.

“Jeremy, I want to meet Fabian. I’m not doing this just for Lily. I also want to figure out why he’s decided to cut off contact with us. I don’t think he’s doing this because of what happened to Lana and Yorick. He’s not that kind of person.” Madeline was very sure of Fabian’s personality in her heart.

Jeremy also agreed. “I’ve asked someone to look into him. He’s coming to Glendale next week to discuss business. Although he doesn’t want to see us, we can still go see him.”

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1694

“Okay.” Madeline had come to a decision. She needed to meet Fabian.

The moment she made her decision, her phone rang.

When she saw that it was from Cathy, Madeline looked at Jeremy.

“Linnie, don’t forget the last thing Felipe told us.”

“I know,” Madeline promised before picking up the call. She put Cathy on speaker.

Apart from the sound of rain, it was silent on the other end of the call.

“Cathy.” Madeline was the first to break the silence. She could probably guess what Cathy was feeling right now.

“It’s me, Evie,” Cathy finally said something, “Evie, I want to know where he’s buried.”

Madeline looked at Jeremy and then said calmly, “Do you want to go see him?”

“He didn’t want to see me for the last time but I shall go and see him for the last time,” Cathy explained. Madeline could hear the helplessness and pain in her words.

Madeline did not say much and just replied, “I’ll send you the address later.”

“Thank you, Evie. I’m hanging up now.”

“Cathy.” Madeline stopped her. “Do you still hate Felipe?”

After she asked that question, there was a long silence on the other end of the call.

Madeline could probably guess the answer. She did not ask anymore and said, “I’ll send the address over to you. You should go when the rain stops. It’s inconvenient to go on a rainy day.”

“Thank you for your reminder, Evie. I’ll take good care of myself. I won’t let people who care about me worry anymore.”

“That’s good.” Madeline hung up the phone while feeling at ease. However, she still had a feeling that Cathy would definitely rush to the destination the second she got the address.

Just as Madeline expected, Cathy grabbed an umbrella and left the house after receiving the address.

On the cold and windy winter morning, the cemetery was so quiet that there was only the sound of rain and wind.

Cathy slowly walked to one of the tombstones and looked at the words ‘Felipe Whitman’ engraved on it. While she was looking at it, she started laughing all of a sudden. However, after some laughing, she

started crying.

“I’m sure you didn’t expect to die before me, right? You thought I was dead these last two years.”

“Felipe, I guess what was between us is just a joke.”

“I’ll raise the children myself. If you can hear me, then remember to look over the kids.”

Cathy muttered to herself. She slowly bent down to put the bouquet of yellow roses in front of the tombstone.

“Don’t think that everything has come to an end now that you’re dead. Felipe, I hate you. I still hate you.”

Cathy clenched her fists as indescribable pain started overflowing from her heart.

The good and bad memories started replaying in her mind like a movie. However, those memories were just mere grains amid the quicksand that was the flow of time.

She opened her eyes that were filled with tears and the words ‘Felipe Whitman’ were flickering in her blurry vision.

“If there’s a next life, let’s not meet anymore. Perhaps the best ending for both of us is to see each other but not know each other.”

After she said that, Cathy closed her eyes. The wind caressed her cheeks and brought away the tears in the corners of her eyes.

She turned around with her umbrella. When she was about to leave, she saw a few men in black who looked like bodyguards standing in front of her.

Cathy was puzzled and also noticed that something was amiss. "Who are you people?"

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1695

Cathy took two steps back in caution. She was wondering if they were the thugs who had caused trouble for Felipe back then, but they did not look like those thugs.

"Who are you people?"

She asked again and took out her phone in secret to call her emergency contact.

"Miss Jordan, don't be scared. We mean you no harm. Our boss just wants to have some coffee with you."

"Who's your boss?" Cathy asked and pressed the number of her emergency contact.

"You'll know who it is when you go. I hope you can cooperate with us. Don't make us take you to the car with brute force," one of the men who looked slightly refined said in a profound manner.

Cathy stopped her finger that was pressing the button. Before she could say anything else, the bodyguards walked toward her.

"Miss Jordan, please."

Cathy did not show any fear or weakness when she saw the men's imperative looks.

“Who’s your boss? Why should I go with you without knowing anything?”

When the man saw that Cathy was not cooperating, he sighed helplessly.

“Since you’re not cooperating with us, Miss Jordan, we can only use this way to take you to the car.”

The man said and eyed the bodyguards at one side.

Two of the bodyguards walked to both of Cathy’s sides and lifted her up without breaking a sweat.

“What are you doing?! Let me go!”

Cathy struggled with all her might, but she could not win against those tall and sturdy men no matter what.

She was forcefully taken into the car. The car was driving very fast, so it was impossible for her to jump out of it. She could only let them do whatever they wanted with her.

Adam was in his office doing his research with full attention. When he was done, he noticed that Cathy had called him not long ago.

He quickly called her back but realized that she had switched off her phone.

Adam started feeling nervous. He quickly checked the location of Cathy’s phone and found out that her phone was in a place he had never been to before.

At this moment, Cathy was sitting in an extravagant-looking European-style living room. As she faced the

cold and expressionless face that looked like an iceberg, her heart was filled with questions.

“Professor Gray, why did you go through so much trouble to bring me here?” Cathy went straight to the point. “My children are still waiting for me at home, so I can’t stay out for too long.”

When Carter heard the way Cathy addressed him, the corners of his lips moved slightly.

“I noticed you back when we were in the academy. You’re talented in hypnotism and your results were exceptional as well. The only person who could break my hypnotism so far is you.”

It sounded as if Carter was praising Cathy, but she did not think so.

“Professor Gray, can you just tell me why you brought me here?”

When Carter saw Cathy’s impatient expression, he slowly lifted his cup of coffee and leisurely took a sip.

“Taste this coffee. Is it the same as the one you had in St. Piaf?”

“...”

Cathy peered askance at the coffee on the coffee table. She did not know why Carter was saying that.

“Have a taste.”

Carter parted his lips again, and his tone was mild.

When Cathy thought of what had happened to Madeline, she looked at the cup of coffee but did not reach out to hold it.

Carter detected Cathy's doubts and smiled. "You're very cautious. However, don't worry. I didn't add anything to the coffee. I didn't have a particular reason when I asked my men to bring you here. I just want you to stay here for some time."

"You want me to stay here?" Cathy was in disbelief. Then, she saw Carter nodding firmly.

"Why do you want me to stay here?"

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1696

Carter smiled slightly as he gracefully placed the cup down.

Without speaking further, he stood up and left.

Cathy stood up in response. "Carter Gray."

She called out, but Carter ignored her and continued to walk on.

Cathy had thought of chasing after him, but then saw Shirley walking past Carter and toward her.

Upon seeing her stunning face, memories started to resurface in Cathy's mind.

"You're Adam's sister (TN: Cathy formally addressed Adam as a senior here), aren't you?"

Shirley curled her red lips into a smile. She then took out a cigarette, taking a drag. "Adam? I had

thought you were already my sister-in-law, but I guess that's not the case."

Although Cathy understood what Shirley had meant, she did not panic. "Do you and Carter know each other? Why did you guys bring me here?"

Shirley did not answer Cathy's question. She took another drag of her cigarette and asked, "The person you love is named Felipe Whitman, is that right?"

Cathy's felt as though something had brutally pierced her heart at the mention of Felipe.

She absentmindedly stared at Shirley; her gaze seemed unfocused.

Seeing the dazed-looking Cathy, Shirley's smile immediately vanished.

"My brother had given you his heart and had even raised those two brats for you, yet all you keep thinking about is that man, Felipe. Love and relationships in this world are just unfair, isn't it?"

"Nonetheless, God is still somewhat fair. Now that the Felipe guy is dead, would you say that this is your karma for disappointing my brother?"

Hearing the word "karma", Cathy quickly returned to her senses.

She looked into Shirley's eyes which flickered with a disdainful grin, and calmly said, "If there's truly karma in this world, then the ones who deserve it the most are those malefactors who commit wicked acts."

"Are you talking about me?" Shirley scoffed in contempt. "Miss Jordan, just stay here obediently. Don't even think about leaving for the time being."

“Wait!” Cathy called out to Shirley who turned to leave. “Why are you locking me up here?”

“Why?” Shirley smirked. As she was about to continue speaking, a maid ran over hurriedly.

“Why are you so flustered?” Shirley asked coldly.

“There’s a refined-looking young man in glasses insisting on barging in. He said his important friend is here.” The maid shot a glance at Adam as she spoke.

When Cathy and Shirley heard the maid’s description, they deduced who this man was at the same time.

‘It was Adam.

‘This man was surely Adam.’

Cathy thought quietly and noticed Shirley’s expectant look, a confident smile on her face.

“Let him in.”

“Yes,” the maid responded and turned around.

Shortly after, Adam quickly ran into the living room, appearing before Cathy.

“Cathy!” Adam spotted Cathy and ran over to her with a worried look. “Cathy, are you okay? What in the world happened? Why are you here?”

"I had her brought here." Shirley's voice drifted from one side.

Adam looked back and saw Shirley sitting on the sofa, leisurely holding a cigarette as she smoked it.

Adam frowned. He had already told Shirley what he needed to and had even shown her the notebook, yet Shirley was still acting like this.

Not wanting to say much else, he grabbed Cathy's hand. "Cathy, let's go."

"Go? Are you sure you can leave?"

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1697

The chill in Shirley's emotionless voice was palpable.

Adam looked at Shirley, tightening his grip on Cathy's hand, and continued toward the door.

Barely a few steps and Shirley's voice drifted from behind once again.

"Adam, I brought her here so that you can be content with your lot. Don't you even think about stepping out of the door."

Upon hearing these words, Cathy instantly understood.

She was merely bait for Adam, who would come and look for her here, luring him into this trap.

Adam's fists clenched as he suddenly turned around. When he saw Shirley smoking in a carefree demeanor, his face fell. "Shirley, you should've already read dad's notebook. Why are you still acting like this?"

Shirley stepped toward Adam, her face insipid. "Adam, you're already an adult. Are you so naive to think you could solve this matter, one that had been gnawing at my mind for all these years, just by doing that? Let me tell you. It's not possible!"

She gritted her teeth as she spat out the last three words.

Adam could deeply sense Shirley's heartlessness. He also knew there was nothing else that he needed to say. He only wanted to get Cathy away from here.

"If you just want to keep me here, I'll stay. Let Cathy go," Adam requested firmly.

However, Shirley would certainly not agree to that. "None of you are allowed to leave," she said, her eyebrows raised.

After her cold words, she instructed the maid next to her before she went upstairs.

As Adam stared at Shirley's figure decisively walking away, he could not help but frown.

Cathy, seeing Adam's troubled expression, tried to ease his anxiety.

"Let's just stay here then, treat this as a holiday. You're her brother, so she shouldn't do anything to you."

Adam sighed softly after hearing that. He looked at Cathy; his eyes filled with regret while hers flickered with a smile.

“I’m sorry for dragging you into this. I’m the one she’s after.”

“I should be the one apologizing. If it wasn’t for me, you won’t even be in this mess,” Cathy apologized, then thanked him sincerely. “Adam, I’m very grateful for your concern. No one else has shown me such care besides my parents.”

Adam’s eyes glinted, feeling touched by her words.

While he knew Felipe had been executed, he never thought that he would get his chance this way.

However, a selfish notion lingered in his mind—the notion to grab the chance to care for her forever.

As Adam brought Cathy to the room that Shirley had arranged for them, he surveyed the surroundings. While it might seem easy to escape, Adam doubted that was the case.

Judging from Cathy’s words, Adam also finally understood the kind of person Carter was.

Cathy was unclear as to Carter’s and Shirley’s purpose for trapping Adam here.

However, Adam quickly dispelled Cathy’s uncertainty.

“They don’t want me to develop an anti-toxoid test reagent that cures the poison within Eveline’s body.” Adam could see through their plan. “Shirley developed a type of poison, which has been taking effect in Eveline’s body. She doesn’t want me to develop an anti-toxoid test reagent to combat this poison.”

“What? There’s still poison in Evie’s body?”

"That's right." Adam frowned in distress. "I truly don't understand why on earth Shirley's doing this."

"Perhaps it's not what she wants to do, but who she's doing this for."

Upon hearing Cathy's words, Adam was stunned as realization hit him. "Could it be Carter? She's doing this for Carter."

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1698

"I think so." Cathy was certain about this.

She suddenly thought she could see her old self in Shirley.

Back then, she would similarly do anything for Felipe without hesitation. She would do it for Felipe no matter what it was.

Back then, she had even hypnotized Jeremy for that man...

However, that day was already long gone.

Now, not only was that day long gone but so too was that person.

While she was lost in thought, she heard Adam's phone ringing.

"It's Jeremy," Adam said, gesturing to Cathy to not make a sound.

Cathy nodded, then Adam picked up the phone. "Don't worry. I assure you, I'll develop the anti-toxoid test reagent to heal Eveline as soon as possible. I've been busy with my research recently, so don't worry if you can't contact me. I'll call the moment there's an update."

Cathy could tell that Adam did not want Jeremy to know about his captivity. Her heart suddenly ached for this man who always prioritized the needs of others with little consideration for himself.

Meanwhile, Jeremy, oblivious to Adam's and Cathy's plight, had been mostly concerned about Fabian's movements all this while.

Based on what he understood about the situation so far, Fabian would be reaching Glendale in two days.

When Madeline had learned this, her immediate concern was her precious daughter.

She knew the little princess truly wanted to see Fabian.

Fabian must have an extraordinary presence in the little princess's pure heart.

However, she did not tell Lillian about the possibility of seeing Fabian again. She sent the children to school as usual, and on her way home, she got a call from Jeremy. He told her Fabian would be arriving at Glendale by plane in an hour.

Madeline drove straight to the Glendale Airport. About two hours later, Madeline had yet to see Fabian at the airport exit.

At this moment, a tall figure appeared out of nowhere at the entrance of the kindergarten Lillian and Jackson attended.

The man wore a black coat over his towering figure, emitting a cold and mature air of austerity.

He stepped forward, approaching the guardhouse by the entrance.

When the guard saw the man, he went up and asked, "Who are you looking for, sir?"

"I'm looking for a child named Lillian Whitman from Sunflower Class B," the man said calmly.

The guard thoughtfully regarded the man. "Sir, who are you to Lillian Whitman?"

The man briefly froze, then answered, "I'm her family."

"Family?" The guard was doubtful. Before he could ask further, the man handed him a photo.

It was a photo of him and Lillian.

When the guard saw this photo, he lowered his guard. "Wait here for a moment."

"Okay." The man nodded slightly. He saw the guard walking in, and soon after, a petite figure appeared.

The class teacher held Lillian's hand as they slowly walked toward him.

Upon seeing that pure and adorable face again, the man's eyes narrowed, subtly glinting.

As Lillian finally saw the man, her small legs slowly came to a halt.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1699

When the class teacher saw that Lillian had stopped, she curiously looked at the man standing outside the gate. She then bent down and gently asked Lillian, "Lily, do you know that man? If you do, nod your head. If you don't, you can shake your head to tell me."

After the class teacher had spoken, Lillian neither shook nor nodded her head for more than ten seconds.

The class teacher found this to be a little peculiar. She knew that while Lillian could not speak, she could understand simple sentences.

She glanced at the man outside the gate and let go of Lillian's hand before walking over.

"What's your name, sir? You'd said that you're Lillian's family, but it seems that she doesn't know you." The class teacher voiced her concern.

"My last name is Johnson," the man replied. He looked toward Lillian, who remained unmoving, and slowly took out a piece of candy from his pocket.

Lillian seemed to be roused by the candy. She blinked her vivid, clear, and large eyes, then put her small hand into her pocket and took out a similar-looking candy.

When the man outside the gate saw the piece of candy in that small hand, a smile appeared on his handsome face.

"Long time no see, Lily," Fabian said in a soft voice as he reached out his hand to Lillian.

Lillian gazed into Fabian's eyes, gleaming with a warm smile, before taking a few steps forward slowly.

As the class teacher watched this transpiring, she asked again, concerned, “Lily, do you actually know this man?”

Lily, no longer silent, nodded seriously.

She walked up to Fabian and waved her small hand.

Fabian understood. He squatted in front of Lillia, smiling.

Lillian’s clear, large eyes gleamed radiantly as she reached out her fair little hands to hold Fabian’s palm. She then placed the candy which she had been keeping properly all this time into Fabian’s palm, gesturing to the man to hold it tightly.

Fabian’s eyes glinted, feeling touched in the softest spot in his heart.

The softness, however, quickly hardened for some reason.

“Long time no see, Lily. Let me take you out to play, okay?” Fabian coaxed.

Without any hesitation, Lillian nodded with fervor, her pure and adorable baby face beaming with joy.

Upon seeing Lillian and Fabian interacting with such familiarity and Lillian’s joyful smile, the class teacher was more at ease with leaving Lillian with Fabian, but she gave Madeline a call all the same.

Madeline and Jeremy, who were still waiting at the airport enquiring about Fabian’s current location, had not expected to receive this call.

“Did you say that a young man named Johnson picked up my daughter?”

“That’s right. Lillian seemed to know him very well,” the class teacher said as she took a photo and sent it to Madeline. “This is the man. Please confirm it for me, Mrs. Whitman.”

When Madeline had received the photo and taken a look, she and Jeremy were both shocked.

They had not expected Fabian to have arrived earlier, let alone expected that the first thing he did after arriving at Glendale was to find their precious daughter!

“Mrs. Whitman, do you know this man?”

“Yes, I know him. He’s a friend of mine,” said Madeline as she hastily ran to the parking lot with Jeremy, “Miss Ina, could I trouble you to put my friend on the phone? I’ve not been able to contact him.”

The class teacher was about to hand Fabian the phone upon hearing that, but when she lifted her gaze, she saw that Fabian, Lillian on his arm, was already walking across the zebra crossing.

“Mrs. Whitman, your friend had already left with Lily.”

These words somehow made Madeline begin to feel apprehensive.

Jeremy, who was just beside her, could tell that Madeline was worried, so he immediately comforted her. “Linnie, don’t worry. Fabian won’t hurt Lily.”

Even so, Madeline was still concerned.

“He’s still not picking up his phone.”

Madeline started to feel increasingly uneasy. Their numbers had been blocked, so she had deliberately changed to a new number, yet Fabian still did not pick up her calls.

She was having misgivings about this. ‘What on earth happened? Why was Fabian suddenly treating them like strangers?’

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1700

While Fabian could be considered a stranger, his behavior toward their little princess was out of the ordinary.

Otherwise, why would he find Lillian immediately getting off the plane?

An amusement park nearby.

Since it was winter and the working hours, there were not many people at the park.

Even though the sun shone brightly, it was not enough to warm the body in the chilling winter.

Fabian was standing by the railing, watching Lillian who sat happily on the carousel. His face and eyes no longer held the warmth from earlier.

He narrowed his eyes, staring at the candy on the palm of his hand.

The candy wrapper had already faded, and the candy inside too had expired. Just like some other things, they had deteriorated in these two years.

However, he very well understood that, despite the faded wrapper and expired candy, some ingredients, like some relationships, still held unique meaning.

While still deep in thought, his phone started vibrating again.

He knew that it had to be from Madeline and Jeremy.

Fabian ignored it. When the carousel was slowing down, he walked up and waited for Lillian.

When the carousel stopped, he reached out and gently pulled Lillian into his arms.

Touching that soft petite body somehow dispelled the anxiety in Fabian's heart.

He again carried Lillian to another amusement facility to play. He watched her play, staying with her the entire time.

As they leisurely walked around, he bought Lily a balloon, a doll, and sweet cotton candy.

Although children were undoubtedly very annoying and clingy creatures, yet Fabian did not find Lillian to be annoying in the slightest.

The only thing he found unfortunate was Lillian's inability to speak.

The person who was responsible for causing Lillian's inability for normal speech was his sister Lana.

'Heh, Lana.'

She was dead. They were all dead.

All his family members were dead.

Thump!

While Fabian was lost in thought, he heard a sudden noise.

He lifted his gaze and saw that Lillian had fallen. He blanched immediately as he strode over to her.

“Lily, where does it hurt? Tell me, quickly!” Fabian’s eyes were filled with worry and concern.

Lillian pointed at her right knee where her sock was ripped, faintly revealing a scratch wound.

This should be very painful for a five- or six-year-old little girl, yet Lillian’s clear, wide, round eyes shed not a single tear.

She neither cried nor made a fuss. Her calmness and stubbornness greatly resembled Madeline’s.

However, Fabian felt his heart aching.

He scooped up Lillian with an arm and headed toward the doctor’s office.

The doctor immediately cleaned Lillian’s wounds, but for some reason, the blood on her knee seemed to keep coming, oozing out without end.

The doctor had no choice but to simply wrap some bandages around Lillian's wound.

Fabian found this odd. 'How could a wound keep on bleeding and not stop?'

Without hesitation, he carried Lillian to the nearest hospital.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1701

Madeline had not been able to contact Fabian the entire time. She also did not know where Fabian had taken Lillian. Despite her uneasiness throughout this ordeal, she still believed that Fabian would certainly not hurt Lillian.

"Linnie, I know where Fabian had taken Lily." Jeremy sent Lillian's location to Madeline's phone.

This surprised Madeline. "Did you put a GPS tracker on Lillian?"

"That's the work of our precious son," Jeremy looked proud as he said that. "Even though Jack is only, he could sometimes think more comprehensively than we could."

Madeline strongly agreed with this fact.

There were several instances where Jeremy had managed to save Madeline from trouble in the nick of time thanks to her son.

However, upon seeing Lillian's location, Madeline's heart started racing again.

“Why’s Lily in the hospital? Why did Fabian take Lily to the hospital when she’s fine?”

“Linnie, let’s not worry too much yet. We’re heading over now, and we’ll know what happened as soon as we get there,” Jeremy comforted Madeline with a soft voice.

Madeline, however, was still feeling anxious, and this feeling continued to eat at her on the way to the hospital.

When they arrived at the hospital, Madeline was the first to get out of the car and went into the hospital. She ran hurriedly toward the outpatient service following the location Jeremy had sent her.

In her hurry, Madeline ran into a man as they both rounded the same corner.

“I’m sorry, sir. I’m in a hurry...”

While Madeline was apologizing, she lifted her gaze to see a familiar face.

Compared to how he had previously looked, the handsome face in front of her had more hints of maturity.

“Fabian, I guess this counts as bumping into you,” Madeline said knowingly. “Why did you cut off all contact with us? Additionally, why did you take Lily away after getting off the plane? Where’s Lily? Why did you bring her to the hospital?”

Fabian listened to all of Madeline’s questions with a calm expression. His face, which used to have a

self-indulgent look to it, let out a small smile.

“That’s a lot of questions. Which one would you like me to answer first?” Fabian’s tone was completely different from that of the past. His friendly, carefree tone was now laced with detachment and coldness.

Madeline got straight to the heart of the matter as well. As a mother, Madeline was most concerned about her precious daughter right now.

“First, tell me where’s Lily.” Fabian turned his head and looked behind him. “Lily’s in the doctor’s office.”

Madeline wanted to run past Fabian to the doctor’s office as soon as she heard the answer.

“However, it’s best if you’re mentally prepared.”

Madeline heard his sudden words as she walked past Fabian.

She abruptly stopped in her tracks; her heart started to feel uneasy again.

Madeline turned, looking at the side of Fabian’s cold face. “What do you mean, Fabian? What do you mean by that?”

After Madeline had said that, Jeremy too arrived hurriedly.

Jeremy briefly met Fabian’s eyes before shifting his gaze away, indifferent. “Linnie, what’s wrong?”

Madeline gently shook her head, her eyes glued to Fabian's face. "Fabian, explain to me, clearly, what you just said. What do you mean by 'mentally prepared'?"

Jeremy could immediately tell that something was off with these words. "Fabian, why did you say that? Where's my daughter?"

Fabian, looking at the frantic faces of Madeline and Jeremy, slowly lifted his hand and handed them a medical test report.

"The doctor suspects that Lily has leukemia."

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1702

'What?'

Fabian's answer, like a thunder in clear weather, shocked Madeline and Jeremy. The weight of the news felt like a sudden, heavy downpour, drenching them head to toe.

Madeline's vision went blank, as though all the oxygen in her body had been sucked out.

"Linnie!" Jeremy supported Madeline, who seemed to be on the verge of fainting.

Madeline, suddenly roused from her state, shot a glance at Fabian, then turned around and ran toward the doctor's office nearby.

Jeremy too glanced at Fabian, then quickly chased after Madeline. "Linnie, slow down."

He was worried about her, but at the same time, he was also worried about Lillian.

'No, there must be a mistake.

'Lily has been fine all this while. How would she have leukemia?'

Jeremy kept denying this in his heart, as did Madeline.

When they reached the doctor's office, Madeline pushed the door open. As the doctor was about to speak upon seeing Madeline and Jeremy, they heard Lillian calling out to Madeline lovingly, "Mom."

Madeline swiftly ran to Lillian and squatted in front of her. "Lily, Lily, tell me. Where does it hurt? Let me take a good look at you."

Madeline asked incoherently. Tears fell down her cheeks as she spoke.

Fabian's words just now were like a sharp sword cruelly piercing through her heart, which now felt like it was bleeding profusely.

"Linnie, let's calm down so that we don't frighten Lily. Let's ask the doctor first." Jeremy walked over and gently patted Madeline's shoulder, then handed Madeline a handkerchief to wipe the tears that were overflowing from her eyes.

Madeline recomposed herself, then turned toward the doctor.

“Doctor, we...”

“You’re Lillian’s parents?” the doctor asked instead.

Madeline and Jeremy nodded in tandem. “We’re her parents.”

“You’re just in time.” The doctor said and looked at Lillian in pity. “Your friend had sent your daughter over for a checkup. When I was examining the little one’s condition, I noticed that she was bleeding excessively. There could be something wrong with her blood clotting capability, that is why I suspect that she has leukemia.”

Upon hearing the doctor’s answer, Madeline’s mind went blank again.

“Linnie, Linnie, stay strong.” Jeremy held Madeline’s shoulder to comfort her.

In truth, his heart was also in great pain right now, as though it was being sliced to bits. However, as a man, as a husband, he could not let himself display his sadness and worry.

Although there was a raging storm in his heart, he had to hold out, holding up the umbrella amidst the tempest. For her, and for their children.

Madeline fought back her tears. She turned to look at Lillian who blinked her huge eyes, then felt waves of excruciating pain.

The child was barely five. Pure and bright, she was still young and ignorant, yet she had to endure this

kind of pain.

Madeline suddenly felt exhausted. All she wanted was to have a peaceful life with her family, but such times always seemed out of her reach.

“You don’t have to worry for the time being. This is still merely my conjecture. We’ll have a concrete answer once we’ve completed a more comprehensive examination on the child.”

However, following the doctor’s hopeful words, Fabian’s cold voice drifted from the entrance of the doctor’s office.

“There’s no need to wait for the result.”

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1703

Madeline and Jeremy turned toward the voice and saw Fabian slowly walking into the office.

He gazed at the little one, who was standing at a side, blinking her clear, large eyes at him. He could not help but frown slightly.

“We basically could confirm that Lily has this disease,” Fabian answered with certainty. “I’ve already reminded you to be mentally prepared.”

“Fabian, how would you know that my daughter has this disease? Why did you find my daughter immediately after getting off the plane?” Jeremy questioned, feeling doubtful.

“Can’t I come back to see an old friend?” Fabian seemed to be downplaying his answer. He was even teasing the five-year-old Lillian as an old friend.

Madeline resisted waves of pain crashing against her as she turned back toward Lillian.

She had been so distressed earlier that she only just noticed the thick layer of gauze covering Lillian's knee.

"Lily, what happened here?"

Lillian lowered her head and, for a few seconds, stared intensely at her knee. Although the little girl tried to speak, she still could not make a sound.

Suddenly, Madeline, dazed, felt the pain in her heart intensified.

How could she forget that her precious daughter could not say anything aside from "daddy" and "mommy"?

"I brought her to an amusement park, and she fell when I wasn't paying attention," Fabian explained from behind Madeline.

"You brought my daughter to an amusement park?" Jeremy's confusion deepened further. He lowered his gaze and looked at his wife and daughter, then he looked askance at Fabian. "Come out for a moment. I have something to ask you."

Fabian frowned. He seemed unwilling to comply, but in the end, he turned to follow Jeremy out of the doctor's office.

"What do you want to talk to me about, Mr. Whitman? My time is precious now."

These words made Jeremy realize that he could no longer recognize this person.

“Fabian, could you tell me why you’ve been cutting off contact with us? When you had left, why did you go out of your way to meet with my daughter?”

After listening to Jeremy’s questions, Fabian momentarily seemed reticent. A while later, he removed a pack of exquisitely packaged cigarettes from his pocket, then he took out a cigarette, seemingly about to smoke.

“This is a hospital,” Jeremy reminded him.

Fabian paused briefly, but then quickly smiled. Nonchalantly, he turned and walked to the emergency staircase at the end of the corridor, then lit the cigarette.

He smoked and puffed away with expert ease.

A white cloud of smoke faintly floated past his face, obscuring his facial expression.

This was the first time Jeremy saw Fabian like this. Now, Jeremy was more certain that the Fabian before him and the Fabian he and Madeline had known were two different people.

“Do I need a reason to cut ties with you? I don’t have a special relationship with you guys anyway. It’s just that we used to get along.”

Fabian answered, his words were devoid of emotion as if he was talking to a stranger.

Jeremy could sense Fabian’s resolve in this, so he did not want to get tangled in this any further.

“Alright. Since you want to cut all ties with us and have even blocked Linnie’s number and mine, why are

you still contacting my daughter? You went to the kindergarten and took my daughter away the moment you got off the plane. You even brought her to the amusement park. Why are you so eager to curry favor with my daughter?"

"Why..."

Fabian repeated the word as if he was talking to himself. Suddenly, he laughed.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1704

"No reason. I want to see her, so I did."

Fabian answered matter-of-factly.

"That's why you want to cut ties with us? It's because you want to?"

"Uh-huh," Fabian replied with a half-smile as he lit the cigarette. "If there's anything else you want to ask, I can answer you now so that you two won't keep contacting me through all sorts of channels."

Fabian's answer clearly showed that he had no intention whatsoever of maintaining contact with them after this.

Jeremy's long eyebrows knitted together as he was about to speak, but then he heard hurried yet familiar footsteps behind him.

He looked back and saw Madeline running toward him with a worried expression.

Jeremy, not in the mood to deal with Fabian, quickly turned and ran to Madeline.

“Linnie, did something happen to Lily?” he asked with concern, fearing that the situation would go from bad to worse.

The look on Madeline’s face looked especially frightful, worrying him further.

Madeline glanced at Fabian, who was enjoying his cigarette by the window, then averted her gaze and shook her head. “Jeremy, let’s go home. The doctor said that Lily needs a comprehensive examination as soon as possible, only then we could arrange for her treatment.”

“Okay.” Jeremy held Madeline’s hand and turned, no longer paying any attention to Fabian.

Madeline glanced at Fabian again, but he only stood by the window without any response as he continued to smoke.

As per the doctor’s advice, Jeremy and Madeline brought Lillian for a comprehensive examination. When the results were out, it was just like Fabian had said—there was a problem with Lillian’s blood clotting capability.

This meant that when the little girl bled, it might be impossible for her to stop the bleeding.

It was still fortunate that the little girl’s situation was yet to be considered terrible. At the very least, she had not reached the stage where a bone marrow transplant was required.

Nevertheless, it was not that much better.

Madeline did not keep Lillian’s illness a secret. When their family members learned of Lillian’s physical condition, they were all shocked and heartbroken.

Madeline, utterly deflated, stood by the French window. She looked at Lillian who was being held in Karen's arms, then closed her eyes, feeling exhausted.

Jeremy approached Madeline. "Linnie."

He held her gently and said, "We've been through so many difficult times together. I believe that we can get through this as well."

Madeline, feeling dejected, leaned her head against Jeremy's shoulder. "Last time, it was me. Now, it's my daughter's turn. I'm so scared that Lily would go through the hardships I'd gone through."

"She won't." Jeremy tightened his embrace. "Lily will get better. Trust me, okay?"

Madeline lifted her gaze toward her precious daughter, who was completely oblivious of it all. She saw Lillian sitting on Karen's lap. There was an innocent smile on Lillian's pinkish cheeks, and her adorable hand was still fiddling with the candy that bonded her with Fabian.

Madeline could not help but frown. She moved out of the embrace and faced the man; her expression was serious while his was gentle.

"Jeremy, what did you and Fabian talk about? Did he tell you why he wants to cut ties with us?"

Jeremy frowned and shook his head. "He became kind of strange."

"I think so too. It's like he's another person. Why on earth has he turned out this way?"

Jeremy pondered, then ventured a guess. "Perhaps this was the reason."

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1705

'Reason?'

The puzzlement in Madeline's eyes intensified. "What reason?"

Jeremy seemed to hesitate for a few seconds, but he suddenly shook his head gently. "Nothing. Maybe I'm just overthinking. Linnie, let's briefly discuss Lily's treatment."

He changed the subject, but he was starting to find Fabian's change suspicious.

Since Madeline was now more concerned about Lillian's disease, she did not question.

In the following days, Madeline and Jeremy had rushed between a few hospitals, and eventually found a place for Lillian in the hospital that was well-known and most authoritative in treating leukemia.

Madeline could not stand seeing such a young child going through so much pain. She had initially expected the child to swiftly recover and be able to speak, but they were merely jumping out of the frying pan and into the fire.

Moreover, Eloise's mind had yet to recover even now, so Madeline truly felt mentally exhausted.

The night came as usual.

Madeline was at the side of Lillian's bed. After Lillian had fallen asleep, she tip-toed out of the room and into the corridor for some fresh air.

Presently, Jeremy was on his way home to get some daily necessities, so he would only be back a while longer. Now, there was only Madeline.

Madeline was about to sit down for a short rest when a nurse walked over and asked, "Excuse me, are you Lillian Whitman's mother?"

"I am."

"This is about Lillian's information. I'd need you to verify them."

Madeline glanced at the room. Even though the child was sleeping soundly, she was still quite worried.

The nurse, noticing Madeline's worries, said, "I'll ask my colleague to watch over the child. Don't worry."

"Thanks," said Madeline as she followed the nurse to the nursing station.

However, the moment Madeline left, a figure swiftly walked over from the end of the corridor and sneaked into Lillian's room.

The tall and upright figure went straight toward Lillian's bed. Seeing the peaceful face still soundly asleep, the man reached out and caressed her cheeks. He then placed a bundle of powder blue baby's breaths on the cabinet by the bed.

Click.

The door to the room opened suddenly. A nurse walked in and eyed the man, who stood next to the bed, with suspicion.

"Who are you?"

He briefly froze when he heard the words, then retracted his hand.

He immediately turned to leave without a word.

“Hey, who are you?” Confused, the nurse quickly and vigilantly chased after him.

The man, however, was quick on his feet, so she was unable to catch up.

Worried that something could happen to the unguarded Lillian, the nurse dared not continue her pursuit. She turned back and returned to the room, helping Madeline to watch over Lillian.

Barely a moment had passed, Madeline returned, and the nurse explained to her what had just happened.

Upon hearing the nurse’s description of the man, Madeline could roughly guess who it was.

She requested the nurse to continue watching over Lillian, then turned and headed toward the end of the corridor.

The hospital was very quiet at night. Madeline reached the door to the emergency staircase and saw that there was light coming from the staircase. This meant that the sound-activated light was turned on, clearly indicating that someone was there.

Without hesitation, Madeline pushed the door open and went in.

A faint smell of tobacco drifted over, and Madeline saw Fabian standing by the staircase, a cold look on his face as he smoked.

Fabian was slightly shocked to see Madeline, but he still managed to look very calm.

“You’re still as smart as ever, figuring out that I’m here, my lady,” Fabian said in a mocking tone all the while addressing Madeline as “my lady” like how he used to.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1706

“Didn’t you want to cut ties with us? Why are you still visiting my daughter then?” Madeline asked.
“Fabian, can you tell me what kind of mentality you’re having right now?”

“What kind of mentality...” Fabian murmured in repetition. He tapped his cigarette with his finger lightly. The tip of the flickering cigarette turned into ashes that fell by the side of his feet silently.

“Heh.” Suddenly, he laughed.

Madeline suddenly felt that the look in Fabian’s eyes had changed. His gaze now was filled with a kind of hostility.

“If I tell you I have a mentality for revenge, what would you say to that?”

Revenge.

That word was very serious.

Madeline frowned. “Are you going to take revenge on Jeremy and me? Do you think we’re the ones responsible for Yorick’s and Lana’s deaths?”

Fabian narrowed his eyes, and there was a hint of disappointment in them.

"I thought we were friends this whole time, but eventually, I realized that I was just being used by you guys. Eveline Montgomery, we're not friends anymore."

Madeline was getting more and more confused as she listened to him. She did not know why Fabian would think that all of a sudden.

"Fabian, I think there's some misunderstanding between you and us."

"It's not a misunderstanding." Fabian denied this decisively before continuing, "Eveline, from now on, we can only be enemies."

When Madeline saw the decisiveness and firmness in Fabian's eyes, she felt that she did not need to explain too much.

"Alright, if you insist on thinking this way, then please go ahead. However, don't approach my daughter, okay?"

After she said that, Fabian lifted his hand to take a drag on his cigarette.

"I think it's hard for me to do that, Eveline."

"Fabian, you—"

"Go look at your precious daughter. Watch out, something might happen if you're not by her side," Fabian reminded her profoundly.

Madeline's expression changed. She immediately turned around and ran back.

'Lily!'

'Did Fabian deliberately lure me here?'

'Please don't let anything happen to you, Lily!'

Madeline thought in her heart. Her heartbeat became more and more frenetic along with her footsteps.

When Jeremy arrived at the hospital, he saw Madeline hurriedly running over before he got to the door of the ward. He quickened the pace of his footsteps and sped toward Madeline. The two of them rushed over from both directions to the door of the ward.

"Linnie, what happened? Did something happen to Lily?" Jeremy's face was filled with worry.

Madeline did not have time to explain the situation to him. She turned around and pushed the door open.

"Lily!" Madeline ran over while losing her head out of fear. She saw that there was no one in bed. The nurse from just now was gone as well.

A cold chill surged from the bottom of her feet, and Madeline felt as though every cell in her body had turned cold.

"Lily... Lily is gone." Madeline looked at the empty bed with a despondent look. Her eyes went red in that instant.

"Why did Fabian do this? Why? What do we have to do with Yorick's and Lana's deaths? Why does he

want to seek revenge on us?”

“Linie, what are you talking about? What happened to you?” Jeremy held Madeline’s shoulders in concern. He forced her to look at him. When he saw Madeline’s teary and red eyes, his heart ached even more.

“Linnie, did you see Fabian just now? What did he say to you?”

Madeline looked into Jeremy’s eyes with a lifeless look in her eyes. When she was about to say something, the nurse who had been watching Lillian just now appeared at the door. “Mrs. Whitman, what are you doing here?”

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1707

When Madeline heard the nurse asking her this, she abruptly came back to her senses.

She strode over to the nurse and grabbed the nurse’s hand. “Nurse, where is my daughter? Why is my daughter missing?”

“Missing?” The nurse blinked in confusion. “Lillian is sleeping in the next ward. How is she missing?”

“Next ward?”

Madeline immediately understood and noticed that this was not Lillian’s ward after all.

She ran out of the ward and into the next ward.

When she saw Lillian sleeping soundly in bed, Madeline’s racing heart started to calm down.

“Linnie.” Jeremy got behind Madeline and lifted his hand to caress her short hair.

Linnie turned around abruptly and hugged Jeremy. She could not hold in the tears that were welled up in her eyes.

Jeremy held Madeline while feeling sorry for her. He comforted her, saying, “I’ll always stay with you. Just cry if you want to. Don’t force yourself.”

Madeline bit her lip and nestled tightly against Jeremy’s chest as she let all her tears out.

However, she did not dare to cry too loud. She was worried that she would wake her little princess who was sleeping.

She was terrified. She was scared that something had happened to Lillian earlier, so that was why that situation happened just now. She did not realize she had walked into the wrong ward.

Madeline stayed in Jeremy’s arms for a very long time before finally recomposing herself.

When they saw that their child was still sleeping soundly, Madeline and Jeremy walked to the chairs outside the ward to sit down.

Madeline told Jeremy the conversation she had with Fabian just now. After Jeremy heard about it, he was not surprised. It seemed that he had expected this.

“I had also wondered if Fabian had suddenly changed because of Lana’s and Yorick’s deaths,” Jeremy stated the guesses he had in his heart.

However, Madeline thought that it was not so simple. “Yorick was executed because he violated the law and the same for Lana. She did so many things and in the end, she was killed by Ryan. The deaths of the siblings had nothing to do with us at all. Why is Fabian blaming us?”

Jeremy also thought that Madeline was making sense. He furrowed his handsome sword eyebrows and parted his thin lips, saying, “Perhaps something we don’t know about happened in between. If not, Fabian wouldn’t have said that to you either.”

‘I thought we were friends this whole time, but eventually, I realized that I was just being used by you guys. Eveline Montgomery, we’re not friends anymore.’

This statement repeated in Madeline’s and Jeremy’s heads at the same time.

“Linnie, something must have happened to Fabian and that was why he said this.”

“But I’ve never used him before. At first, I thought he was very unreliable and looked like a hedonistic son of rich parents who only know how to have fun, but gradually, I started to treat him as someone I could trust,” Madeline said before sighing in pity.

“Now, he’s treating us as enemies and the people he’s going to take revenge on. I’m so worried if he’ll do something to Lily.”

“I don’t think he will.” Jeremy gave her a firm answer. He grabbed Madeline’s hand and looked at her gorgeous eyes that were filled with worry. “Linnie, trust me and trust Fabian too. Trust that he won’t hurt Lily.”

Madeline nodded and leaned her head against Jeremy’s shoulder.

However, when she was about to close her eyes to rest for a while, her heart started racing all of a sudden.

Jeremy could see that something was not right with Madeline. "Linnie, what's going on? Where does it hurt?"

Madeline sat up and tried her best to keep herself calm, but she could not stop her heart that was racing again. "Jeremy, I think it's starting again. The poison is flaring up..."

Madeline lifted her hand to put it where her heart was. Her face was also gradually becoming paler and paler.

Jeremy's expression changed as well. He carried Madeline bridal style and placed her on the carer's bed in the ward. "Linnie, don't be scared. You'll be fine."

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1708

"Okay..."

Madeline replied weakly. At that moment, she felt as though cold waves were furiously crashing against her. It was as if she had fallen into an icy lake where she was slowly sinking. That bone-piercing feeling was about to drown out all of her senses.

"I'm so cold..."

Madeline murmured.

Jeremy quickly wrapped Madeline tightly with the blanket, and at the same time, he increased the temperature of the air conditioner. However, Madeline was still shaking uncontrollably.

Aside from feeling sorry for her, Jeremy could not do anything. This feeling of not being as capable as he wished to be caused him to feel distraught and anxious.

Jeremy calmed himself down and reached out to stroke Madeline's cheek. He comforted her in a soft voice.

"Linnie, hold on. I'll call Adam now. You'll get through this."

"Okay..." Madeline blinked.

She knew she would be able to make it through.

Shirley had told her she would not die as well. She would only have to suffer this kind of unknown torment.

Plus, it was also unknown what would happen the next time this happened.

While comforting Madeline, Jeremy made a call to Adam. However, he could not get through to Adam no matter how he tried.

He tried to call Cathy but it was the same result.

Jeremy looked at the time and thought that it would be impossible for Adam and Cathy to be sleeping at this hour. However, they were not picking up his calls.

As he watched Madeline suffering from the pain, he quickly called the dean of this hospital whom he was familiar with. After a while, an experienced doctor in a white coat walked into the room with a stabilizer.

Jeremy stood at one side as he watched the doctor inject the stabilizer into Madeline's vein. However, Madeline's chills and heartache only slightly got better for the time being.

The doctor said that he could not do anything as well. Madeline's symptoms did not look like normal symptoms of any disease.

After the doctor left, Jeremy stayed next to Madeline for a while. After making sure that Madeline was not in as much pain anymore, he called the nurse over to take care of Madeline and his daughter before he hurriedly left.

He drove to Carter's villa in Glendale. After he arrived, the bodyguards at the gate stopped Jeremy from entering.

Jeremy immediately beat up the two bodyguards and walked to the living room.

After the two bodyguards that had been defeated got up from the ground, they quickly ran over to chase after Jeremy. They even wanted to take action against Jeremy, but before they could do anything, Jeremy punched them. The two fell to the ground while wailing in pain.

"Shirley Brown, get the hell out!"

Jeremy yelled at the stairs.

Adam and Cathy, who were in the room, ran to the door when they heard this.

They wanted to go out but the door was locked from outside. They could not open the door at all.

"The poison in Eveline must be flaring up again, so that's why Jeremy is here." Adam's guess was correct.

Cathy started to become worried as well. "What should we do now? Is Evie in danger?"

"I'm not sure." Adam frowned. When he thought about Madeline's situation back then, he could not make any judgments.

Adam lifted his hand and slammed on the door with all his might.

"Open the door!"

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1709

Adam tried to make some noises to get Jeremy's attention while he was downstairs.

Cathy also tried to slam on the door while screaming. However, there seemed to be no sounds of activities around them even after a long while. It appeared that no one had heard them.

Jeremy heard some noises, but he did not know where the noises came from. He only knew that someone was repeatedly knocking.

He felt that something was amiss. When he was about to go upstairs, he saw Carter at the staircase.

"Don't you think it's inappropriate for you to come to my house so late at night, Mr. Whitman?" Carter's face was as cold as an iceberg as he came downstairs emotionlessly.

"Whose name were you calling out just now? Shirley?"

When Jeremy saw Carter pretending to look confused, he looked at him coldly.

“Carter, stop pretending. Shirley is part of this whole plan with you. I already know it.”

“Oh? Really?” Carter asked coldly with a calm and indifferent expression. “If that’s the case, why are you still here? If you know we’re in this together and that the poison in your wife’s body doesn’t have an anti-toxoid test reagent, why did you still come to me?”

“You don’t have to teach me how to do things! Get me Shirley!” Jeremy did not have time to beat around the bush with Carter. His heart was now occupied with the desire to ease Madeline’s discomfort. However, only Shirley was able to help Madeline now because she was the person who created this poison.

When Carter saw Jeremy so deeply worried about Madeline, a small smile appeared on the corners of his lips.

He asked a maid to bring some tea over. He sat down on the sofa leisurely to drink the tea.

“Carter, ask Shirley to come out. I know she must be here.” Jeremy was sure. It had always been easy for him to track someone in Glendale.

If he wanted to find someone, he would have no problems doing it.

He also knew about Shirley and Carter coming to Glendale back then.

Carter slowly took a sip of his tea. “Even if she comes out to see you, she doesn’t have an anti-toxoid test reagent for you. Even if she does, it’s only able to ease your wife’s condition temporarily.”

“Don’t spew nonsense with me.” Jeremy’s patience was wearing thin. “Carter, you can do whatever you want in St. Piaf, but let me remind you, this is Glendale!”

Carter's hand that was holding the teacup froze.

It looked as if he was contemplating something. After that, when he was about to say something, a loud bang came from upstairs. It sounded as if someone had kicked a door open.

Jeremy and Carter looked in the direction of the sound at the same time. The next second, Shirley's figure appeared in their vision.

Carter's gaze turned cold. He placed his teacup down and stood up coldly.

When Jeremy saw Shirley, he quickly ran to her.

He grabbed her wrist and tightened his grip on her without mercy. "Shirley, where is the anti-toxoid test reagent? Give it to me now!"

Shirley knitted her beautiful eyebrows in pain. Then, she curled her red lips into a smile.

"Is the poison flaring up again?"

"Stop asking when you clearly know the answer. Where is the anti-toxoid test reagent?"

"I need time to develop the test reagent and I don't have any extra anti-toxoid test reagent with me anymore," Shirley said carefreely. However, after she said that, she could feel the grip on her wrist tightening.

"Really? No more? Alright!" Jeremy said and pulled Shirley forcefully into the direction of the door.

When they had only taken a few steps, Carter's cold and indifferent voice could be heard from behind them.

"Let go of her." His tone was indistinct but filled with imposing chills.

Jeremy ignored Carter's warning and continued dragging Shirley over to the door.

The next second, Jeremy suddenly heard the sound of someone loading a bullet into a gun. Then, a force came whooshing behind his ear at lightning speed.

His hearing was exceptional and he was very nimble.

In just a split second, he dodged the bullet that flew past the side of his face.

Carter had fired the gun.

Jeremy stopped, and Shirley, who witnessed this scene, was startled.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1710

She looked at Carter in disbelief. She saw him holding a gun with a cold expression. His face looked frigid, like he had on an emotionless poker face.

His elegant and noble image in front of others was completely reversed at this moment.

Right now, he looked like a cold-blooded and cruel duke of the night. He had a dark aura emitting from his body.

He clearly wanted to prevent Jeremy from taking Shirley away just now, so that was why he had fired

the gun.

'Did he do that for me?'

Shirley's heart started racing.

Carter held the gun and walked toward Jeremy.

"No one can take anything away from my manor in front of me. It doesn't matter if this is Glendale."

'Anything.'

This description caused Shirley's initially gleeful heart to plunge into the abyss.

Right.

How would he care about her?

He had been using her this entire time. Their relationship was like that of a master and a servant.

"Jeremy, let her go," Carter requested, his eyes looking icy.

However, Jeremy's eyes looked colder than Carter's. "Don't think I'll let her go if I don't get the anti-toxoid test reagent."

After he said that, a slight change appeared on Carter's emotionless face.

“Jeremy, are you sure?”

“I’m very sure. You guys are the ones who are not sure.”

Jeremy said and dragged Shirley away even harder.

“Jeremy, you’re making me feel that you’re a challenging person to deal with,” Carter said this profound statement suddenly.

Jeremy could sense the profoundness in Carter’s statement, and he also realized that this man might take action against him. As such, Jeremy was prepared.

However, at this moment, two sets of frantic and messy footsteps could be heard from upstairs.

“Jeremy!”

Adam’s voice could be heard soon after.

Jeremy’s leaving footsteps and Carter’s act of pulling the trigger abruptly stopped.

Thud, thud, thud. Adam quickly came downstairs, followed by Cathy.

Jeremy finally understood why he had failed to get through to Cathy and Adam. They had been trapped here.

Jeremy looked askance at Shirley, his eyes filled with disdain. “You’re even taking action against your

brother. Shirley Brown, you're truly despicable."

Shirley smiled when Jeremy ridiculed her.

"Of course. If not, how else would I develop such poison to use on humans?"

"Shirley!"

"You're in a lot of pain, right? You've experienced that kind of pain before, but now, it's your wife's turn." Shirley chuckled as if she was mocking Jeremy.

"Is this time different from before? She's feeling a weight on her chest, having breathing difficulties, and experiencing chills all over her body, right?" Shirley accurately stated Madeline's current symptoms.

Jeremy's grip tightened, and he wanted so badly to crush this evil woman into pieces.

Shirley gritted her teeth and frowned in pain. However, she soon curled her red lips into a smirk again. "Jeremy, do you want to know what the poison will do to the woman you love the most at the final stage?"

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